

Technogirl

She was born to beat darkness!

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Аннотация

Tona was born as a hinoid to fight with darkness. Her mission couldnt be complete without the scientist, name Architect, her father. She would be grand, when she will grow, but yet she is just a baby , who dreams just to win this the greatest fight of her life.

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Scene 1

Large spacious office. A gray-haired man sits at the table and writes something. Voice behind the scene:

"You were not beautiful. But exactly what I intended for you. Accurate, strong, powerful, as far as feminine nature allowed. You had very strong hands. Which easily crunched the cervical vertebrae of people you disliked."

People called you "Technogirl".

You did not know about the great power inherent in your nature. Technical. Mechanical cyber power.

I created you to fight the dark knight, my illegitimate son. People called him "Omen".

It was the product of a dark matter called the Black Apple. Or Black Apple.

In my dreams, you often appeared to me even before you were born. Small, freckled, naive.

When you were born and we were driving from a hospital in the suburbs of Odessa, you laughed all the way, even though you were very small. Probably, this is how a person who was born to defeat evil should be.

It's amazing that everyone who has ever come into contact with you will later say that you carried the pure energy of the sun within you. Maybe because of the atomic battery that replaced your heart, maybe because of the clear and dazzling smile, but you really were 100% solar.

True, the battle that lay ahead for you when you become an adult was not nearly as sunny as your smile. The OMEN was terribly dangerous. In his arsenal were hypocrisy, cunning, deceit, while in yours only: goodness, sincerity and charm.

You had to fight with virtue, his lack of it.

And I knew that he would win. This world is not for kind people who are burdened by injustice. This world is for the dark knights, for those who buy and sell. I could not forgive myself for condemning you to death, condemning you to defeat, condemning you to all this without the right to choose. Just because you are my

daughter. Just because I have no one but you and could not have. And I could not fight with anyone but you.

I couldn't fight the darkness. I was just the Absolute. And you – you were fragile, tender and strong at the same time. Vulnerable, bright, cynical when it comes to difficult choices. I idolized you. Sent to death. I adored, and let go into this world without the right to choose. Forgive me. Daughter. Your dad, your creator. Architect Demyan Shailov. "

The person finishes writing, carefully seals the letter, gets up, puts on his jacket, goes outside, and tosses the envelope into the mailbox. After that, turning, he looks at his house, then lifts his head to the sky:

Your mission will soon be completed, daughter.

Scene 2

Tona: Let go!

Anton: I won't let go!

Tona: Let go!

She almost shouted it.

Another boy from his brother's company grabbed her other hand and began to twist it. – Go to hell, moron! – Tona's face was distorted by a mask of disgust.

Brother smirked insolently: Let's see how you get out this time, you stupid chicken! – Anton slightly tickled Tona, after which, despite the pain, she began to laugh.

Tona: Antoshka! How many times have I said?

Torment someone else! I'm tired of your games! They are stupid, you know?

Anton chuckled and released her hand.

Tona angrily glanced at Oleg, her brother's friend, who was still holding her.

Tona: And he? she snapped.

Anton busily folded his hands in a protective pose, portraying either the director of the company, or the head teacher of their school.

Anton: Okay, let her go Oleg. On the she's had enough today.

Oleg obediently unclenched his fingers, little Tona broke free and stopped, looking at her brother.

And where does such a sadist come from?

Tona: You were like that as a child

good boy! Antoshka!

Anton: I am still good. Just me -

personal growth coach. You need to be tempered, otherwise she is gentle, like a princess. Fu.

Tona: I am tender as a princess, and you

– a tyrant. One is not better than the other.

Anton retorted: Maybe I am a tyrant. But I am already earning, and you are sitting on the neck of your parents!

Tona: But I'm 11, Antosha!

Anton: Little boy. – Anton said this and spat on the ground.

Tona realized that there was nothing more to talk about, picked up her backpack from the ground, and headed towards the exit from the territory. The basketball court they were on was fenced in on all sides except for a very narrow entrance.

Tona left the landing, walking down the street and looking at the trees. The sky was covered with clouds, apparently it was going to rain.

Going home, Tona heard her father's voice:

Demyan: Are you already at home, baby? – her father, nicknamed "The Architect", was in the office, sitting at his work computer. Apparently he just finished working.

Tona: Yes, dad. Anton and Oleg almost beat me again. – Tona defiantly whimpered.

Dad frowned: I already told him to leave you alone.

Tona: I know, dad. But you know Antosha! Everything is on his side. He DOES EARN, – Tona twisted the last word.

Father: Yes, he is a big man with us. Distributes leaflets. I have already achieved a lot. – Dad rolled his eyes and began to smile.

Tona: Yeah – Tona laughed with a childish ringing laugh, so that her mother even heard them.

Mother's voice came from the kitchen:

Mom: Tona, baby, is that you?

Tona: Yes, Mom. I'm in my dad's office.

Mom: Go to the kitchen. I'll give you something delicious.

Tona: Mmmm! – Tona winked at her father and ran as fast as she could into the kitchen.

Mom looked tired. My hands were all covered in flour or something else, and the apron was jammed so that it did not protect me from dirt at all.

Tona: Hi Mom! How are you? All day in the kitchen again?

Mom: Yes, baby. When you have a family, you will do that too. It's a joy to me.

Tone grimaced.

Tona: Noooo, I will never be a wife and a mother. I don't want to learn to cook !! Beee ...

The mother patted her daughter's ear.

Mom: You should at least clean your room. Wife and mother. – Mom laughed, and immediately caught herself – Oh, yes! Delicious! Look, these are raspberry pancakes, as you like. – Tona's mother pushed the plate with still hot and terribly deliciously smelling pancakes closer to Tona.

Tona: Mmmm! Maaaama. Adore! – the girl kissed her mother on the cheek and sat down on a chair, immediately starting to eat.

Mom hurriedly left the kitchen, apparently so as not to

interfere with her daughter's cheeks and not to embarrass her.

The daughter took a book from the table, which was opened on the 45th page.

It said:

“If you swear allegiance to someone, then you have no right to betray. If you promise to be loyal all your life, then now it is your duty that you cannot ignore. ”

Hmm. Debt? What is this about?

Tona unfolded the cover so that you could see the author and title of the book.

“Marcus Woller. Dreams and Their Consequences ”. – read the inscription on the cover of the book.

Hmm. Clear.

Tona: I have no idea what the author was thinking, who writes about dreams in the context of devotion and fidelity. Dreams are freedom! Love! Joy! Is not it so?

Tona finished her pancakes and went to her room. She had two

options for how to spend time before dinner: play video games or clean the room. She remembered her mother's words. Then the entry in the book. And she said to herself: "Debt. Let's start small. From cleaning. "

Tona said it almost out loud, and began to fold the scattered things.

Scene 3

Tona's room. She is sleeping. In her head, in a dream, a woman's voice sounds: Thought – This is the extreme point in the universe. I am the daughter of the beginning and I am the end. life – This is the extreme point in the universe I am a daughter. Start. and I am the end. time is the extreme point in the universe I am the daughter of dance and I am the song. summer – This is the extreme point in the universe. I am the daughter of the beginning and I am the daughter of the end. woman is the beginning and the end. man is the end and the beginning. music sounds both at the wedding and at the funeral. the picture hangs both in the gallery and in the house. life tends to end, And death tends to continue....

Tona opens her eyes. It turns out it's already evening. Things are scattered around – apparently she never got out. Reaching for the phone, she screamed – her hand was terribly numb. There was an email notification on the smartphone screen from an unknown address.

Tona opens her email. This is a letter from a new physics teacher. He sent a newsletter to seventh grade students to start classes in September.

Tona put her phone down and reached out. The spine crunched treacherously. The whole body ached, as often happens after an evening sleep.

She got out of bed and decided to check if her parents were at home. Tona got up, walked across the room, and went out into the corridor. The door to my father's office was ajar, the light was on, and the sounds of fingers pounding on the keys were heard from there.

Tona: Paaaap ...

The father did not answer. Then Tona resolutely stepped into the office, pushing the door open with her palm. The father was wearing headphones. Radio waves were displayed on the screen of a huge monitor. Tona quietly came up from behind and hugged her father.

Tona: Papuuulya ... are you still working?

Demyan Shailov took off his headphones, wiped the glasses off his glasses, and stroked his daughter's hands.

Father: Yes, kitty. Father works for the good humanity.

Tona: Great. And humanity in course? Tona chuckled.

The father grimaced. He himself was not sure that people would realize the full value of his work. There were not so many fans of his inventions. And large companies were reluctant to buy patents for his gadgets.

Tona: I don't know dotsya. But it has meaning at least to me.

Demian began to wipe his glasses again. Mechanically, because he was embarrassed.

Tona: Dad. And when this one finds me

TON, will I be ready for sure? What if he suddenly appears and smites me with one blow of his ... what has he got there? Blaster?

Demyan carefully looked his daughter in the eyes.

Father: Tona. Omen can't find you before you're ready. The universe has laws. And the battle between good and evil can take place only when their powers are equal.

Tona nodded in understanding.

Tona: So I will become strong? Such as strong as you?

Demyan: Yes. And even stronger. You got there inside – the father poked his fingers into the solar plexus of his daughter – the ideal atom. He is capable of developing incredible power. One has only to want it. Well ... grow up.

Tona sighed: Ah, daddy. I want to be the strongest in the world. I want to fight him and win. This is my dream.

Father: Everything has its time, daughter. BUT now go wake your mom up, she just like you dozed off after dinner.

Tona obediently left her father's office and went to her mother's bedroom. Their apartment had seven rooms, and in addition to the study, the living room, and the common bedroom of the parents, each had their own room (bedroom) – Tona, her brother Anton, mother and father.

Mom lay with her eyes closed. Chopin played softly in the room. Tona immediately recognized the sounds of his piano works – his mother often listened to him, he was her favorite composer.

Tona: Maaam ... get up. Dad said wake you up. Let's have supper.

Elena Shailova opened her eyes and looked at her daughter and smiled: I am no longer sleeping. Come here.

Tona ran up to her mother with pleasure and sat down next to

her on the edge of the sofa.

Elena: Hug me baby.

Tona obediently hugged her mother by the neck and began kissing her face.

Tona: Maaama, how I love you with

dad! You are my favorite people in the world !!

Tona: We love you. You and Antosha

the most precious thing we have.

Tona winced: But Anton does not love me. He pushes his friends against me all the time. Beeeee.... I hate it when he does that!

Elena: Antosha is now in transition

age. As you grow up, you will become the closest people on earth. And when my dad and I are gone ...

Tona: Maaama, please !!!

Elena: Okay, okay .. everything has its time. But don't offend Antoshka. He actually loves you very much. When you were

little, he lulled you and sang you lullabies. And he said that he would not give you to anyone.

Tonya liked these words.

Tona: How cute. But so far we are not

we are friends, mom. And it is not discussed. Are you ready to try Daddy's forshmak ?? Rather, rather, all to the kitchen! she almost shouted. And scooping up from the couch shouting "egegey !!!", she ran into the kitchen.

Elena: Energizer. – Elena sighed and went after her.

Scene 4

Dear Tona. I forgive you, I forgive you for everything. You – showed people an example of a real fighter, a fighter. You were a very important link in God's plan, and once you realized it. You were really beautiful, even though it was hard to believe. You were honest, hardworking, open. And smiling. I really miss you. And I? I don't know who I am ... I'm just instead of you ...

Tona devoured the hot broth. Dad insisted on a complete diet that included meat, vegetables, cereals, and nutritional supplements. Despite such a diet, Tona was thin, of a boy's build. Tona finished her meal and went to her room.

She loosened her hair and began to comb it. For the second year already, she asked her mother for permission to cut them. Tona liked boyish haircuts. She wanted to be like a real fighter. For a real warrior. These hanging snot – made her look like a princess.

Tona was very afraid that

becomes weak at the decisive moment, and will not kill Omen. And dad said that Omen is capable of terrible evil.

Love was not part of Tona's plans at all. She did not fall in love with boys, as she understood that the world in which she was born is as hostile as you can imagine. Tona told her dad that she was afraid that because of her atom she would not be able to be reborn like other people. The father replied that the law of reincarnation has not yet been proven, and that he, too, is not sure that he will ever be reborn. But he assured Tona that he would keep the tape with her program for posterity. Tona was satisfied with this answer. Now there was little to do: to defeat Omen. And that was the hardest part. Finished with her hair, Tona got up, put the comb on the bedside table, and walked over to the TV. She pressed the power button. The hospital room flashed on the screen. It was a medical channel. A pleasant-looking woman told me how far technology had gone. That very soon people will be able to implant a chip with a processor for several terabytes, as well as implant synthetic arms and legs. Tona looked and listened attentively, somewhere vaguely realizing that she knew more about this than she thought. Than she is told.

After watching the TV show, she went to the bar, took out the children's liquor and poured herself some. Taking a sip of Tona, she said: Omen. I will find you. And you will

defeated. – she said it out loud. Then I heard a slight coughing behind me. Turning around she saw her father.

Father: You will definitely defeat him

baby. he said smoothly. "It just takes time.

Tona nodded and walked over to her father and hugged him. This was the closest person in her life. Most beloved and dearest.

She whispered: Daddy. Ask. Live forever!

Scene 5

A large spacious room, but the windows are curtained. There is no one, but a woman's voice is heard from above.

Voice: A person is able to see the future. But this skill comes only in moments of complete resignation to the present.

The voice falls silent. The light goes out.

Tonight turned fifteen today. And now she was ready for the most important procedure – getting to know her cyber body. Daddy promised her this from early childhood.

Demyan: So, ready? – Demian looked at Tona inquiringly, wanting to understand how ready she is now for this difficult procedure.

Tona: Ready! Tona nodded.

Demyan: Great! Then sit down on the couch and don't touch anything. This thing has very sharp blades on top, and you won't even notice how you chop off your hand.

Tona: Got it. – Tona nodded.

She obediently lay down on the couch, taking off her T-shirt and shorts, and remained in her underwear.

Demian: Taaaax. – The father approached, holding in his hands a long surgical instrument, vaguely resembling a scalpel crossed with forceps.

Demian: Look, baby. I'm going to take something out of your navel now. It will hurt a little, but you will quickly get used to it. This is an element that you no longer need. He held back the growth of the exoskeleton.

Tona: Got it – Tona nodded again.

Demian bent down, thrust the point deeper into his daughter's navel, and jerked violently. Tona screamed in pain.

At the tip of the scalpel, the forceps, there was a round spherical something that spun in all directions and made a squeaky unpleasant sound.

Tona: Ffuuh. – exhaled Tona. It's already easier.

Demyan: Yes, Demyan confirmed. – It will pass now.

He carefully cut the skin on his daughter's belly and displayed an image from a vertical camera on the screen.

Demyan: Look!

Tona widened her eyes in surprise.

Inside she did not have the usual guts, kidneys, heart, she had all the parts and spare parts, just like a car. But everything was not dead, but felt as if it were alive.

Tona asked:

Dad! Am I alive or not?

Demian clapped his hands contentedly, putting aside the scalpel: More than Tona! You are the first example of a hybrid organism in the history of mankind that possesses both mechanical and living properties. Your physics is half radio parts, half living organs! And this is phenomenal! You are my best project!

Tona sighed: Dad, for some reason I'm scared. I don't know how to manage it.

Demyan, enthusiastically: You will learn! My daughter, you can do everything! It just takes a little patience !!

And now, I will sew you up, and you – brush your teeth and sleep!

Tona giggled: Mission mission, teeth on schedule!

Demyan: Exactly – and Demyan continued to conjure over Tona's body.

Night gradually fell on Odessa.

Scene 6

From the very moment Demyan took out the shock absorber from Tona's abdomen, which held back the growth of her exoskeleton, Tona began to grow by leaps and bounds. When she turned 18, she already weighed as much as 60 kilograms, and her height exceeded 170 centimeters.

Finally, what he and his father had been waiting for happened. Omen returned to the city. They had not seen each other yet, but it was already clear that he knew about her, and he returned because of her. Came for her. For that matter. From that moment on, my father appointed training – every day they

conducted exercises to control the capabilities of her body. Tona remembered one of these workouts for a long time.

Father: Tona, dear, what will you do if the enemy is defeated, but not dead? Will you finish him off?

Tona: No, dad.

Demian: Yes, I taught you exactly this, but now I want to say that we do not always have to act nobly with ungrateful people.

Because they will never pity us.

Tona: Dad, what if he gets better? Will it get better?

The father showed his head: This is unlikely, Tona. Those who choose the dark side rarely cheat on it. Remember, you are alone, and you must defend yourself no matter what.

Tona: Okay, dad.

Father: Promise?

Tona: I promise.

After that, they continued their training in absolute silence.

There were more than three hundred such trainings. Demyan trained Tona for almost a year until she was sixteen. And finally, it's time to show what she is capable of, the creation of her father.

Scene 7

One day, when Tona was resting from training, Father dedicated her to the history of the Black Apple Corporation. The Black Apple were her father's scientific rivals. Seeing what he was working on, and having stolen the blueprints according to which Demyan created Tona, engineers God Apple created Omen. It was created as an element of opposition to the progress of the future, as the basis of regression. How the line of what will happen p will form in the future. Omen was also dangerous because in his exoskeleton there was an exact repetition of the functions of Tona's skeleton.

Demyan opened the site blackapple.com in front of Tona. A spinning black apple was visible on the big screen, shimmering with silver and gold. Demian explained that they intended to create something similar to a miniature of the earth, but according to their own laws. And with their leaders. They did not succeed, as Demyan and his colleagues continued to develop and introduced more competitive high technologies. Finally, the Apple was nothing more than the prototype of the black core of the Earth. It was all very difficult, and Demyan stopped there. But he tried to hammer into Tonya's head that it was not so much her victory over the Exchange that was important to him as the

fact of the battle itself. Because if she demonstrates to him and all the audience what she and her body are capable of, sweetheart will remain on the bright side. After that, Demyan put Tona to bed, and he went into his office, closed the door and began to write a letter. This was a letter to his daughter. In case all this he cannot say personally.

The letter read:

"You were not beautiful. But exactly what I intended for you. Accurate, strong, powerful, as far as feminine nature allowed. You had very strong hands. Which easily crunched the cervical vertebrae of people you disliked."

People called you "Technogirl".

You did not know about the great power inherent in your nature. Technical. Mechanical cyber power.

I created you to fight the dark knight, my illegitimate son. People called him "Omen".

It was the product of a dark matter called the Black Apple. Or Black Apple.

In my dreams, you often appeared to me even before you were

born. Small, freckled, naive.

When you were born and we were driving from a hospital in the suburbs of Odessa, you laughed all the way, even though you were very small. Probably, this is how a person who was born to defeat evil should be.

It's amazing that everyone who has ever come into contact with you will later say that you carried the pure energy of the sun within you. Maybe because of the atomic battery that replaced your heart, maybe because of the clear and dazzling smile, but you really were 100% solar.

True, the battle that lay ahead for you when you become an adult was not nearly as sunny as your smile. The OMEN was terribly dangerous. In his arsenal were hypocrisy, cunning, deceit, while in yours only: goodness, sincerity and charm.

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and could not have. And I could not fight with anyone but you.

I couldn't fight the darkness. I was just the Absolute. And you – you were fragile, tender and strong at the same time. Vulnerable, bright, cynical when it comes to difficult choices. I idolized you. Sent to death. I adored, and let go into this world without the right to choose. Forgive me. Daughter. Your dad, your creator. Architect Demyan Shailov. "

Scene 8

Today the Architect received a letter from the Primorye University. It turned out that a certain Mariam Dova had requested information about his whereabouts. The architect knew who it was and why she was looking for him. This is Omen's girlfriend and she is most likely planning to eliminate him.

He hastily collected all the floppy disks, sealed them in a wooden box, and took them to the post office, forwarding them to his colleague in the United States, Princeton. Then, he took his bike and rode out onto the path next to the house. He took out a letter he had written earlier for his daughter,

and threw the gazebos in the garden on the table. He knew she would read it. He did not say goodbye to his wife, as he hoped that they would see each other again. Demyan Shailov, looking over his shoulder, with force and at maximum speed, pedaled his bicycle – he kept his way towards the park slopes. Because Dark Eyed was ALREADY looking for him. Omen sent her to deal with him. Demian desperately pedaled, approaching the thicket in which the sarcophagus was hidden. He hoped to hide in it from the dark Miriam.

Once at the observatory, using a special pass of a scientist, he went to the territory, got to a special room, and opened this hefty box. He had to spend more than one month, and maybe a year in it, until Tona came for him. After a little hesitation, he threw one leg inside and prepared to dive with his whole body into this device, when suddenly a woman's voice rang out at the entrance to the compartment.

– Don't be in such a hurry, Demyan. We could chat a little if you don't mind.

Demian shrank all over and began to hastily climb into the sarcophagus, but did not have time – a shot from the Dark Eye's harpoon overtook him and he fell on his back, right next to the saving device. A thin stream of blood flowed from Demyan's mouth. His eyes glazed over. He died instantly.

Mariam came over and checked her pulse. Demian was dead. After making sure that there was no one else here, she slammed the drawer and rushed away. It was a glorious day if she succeeded in destroying the Architect himself.

Scene 9

Omen invited Tona to fight. I made an appointment at Lidervosky Boulevard. There was a park nearby, and one could easily hide from prying eyes. Although where is it? The whole city will watch their battle.

Tona showed up on time, Omen was a little late. About half past three (instead of the appointed three hours), Omen appeared, accompanied by Darkokoy. Tona did not yet know about the murder of her father. Therefore, she did not react to her presence in any way.

Omen: Dear Tina. Shall we start the fight?

Tones: Tones. And yes, we can start.

Omen: I suggest you turn on combat mode. I will follow your example. Two cyber organisms, must fight only with super powers.

Tona raised her hand and pointedly set the lever. Her entire body began to sparkle and shimmer purple.

Omen smiled and nodded.

Omen: And now I am!

Omen picked up a wooden branch from the ground and broke it with a crunch. A blade slid out of his head, and his arms morphed into two incredible powerful blasters.

Omen: Ready? Tech girl?

Tona, mockingly: Are you ready?

Omen, smiling: More than ever!

Then Dark Eyed spoke:

By the way, Tona. Father, your dear, sleeps like a dead sleep.

Tona flashed: What do you mean?

Dark Eyed: And the fact that I took him to the forefathers this afternoon.

Tona's eyes were filled with tears, and anger began to choke her: Yes, I will now !! ...

Omen stopped her: Then you will figure it out.

We are the first. Then – you.

Tona stepped back and nodded.

Finally, Tona and Omen clashed in a fight. Omen connected an additional infrared vision, Tona had only an ultrasonic viewfinder in combat mode.

Omen came from the side, blocking her from the back and front. Tona bent down, throwing her head back and stabbing her wrist at Tona's weapon. Tone staggered back, and Tona twisted his arm and snapped the handle of her battle blaster. To which Ton took up her thrower, and began to bend them with force. Tona jumped back, lunged forward, and jumped over Omen's head. She adjusted the laser emitter and hurled a pair of lightning bolts at Ton. They slashed his cyber suit without doing much harm. Finally, Omen grabbed a mirror shard from the ground, which was lying next to a standing house, and began to reflect them the shots of Tona's laser emitter.

Tona again attempted to catch up with him from behind, but Omen got his bearings and smashed her wrist compass to smithereens. Without him, Tona was left without eyes. She began to turn her head in confusion: now, in order to start seeing again, she had to turn off combat mode. And without him, in this fight, she was already going to win. She had to admit she had lost. The Omen immediately took his bearings: Tina, dear. That's all. You are defeated. I suggest you surrender and run away from here, licking your wounds.

Tona looked up: TONA.

She was already starting to leave, but turned around. The Omen looked mockingly, smiling at his unexpected victory.

Tona was afraid to touch him, because this is instant death. Tona looked into his eyes:

– What are you going to do with her? She shook her head towards Mariam.

– Nothing. – Omen shrugged his shoulders. – She fulfilled her mission. Made you weak and unhappy. And let me defeat you.

– Then finish it off!

Omen smiled.

I know. what are you about that dreaming. Take my machete and do this justice at last.

Tona silently took the weapon from Omen's hands.

Approaching the Dark-eyed, she said:

– For all your anger, hatred, meanness and debauchery. I'm sentencing you to death!

With a wave of her machete, she decapitated the dark Mariam. Her body shuddered and fell to the ground without

making a sound. So, Tona avenged her father.

Scene 10

Tona went home, but could not be there. Mom was with a neighbor, and still did not know about anything. Tona went out into the garden, and her gaze fell on the envelope lying on the table of the gazebo.

This is from my father.

Tona hastily opened it.

There was a letter in the envelope.

"Tona. If you are reading this, then Omen has already dealt with you. I had to tell you a very important thing, but I still could not find the time. Remember: you cannot allow people to be happy without us. If we are the source of their happiness. they wipe their feet on us. You can't let them be higher than us. Always defend yourself and your point of view. Remember your rights and be what you consider necessary to be.

Love is inside. And I hope I showed you an example of true, unconditional love. Be happy, daughter. Your dad is an architect.

"

Tears welled up in Tona's eyes.

She whispered "Daddy" and pressed the sheet to her heart.
This was the last letter from my father.

Scene 11

"I feed myself in the fall as home brew, and save for the winter. Once I fought with my brother, a henchman of the insidious darkness. He is now in all the expanse, but we have recaptured justice, when that happiness was in pain, now happiness is in OUR power."

It hurt to laugh. In recent years, TONA Shailova suffered from severe shortness of breath. She smoked for many years, smoked heavy "male" cigarettes, and this affected her ability to breathe freely.

Climbing the stairs to its 15th floor, TONA stopped exactly in the middle, on the 8th floor.

Thoughts were confused, blood pulsed in the temples, it seemed like another step, and the heart would stop. But she stepped on one more step, then another, then another ... After about 40 minutes, TONA was already at the door to her 98th apartment.

With shaking senile hands, she took out the keys and tried to insert the key into the keyhole, her hands did not obey, the key

slipped several times, and finally the door was opened.

TONA entered, literally crawled to the chair, and fell into it, exhausted and exhausted by the heavy lifting.

– LORD HAVE MERCY.

Tona did not like to ask the Lord for health, but she really wanted, again, as before, to have the full force of "form".

Its steel frame has long become akin to the body and sagged. Her head turned gray, her face was cut through by serious, deep wrinkles. She didn't need to be told that the end was near, she already knew that. Now, she just wanted to rest.

“We will all rest in the next world,” she thought, and pressed the power button on the TV remote control.

TONA, her arms folded across her chest, dozed in a chair. In her years she was quite vigorous, active, the initiator of many social and cultural events. She knew that she had not lived her life in vain, since she repelled the blow of the OMENA, although she did not defeat him. Since she was not afraid to fight him. Because she loved the FATHER. Since the MOTHER saved. Since BREATHING freely. Yes, she had no children, only cats and two dogs, but she had many students and followers. She was now 83 years old. TONA snuffled in the chair to the sound of the incessant TV. She still had something to say ... Suddenly the TV went silent. She opened her eyes for a second, and a choked

cry escaped her throat. She just had time to say "FATHER". A blissful smile played on her rested face. Thus ended the life of one of the greatest women in the history of planet EARTH. Great TONE, TECHNOGYRL.