



Lupo is a space weirdo

Александр Чечитов

Александр Александрович Чечитов

Lupo is a space weirdo

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=69981346

SelfPub; 2023

Аннотация

Humanity is only at the very beginning of the path of studying the universe. The carefree merry man Lupo Devega, idly wasting time, accidentally encounters an alien on the city embankment. The guy does not care about the universal problems and mysteries of the universe, but playfully and having fun, he wedges into the cunning plans of a humanoid.

Александр Чечитов

Lupo is a space weirdo

Bouncing off the nail of the thumb, a tiny, thin coin spun, flew up, and then fell silently on the back of the hand.

"The eagle,— Lupo Davega grinned contentedly, raising his palm, "which means the spaceship is mine!

A yellow-skinned, scaly creature, about ten feet tall, spread its seven limbs to the sides and said, "Please. As soon as I get in, I'll send a signal to Gentry to be picked up from Earth.

Yes, of course," happily answered Lupo, in his heart laughing at the simplicity and credulity of the alien. The round-sided humanoid deftly crawled inside the capsule ship, the size of which did not exceed the size of a school bus. The alien's lumpy belly pulsed with a multitude of tiny subcutaneous lumps, slowly moving under the translucent scales. The alien himself was muttering at this moment squeaky sounds, completely incomprehensible to Lupo. What if he runs away?—a strange thought slipped through Lupo's head—and to hell with him!

Devega tried to drive away such thoughts as soon as possible. He liked to think more about how much you can sell an outlandish thing obtained in a trifling contest.

Do you want to play again? The Gentrion asked dispassionately, stroking the spherical belly. Lupo's eyes widened. He quickly took in his winnings with an appraising

glance, then the caricature—the thin top of the figure with spider-like limbs.

Does my victory bother you? I understand. But it seems you have nothing else to bet on.

What about management? After all, you, or any other of the earthlings, will not be able to cope with this matter in a thousand years," the Gentrian said unhurriedly. On the morning of this day, Lupo Devega did not suspect the existence of aliens, waking up with a huge debt and an empty stomach. Walking along the city embankment, when even the sun was dozing over the horizon, Lupo kicked an empty soda can. The aluminum projectile flew quite a bit and fell, colliding with an invisible obstacle. The rope limbs and the body of the Gentrian gradually materialized in the next moment, appearing in all their alien glory. "It wouldn't hurt for you to learn good manners when meeting guests," the humanoid said reproachfully. Twelve hours later, Lupo was already playing with a representative of extraterrestrial life for the opportunity to control an intergalactic, super-powerful machine. The coin bounced again, for a moment, cutting through the hot, evening air. Lupo's forehead and neck were covered with perspiration, and a special, gambling gleam appeared in his eyes. He closed his eyes for a second, letting his heart enjoy a brief moment of anticipation. Unlike what Lupo expected, the learning process lasted a few seconds. The device, shaped and sized like a lipstick case, touched his skin so that Devega felt a slight, electric pulse tension between his ears.

The air seemed to be filled with an aroma reminiscent of the fragrance of apricot flowers.

How do you do it? The yellow Gentrion asked before departure, blinking all three eyes frequently.

"It was just an accident," calmly lied Lupo, who had done this trick many times since he was a child. A couple of hours later, next to the winning spaceship Lupo, there was a second similar car. Several thousand microscopic turbines flashed greenish light for a moment, and the alien ship disappeared over the horizon.

Did everything go smoothly? The first Gentrion asked dispassionately when he found himself alone with his fellow tribesman on an intergalactic ship.

"More than that," replied the second, "this earthman thinks he could deceive me.

The silvery bottom of the spaceship silently pressed the spreading branches of blue grapes, and the warm wind carried the tart aroma of fresh juice through the streets of a small village. Lupo has adored the ancestral vineyard of his parents since childhood, gorging on sweet berries until his stomach cramps. The door leading inside the spaceship quietly retracted under the threshold of the entrance, and Devega deftly jumped down to the wet ground. In one motion, he plucked a massive bunch of grapes and ran to his parents' house, singing a cheerful song along the way.

What is this Lupo? Mom asked timidly, looking at the shiny hull with apprehension, when her son led her to the aircraft.

Well, I told you, Mom, something like an alien dish.

I'll tell you one thing, son, when your father returns from the city, and that will happen one of these days. He will give you a good thrashing for spoiled bushes.

"Mom," Lupo said with a pleading smile, "I promised, everything, will change soon. Lupo did not want to wait for his father. He had not been the same youngster for a long time, whom a parent could previously drive around the yard with a stick. And yet, somewhere inside, I was afraid of my father's reaction. The dashboard glowed with a pleasant turquoise color, and many protrusions—buttons—reacted to the light touch of Lupo, changing the color shade. The portholes of the ship were on the sides, and it was impossible to look into them without looking up from the levers setting the course of the spaceship. Going over in memory the load of knowledge necessary for control, Lupo remembered the possibility of automatic flight. Having typed the necessary combination of taps, Devega leaned his face against the transparent window, admiring the myriad stars frozen in weightlessness. Some of the cosmic bodies were slowly floating along the hull of a small ship. Other shapeless objects flashed by, barely perceptible to the human eye, disappearing without a trace into the immeasurable blackness of the universe. Several times, giant asteroids passed at the very edge of the outer skin of the spaceship, and then Lupo bounced deep into the head compartment. Soon, Devega realized that the Hetaerians' technique, without undergoing failures, maneuvered

quite well between any space obstacles.

Fatigue piled up at the beginning of the flight, and Lupo settled down on the floor of the ship to rest. Warm, shimmering lines passed under the back, warming and inducing a sweet drowsiness. Without fully regaining his strength, Lupo got up after a few hours, warming up and diligently shaking off the remnants of sleep. After a flat, hard floor, the body ached a little. Soft, orange light flowed from the window into the spaceship, and the temperature in the car itself rose by several degrees. The stuffy, damp air of the planet Gentry was a little dizzy. Dropping his T-shirt on the floor, Lupo went outside.

Several hundred identical capsule ships stood under the roof of a huge domed room, forming even, long rows. Lupo couldn't meet anyone between the spaceships. After a long search, Devega found a small hole in the wall. Many figures were drawn around a perfectly chiseled circle. As it seemed to Lupo, mostly triangles, the tip of each of them had a direction towards the center of the exit. Once outside, Lupo whistled. All the way to the horizon, the surface of Gentry was occupied by semicircular buildings similar to the one Devega had just climbed out of.

Hey! – happily shouted Lupo, Ugh, weirdos, where are you?

What are you doing here? "What is it?" the Gentryan asked sternly, soon arriving at the noise.

I'm talking to you, – said Lupo cheerfully, looking at the humanoid and you?

The skin of the Gentryan differed from those that came to

earth in a more saturated grayish-yellow hue. Without going into further questions, the humanoid grabbed Lupo by the arm and tried to drag him along. Twisting his wrist, Lupo easily escaped while dropping the long humanoid body. Falling, the creature screamed, making shrill, guttural sounds. Devega rushed back to his spaceship.

"Okay, I guess that's enough traveling for today," Lupo said out of breath, jumping inside the ship. His legs were covered with small beads of sweat, and his head was a little dizzy. Having typed the necessary combination, Devega rushed away from the planet Gentry.

Why does a person know where we are?—the second yellow Gentrin asked the first.

"I didn't expect him to have the brains to get to us. I'll order him to be destroyed right now!"

The second Gentrin crossed his limbs on his body, forming a kind of living, light yellow pillar.

But why?—asked the first, who read the conditional gesture, which meant prohibition in the language of the Gentry—we are able to repeat the task without undue risk.

If we activate the charge now, our planet may also suffer—interrupted the second Gentrin—wait! As soon as a person returns to his lousy earth on our spaceship, the destruction mechanism must be launched! The charge of energy explosives inside is enough to explode a dozen stars. And this time without delay. I hope you remember the predictions of the great Gentrin

oracles. We must remain the only race in the space of the universe. Otherwise, death!

All the way to earth, Lupo went over the vivid events of the past day in his memory. He decided not to get into trouble for at least a month. Moreover, hoping to get a good sum for a miracle car, Devega became much more cheerful. A cap of snow-white clouds slammed over his head, and the spaceship with Lupo smoothly descended to the ground, again crushing a good portion of the parent grapes.

"The Earthman is in place," the first Gentrian reported, quickly reading the data from the monitor. Launch the explosion program! – commanded the second.

The door of the spaceship opened. Outside, large drops of rain lashed the treetops, drumming on the roofs of sleepy houses. A wave of cool air swept over Lupo's skin, and a small shiver ran through him. Turning around, Devega went inside the ship to find a T-shirt.

No wonder I got the spaceships mixed up, thought Lupo with a grin, not finding his thing—they're all the same there. Withering energy capable of melting the sun enveloped Gentry for a moment.