

**SERGE ARDENNE**



**NAVAL YAYEV.  
NON FICTIONAL  
STORIES**

# Serge Ardenne

## Navalyayev. Non fictional stories

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### **Аннотация**

Any endeavor that a person starts, usually ends either in success or failure – because this is how the world works and nothing will change – until the Dnieper dries up. But if in the first case, when a person manages to cope with what he has conceived, the individual goes publicly, for each occasion, to sound about his genius, victory and success, explaining in details to everyone he meets who is not at all interested in the details of the triumphant, In the person of the narrator, to Olympus. In the second variant, when the same person suffers a fiasco, he invariably tries, avoiding publicity and any explanations, to find the perpetrators of failure, in every possible way trying to lose responsibility for failure. He does not find a place until he comes up with a story that he tells others, whenever it comes to what is so unpleasant for a blundered individual. People are cunning, greedy, unfair, cruel and this, you will agree, is not a complete palette of human vices. In everyone sits, if not a fire-breathing dragon abounding in all these far from the best qualities, then a goggle-eyed creature whose like the above sins are in an embryonic state, ready to germinate

at any moment in the blink of an eye, appearing in all its abomination.  
A person is egotistical, selfish, prone to pathos and hedonism.

# Содержание

PROLOGUE	5
Chapter 1	7
Chapter 2	41
Chapter 3	71

# **Serge Ardenne**

## **NAVALYAYEV. NON FICTIONAL STORIES**

### **From life of one idiot**

#### **PROLOGUE**

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Many of the readers, of course, will be surprised and will not want to agree with us. With what we will not argue, just noticing to the dear reader, that we ourselves treat the above theory with considerable suspicion. And the best confirmation of this are the stories we recorded, about a man who, by his existence, does not allow idle rancors, like us, to assert something similar to the above. However, you, dear reader, if you want to delve into the essence of this narrative, there will be a great opportunity to see this personally and to the fullest.

# Chapter 1

## "DATE"

Once upon a time, even a little earlier than last Friday, there was a great country that existed in the era of developed socialism. Although not, it is rather huge, because greatness and magnitude, often quite different concepts, therefore the country was simply huge. This huge "Great Country" was also called very peculiarly, proudly and cheerfully – the USSR. Proudly, because the inhabitants of the country called it with admiration, threateningly ringing and clinking their tongues, as if minting jubilee rubles – eS ES ES ER. But the threat of confusion, involuntarily debunked the children growing up in the "Great Country", teasing her – Se Se Se Re. Well, of course, mindless foreigners whistling in their own way and manner – C C P. And so, this country, like many other countries, had its own government, and the government had its own people, as well as a flag, a coat of arms, a hymn and everything else that could be found and fetched in the vastness of the "Great Country". Under these conditions, hand in hand, the government, along with the people, stamped ahead, as it seemed, towards a great goal-communism!

But the Bible says – "leave them: they are blind leaders of the

blind; And if the blind lead the blind, then both will fall into the pit. " (Matthew 15:14) That once again reminded, persuaded and proved, to those who did not try, that the way to communism was uneasy and inconclusive. That once again reminded, persuaded and proved, to those who did not try, that the way to communism was uneasy and inconclusive. And how could be otherwise It is always difficult to go toward something that does not exist. After all, a mirage is unattainable, and the path to it is tedious and vain, like aspirations to the horizon line or the efforts of the restless Sisyphus.

Exactly in this country and at that time the one whom we would like to tell our gracious reader about, could live.

The one that, thanks to whom we will be able to uncover a chain of accidents, starting and ending on our hero – citizen and comrade Navalyaev.

In one of the sunny, spring days, from the front entrance of house number 17, along Stepan Khalturin Street, (for some ridiculous accident called by the name of a revolutionary, a Narodnik terrorist who didn't have slightest relationship with either Kiev or the former Pankovskaya street,) came out man. His appearance was quite unremarkable, at first glance, if one did not look at it in more detail, the more it was not to get to know him better. Kallistratu Ippolitovich Navalyaev, the junior accountant in the most exemplary Housing Management Office in the Leninsky district of the city of Kiev, in autumn, October 23, turned thirty-four, that very day, stained with the blood of the



Hungarian Revolution, valiantly crushed by Soviet tanks. At this age, men are said – "in full bloom", but not forces, not, especially, their heyday, Comrade Navalyaev was not observed. Low growth; With a tummy, hanging like a "backpack", under a flabby, swollen, fat breasts; With narrow, not seeing even a sparing morning charge of his shoulders, his not a slender silhouette, looked much older, the passport data of Kallistratus Ippolitovich.

All this luxury mentioned above was piled up on short, plump legs, very suitable for walking, and not at all designed for running. Stooping, marked by an old scoliosis, a torso, the head of Comrade Navalyaev, who had long begun to grow bald, was crowned, how light, so little suitable for life. The protruding, fleshy ears only emphasized the harmony of the skull, this at least strange man, or as he was called at work – a "defective connoisseur." The Suite on Callistratus Ippolitovich, also did not differ anything remarkable, except in a rather old-fashioned cut and not matching our hero size. In other words, he was catastrophically old and hopelessly small, for a very simple reason – the deceased dad of junior accountant, Navalyaev-father, wore things extremely neatly and was much lower than the growth of Navalyaev-son, which, in our opinion, fully explains the mismatch of the dress With the content. "But it's not a Suit that colors a person, but the content of a saving accounts", "Besides, a chic suit, it's an English wool, we custome made it for your dad on the day of defense of the thesis, which later, caused a bad mood, and That's why Hippolytus Albertovich rarely wear

it... "These simple truths, Navalyaeva-mother loved to repeat, tremblingly smoothing on her son the folds of memories.

A double-breasted disgrace, incomprehensible and of little pleasant color, was an outrage committed by a completely mediocre tailor, who managed not only to emphasize the unfortunate figure of Navalyaev-father, but also extend this curse to a tangible son.

So, the buttoned up jacket, did not hide the buttons of the gulf, defiantly visible between the floor, but not carrying, nor the semantic load of the external threat. The trousers, narrowed, rather wide trousers, did not touch the toes of the shoes, not reaching for them, about ten centimeters, as if to demonstrate the simple pattern of synthetic orange-blue socks. Looking at the trousers, I wanted to remove excess fabric from my hips and to grind it with my trousers, but it all disappeared without a trace, it simply lost all sense after I met the quite outstanding owner of this dilapidated dress.

There was not such a good-natured, modest and innocuous nature in the whole complex that ensures the functioning of the engineering infrastructure of various buildings in the city of Kiev, as well as creating convenience and comfort for citizens living in them, by providing them with a wide range of services. Or in other words, with the words of the immediate leader Navalyaeva, deputy. The head of the housing management office, the fictitious housing and communal services, Zinaida Potapovna Neyeshkashi, – "There is no other such fool in the

housing and communal services like our Kallistratus"

Once on the street, the junior accountant squinted at the sun's rays, stretching his lips in an indescribable silly smile, lifting his puffy, carefully shaven cheeks to his small round eyes. Holding his old shabby briefcase under his arm, he pointedly adjusted his tie kis-kis, bright purple to white peas, put on a felt hat and headed up the street, to the roar of a tram of eight running from the mountain, along Leo Tolstoy to "Solominka", along The fence of the Botanical Garden. Turning to Nikolsko-Botanicheskuyu, our hero soon reached the street Tarasovskaya, where in the ninth room, in a majestic house, standing, to this day in a gloomy desolation, built in the form of a well, with two arches, his uncle lived, on the maternal line – Radion Apollinarevich Navozov-Sukhoplotsky.

Rushing uphill, he passed the seventh number, behind the iron gate of which was based "strange" military unit; The building of the Mikoyan Institute; Fire station number 4, finally arriving at the courtyard of the house number 2, where one of the Housing and Exploitation offices of the Leninsky district, the city of Kiev, who was imprudent, one day, took in his amicable ranks, Junior Accountant Navalayayev.

Kallistrat Ippolitovich, who sinned with decency, with a touch of intelligence, including punctuality, however, by qualities not just useless, but at times viewed, came to the workplace for a quarter of an hour earlier. Having seated himself behind his

bulky desk, he thievishly hid a bunch of lilies of the valley in a jaunty and, pulling his armpits, began to work. Navalyayev pushed large wooden scales, the Felix machine, took out a thick folder from the drawer of the table, threw back the cardboard cover, and, moaning his finger, began to leaf through the yellow pages. Smooth columns of figures lined up in solemn order on paper and as usual pleasing the younger accountant, today did not bring him the slightest pleasure. He fidgeted in his chair, wiped his forehead and neck with a checkered kerchief, looking sideways at the door. I did not have to wait long, to the office, where besides the navalyaevsgogo there were three tables, empty, waiting, like the trotters of their riders, a woman entered, in which Kalistrat Ippolitovich immediately recognized Rubensovskaya "Sleeping Angelica" and "Venus in front of a mirror", as if descended from the canvas Right here, into the smoky, dusty little Zhikov's room. Entered, mushy, lush forms, under a blue cotton robe, rattling an empty bucket, stopped at the threshold, leaning on an old mop.

"I'm the new cleaning lady, my name is, Greta Adolfovna Raukobir <sup>1</sup>." She smiled, which gave Navalyayev an enthusiastic hiccup.

For him, it was not a secret, not a job, not the name, not the surname of the new employee, he found out all this in the personnel department after seeing the golden-haired Nymph, from the shores of the Baltic Sea, washing the floor in the long

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<sup>1</sup> (German) in *Smoked Beer*.

labyrinth of communal corridors. After meeting with such an amazing person, in the soul of many men the charming melodies of fairy-tale flutes and lutes sound, in Navalyaev's drum the drum has burst. It happened with him for the first time, except for the case at school, when the third-grade student Kallistrat Navalyaev helped the girl who had tucked her leg to take home a briefcase. Navalyaev did not arouse the interest of women, and, in truth, he reciprocated them. But Gretchen, in some special way entered his life, unnoticed, as if through the back door, illuminating his soul with the unquenchable flame of love. If so it is possible to name that feeling which has caused in Callistratus Ippolitovich an itch in the heels and acute restless fear – "And, what will my mother say?".

"Your name is delicious."

Shamefully he said.

"Do you know German?"

– Not that much, but Goethe I read in the original.

She looked with interest at the awkward figure of Navalyaev.

– Not bad for a person who only graduated from high school, or am I mistaken?

– No, that is, you are absolutely right, I studied at the college, but then with distinction did not defend the diploma, and at school I learned French, so I prefer Moliere.

He shyly looked down.

– And who do you forgive, do you work here?

– I work as a junior accountant.

– Yes, your prospects are illusory, to a man who owns German and French, in the sphere of the housing sector, never to rise above the bookkeeper. Do you have to be despised by coworkers?

Navalyaev shrugged his shoulders.

– Well, what are you sad, dear knight, introduce yourself to the lady.

"You are mistaken, my dear knight is me!"

A voice came from behind the cleaning lady. Greta Adolfovna was shown a tall dandy, about forty years old.

– Please love and pay, Lancelot Arturovich Ozerny, formerly a knight without fear and reproach, at the moment the chief of the plumbing team, I deal with water lakes sometimes shit, although I prefer water.

After recommending himself, the bright plumber waved his lips at the hands of the beautiful lady.

– What are you doing, I just now washed the toilets!

Gretchen wrenched her hand.

"I beg your pardon... please ignore me..."

Spitting out, Lantzelot Arturovich protested.

– What is there, so to squint, for disgrace?

The squeaky voice of the engineer for labor protection Sigismund Lazarevich Glistomorov was heard.

– You, what here, so skjazjat, for disgrace, so skjazjat, have arranged? To work, so to skye, it's time, and you, so to squeeze, giggle! It is not good, so skyeazhit, not in form, not order, so skyeat.

A small skinny, thin man with a yellow face, wearing a crumpled hat and a worn jacket, wearing a flannel waistcoat came into the room. The tumbling gates of his checkered shirt, buttoned up, did not fit a thin wrinkled long neck, which made it seem that the head was inserted in a suit hanging on a hanger, "hangers" for clothes, where there was no body.

A civil defense engineer, retired Lieutenant-Colonel Vertoprakhov Anton Kuzmich, whose incessant smoking caused the settling of such a diverse company, appeared in a cloud of smoke, scratching with polished chrome boots, into a single spacious cabinet, by the standards of that time. With fellow lieutenant-colonel, there could not be a smoking man in one room, not to mention women, so he was placed in the same room as Lovelace Ozerny, the smelling fragrant Bulgartabak, and the boring Glistomorov, who smokes a "nosogreyku" tube, with a particularly smelly self-timer, Navalyaev does not count. Kallistrat Ippolitovich not only did not smoke, he did not tolerate cigarette smoke, but to ask his opinion, especially the consent was not accepted in the friendly collective of housing management office №105.

– And now, young lady, leave the parade, men need to exchange reports about the match Dynamo – Torpedo! Verotoprakhov commanded, without even glancing at the cleaning lady who was leaving.

Discussion of the football holiday, fanned by tobacco smoke, quickly became bored, indifferent to the sporting achievements

of his native country Navalyayev, besides, the meridian of the Baltic waves, which he did not lose hope of contemplating as often as possible, entered the palace of his interests. Kallistrat Ippolitovich did not understand what exactly he wanted from Greta Adolfovna, his indecisiveness was omnipresent, all-encompassing, and even in dreams, Navalyayev was bashfully frustrated, depriving him of the opportunity to dream.

He pulled off the armlets, and, as usual, unnoticed, slipped out into the corridor. In the shadows of the housing management office labyrinth, he noticed the once slender outlines of the outlaw of his own peace, and darted into the open toilet door. Leaning against the wall covered with peeling tiles, he held his breath, reveling in the sweet sounds of a squeegee crocheting on the plank floor.

At this moment, bent over the plain of the floor, the newly-made cleaner felt the touch of someone's palm, the cotton that shook the soft tissues of the bottom of her back.

– So you are our new cleaner, that you came to the hero city of Kiev from far Kaliningrad?

Greta Adolfovna, dropping the mop, instantly straightened herself, as if from a snake bite, so that her blond hair, which had emerged from under the colorful kerchief, closed large gray eyes. Wiping her hands on the dressing gown, she removed the disobedient curl, looking with interest at the fat man, who so unceremoniously greeted the new subordinate.

– And I'm Yukhim Ostapovich Kakun, the head of the



housing office, and therefore, your immediate supervisor.

As a result of the desperate attempts to hide from her intrusive gaze the bare knees, Greta's chest swayed like a cold on a shaky table, which only increased the interest of the chief. His small, red eyes from regular drunkenness, felt the lush forms of the guardian of purity.

"So it's from Kaliningrad..."

Mentally, he said, stripping the appetizing lady with a glance.

"... but do you know, my dear, that the city of Kaliningrad is named after the grandfather of Kalinin Michal Ivanich, the " All-Union headman "?

Not without a shadow of superiority asked Kakun, as if offering an illiterate cleaner to continue the conversation, the history of her native land, in a more intimate atmosphere. Suddenly, Greta Adolfovna took a proud posture and said ironically:

– If you started talking about Kaliningrad, the capital of East Prussia, called up to 1255 – Twangste, and then, until July 4, 1946, Koeningsberg, then you can hardly tell me something new.

Like a razor, she slashed by the arrogance of Yukhim Ostapovich.

– Besides, I arrived not from Kaliningrad, but from Sovetsk to your information, the former Tilsit, a city where, in the middle of the Neman river, in 1807, in a tent, on a raft, a peace treaty was concluded, between Napoleon and Alexander the First, after The war of the fourth coalition. Are you interested in the details

or may be the key issues discussed by the emperors?

And without that the red eyes of the chief were bloodshot, turning into two ripe cherries.

– You are a citizen do not forget! What there Prussia?! What emperor?!

The blood struck in the face of the junior accountant sitting in the ambush. Realizing that there was a scandal in the air, he, suppressing fear, even shutting his eyes, rushed, as if in the last battle, to the embrasure of the enemy pillbox.

"I kindly ask forgiveness for me, Ostap Yukhimovich, but the situation is really the case, that the comments of the esteemed Greta Adolfovna take place,... and they are also embodied in the annals of world history, which I had the honor to convince myself...

"Why do you allow such a tone to talk to your subordinates?" We do not have a slave system! Who is the communist representative in your housing and communal services office?

Quietly looking around, Kakun, with a quick step, sometimes lightly shifting to a raucous, semi-natural pace, forgetting about the aggravated arthritis, rushed to the door to his own reception room.

An awkward silence hung in the space of the dim corridor. Wanting to fall through the earth, hiding his pretty dignified dignity there, Navalayev did not dare to raise his eyes to the fearless cleaner.

– Well, what are you, Callistrat Ippolitovich, do not worry...

– And I will not think about it!

Suddenly, firmly pronounced Navalyaev, struggling to get out of the pre-stupor state.

"On the contrary, I have the honor to ask you to be indulgent... Well, how about... letting you go home, at the end of a day's work?"

At eighteen o'clock, at the hour when all the employees of housing and communal services office, like the inhabitants of a ravaged anthill, begin to randomly run through the communal labyrinths, who are looking for a company that promises idle entertainment in the company of a bottle of port wine "three axes"; And who hastens to collect information on the invisible abundance of products, fruits of the gastronomic and meat and dairy industry of "developed socialism", in nearby shops, Navalyaev flung himself into the courtyard, carefully packing a bouquet of lilies of the valley. His awkward silhouette, shifting on flat feet, grew at the turn, under the windows of his native enterprise, waiting, like a sprinter shot a starting pistol.

Lieutenant-Colonel Vertoprakhov Anton Kuzmich, as usual, with ostentatious secrecy, put several folders in the fireproof cabinet with useless documentation and pointed meaningfully, chewing a cigarette:

"Well, comrade officers, we'll look at the advance, but for the present we are out of reach, so I propose" Tears of Michurin ", for lack of money, a couple of bubbles, and in" Botanica ", in

the bosom of nature?

– I, so to squeeze, I do not see any obstacles, so as not to drink, so to squeeze.

Clapping his hands, with a fuse, supported the Glistomorov. Both engineers looked inquiringly at the window-glazer, Ozerny, the only applicant who could not break the classical number of participants, while drinking hot drinks. Lancelot Arturovich's face was clouded by alarming suspicions, he was not looking up, watching Navalyaev, handing Gretchen smiling, a wilted bouquet.

"And he's a walker... but you can not tell."

The brigadier of the plumbers whispered soundlessly.

– Do not understand?

Lifting his eyebrows, Vertoprakhov snarled suspiciously at the betrayal.

– You are my friend, so skjazyat, uchavstvuete in disgrace, so skjazyat?

– With pleasure!

Smiling, Ozerny answered, pulling out of his pocket a pack of "Opal."

– Let's smoke, and across the road, opposite the "fire", there and take.

The voices of Verotoprakhov and Glistomorov had already subsided into the corners of the corridor, when the brigadier's stern gaze rested on a corner above his own desk, full of pictures from foreign journals.

On the peeling, poisonous-green wall hung a glossy sheet, where a herd of strange Mustangs, driven by dashing guys in broad-brimmed hats, rooted in the saddles of sapping horses, raced across the red land of the Grand Canyon, picking up poles of dust. He sternly looked at the sleek, athletic cowboy athlete, in a red shirt smoking only Marlboro cigarettes and intuitively hating him, this capitalist myth, and, moving into the smoking room, whispered on the run:

– Nothing, we'll see, who will win!

At this time, enjoying the aroma of withered lilies of the valley, Greta Adolfovna, accompanied by a seizing, then one or the other, Navalayayev, passed the colonnade of the gate of the Botanical Garden.

– "Where do you live, Callistrat Ippolitovich?"

– – I live here in the street Stepan Khalturin, the right word, it's an amazing place, it was inhabited by famous people, famous not only in our city, but all over the world. Here, once, the remarkable Karl Christiania, who was subsequently known for having broken the square in front of our red university, the present Shevchenko Park, arranged gardening. It was a pleasure to live such gentlemen as Mikhail Dragomanov, Iosif Yasinsky, in the three-story house number 9, lived the family of Grushevsky. Here the artist and architect Vasily Krichevsky, writer and publisher Yury Tishchenko, poet Alexander Oles worked. Still a schoolboy lived on Pankovskaya, in the eighth issue, Maxim Rylsky; And in the tenth, just in front of my house,

the world-size, historian Eugene Tarle. Here, if you want to know, at the corner of the Nikolsko-Botanicheskaya, materials were prepared for the first journal on philosophy in the Russian Empire, the "Philosophical Three Month", published with the money of the university professor, Alexander Kozlov. And this is not all the list of interesting facts connected with Pankovskaya Street.

-- Pankovskoy?

-- Yes, so the street was called until the summer of 1939, then it was renamed, and in my subjective opinion, it is completely unsuccessful.

-- Disintegrating beads of historical facts associated with the glorious Kiev, the Vladimir Cathedral, which reminded of itself with a copper alarm, about Fundukleyevskaya -- Lenin street, Bibikovsky Boulevard, and now Shevchenko Boulevard, they reached the metro station "University".

-- So I'll take you there?

-- But I live on Nivki, and it's not close.

-- It does not matter! I'm a man.

-- A strange smile slipped over the woman's lips.

-- I see.

-- Somehow absolutely doomed she said.

-- "Well, then, let's go, if you insist."

-- On the steps of the escalator, they descended into the womb of the Kiev subway. The noise of the wagons flying through the dark tunnel, did not allow to continue the conversation. Finally

they went to the Nyvky station, where they boarded the twenty-sixth trolleybus. After quite a long time, the International Square appeared behind the windshield.

– – We leave.

– Briefly Gretchen, thinking about something Navalyaevu. The automatic doors disappeared with an unpleasant clank. He gently gave her hand, watching the woman overcome the space between the trolley bus and the pavement.

– "And how old are you, Callistrat Ippolitovich?"

– With the experience of the taiga hunter, a well-aimed shot was fired directly at the bull's eye, a spacious, half-empty sheet, biographical data, a junior accountant. Such a question could surprise anyone, just not Navalyayev, who seemed uncomprehending what relation to those who live on the earth can be of age.

– "Thirty-five, it will be in the autumn."

– "Oh, you're still young."

With inexplicable sadness she held out.

– And you?

Greta smiled as if she were talking to a neighbor's child, whom her mother asked to take away from the kindergarten.

"Let's just say I'm older than you." It suits you?

– Of course, I do not really care how old you are. After all, happiness excludes old age. He who retains the ability to see the beautiful, does not age.

– Do you think?

– Yes, I rather not, but Franz Kafka.

Smiling, Gretchen shook her head. They crossed the road and Navalyaev's gaze slid through the ranks of the Khrushchev's that were heading toward the city cemetery.

"I've never been here, do you have an apartment here?"

– No. I, alas, do not have an apartment in Kiev. We rent a room on Blucher Street.

"Gebhart Liebrecht, the one who participated in Waterloo?"

"No, Vassily Konstantinovich, the marshal of the Soviet Union who was martyred in Lefortovo, to the word of his grandfather, the landlord gave the nickname Blyukher, in honor of the Prussian general you mentioned, which later developed into a surname, so that the connection still exists.

"What room?"

– Yes, the komorka, the owner of which is a lonely old man, almost lying, letting me in with two children, just because I promised him to leave. After all, I have two sons, the senior finishes the 10th grade, and the youngest, the 7th, I worked in Sovetsk, too, in school, a history teacher.

– Fine, I love children, and even old people, like Stirlitz, remember?

With annoyance and affection, Gretchen glanced over the baggy silhouette of Navalyaev.

Passing by a pair of young people embraced, and in short intervals between kisses, about something trying to talk, Gretchen took a deep breath.



"I envy the young, I'm so sorry that life went by."

– Are you jealous?

Navalyayev, amazed, tried to dispel Greta's regrets.

"Eternal youth is impossible, if not for another obstacle, self-observation would make it impossible."

– Do you think?

– It's Kafka again.

"Well, what do you think?"

Nervously grabbing a shabby briefcase, he solemnly, like a poem for the New Year, said:

"Do not you know what awaits them?" Have you not experienced all the vicissitudes of fate, and you want to once again plunge into this cycle of passions, falsehood and betrayal. Do not you have enough of those tests that fell to your lot, and you want to double them? Did you not enjoy and suffer the things that the Lord measured out to you?

The woman stopped, looking in amazement at Navalyaev.

– Callistrat Ippolitovich, where in you is it?! What kind of thoughts, where did you dig them? It's not like you at all!

Navalyaev blushed to the tips of his ears, looked down, hiding a stupid smile.

– You are right, an amazing Gretchen, I read it in a book and learned the passage by heart, so that when the right moment comes, impress the woman.

He still did not dare look at her.

"Oh, Kallistrat Ippolitovich, how strange you are. Well, even if

everything, as you say, why did you tell me this, because you have destroyed the favorable impression of the dialogue with your own hands? Are women behaving this way?

"But my mother says that we must always tell the truth."

Parting with Greta Adolfovna, for some reason depressing effect on Navalyaeva. He was sad all the way, not understanding what could have offended this beautiful woman. The way home seemed much shorter to him than a voyage to distant and unknown Nivki. Having reached Shevchenko Boulevard, he walked around the Vladimir Cathedral several dozen times before heading to the dark avenue of the Botanical Garden. Having descended the street of Leo Tolstoy, he, in thoughtfulness, stumbled upon a low wooden fence of the playground separating the territory of the Kindergarten from the sidewalk.

"Hey, Vovan, is that you?"

A voice came from the darkness.

"No, it's not Vovan who forgives, you seem to have made a name."

With calling and from this piercing eyes politeness, Navalyaev answered in a low voice. Out of the impenetrable darkness of the Children's Complex, a figure of a tall man emerged, with disheveled hair, evidently resentful, thrown by a challenge, and glaring politeness.

– And you are such?!

– I, let me introduce myself, Navalyaev, Callistrat

Ippolitovich.

"And de Vauvan?"

Unable to understand what the stranger was bawling about, the man asked, giving Navalyaev a pungent fume.

"I, you see, did not have the honor to see the esteemed comrade Vovan."

In the intoxicated head, which could be seen above the fence, an awkward thought awakened, rebelling against the sudden loneliness.

"You are... Kalpalit, climb over here."

"Why, may I ask?"

– Let's go...

Strong hand of the unknown grabbed the scruff of Navalyaev, dragging through a low fence. Soon an unfamiliar man fell down on Kallistrat Ippolitovich, who had landed in the flower bed, with barely penetrating blacksmiths.

– What is your name?

Lying on top of Navalyaev, he croaked in his ear, apparently deciding that such a pose, of course, has to get to know each other.

"I already had the pleasure of introducing myself, Callistrat Ippolitovich Navalyaev."

– And, as if Kalvalyaev, I remember. Do you know what kind of memory?! Flint! Anthracite!

They rose to their feet.

"Let's go to the chamber."

"What house?"

– Yellow.

– What for?

– There is a clearing. Vovan You sho pull up.

Without waiting for an answer, the man grabbed Navalyaev by the arm and pulled him into the "housekeeper." Inside the small house, which was full of children's playground, was a so-called table – "glade", in the form of an upturned wooden apple box that was folded upside down, which were stacked in rows in the back door of any vegetable store. The box was covered with the newspaper "Trud", replacing the tablecloth, under the set of products and a small selection of spirits. As soon as the bottle of vodka was opened, between two strict bottles of Moldavian port, whose dark, almost opaque glass did not allow us to determine the fullness of the vessels, rose above the open can of Azov sprats in tomato, a quarter of the crumbling "Arnaut", melted cheese "Druzhba" and sex -litrovoy can of salad "Spring". The visitor appeared in reply, a Moldovan male from the label, who lifted his glass, as if greeting the newcomer.

After finding himself in such a close but hospitable abode, the stranger handed Navalyaev a glass filled with wine, obviously stolen from the automatic device "divorce."

– For friendship!

He said, waiting for the guest to empty the dishes.

"But, excuse me, I do not drink."

"Shaw, then, do not I drink?" And hto here drinking?! So, for

getting to know a couple of drops.

– But I...

– Hosh offended?

– No, well, that you...

– Tada, let's get acquainted.

"Well, if only..."

Navalyaev did not have time to finish speaking, as the man's tenacious fingers rested against the bottom of the glass and the port of burning lava rushed to the larynx of the bookkeeper. Having reached the goal, the stranger drained his glass in one fell swoop, after which, with a rather grunt, extended his hand.

– Ilya.

The soft, plump hand of Navalyaev, was in the steel claw of a man.

– We miners, from Makeyevka, I and Vovan.

He looked around.

"Toko Vovan's a child's gone."

But Navalyaev was already struggling to understand the indistinct murmur of the miner, rising on the weightless veil of port over his sorrows, connected with today's fateful meeting.

From the window of a nearby house there was the song of Bulat Okudzhava from the movie "The Star of Captivating Happiness" – "... the wooden cross or cast iron was assigned to us in the coming darkness..." Ilya suddenly burst out laughing.

– Stupid singing, it is better of course cast-iron, it is more reliable, longer serves, and it is important to look at sho.

Navalyaev looked at Ilya with sad eyes.

– You, dear Ilya – a miner full of eyes.

The miner was the only rightly, as it seemed to him, to interpret the phrase of a defective fat man in a crumpled hat.

– We'll do it.

He rejoiced, he filled the glasses, but suddenly he started, as if missing out in the ritual of "drinking", something archival.

– Maybe vodka?

– You are funny Ilya, and when there is humor and tenderness – depth is born.

– Well, tada, come on.

They drank, after which Navalyaev got on all fours and headed for the exit, into the narrow opening, where the unscrupulous stars were staring.

"Forgive me, of course, I need to go to the air."

Seated next to Navalyaev on the steps of the children's hill, Ilya lit up and began the story.

"Vovan and I are working, we're working... mine 4/5, there... you know how, there, uh, like, a jackhammer 6k and went... anthracite clamps on the teeth, well on weekends this is the case, and" horse "in vain..... he saved me... "

Ilya started to cry.

"Who, excuse me, the horse?"

"What a horse, Vovka!" My friend!

Navalyaev looked warmly and sympathetically at the miner, emotionally spasmodic, deeply and sincerely experiencing his

indignation, for whatever reason, and more often without any reason.

– You are terribly incoherent talking, you are probably very interesting to live.

Deeply, Kallistrat Ippolitovich said. In his head ghostly silhouettes, obscure thoughts, causing imaginary activity and indifference, joy and anxiety flashed. When a soft velvet intoxication, replaced by a slight nausea, he remembered about my mother. By his drunkenness Navalyaev was afraid to push Amalia Apollinarevna into the grasping embrace of Alzheimer's, so he categorically did not drink alcohol. But today, when he has experienced a collapse in love, perhaps the last love of his life; When he found friendship, eternal friendship, with the most worthy and faithful comrade who came up to save him from sadness from Mother's womb of Makeyevka land, he allowed himself to delight in his mouth, with a beautiful nectar called port wine, which the Portuguese showed to the world, squeezing the juice of the earth from ripe bunches Valley Douro, and having the same "Moldovan" port as the same as Navalyaev's thoughts had with reality. The monotonous voice of Ilya, all the same broadcasts about the twists and turns of the life, flora and fauna of Donbas, the infidelity of women, about waste heaps, quarries and indecent details of mine workings. The intrusive incessant chatter, a drunken miner, for some reason reminded Callistratus Ippolitovich that sooner or later one would have to return home and dive into the red-hot lava of my mother's morals. At this

point, the nausea rolled up to his throat, and he spewed the contents of the stomach through his mouth. Not standing on all fours of his attempts drowned out Ilya's simple rhetoric, but to embarrass the miner, especially to silence him, could not. If not in the eyes, then in the brain of Navalyaev came a certain clarification. He rose from four to two, groped on the steps of the children's hill hat and briefcase, and as a man brought up decided to say goodbye to Ilya. But the miner, like a shaman communicating with spirits, entered a state of trance, noticing anything around him. Navalyaev raised his hat and bowed to the inconsequential miner, who, a minute before, he had mistaken for an unseparable friend.

"I'm very grateful, my dear, but allow me to bow out on this one."

Crying loudly, Navalyaev did not find a handkerchief in his pockets, wiped his lips with the edge of his shirt that looked out from under his jacket. He put on his hat and walked down the street with unfaithful feet.

Going through the windbreak, the bushes and even the devil knows what obstacles, which had never happened on Pankovskaya street, the junior accountant entered the arch of the old four-story house where the great Evgeniy Viktorovich Tarle had once lived, to cope with a small need.

"No, life is beautiful, after all!" Thought Navalyayev, when the murmur of the stream was heard somewhere there, at the bottom of the abyss, as if he were standing on the top of Auyantepuy,



and below there was an avalanche of the Angel Falls. Without coping with a few buttons of the pipe, closing the entrance to the fastened valve, he waved his hand and staggered, wiping the rough wall of the arch with his sleeve, rushed to the deserted roadway to determine the path through the stars. But in search of a house, the need has disappeared, because from the darkness, like the ghost of the medieval castle Sovinets, the shadow of Amalia Apollinarevna emerged, ominously surrounding the baggy outline of her son. Some are looking for an answer in someone else's words, some in the eyes, Navalyaeva-the mother was looking for in smells, the only manifestation of a human being that can be understood. Actually, her judgments were appropriate to the instincts in which she drew them.

– You are drunk!

Like a ruthless inquisitor, she threw accusation at the crumpled face of an ungrateful fence.

With all his unpresentable appearance, Navalyaev not only confirmed the observations of his mother, he seemed, of course, involuntarily, served as a standard of drunkenness, debauchery and immorality, in her eyes. With an unshakable sternness, she glanced at the offspring who had gone beyond piety.

– You crossed the Rubicon, Callistrat Ippolitovich, you should be flogged!

Navalyaev merely hiccuped instead of answering, and, with his eyes closed, shrugged his shoulders.

"My God, I would have seen you as a father, he would have

died again, but before that I would have carved you out, I swear by the tricorne of the magnificent Horatio, I surely would have flung my ass!"

She grabbed her son by the ear.

– Bistro, go home! Bistro!

Not daring to even say anything, Navalyayev obeyed obediently to the dark entrance.

The elevator rose to the fifth floor, carrying in her mother's furiously hissing Amalia Apollinarevna, and continuously hiccupping Callistratus Ippolitovich. A heavy iron mesh door, with a loud blow, alerted the whole house of the arrival of late pilgrims. The key turned a few times in the castle, and the smell of the corridor struck Navalyayev, tired of fatigue.

– Come on, just quietly, do not wake up neighbors, they did not see my shame, and they did not experience their triumph.

– Come on, just quietly, do not wake up neighbors, they did not see my shame, and they did not experience their triumph.

For a moment, before Callistrat Ippolitovich dived into the dark corner, where he met with a flimsy bookcase that kept a great many of three, two and one liter cans on its plywood shelves, all the neighboring doors were opened for preservation.

Varvara Nikolaevna, Serafima Samoilovna, and little Romik, who seemed to never sleep, like birds of prey at the sight of prey, warily goggled the gloom. Amalia Apollinarevna, only for a second, in order to shut the door, released from her hands the unstable body of her son, as she saw the heavy Navalyayevsky

ass, leaving farewell in darkness. There is a pause here... so that you can hear, feel the rumble of six-tiered shelving rasterized in chips, comparable only to an earthquake, a tornado, a tornado in the American prairies, a meteor fall and a split of the earth. It seemed that the banks were pouring endlessly, like snow in Lapland, breaking into drift, into large and small pieces.

When everything was quiet, despite the late hour, the neighbors, in full force, gathered at the glass hill, at first frightened, then sympathetically, looking at the burial. The Serpent serpent was the first to voice:

– So I got caught! And then my Anatole, you see, hanyga, and her angel... came, angel!

Embracing his wife, immense Sofu, with a deep sigh, Myasnikov concluded:

– Killed, rebellious.

Baba Varya already plaintively pulled out the farewell-lamented half-hearted:

"Ah, but to whom did you leave us..."

Like feet, clothed in worn sandals, expressed an acute desire to live. The glass mountain stirred, scattering the teardrops of broken vessels in all directions, and the rounded back of Callistratus Ippolitovich appeared from under the collapse.

"My God, he's dead!" Everything, everything, this is the end! Naraylyaeva-mother tightened.

– Yes, that you are my mother, he is alive, look gracious courtesy.

Sympathetically, stroking the hand of a neighbor, the woman Varya said.

– Costume! The costume died! He was still wearing his father! She sobbed, rushing to the aid of the quarter.

With the assistance of Myasnikov and Krysyuk, Kallistrat Ippolitovich was taken from the rubble and broken glass, and delivered to his own apartment.

"Look, look at who you look like!" Tomorrow I'll call Aunt Rae, and you'll go to her, at the clinic and immediately hand over the feces and urine. I want to see what's there for you, so to speak, a general picture of your organism, undermined by systematic drunkenness!

– But Mom.

"And do not mum the mine!" Where were they beaten?

"But..."

– Answer!

In the orderly tone, mother exclaimed.

– I met an amazing woman...

"Wh-what?" Wh-what did you say?! Were you with the woman?!

– Well, Mom, she's not a woman...

– Close your mouth and listen to the one that you gave not just life that built your destiny, which made you a man, and who, when the time comes, will find who will make a man out of you!

Strictly she said, reproachfully looking at the tattered, crumpled and scratched son.

– I was able to carry the flames of your father's talent in my palms and light my home from it... My God, could I then know that my son, my own son, will become a womanizer, an alcoholic, a ladies' man and a whip!

– But Mom...

"Do not mumble!" This is serious! I will etch with bleach, castor oil, sleeping pills and laxatives this gangrene! I'll sharpen you into a closed-type holiday home and compulsory treatment! I'll put you on a debilitating diet and assign bucket enemas! I'll whip you with a belt and put it at the corner on the grupka! I will deprive you of sweet, at last.

Doomed, she uttered, collapsing into a rocking chair.

All week long Navalyaev walked like a "beaten dog". At home he hid from neighbors and even his mother. At work I avoided meetings with Greta Adolfovna, and did not dare to raise my eyes at the grinning colleagues who shared with him the smoky space of the office. Gretchen began to go out into the yard, smelling fragrant Bulgarian cigarettes, in the company of the foreman Lancelot Ozerny. They chuckled after Callistratus Ippolitovich, without even trying to hide irony and charity. At the celebration of the First of May – Labor Day of all countries, all women joked with Navalyaev: "Callistrat Ippolitovich, or maybe me, will you go home? Comrade Navalyaev, I also love lilies of the valley...", and the most disgusting thing is that while malicious Lancelot and the happy mocking Gretchen burst into

loud laughter, looking down at him with a haughty glance. Dirty hints pestered the unfortunate bookkeeper, he became silent, closed, and when the fall foliage fell, he took on Dostoevsky.

However, one day, at eighteen zero-zero, after the end of the working day, when he as usual pretended that something was very busy, to leave later and not meet in the corridors of the housing office with numerous colleagues, an unforeseen thing happened. When footsteps and voices subsided in the communal catacombs, he removed his armlets, put on an unpleasant coat and a worn hat, tied around his neck a woolen scarf tied around his neck, provoking an absurd color, and walked off to the exit with a dull, shuffling gait. A damp November wind blew into his face when he smiled, dropping drizzly rain, went into the yard. But suddenly his idyllic state was disturbed by female sobs and conversations in elevated tones. Navalyaev looked around. In the smoking-room, on the bench, near the cast-iron garbage can, he saw Greta's tear-stained Adolfovna, something with obvious irritation, expressing Lancelot Arturovich:

"You are a scoundrel, a scoundrel and a scoundrel!" I did believe you, but you used me!

Ozerniy, wincing, answered carelessly:

– Come on, wipe it. We slept only twice, and you already imagined!

"But you promised!"

– Come on, you promised. What am I going to do with you and your brood?

Navalyaev's hands began to shake, and his head began to spin. But making efforts on himself, he made a confident step toward the bench.

– Oh, Ippolytych drew himself!

Lancelot exclaimed with a grin. Greta, with a trembling hand, pulled out of the crumpled bundle of "Stewardess" a curved cigarette, trying not to look at Navalyaev.

"You are a scoundrel, Comrade Ozerny!" You have dishonored a woman! I demand from you satisfaction!

Kallistrat Ippolitovich said in a trembling voice.

"What about?" What do you want?!

He rudely interrupted the accountant. Navalyaev closed his eyes and gave the brigadier an awkward slap in the face.

"Oh, you reptile!" I decided to fight?!

Ozerny jumped up and hit Navalyayev in the face, causing him to fall into a puddle, stretching out on the wet asphalt.

– If you once again polezesh, you'll have a rest in traumatology!

Disdainfully spitting, hissed Ozerny.

"They'll poke fools, there's nowhere to spit!"

He smelt his coat, walked briskly toward the gate, which led to the street.

"If marriages take place in heaven, then he is obviously a skydiver."

Wiping her tears, Greta said softly and followed him. She cried all the way home, tortured by one thought alone:

– Is it really just an idiot, maybe a normal man?



## Chapter 2

# "ANTHEM OF THE WORLD"

One morning, when the country of the Soviets was mired in next feasts, this time called May holidays, which spilled over the heads of carefree citizens by a series of days off, pompous parades, agricultural work in country areas and, of course, cruel drunks, Comrade Navalyayev took up business. After resting from the yesterday's parade-the prodigious drunkards that swept by the avalanche along the glorious Khreschatik, where they advanced along the stands with the slogans "Peace, Labor, May", who placed the party celanders towering above their heads, who entrusted Kallistrat Ippolitovich with the poster of the "gray cardinal" Brezhnev era, Mikhail Andreevich Suslov, (For which we were supposed to make a five-ruble increase to the salary) – our hero took up a puzzle called chess.

In the children's room, which was occupied by Comrade Navalyaev (why she actually bore such a name) from 9 o'clock in the morning, a chess battle ensued, in which the queens were crossed by A. Alekhine and M. Botvinnik at the International tournament in Nottingham, in 1936. Botvinnik, as usual, declared himself Comrade Navalyaev. The role of the opponent, which, this time, was Alyokhin, was performed by the permanent vis-a-vis of our home grandmaster – the

bronze bust of Felix Edmundovich Dzerzhinsky. During the time of Kallistrat Ippolitovich's involvement in chess, Iron Felix, as Navalyaev's eternal adversary, although it was more correct to say that the grandmaster whom our hero declared himself, showed himself on the best side, showing extraordinary steadfastness, adherence to principles and unyielding, especially when it concerned non-standard rallies and the opening of the Sicilian defense. Today, turning the board "Botvinnik's side", Navalyaev did not deny himself the pleasure to think here for about five minutes in order for his partner to understand what he was going through – Botvinnik-Navalyaev, when his rival, Alekhin-Dzerzhinsky, on the thirteenth move, played D6. At the moment of reflection, Kallistrat Ippolitovich slyly looked at Edmundovich, playing playfully Uldino's aria, from the opera "Attila", which sounded from the dynamics of the radio "Morning", which broadcast from the cabinet, pulsed from mother's room. But just the same, he reached for the polished head of one of the chess figures, as the broadcast from the Bolshoi Theater was interrupted, and the dry voice of the speaker said: "Dear comrades, listen to the announcement." Then the enthusiastic woman, singing, screamed – "Dear friends! Today, when the whole planet celebrates May Day! When the world proletariat rejoices on the Day of Workers of All Countries, loudly proclaiming to the world its victories! I want to exclaim: Peace to the World! May – May! Labor – Work! Glory to the CPSU! These calls sound like a hymn! Hymn to work,

peace and prosperity, which, with its festive sound, is called upon to carry freedom, equality and brotherhood to enslaved peoples, vegetating in capitalist countries!... ". At this howling lady, it seemed, bouncing at each exclamation from unrestrained happiness and bursting pride broke off, and the speaker began to speak in verse, still in the same indifferent male voice. "Dear radio listeners, today, on May 2, 1969, we announce that in Kiev a competition is announced among amateur collectives of the republic, for the best song about the world -" The Hymn of the World ". Anyone can take part in the competition. The winner awaits a reward. The anthem written by him will be performed in the Kremlin Palace of Congresses, at a gala concert in the presence of members of the Central Committee of the Party.

The world wants peace, light needs light,

If you are a singer or composer in the soul,

Let the collective farmer or student,

In the country of the Soviets you will become famous.

Send your letters to the address: Kiev-001, Khreschatik Street 26, Gosteleradio. Competition – "Anthem of the World"»

The voice of the announcer drowned out some unpleasant sounds, after which the broadcast resumed from the Bolshoi Theater, where the party of Attila was already heard, from the opera of the great Verdi of the same name.

With genuine interest after listening to the message on the radio, Navalyaev looked at the pile of rubbish lurking beneath a thick layer of dust on the old closet, which was set in the corner

of his room. Looking at the worn case of the trophy German accordion "Hohner", which my grandfather brought back from the war, our hero involuntarily opened his mouth, thrust his finger into his nostril, thinking about the eternal. Eternal, which included music, painting, sculpture, literature and architecture, something that, according to Kallistrat Ippolitovich, was not subject to time.

Not being a person who has the ability to write, whatever, our hero decided to replace the lack of talent – inspiration, and everything else that can be scooped everywhere, where they sound, exhibit and demonstrate masterpieces of world culture. Having worked out the plan of events, Comrade Navalyaev immediately started the business, rushing along the route, where it was possible to scoop up inspiration or even ideally to catch a muse that guarantees the desired result.

The most affordable, based on the modest means of our hero – the junior accountant, were museums, often providing interested masterpieces, without requiring for their viewing with fans of painting a penny, which immediately outlined the priorities of Comrade Navalyayev. Without analyzing the difficulties and not going into the exposition in particular, our hero rushed to plow museums, exhibitions and all the accessible vernissages of his native city without exception.

Having visited many such establishments, Callistrat Ippolitovich made a rather unexpected discovery, noticing something he had not paid attention to before, admiring the

pictures of famous masters aimlessly, staying in tranquility and contemplative complacency. He suddenly realized that around world masterpieces another, full of poisonous hypocrisy and frank ignorance is boiling, in which the first violin is played not by the creators of the creation, but the so-called specialists and the average ignoramus, not related to their creation, but frantically discussing and mercilessly criticizing every smear of the author. They are like flies, not taking the slightest part in cooking, are trying to actively invade the process that results in any catering enterprise. And though flies separately, and cutlets separately, from harmful and importunate insects it is impossible to get rid. But in order to understand the essence of this problem, one should go back to the origins and remember where it all began.

"Let's deliver art to the masses," this epoch of Soviet enlightenment began with this remarkable slogan. Here and then started up, an important philistine, spared the people's power from the shackles of illiteracy, through the temples of art, in order to see, distinguish and pronounce a verdict, what is the true masterpiece, and what is so – daub. And now, fanning his cheeks, the proletarian, the collective farmer and the official, they prowl through the deserted rooms of the museums, rounding their eyes and twisting their lips, hissing into each other's ear: "But this Monoliza does not grow. Aunt yourself any, sho in her this? ". Looking at the canvases of the masters, each of the eye-witnesses, without fail, assesses how much work and time

the artist spent, "shob otto nayvat," trying to find out whether the labor was worth the years and years of this misfortune. No, of course, money is recognition and fame, they have not bothered anyone yet! But it would be good to be like this right away, without these creative tortures and procrastination with the execution, the masterpiece itself. And then just like that, paint, sculpt, write hundreds of pages, and it's not known what's going to happen in the sho? Of course, looking at some kind of gray, feathery and other monet, there appears his own triumphal procession in the rays of glory, to the sound of fanfares and timpani. And it's nice and quite acceptable. But here's the Schaub here so, alone, for years, without exclamations and kisses of recognition, in some poor basement to sit and day after day to scrape! Nope, it's not it. Such thoughts lead to the inability to spend years on an absurd occupation, proving only the wretchedness of creators, utterly insane, unadapted to the normal life of insane people. All this is so. But it burns a cursed ambition. And so, lined up in front of the wall of the picture gallery, the philistine rises above the authors, showing his importance, favoring choosing the one that has attracted. "Do you like this one?" Who is it, Repin? Well, you, it's a decadence. I prefer Van Dyck. Painter your Van Dyck! Only Rubens, Rubens and Rubens. And you're just a fool, no better than Levitan! Левитан мазила! I want Velasquez! "Everyone who touched the mention of the work and the name of the author can consider himself to have contributed to the creation of a world masterpiece –

a painter, sculptor, writer. Much nicer, and most importantly, faster, shake the air of museums and galleries, and even better at the festive table, authoritatively declare the greatness and worthlessness of this or that master. And do not need long winter nights, standing at the easel, in an unheated workshop, warming your stiff fingers with hot breath. Do not cut the stone, building the desired set of lines. To sculpt a master model from plasticine, working the finest details with the finest stack. All this is not required. The main thing with your eyes closed, authoritatively and categorically argue about art in yourself, in the presence of the crowd, citing the example of some wretched and gray Van Gogh, always haughtily scoffing at the unhappy. And the phrase "I will not cut myself with my ears" is to point out my own undeniable genius, having risen one moment above those who have laid the whole life on the creation of the masterpiece.

Weakened by such buzz and hiss, in the dusty halls of museums, which never allowed our hero to scoop up the necessary amount of inspiration, Comrade Navalyaev turned his aspirations to the theaters and the philharmonic society in order to plunge into the enchanting world of music.

And so, one day, Callistratus Ippolitovich put on his best three-piece suit, a variegated tie of a tie, kis-kis, diluting the white shirt, appeared in front of the mirror in the wardrobe, in the children's room. In general, he was quite pleased with his appearance, if not for the size of the costume, because he was sewn for a long time, which demonstrated a very substantial

inconsistency of the dress with what was lurking inside. But this, in the opinion of Navalayev, a minor fact could not grieve our hero, because in the inner pocket of his jacket was a ticket to the opera house, where tonight they gave the "Nutcracker" of Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky – Kallistrat Ippolitovich's favorite ballet.

Under the drizzling rain, covering the walk from house to theater, our accountant, two quarters of an hour later, stood at the central entrance to the Academic Opera and Ballet Theater of the Ukrainian SSR, brightly lit by splendor and electric light, from the 1939 name of Taras Shevchenko. With a special mood, Comrade Navalayev made his way to the hall, feeling in his heart that it was he who was going to dance the Nutcracker's party tonight. Caught under the majestic vaults, Callistratus Ippolitovich took a deep breath. He was overcome by the incomparable odor of the theater, the muffled light, the velvet velvet of the seats, the parterre, the lodges, the first floor, the soft cacophony coming from the orchestra pit. Clutching in his hands a ticket, flushed Navalayev, rose to the second tier, where he found his place in the right wing. His chair turned out to be extreme, and next to him, on the left, was a married couple, evidently from the periphery, as they ate the ice cream with appetite, putting their hands up so that the melted dessert did not leave stains on clothes.

"It's good, at list we'll eat in the dry warm place."

A woman with a fleshy face said, looking over the drenched from the rain Navalayev, advancing to the edge of the balcony.



Having finished with "Chestnut", in the hands of the head of the family appeared a large leather case, on the shoulder strap, from where the field army binoculars of the command staff of the Red Army and the RKKF appeared, threateningly directed at the will of the host towards the stage.

At that moment, the audience burst out applauding the conductor who had appeared in the orchestra pit and answered the audience with bowing.

– And what this is?

The woman asked.

"Hwo knows." Looks like someone important here, maybe director, or even a comunist party representative.

Without pulling from the binoculars, her husband explained, reverently deducing the word " comunist party represantative".

"Fedya, I'm still fill hungry." Can we eat chicken now?

– Mgh.

Fedya, the red-faced man, was waving, chewing on the wooden stick left over from the ice cream. The burly wife, taking advantage of the noise in the hall, undertook to unfold a partially eaten carcass of the chicken that was stored in a fat-saturated newspaper "Country Life", along with a few boiled eggs, a piece of fat, a ring of home sausage, fresh cucumbers and green onions. The family, not embarrassed by oblique glances, entered the chewing process, as if at the command of a conductor, simultaneously with the sound of tender violins, even before the curtain was raised. Overture was accompanied by a loud and

intense champing, during which the woman asked.

– How long will they pull strings and make all this noises?!

When are they going to dance?

"Galya, give some garlic."

At the end of the instrumental entry, it smelt of the persistent smell of garlic when the curtain suddenly rose.

– Look, look the curtains have popped!

Galina exclaimed, poking her thumb in the direction of the scene.

– Mg.

Responded indifferently chewing Fedor.

In the back of the stage, the scenery was visible – the street of an old German town, covered with snow.

"Oh my look Fedor the snowing." "What are they using? Flavour or what? Real snow would melt, May is outside.

Soon actors appeared on stage.

– Oh, finally there will be dancing.

Galya began to grumble. But noticing that everyone who comes on the scene rushes to one of the houses, disappearing behind it's doors, again became agitated.

– Fedor why are they going in to that house? I don't understand! They going to party there and we will be watching?! Fedor what have we paid money for?!

I don't understand why are they spinning silently?! Are they ever going to sing?! Or what?!

The last phrase finally misled Kallistrat Ippolitovich, who,

bending over to the indignant "lovers of the ballet," whispered: "I ask you to forgive me most humbly, but here you will not hear a song or a poem, it's a ballet..."

Having measured the silly neighbor with an absent-minded look, the arrogant Fedya remarked: "They could of sing for such money!"

Such a remark caused tides of unrestrained gibberish among provincial " theater lovers". But noticing the displeased glances of the spectators, who were on the left, as on the right was only Navalyaev, the couple was forced to calm the heat. But hardly having sat down, more accurately having finished, before a scene of an ornament and ignition of a Christmas tree, Galja has entered again:

– Fedor, I'm filling kind of weird in my stomach. I tald you that chicken wasn't fresh because it was kind of smelly.

– Nothing was wrong with the chicke, sit down already!

– Oh, No I can't sit any longer! I'll run to the restroom, you'll tell me later what I've missed.

Having dropped the last words, Galya hastily left in the direction of the door. During her absence, the march, the children's gallop, the exit of the parents, and only to the appearance of Uncle Drosselmeyer, the breathless Galina burst back.

– Oh, good, now I feel much better, even washed my feet and changed my shoose. All this walking today, can't feel my feet.

She sat down in the armchair and finally looked at the stage.

– What's happening? Strictly asked a woman.

– Some kind of foolishness! They put it up Christmas tree, dressed it. All jumping, jumping, I do not understand! Who's in charge here?! Who is responsible for this disgrace?

– – And who is this?

She jabbed a finger at Drosselmeyer.

– Who know's some kind of idiot! Jumps like a neighbor's goat!

Carefully peering at a man in black, giving toys to children, Galina hissed.

– Ah, so that's probably a toy seller. Well, those who brouse on the trains.

Suddenly, noticing the dancer who portrayed the Nutcracker, she clasped her hands.

– What kind of hideous big headed creature that is?

Unable to withstand the tension, Navalyaev again resorted to explanations.

"But that, I'm sorry, is the Nutcracker."

– What Nutcracker? Galina asked incredulously.

– Well, the main character. After all, this is the name of the ballet.

– He is right, some thing lie that was on the ticket. Confirmed the words of his neighbor vigilante Fyodor, after which the spouse calmed down for a while.

– Why is she laying down now?! Who is going to dance?! And why is it so dark?!

Galya exclaimed, biting the sausage with excitement.

– Look Fedor! Look, look there! It's mice! Lot's of them!

A woman screamed, almost choking on sausage.

– Oh, way to many mice!" Like in a collective farm barn. Is this a movie about the village?

Galina revived, seeing the native elements. Already ignoring the discontent of the people sitting next to her, she commented on the behavior of cunning and malicious rodents.

– Of course there will be mice! If they'll not going to use a poison!

After that, Galya in all details revealed the secrets of the woman Limykyh, who skillfully struggles with rodents in her possessions, who does not tear himself away from binoculars to Fedor, which did not save those sitting next to the intrusive morals.

Waltz of snow flakes completed the first act, which allowed viewers to rush into the buffet. Cognac, champagne, port, coffee, sandwiches, chocolate were instantly torn and absorbed behind the coffee tables, marking the end of the intermission. The audience again poured into the auditorium. After the visit of the buffet, the collective farmers, who were flattered after the visit, Fedor and Galina took their seats with undisguised pleasure.

– Oh now I can watch this, befor with sober head it didn't worked.

Tranquilly pronounced her drunken husband, staring through binoculars. During the divertissement, Galia again retired to the

toilet, muttering in displeasure, in the ear, of her dozing husband with binoculars on his chest.

A long time passed. The Waltz of Flowers already sounded when Galya joined her sleeping husband.

– Oh, Fedya, I'm all empty! Good that theater's washroom is warm, not like the street.

She suddenly giggled.

– And I got lost on the way back. The devils will find out where to go. The balconys are all looks the same. Well, the old woman helped, or else I would have been wondering here until night.

His wife's impressions did not disturb the peace of Fedor, who had fallen asleep. Galina, in the intervals between the Pas de deux and Coda, ran to the toilet again four times, and every time she returned, she pushed her sleeping husband into the side, which was a miserable attempt to interrupt his rolling snoring.

– I don't understand the same twist, every time I'm back!

Under the thunder of the instrument of the Apotheosis, the "master" finally woke up, as Galina called her husband.

– Did I miss the shot?

He asked, opening his eyelids.

"There is nothing that you've missed!" Same barrel organ as at the beginning! And they all twich and jump and spin until the curtain fell. Solid deception. For what money was paid?!

At that time, the curtain rose again, and the troupe bowed.

– Oh, they have no shame, they bowing, what kind of dancers it is?! Different story us in the collective farmers club, last year,

on the Day of Astronautics, me and other women collective farmers danced "Dance of Harvest", much better than this pipettes! And look how skinny and thin they are, like the hangers from my closet, oh my nothing to look at!

The collective farmer hissed angrily, suddenly thinking.

– I can't get it how did they get rid of mice?"

– What mice?

– Oh, be quiet! With you only to go to the cinema...

A woman, in the hope of at least taking something out of what she saw, found Navalyaev's gaze.

– Comrade. Yes you...

Callistrat Ippolitovich obligingly bowed his head.

– I skipped out the... I went out on business, so there from mice?

Stunned, Navalyaev stared at the woman in perplexity.

– Mice were defited.

– How defited?! And I've missed that. Have they poisoned them?

– No, they were defeated in the battles.

– What?!

Explanations of a silly neighbor caused misunderstanding, and with him a storm of indignation among the peasants, which obviously discouraged the desire to ask questions, and therefore to continue the conversation. But Navalyaev had already started up.

– But you understand, it's not at all about mice! Are you

unfamiliar with the plot of the tale by the great Hoffmann?!

-- And what about tales? This time Fedya could not stand it.

-- Because Peter Ilyich composed his ballet based on the fairy tale of Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann.

-- "And who is that Hoffmann?" Some kind of Jew or something?

-- "No, Mr. Hoffmann is a German, or rather a Prussian, because he was born in Koenigsberg."

-- Oh my, that explains! So he is a fascist?! Fedya exclaimed, suddenly guessing the reason for the lack of talent in the author's work.

-- Yak, if we would know, that it is all the fascist gain, we wouldn't come here! Summarized the indignation of her husband Galina, disdainfully twisting her mouth.

-- This is redicules! It's a discrease, not the ballet! No singing, no real dancing! I don't get it! They only know how to reap a penny from a hard working people! One word is a fascist gang!

The words of the dissatisfied Fedor wounded the soul of Callistratus Ippolitovich. He became terribly insulted, which prompted him to stand up for the incomparable Hoffmann, wonderful Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky, and the Nutcracker himself.

-- "Please forgive me, but you obviously do not understand a lot, by your own... how can I say it." You, as workers, people who do not often visit theaters, probably...

-- Who are you calling workers?!

-- Screamed Galina trying to show her hurted feelings.



– "By the way, I'm already another year, have been Assistant of Deputy First Secretary of the District Party Committee!"

– With unconcealed superiority, Fedya declared, in an instant, as if in a fairy tale, turned from a blunt spectator to an important official, although certainly not without clearly overstating his own status.

– I'm not here for any of your stupid parchment-skinned Nutcracker in the tutu, I'm here in the service! And the tickets was given to us not for the pretty eyes... Tickets was given to us by the regional committee, so we were just like that... so we can implement all this art and high culture in our local clubs, at the villages and district centers. So we can rise up the culture in the village. Who else if not us the Communists-Leninists-that will help the people to cultivate and lead the bright future of communism!

Squinting from the poster-transparent speeches and the rally-meeting ritual, and even from the mere thought of what such "connoisseurs of culture" can "implement in art", Kallistrat Ippolitovich walked back to the exit.

Conversation with the provincial "ballet lovers" plunged Navalayayev into a kind of prostration, however, without getting rid of woeful reflections. All the way to home, he regretfully thought that, it turns out, there are people on earth who are unacquainted with fairy tales and novels of Mr. Hoffmann, and alien to language of music. Throughout his life Callistratus Ippolitovich naively believed that music, this is a unique

opportunity to convey his feelings, aspirations and worries without words. After all, on the planet there are many different languages, and dialects on which people speak. But just not knowing these very languages makes a person poorer, closes it in an environment where they speak only in an understandable language for him. And music – music is quite another matter. Do you need to know German in order to listen to Bach and Beethoven. Is Italian necessary for understanding Verdi and Albioni, French for Bizet and Gounod, Polish for Chopin, Hungarian for List, Czech for Dvorak, Norwegian for Grieg and so on. Undoubtedly, music is a unique and universal language of humanity that has no boundaries and knows no barriers. Music is Eternity. Exhausted by such arguments, our hero returned home and for a long time could not sleep, tossing about in a soft bed. But with the onset of the morning, bad thoughts also evaporated, which prompted Comrade Navalayev to take up the work "The Anthem of the World." Resolutely approached the old piano "Arnold Fibiger", Kalistrat Ippolitovich sat on a chair, lifted the lid and began to knead his fingers, looking thoughtfully at the keys. Hiding his eyes, he, obviously tuning, his head thrown back, for a while, stood still in the chair in front of the instrument. Then, opening his eyes, he menacingly raised his right hand, with a twisted finger over the rows of black and white keys. Finally, the finger rushed down, like a hawk diving at the prey, striking the voiced flat, which foreshadowed the beginning of the work, which is known in Germany, Belgium,

the Netherlands and Norway as the "Flea Waltz", in Bulgaria – "The Cat's March", in Finland – " Cat's Polka ", in Korea -" Cat's Dance ", in Japan -" I stepped on a cat ", in Mexico -" Little Monkeys ", in Hungary -" The Donkey March ", in Mallorca – Polka Fools, in China – "Thieves' March", in Spain – "Chocolate Girl", in France, Switzerland and Poland – "Cutlet Waltz", in Denmark – "Meatballs run through the fence", in Sweden – "Kalle Johansson", we also know it as "The Dog Waltz". Drum with one finger on the keys, he with great difficulty performed, even more likely, extorted, widely known work, again turning his gaze to the saving dusty accordion on the closet. Attaching to the closet a wooden staircase, a stepladder, usually on duty at the bookcase, riveted the bookshelves filled with books to the stucco of the high ceiling, Callistrat Ippolitovich rose above the floor to the height of the fourth step. He squeezed his eyes shut from the dust that had risen in the impenetrable clubs over the surface of the cupboard, sneezed several times before collapsing onto the carpet along with the accordion, dragging along a pile of rubbish. There were moans, rumbling, knocking and wailing, circling the room with a gray curtain of dust, which, unlike the lightning-fast falling junk, seemed to sink slowly onto the old parquet, the pile of the path and our hero, who had spread out under the weight of indecent junk. The fall, evidently, shook the budding composer, which made him, before turning to the captured at the second world war "Hohner", pull out from under the bed a heap of old vinyl musical records, in worn envelopes, and to create a network

lamp radio "Latvia" piled on the dresser in mother's room. The first, by the arm of Navalyayev, was caught by Wagner, with his "Flight of the Valkyries", which caused a shock, especially the Myasnikovs, who lived behind the wall. Then there were the overflows of the melodies of Stravinsky, Schubert, Glinka, Handel, Rossini, Janacek, Rachmaninov, Strauss, at the solemn moment when Ludwig Van sounded, Mom invaded the room.— And yet Beethoven is deaf in his genius! Doomed, she concluded, nodding her head thoughtfully, looking at the highest disorder that swept the boundaries of their apartment. Piles of rubbish rising from the cupboard; The things pulled out from under the bed, among which, obviously, only the vinal music records scattered around the rooms aroused interest; Discarded by the barbaric hand of her son from the cap of the radio souvenirs: vase; Faience pawls; A metal ashtray with an anchor – "Greetings from Sevastopol"; Old photos... bewildered. "You should play a requiem!" That's it! This is the end! And take the trouble to put things in order in the premises, at list in your room! His mother roared, as if she were a retired feldwebel of an infantry. But Navalyaev hardly heard her. Of all that Amalia Apolinarevna said, only the word "deafening" was deposited in his brain, which led the accountant-composer to idea. Without a moment's hesitation, under the overflow of the ninth symphony, he rushed to the secretary's office, where there was a heavy box with medicines. Having found snow-white cotton balls, Navalyayev tightly plugged hir ears, believing that the deafness, even if

temporary and false, will invariably lead and help to compose something worthy of a sonata for piano No. 14, better known as "Moon Sonata". In addition, the mother's violent reaction was a test, which fully confirmed the consistency of the idea. With a smile, watching Amalia Appolinarevna widely

With a smile, he watches Amalie Appolinarevna open her mouth wide, but silently, in his direction. Kallistrat Ippolitovich did not doubt for the moment that he was not praised right now, but only a hefty slap on the back, made the "grief-composer" to get busy by cleaning the "children's" room.

And although the charm of Comrade Navalayev was certainly in his indecisiveness, yet in places, he was a man of purpose. What proved the attitude to cotton balls, and not extracted for a moment from the auricles. By the way, suddenly the deafness that overpowered our hero came down on its bald head with a lot of disasters that included slaps in the back of his head by his mother, reprimand and ridicule at work, as well as significant inconveniences, you can even say the dangers in everyday life. One day, he almost got under the car, at Vladimirskaya street, near the museum of the Friend and Grandpa to all Soviet People Lenin. And on Thursday, the loader from the grocery store in the "House of Morozov" knocked Kallistrat Ippolitovich with a wheelbarrow littered with tar, as our hero was deaf to the abusive "Coming trough, watch out". Once, Navalayev fell out of the tram without hearing the automatic door open. A lot of time was occupied by waiting for the elevator, because he did not hear

if the elevator was moving or standing, which made it difficult to determine the moment for pressing the button. His trousers was thorn by the angry dog, who's threatening barking junior accountant did not catch. 1000 and one disaster happened with him, not to mention that no melody came to his mind.

In such misadventures, a week passed, and if it were not for the mother's ultimatum position, it is not known what would have ended up. But capitulation did not happen, only the exchange of prisoners took place and the signing of a mutually beneficial cease-fire with mutual concessions. Kallistrat Ippolitovich agreed to extract cotton wool from ears, in exchange for monetary compensation, which allowed our hero to visit the building of the National Philharmonic. This legendary place, where the spirit and mood of many musicians and composers circled. After all, the concert hall was built in the distant year of 1882, and originally was called the hall of the Merchant Assembly and was given to the Russian Music Society in Kiev. After the Bolsheviks came to power, since 1919 there was the Proletarian House of Arts, then the House of Communist Education, since August 21, 1934 – the All-Ukrainian Radio Committee, and since October 8, 1934 – the Palace of Pioneers. During the German occupation in 1942 – 1943 – Deutsche Haus (Deutsche Haus – the German house). Only since 1945 the hall was returned to the Philharmonic. In 1962, on the day of the composer Nikolai Lysenko's 120th birthday and commemorating the 50th anniversary of his death,

the column hall was given the name of the composer.

And so, in this temple of art, our "inspiration catcher" appeared, having understood even at the entrance – here, like nowhere else, one can face the muse in face to face. The blessing allocated by mother means, or more precisely three rubles, allowed to visit repeatedly, this is a wonderful place. Visiting Sundays, as if for mass or political information, to the Philharmonic, in Navalyaev's soul something started, as if striking not in the head or on the head with uneven sounds, in which he, sweating and grunting, tried to recognize the notes.

It's hard to say whether the philharmonic inspiration inspired the creator, but on long winter evenings, when listening to opuses, multiple symphonies, operas, oratorios, sonatas, nocturnes, preludes, he wrote something to a music notebook, and sometimes even started dancing. More precisely, a pitiful semblance of a cancan, something in between a tarantella and a polonaise. Less often he waltzed with the mutilated crocodile Benedict, occasionally venturing into strange dances, legs wide apart, and waving his arms awkwardly, awkward movements only in vain shaking the air of the "children's room."

Comrade Navalyaev's rather noisy predilection, soon enough, not to say at once, was appreciated by neighbors, categorically expressing, both Amalie Apollinarievna and the "madman himself", claims, in a crude ultimatum form, densely mixing diplomatic protests with the selective non-normative Vocabulary, demanding to move the music away, preferably on plein air.

Neighbors put in an example of previous silent passions of Callistratus Ippolitovich, such as writing poems, cutting and pasting applications, cross stitching, coloring books of models and soldiers, collecting stamps, molding plasticine that did not provoke a protest among others. But this! No, they are not going to tolerate this any more.

But suddenly, quite unexpectedly, even for himself, our hero showed firmness of character and indestructibility of will. At the same time hiding his eyes, blushing and going to work so early that one of the neighbors does not catch it. He even changed leisurely meals on the kitchen table, to a meal in the "children's room." Hard times have come. In fact – the blockade. As they say in such cases, the Sicilian Mafiosi, when forced to hide by whole families – "went to the mattresses." But the besieged did not even come to mind "lay down their arms." Unbroken Kallistrat Ippolitovich, like a heavy, slow-moving, rattling symphony-cruiser, walked his course, day by day, working on creating a landmark work.

And so, when listening to and composing the melody in the dance was over, he finally entered plain air, literally finishing the stage, turning to the respected "Hohner". Throwing the straps of the musical instrument on his shoulders, Callistrat Ippolitovich glanced at the smooth rows of buttons, like the rows of soldiers, on the eve of the battle, waiting only for the drum beat, the bells ringing-the command of the Field Marshal, his Navalyaev team. To begin with, to stretch his fingers, long unaccustomed to the



keys of the trophy, grandfather accordion, Navalyaev played an inconsistent fantasy, in which, with

The greatest excuse was a fragment from the opera "Tarar". This misunderstanding, splashed out

Outside of the loud but faked sounds of the old "Hohner", Callistrat Ippolitovich dedicated, moreover, sent in support of the slandered genius – Antonio Salieri, who once served as a court music conductor – one of the most important musical posts in Europe, and was the teacher of such talents as V. A. Mozart, L. van Beethoven, F. Schubert and F. List. By the way the last two he taught free of charge.

As the amiable reader remembers, the myth of his involvement in the death of Mozart became a curse of Mr. Salieri, which, despite constant refutations, spread in some countries mainly due to the "small tragedy" of Alexander Pushkin, despite the court that officially recognized Signora Antonio is not guilty of the death of a colleague. The fact of the absurd slander inspired the unjust injustice Navalyayev to the original rehabilitation of the Austro-Italian composer. But very soon the indomitable ardor, like the good intentions of Kallistratus Ippolitovich, broke about the complexity of the score of the great genius, which caused the inept accordionist to say goodbye to the impossible task, cutting off the cacophony at the very beginning of the overture to the first act. And yet, not wanting to give up, not by washing like a catapult, in memory of the great Salieri, he read a message written by Josef Weigl, one

of the composer's pupils, on the grave of the maestro:

Ruh sanft! Vom Staub entblößt,

Wird Dir die Ewigkeit erblühen.

Ruh sanft! In ew'gen Harmonien

Ist nun Dein Geist gelöst.

Er sprach sich aus in zaubervollen Tönen,

Jetzt schwebt er hin zum unvergänglich Schönen.

Having satisfiedly nodding, Navalyaev solemnly installed his torn note notebook on the music stand, put on his glasses, and hit the keys...

It is difficult to overestimate the beauty of the stream of sounds, pouring out, as if from a sinking ship's hole, and tearing away the prosperity of a quiet evening in Kiev. It seemed that even the contraceptive cockroaches were hiding. From the rolls of eternity, Amalia Apollinarevna, in a cup of tea, fell a false jaw; Gesi Myasnikov's suspenders burst; Tolyan Krysiuk sobered up; And guest of the grandmother Varka, a taiga hunter from the Yamal-Nenets Autonomous District, threw up his gun. All the components of genius, like an intricate puzzle, formed in one

moment.

Having connected the microphone, Callistrat Ippolitovich, with a trembling hand, pressed the "record" button, borrowed from the neighbor, a pre-prepared "Dnepr-9" reel recorder, as though launching a space ship. In one person the composer and the performer selflessly repeated into the microphone, a musical cry thrown into immortality. Having completed the most pleasant and responsible – a clean sound recording, which can be considered a precious fruit of a difficult and long work, Comrade Navalyaev, for the first time in six months, fell asleep to the heroic dream of a hero who accomplished the greatest feat.

The very evening of the next day, he decided not to rely on the case, personally went to the State Television and Radio, at Khreshchatyk 26, where the contest was held – "Anthem of the World". But to the great

Peace in the world! Cleansed from the dust

Let eternity shine upon you

Rest in peace! In eternal harmony

Your spirit is now liberated.

He expressed himself in magic sounds,

Now he is in eternal beauty.

The astonishment of our hero, he was not allowed to go inside, only taking a precious film from his hands, on a plastic reel, and also recorded the home address and telephone number of the "young" contestant. There was no limit to the joy of Kallistrat Ippolitovich. He even, on occasion, allowed himself to be treated

to ice cream. "Vershkov" for 13 cents! Our composer, smeared with ice cream, patrician stepping home, already tried on the laurel wreath of a triumphant, who undoubtedly awaits him on the altar of musical glory. Comrade Navalyaev, no matter how strained, could not imagine what this altar looks like, persuading yourself only that it is a very worthy structure, stored in one of the bright halls of the majestic Gosteleradio, for special occasions. And what, if not the most striking example of this "special case", is his brilliant work, his brainchild, his masterpiece called "The Anthem of the World". This is just what justifies such, pomposity-filled rooms, since the genius creations, with their light touch, carry away to eternity all that they deign to touch.

The period of waning in the clouds ended quite soon, somewhere on the third, fourth day. Then came the time of doubt, which put our maestro to a standstill. Then struck a bitter hour of disappointment, throwing and hysterics of unrecognized genius. Navalyaev scurried around the corners of the "children's room", nervously picking his nose and biting his nails. He became a frequent visitor to the entrance of the Gosteleradio, where he was already unceremoniously driven into the neck, escorting kicks in the backside. Returning home from work, he, without noticing that, found himself on Khreshchatyk, in front of the building No.26, where cruel, soulless and insignificant people were hiding behind the windows, unable to distinguish the masterpiece from the mediocrity. All this, of course, Callistrat Ippolitovich wore, not daring to share even with his mother.

But everyone, even the angelic patience comes to an end – the spring bursts, the dam breaks, the hay ignites, the bottom falls out, in other words it becomes simply unbearable. But here is the paradox. All these fears immediately disappear, it is only necessary to see the chimera. Which, in fact, happened to our hero.

Such an outlet, if you please saving the straw, for Navalyaev, was his first love – Lenchka Malinovskaya, who studied with Callistratus Ippolitovich to the fourth grade, after which, by some miracle, she managed to emigrate with her parents to Great Britain, where she settled. "That's who will appreciate! That's who will understand!" – thought Navalyaev, remembering the golden-haired fairy, the master of her own dreams.

Already at the end of March, without any doubts and delays, our bookkeeper-composer collected a parcel, where he carefully packed a plastic coil with a magnetic tape that concealed a musical masterpiece – "The Anthem of the World". He sealed the envelope and licked the pencil to write the letters and numbers that made up the address of the girl who lived in the city of London on Abby Road 5. But, perhaps, absentmindedly, perhaps with excitement, having not seen, Comrade Navalyaev confused the numbed figure "5", in an old notebook, with a troika, accidentally sending a message to Abby Road 3, where the famous recording studio Abby Road of the British media group EMI Group, where the legendary Beatles recorded their music, is located.

P.S. We do not know for sure what the musicians of the legendary Beatles experienced when they heard Navalyaev's Anthem of the World... but on April 10, the same year 1970, Paul McCartney announced the disbandment of the Beatles. True, Navalyayev learned about this event two months later. Since in the program "Time" this fact was considered not worthy of mention.

## **Chapter 3**

# **“ICELANDIC MOSS OR COOLING SYSTEM”**

The day before (this, even can be considered a prologue): On a fine summer evening, somewhere around five, at the front entrance of the grocery store one on the corner of Saksaganskogo and Stepan Khalturin streets, Kallistrat Ippolitovich Navalyaev collided with a drunken couple – a neighbor, Lyudmila Fedoseevna Kotovasenka, nicknamed Josephine, and Vladimir Stepanovich Kobelkovsky, a taxi driver from a neighboring house, who was Lyuskin's boyfriend.

By the way, it is possible that Josephine, Lyuska, was nicknamed because, like the wife of the great Napoleon, Josephine de Beauharnais, nee Marie Rose Joseph Taschet de la Pajéry, she was not particularly strict moral standards, although this ridiculous fact is unlikely was known, and therefore had the opportunity to influence the choice of the local basotha, "christened" the citizen of Kotovasenka by this euphonious name. What to say, Lyuska was a famous slut. She "twisted the shenanigans" with many married and unmarried men, without fear of cursing and scorn. She was not embarrassed by the grandmother's gossiping at the entrance, seeing off the pretty girl with hissing and cross signs, imposed unceasingly, both on

her own brow and after her fiancé. Nor were they threatened by the threats of the wives of the kobeliruyuschih personalities, that is, all those who wandered around Lyuska's skirt. About Josephine gossiped that, they say, it is worth it to slip, and the men at her feet can be stacked. All this is true, and yet, there was that one, about which she dreamed. That only Phoebus, who forever remained in the heart of the delightful Esmeralda. Yes, you did not misinterpret, the main subject of the adoration of the irresistible Josephine was the same citizen Kobelkovsky, whom we met at the grocery store. But the thirty-six-year-old Vovchik, as Lyusya called him, was married a long time and hopelessly, with three children at the same time. To tell the truth, all this economy, did not take away the passion for the cute and trouble-free, like the rifle of Berdan, Lyuska, whose incomparable appearance gave him no rest, forcing to meet with "beloved", in strict secrecy, behind the strong gates of his own garage No. 7. One of the narrow boxes of the auto cooperative "Barvinok", where the faithful steel horse Vovan was stored – three-speed, 35 horse-horse "Moskvich 402".

Fumbling with the drunken gaze of the baggy figure of Navalyaev, Josephine sniffed scornfully, smiled, calling to her neighbor.

– Well, dam defective, I found myself a woman?! Or are you going to be patient, do you look under skirts? Moron.

She burst out laughing.

Ludmila Fedoseyevna Kotovasenکو, in fact, was not a



vicious woman, and somewhere deep in her soul, even quite compassionate. But by the will of fate, being in the ranks of those individuals who are mad at the lack of order in life, the absence of a family, and for this reason deprived of motherhood, she sometimes wanted to seem like a soulless bitch, who made those around him take on a very hostile disposition. Navalyaev, unlike the overwhelming majority, of course, who was ill-wishers, understood perfectly the reason for Lyudmila's so ugly behavior, so he not only sympathized with the girl, but also respected her.

"Forgive me, Lyudmila Fedoseyevna, not exactly... but only... I'm not in a hurry. After all, as the amazing Albert Camus claimed – "Only one great love in a lifetime justifies the causeless bouts of despair that we are exposed to."

The confused Navalyaev mumbled, he did not teach any wrongdoing, especially to lie to women. Josephine stared at her neighbor with an unkind look.

– Whaat?!

– Come on, Lucas...

Vovchik grinned crookedly, hiding a bottle of cognac under the floor of his jacket.

"... moved." Enough bazaar with fools. We'll have a nice rest...

He offered it voluptuously, embracing the "lady of the heart" by the shoulders. Laughing in the face of the awkward

Navalyayev, even without a hint of embarrassment that might have been caused by an insult to an unfamiliar person, under the reprehensible looks of casual passers-by, a couple headed down the street. Already after a quarter of an hour, after a casual meeting at the door of the deli, Josephine and Vovchik approached the gates of box number 7, the garage cooperative Barvinok.

The Barvinok co-operative was a fenced-off area surrounded by concrete, sometimes asphalted, near the railway tracks, where more than four dozen numbered garages were crouched, adhered to the decrepit wall by half a brick. One of these walls, which survived after the Second World War, turning black like a thorn in the old wasteland, proved to be a compelling reason for it to be cloaked in garages in the early sixties and called the Barvinok co-operative. Subsequently, there was another wall, which means two more rows of boxes erected and squeezed into a tight space behind the concrete hedge.

It was here, to the gate under number 7, brought his girlfriend Vovchik Kobelkovsky. Looking around casually, the owner of the garage turned the key several times in the keyhole, hiding behind Josefina behind the metal door. Inside, everything was familiar and in advance, quite prudently prepared for drinking and debauchery – the usual pastime for those who were in a dark box, filled up with all sorts of rubbish.

At the same moment, when a couple penetrated into the dimness of the Amur cloister, two faceted glasses, not washed

since May, and several green apples appeared on dust-covered metalworking table.

"Oh, Vovchik, green apples again?" Actually, with brandy goes lemon.

– Are you out of your mind?! Where can I possibly get lemons for you now?! It's not like it's a, New Year!

However, on this whim of the girls are over, and everything fell into place. At first the cognac was drunk, and then, under the unrestrained laughter of Josephine, Vovan dragged her into the close salon of the Moskvich. After a brief floundering between the "sofa" seats, which certainly would not have been approved not only by Venus but also by Aphrodite, the breathless and crumpled lovers got out. Having conceded to the chosen one a single chair, or rather to say what was left of him, Vovan, sitting down on an empty 20-liter canister, lit a cigarette.

– Hey you Kazanova, there is no more booz left!

With doomed voice asked Josephine, while lit a cigarette with a cigarette of her lover.

– You offending me Lyusyok, in the stash there is a bottle of brew.

"Shura's women?"

– Not Avdeevny.

"Oh, it's a nightmare, my had will burst!" From carbide, she makes it, or what?

"All right, do not worry... my princess.

Moonshine prompted the couple once again to get into the

car salon, the field of which disheveled Josefina in an ultimatum form said.

– And now, I want champagne!

"Lyusyok, you fell asleep at the crown today?!" Where does champagne come from!?

The drunken girl sternly cocked her head.

"I do not care about your difficulties." Champagne come on and on!

– Listen, come on. One could call Lyubka Serdutchka, from the "desk of orders", so she is on vacation. I went to Skadovsk...

"Do not mumble me here!" Go and find a woman asking for a kada!

Having pronounced the verdict, the strict Joseine was delayed with a cigarette butt. Doomed for pointless searches Vovan, he stuck to the gate. Opening the garage door with a key, as it was opened with the help of a key both from the outside and from the inside, Vovchik slammed the metal "gate" as if he had locked the lover forever.

"All right, snake..."

He whispered maliciously when suddenly a sober thought knocked on his head.

"But surely, the plum of Plum had a bottle of champagne!" Well, yes, I was. His Tonka hid her on her birthday.

The hope that struck Vovchik's temples allowed him to cheer up.

– So, and what is the number of days?

He scratched the back of his head.

– Yeah, so Tonka snejda in the night! There is a contact!

He exclaimed, rushing to the gates of the cooperative, to go to the godfather Sliva, who lived in the street of Arkady Gaidar.

When Vovan, staggering, had already reached the coveted street, anticipating quick luck, a truck jumped from behind the corner, and, hooking the drunken taxi driver with his starboard side, disappeared somewhere in the wilds of nearby houses.

\* \* \*

After the Soviet government took away the faith of God from the people, discrediting the Almighty in the eyes of the illiterate masses, by debunking the greedy and drinking priests, as if to open an ulcer of church corruption, she decided not to stop at this. Having tightened the strong loop of the Comintern at the neck of the proletariat and the peasantry, the Bolsheviks dragged the "liberated" into the "Bright Future", first striking blows at the bottom of collectivization. Then, without too much hesitation, the Communists deprived the inhabitants of one-sixth of the land of free movement across the expanses of the globe. Then they banned the literary works of brilliant authors such as Bulgakov, Solzhenitsyn, Averchenko and many others, intending to forget their "Master and Margarita", "Gulag Archipelago", "Dozen knives in the back of the revolution". Then... however, we will not list, so as not to tire the respected reader, all that was done

for the "good" of the people. Let's just say that no matter what the Soviet government does, they have not succeeded, even to approach the standard of living of the hated capitalist countries. And then, in order to defame a prosperous Europe, the CPSU turned to propaganda. Here, we should simply note that their "fair" exposure of the "decaying" capitalist society erected in an all-pervasive propaganda cult was not tolerated by discussions based solely on its own "Only Right" Opinion and on the views of the pro-Soviet, obedient pocket press from the Kremlin Peace, even if they were whales, like communists such as – "Unsere Zeit", "Morning Star", "l'Unità", "L'Humanité", "Daily World", "People's World". Who does not remember the excerpts from Pravda, Izvestia, Trud, tirelessly quoting pro-Soviet newspapers, discrediting lifestyles in bourgeois countries (in vain they paid?!), where the unfortunate oppressed journalists, nurtured by Kremlin money, the imperialist censorship closed their mouths, Thus encroaching on the sacred "Freedom of speech". Whether it is in Sovkoy – the rampant democracy and free-thinking. But, no matter how pressed, nor carried out the brain and do not hang noodles, it is difficult for many years to fool the multimillion population. It is impossible to force to think alike, because it is the same, it is possible only not to think, not to think and not to delve into.

And now, the own people, consisting, at that time, of the 441 million with the hack of individuals, the "happiest" country in the world, the party took up a business excluding all sorts

of meditation, self-observation and observations harmful to the proletariat, placing the population in endless queues, Night duty with commemorations at shops, shuffling out, to crush, on carriages and salons of "comfortable" urban transport, driving out, more than a dozen times a year, to luxurious parades – pomp of pomposity and sabbath of militarism, to feel the herd, measuring step and throat at the mausoleum Its unity with the Party. The fight against the individual and personal, that's what was important for the ideologists of the communist regime – whether it's own house, boat, car, especially opinion.

Those who, for various reasons, were not able to take part in the madness, which, as the knowledgeable party members claimed, was approaching, almost on the verge of almost "foreseeable" communism, technical progress, in the form of an invention called a TV, came to the rescue. But even then everything is not so simple. Since at that time there existed people who, not wanting to be distracted by general celebrations (and perhaps only pretending), dreamed of valiant labor, dragged the great country to the "bright future", without lifting the calloused hands from the steel controls, levers, rudders, Shovels and sledge hammers, even on holidays.

It is to these that three old men, day and night, who worked in one of the garages, no different from their counterparts lined up in the wasteland, formed an auto Cooperative "Barvinok", near the railroad tracks, in several uneven rows, near the house of Comrade Navalayayev. These people, whom we would like

to talk about, were elders and aksakals of the Soviet period, since they were born before the October revolution, and therefore remembered the Soviet Union in its infancy.

So: the main inspirer of the ideas, among the "old men of the fighters", as the neighbors called in the garages called the merry company, was the legendary man Epifan Osipovich Cardupa, the eternal Budenec and the ardent advocate of the ideas of the CPSU, and, in the past, one of the many staff members, Implementing the armored power of the Red Army in life. Epifan, who in the intergrown environment was simply called Peaf, turned eighty, so that this heroic old man was familiar even with many of the legends of the revolution. Fighting on the fronts of the Civil War, fate reduced him to Voroshilov, Frunze, Budyonny, Ordzhonikidze, Tukhachevsky, talked, he saw even Lenin. And so, when the threat of imperialist revenge died down, Cardup joined the ranks of the Red Army under the leadership of the future Marshal Tukhachevsky, who broke his forehead in the Soviet-Polish war of 1920. However Epifan Osipovich, in this campaign, unlike many, did not get into the environment, escaped captivity, and was not interned. He returned home, alive and well, where, by a fluke of luck, and thanks to his outstanding abilities to handle the equipment, he was tagged by Innokenty Andreevich Khalepsky, who introduced Pif to the group that worked on the development of the first Soviet tanks. The special organization, the Chief Design Bureau of the Weapons and Arsenal Trust, was supposed to develop the tanks,



and our hero got into it. And so, staying among the specialists who designed the T-17 tanket, the light tank of the T-16 infantry and the heavier T-12 tank, Cardupa, stuffed the first lumps of the designer for himself – for the benefit of the case, at the Sormovo plant in Nizhny Novgorod, the French trophy "Renault" FT-17, carefully measuring every detail. In the forties, avoiding the Finnish and the Great Patriotic War, he was put in one of the "sharaga", where Cardupa stayed and labored until victory and rehabilitation.

Business, at the Sormovo plant in Nizhny Novgorod, the French trophy Renault Renault FT-17, carefully measuring every detail. In the forties, avoiding the Finnish and the Great Patriotic War, he was put in one of the "sharaga", where Cardupa stayed and labored until victory and rehabilitation.

And now, today, in the days of prosperity of "socialism with a human face", in a separate territory, an honorary pensioner, often moving in a wheelchair, headed his own production. Epifan Osipovich, dreamed of revealing to the world a car that had not yet been seen by the Light. Enlisting the support of colleagues – "locksmith on all hands" Afinogen Artemievich Kutsenko, nicknamed Aftogen, who worked all his life in various factories of an immense homeland. As well as masterful prostitutes (because he did not share Pyth's political views), and the diploma chemist – Athanasius Germanovich Pirduprichdinsky, nicknamed Afonya, Pif, with his young team, because Aftogen

was under seventy, and Afon, only sixty-five, Day after day, in garages Nos. 13 and 14, from a pile of scrap metal and other auto-cars, he imagined a masterpiece – a car of the future.

On that day, the sunrise which we will not describe in detail, everything went according to plan. And this means that the three "dinosaurs" of the Soviet machine-building industry, set to work as usual in the morning, at 6:30.

In the same early morning, in apartment number 12, along Stepan Khalturin Street 17, where, besides all the others, the family of Navalyaevs also lived, as usual, at this time of day, the fuss reigned. Sofya Markovna collected her husband "to replace the marten", that is, to the stove, to the restaurant "Red Star", where he had reckless work Evgeny Leibovich. She, with a quick step, with a teapot and a red hot iron in her hands, was getting sick from the table to the stove and back, panicked, worried that she would not have time to list, and put the list on paper, all the products Geza had to bring home from work, for Subsistence of the family.

Grandma Varka, with her hands on her hips at the stove, watched two chicken eggs turning on the surface of the "glazun", which crackled on the surface of a cast-iron frying pan. A glass of tea, in a cup holder, two slices of white bread and fried eggs, was such an indispensable complex breakfast, for any and every relative who arrived to the old woman for a visit. What, as we remember, happened quite often.

Serafima Samoilovna, falling asleep in a cup of boiling water, two spoons of "Summer" drink, which roughly resembled coffee, lit a cigarette, not looking up from a small round mirror, which allowed her to apply to the remnants of her former beauty, combat coloring, in the form of desperately bold makeup. Next to her, in the corner where Smichkovskaya's desk was, sat Tolyan, hiccuping from the morning beer, with a stupid half-drunk smile watching the Navalyaev family.

– Children at school gather, wash, be ready, have a good time. He jabbed like a stallion.

In the opposite corner of the kitchen, at a distance of some ten meters from the huddled Krysyuk, at the table belonged to the family of Navalyaevs, waiting for breakfast, Kallistrat Ippolitovich sat looking at the drawing of Mark I, the British heavy tank of the period of the First World War, developed in 1916. The first in the history of the tank, applied in combat operations – September 15, 1916, in the Battle of Somme and the ancestor of the family of British "diamond-shaped" tanks, which provoked, even in Navalyaev's indifferent to all military jokes, the wildest interest. Despite the son's enthusiasm, however, without interrupting the process of preparing the food, Amalia Apollinarevna drilled the site with instructions for today:

– So, Callistrat Ippolitovich, since your office is under renovation, and you were given a couple of days off. And outside is charming weather, I strongly recommend that you, today, paint the gates of the grandfather's garage. And then before the winter

is already at hand, and we have a gate is not painted. They'll rust.

"Mother, it's July in the outside!" Where is that winter?!

"Oh, I'm begging you." You remember that Napoleon – the ruler of the world. So he, too, was thinking – "where is that winter". And remember, how did it go? And no Soult with Murat did not help.

– Mom, as far as about Joachim Murat, I will not say anything, but Marshal Soult did not participate in the campaign against Russia.

– What difference does it makes for me? But the winter will killed all. So listen to me go eat get ready to paint the gate. This is not 1812 war for you back and forth, I declare this to you precisely and ultimately.

Sighing heavily, Navalyaev set to work on the pasta in naval fashion, piled up with mother's caring hands, a slide, into a ceramic bowl that was sized to the size of a basin for washing clothes.

Here we would like to clarify, to the kind reader, where the Navalyaev family came from, such wealth as a car, the more so the garage. So, the garage, Navalyaev got from the legendary grandfather, Albert Robertovich, who was an invalid and veteran of everything in the world, so, in fact, was granted a means of transportation. Yes, it is a means of transportation. Since hardly, a two-seater four-wheeled C3A stroller, commonly known as the "Toad", serially produced by the Serpukhov motorcycle factory, with the same motorcycle engine Izh-49 and 8 hp, can be called

a car with confidence. Afterwards, after giving, forgive for the expression, the blessings, the persistent veteran "knocked out" the right to erect another garage, in the co-operative "Barvinok", near the railway tracks, which we mentioned more than once.

And now, it was to the metal sarcophagus, the miracle of Soviet engineering that was melting in its belly, that our young friend Navalyaev was going to go this summer morning. After breakfast, Callistratus Ippolitovich, opening the door of the old cupboard piled up in the nursery, that is, in his room, looked inquisitively at the piles of rags neatly folded by the hand of a caring mother on numerous shelves. Having found the woolen mother's sweater stitched in some places, he began to look for canvas trousers, inherited from the second cousin on the maternal line, which once worked as an erectionist, somewhere on the construction sites of the North. Sensing the futility of the search, Callistrat Ippolitovich, decided to ask for help to Mom, who again went to bed when, suddenly, in the general corridor, the phone rang. At the same instant, as if this child was vigilantly guarding the apparatus, a neighbor Romik's voice was heard outside the door.

– Hello, it's Roman Butcher, you're calling the twelfth apartment, who are you looking for?

There was a crackling and hissing in the phone, and only after all this, a worried female voice belonging to Amalia Apollinarevna's sister, screamed.

"Boy, boy, call Aunt Amalia Navalyaev to the phone

urgently!"

– First of all may be for someone she is an Aunt Amalia, but for me she is just Amalia Apollinariевна. And in the second place, have you rolled down the Potemkin Stairs, it's half past eight in the morning, they're still sleeping!

– Haven't your parrents thought you any manners?

– No, we just moved from Odessa.

– In this case stop fulling! and call hwo I said!!!

At that moment, Amalia Apollinarevna appeared from behind the door that led to the Navalyaevs' apartment, a shawl thrown on her shoulders, and a night cap, from which a glass gleam glittered with spectacles, hastily puffed up, from under the lace frill.

"What's all this noise, Roman?" I have not slept for a long time, I already have about twenty years of insomnia, and if I count only after fifty. If there is me, and there is some urgency, do not torment that person inside the phone, and send the phone.

Romik did not argue, passed the receiver without regret, hiding in the darkness of the corridor. As soon as the one who was at the other end of the wire, heard native rhonics of old breathing Navalyaeva-mother, immediately yelled:

"Amachka, is that you?" Have you took the phone from that juvenile bandit?! Let him be ealthy!

– Yes Sofochka, it's me, but what happened there?

– Oey wey what happened?! Grisha is already tired!

– What, that's it?!

"Not so much, but these "butchers" took him in the morning,

along with his sore in to the October's Hospital.

"And what are those monsters say?"

– They say that yes, get ready!

"And what he says?"

"But he is against it, but what are we going to do?"

"So you take him off that thought."

"Do not you know Grisha?" He is stubborn like that bull from crazy karida!

– And what are we going to do now?

– I don't know, but they persistently hint, there is one sradity.

Only Icelandic moss can save him.

"And this is for the moss?"

"Does the devil know his mother?" I looked at the directory, so it grows not only from Iceland, but also our child, near the tundra.

"And what kind of moss is it, are you going to the tundra?"

– I'm afraid that I can not make it, but this is not the case!

We need that moss, it's growing just in Iceland, and only near the waterfall... er... how do you call it?

"What waterfall?"

– Gúdlfoss.

I read from a piece of paper, according to syllables, my sister.

– This is understandable, do not swear the current, tell the ray, what is the name of the otot waterfall?

– So I'm saying, it's so called!

– A shob he beat healthy and three hundred years did not know

the war! From the names of people!

"Ama, hell with it, with that waterfall!" Tell the ray, do we have someone from that damned Iceland?!

"Do not put the phone down, I'll find out right away!"

"And how will you know if I do not put the phone down?"

You shaw, will you go to Iceland?!

"Oh, Sofa, you've put pressure on mine!" Put that fucking pipe already, Toko do not go far from the phone, I can ring at any minute as an officer of the NKVD!

After the conversation, Amalia Apollinariевна wrote down in red pencil on a scrap of wallpaper – "Güdlfoss", and dialed the phone number of her friend Asya, a pharmacist with 50 years of experience.

"A little girl, sweetheart, good morning!"

"I'm afraid that you hurried with the fact that it's still" kind. "Little Sam ordered pancakes, and I'll have to run to Vladimirsky for home-made milk.

"And what about the Vladimirsky?" As long as you get there, it's nine in the morning, you can not find anything decent there.

"So, what should I do?"

– Oh, I called her for help, but I had a headache with her pancakes.

"Ama, do not hurt my soul!" You know, hand is washing his hand.

– So run already on the Haymarket, there at least for sure.

"Oh, and that's for sure on Senna!"



– There, at the booth shoemaker Yasha is Galina Savelyevna. Tell her you are from Tatiana Lvovna, a relative of Rimma Mikhailovna, who "took out" oranges for her nephew, Zhenya, he came to the "regional" with angina. So she still will find you milk, even if it has already ended in the entire Kiev region and its surroundings!"But the mine is closer to Vladimirsky."– Oh, I beg you, with your asthma, three miles is not a circle. Especially as there, you will take without misfiring!There was a thoughtful champing at the other end of the wire.– Asinka, a rabbit, but I do not call because of pancakes, your grief is not worse."Azokhn wei, what's war again?"– No, but not many rays. Sofina Grisha was in October with his ulcer!– And sho him there?"What him there." He is said to be there "zey gesutt".– And sho, absolutely?!– Not yet, but very similar.– So, but what am I?– Asinka, cat, you're hoping for hope! Icelandic moss is needed! Right from there, from Iceland, Schaub she was healthy to us and for a long time she sparkled at the ice.All the same champing came from the tube."Sho, are you smacking there?" Do you eat shoto, or have not yet clothed your teeth?– Both that and another, but I remember the hundredth ray to go to your sunny Iceland.– Where from! From the windward side. And what did you come up with?– While only small Sema comes to his head, he will remain without pancakes."So while you're without teeth, go to the Haymarket's Zhora, and make a decision yourself."– Amalia, you here chtoto, write down the phone, and run to the main post office, you will call from Warsaw Aunt

Zoya Pshimishkelsovskaya, for her husband. She has a course to see... Only managed to Navalyaeva-mother put the receiver, as from the door the head of a worried son appeared.– Mom, I had difficulties with Uncle Sanya's trousers, he brought back from Surgut."No, Kalinka, not from Surgut but from Tyumen." And the difficulty is kada, just without pants, the more so if your grief fades against the background of the ulcers of Uncle Grisha."And your pants?"– Pants do not fade, they are brasent. Look at the second shelf, between the jumper, what I bought you from Svaliava, and the sporty tights, which was torn to you by the rabid Zahryukins from the 14th dacha. After giving her son detailed instructions, Amalia Apollinarevna, having postponed all the cases, went to the Kalinin square, where the Kiev chief post office was located. On the same July morning, an airplane from Italy arrived to Kiev's main airport, bringing on board 13 members of the delegation of the FIAT plant. The fact is that, as many readers may remember, on July 20, 1966, after analyzing 54 different construction sites, the Central Committee of the CPSU and the Council of Ministers of the USSR, a decision was made to build a new large automobile plant in the city of Togliatti, which 1964 bears the name of the Italian Communist Palmiro Togliatti. Preparation of the technical project was entrusted to the Italian car concern FIAT. And already on August 15, 1966, in Moscow, the head of FIAT, Gianni Agnelli, signed a contract with the Minister of Automotive Industry of the USSR, Alexander Tarasov, to create an automobile plant in Togliatti

with a full production cycle. Under the contract for the same concern was assigned the technological equipment of the plant, and the training of specialists. And so, on March 1, 1970, the first 10 bodies of future cars issued a welding shop, and on April 19 1970 from the main assembly line of the plant, the first six VAZ-2101 Zhiguli cars were to descend, following the design of the Italian model "FIAT-124". And now, after the Volga Automobile Plant visited Henry Ford Jr. on April 15, 1970, a delegation from Italy arrived in the USSR on April 16, which was honored to be present when the first Zhiguli was produced. But this was not the only thing. And today, on the morning of July 1972, another delegation from Italy arrived in Kiev to depart to Moscow in the evening, from where, together with Soviet colleagues,

To go to Togliatti.

Thus, today, July 10, 1972, the "devil's dozen" arrived from the Apennines, descended the ladder to the takeoff field of the airport "Borispol". The Italians, after breakfast, were to visit

The Kiev motorcycle plant, established in September 1945 on the basis of the former Armored Repair Plant No. 8 in the Shevchenkivskiy district of the city, was working on Wanderer equipment obtained from German reparation. Arriving at the Lybid Hotel, on the comfortable LAZ-697M Tourist bus, surrounded by the friendly staff of the State Security Committee, the Italians were escorted to the hotel restaurant, where they were located at the served tables.

"Oh, signor... forgive me, comrade..."

One of the Italians addressed, a gray-haired man in a chic suit, a waiter, in beautiful Russian.

– ... I need to go to the toilet, where is it?

He spoke almost without an accent.

"Please, comrade."

The waiter answered with a formal international smile, which a citizen of a "free" country could afford, under the stern views of numerous agents of state security. Joyful Italian, as if he pulled out a lucky ticket, under the vigil of vigilant KGBists, headed after the waiter.

The same morning, at 7 o'clock, in one of the Kiev hospitals, in surgery, in room number 17, where the victim of a collision with a truck Vovchik Kobelkovsky lay, a nurse entered.

– A sick Kobelkovsky, you have a wife.

She said dryly, letting in a hospital room a tearful woman. On the bed, with a bandaged head and a leg suspended in a snow-white gypsum, lay a faithful husband who greeted his wife with a rather strange appeal.

"Vera, listen here..."

Vovchik yelled, trying to get up.

"... call urgently to Minya Kuma Plum!" Hear, urgently!

The woman looked at her husband with sincere regret.

– From the impact, you, you see, unscrewed the only nut on which the brains remained.

– Oh really! Do it, they say! And come on quickly!

Once in the toilet of the restaurant, our Italian, named Vittorio Toldo, took out of his briefcase a white coat and a cap. Having dressed in such unusual clothes that Signora Vittorio made very inconspicuous in the outskirts of the public catering facility, he slipped into the kitchen and then, through the service exit, left the restaurant building, dropping snow-white overalls, which enabled him to dissolve among the dull-gray crowds of Soviet citizens.

Arriving at the main post office, Amalia Apollinariевна ordered "on urgent" talks with Warsaw, and, after waiting for a three-hour turn, heard the low voice of Pani Pshimishkelsovskaya.

"Hwo is it?"

– Aunt Zoya, this calls Amalia from Kiev, I'm from Asya, Musi's daughter and Nikolai, who lived before the war near Ev. Baza, under the stadium "Lokomotiv", next to Uncle Yarik, nephew of your brother Stas.

From the Polish accent of Pan Zoe, there is no trace left.

– From Asychka! From Kiev! How lovely!

After an enthusiastic exclamation, a pause followed, during which, in the head of Pani Zoe, came the thought that sounded like a shot:

"Sho, do you want a shot?"

– Aunt Zoe, we need the Icelandic moss, which grew up near

the Güdlfoss waterfall.

"Why not sample soil from Mercury?"

– Aunt Zoyechka, at your hands the life of a native man's mine!

– Well, well, do not shout, not animals, not leopards... I'll try to invent a shoto. Speak your home phone, and sit next to it as a Cerberus, until I call.

After putting the receiver, Pani Zoya, without delay, scored Switzerland.

– Alie, is it Bern, or am I not yet at the Alps?

"It's Berne, because you were not going to Innsbruck, you have not got up yet."

– So it's good, closer will go down. Yasha, is that you?

"Sho, do you call Bern before someone else?"

– You are quite satisfied with us. Sho there that Bern, shob on him to spend two Yash?

– So thanks.

– Yashenka, zolotse, Minya is interested in Icelandic moss, sho grows Toko under the Güdlfoss waterfall.

"You know, Madame Zoya, because of such whims the Bismarck cruiser sank." Schaub you did not know me...

"Yasha, do not make mine a gun."

Crudely interrupted by his Panikshkelsovskaya.

"Sho, you're starting, I'm not Kaltybruner, I'll try."

The distress signal sent by Amalie Appolinarevna caused a

chain reaction, then, like the dominoes placed on the edge, when they were pushing one another, they telephones around the world, only confirming the perfection of the "Domino Principle".

At the same time, in Kiev, in apartment number 12, where she returned from the main post office Navalyaeva-mother, there was a phone call. Carrying out the role of Cerberus, as Pani Zoya recommended to her, Amalia Apollinarevna tore off the receiver.

– Yes, I'm listening! Navalyayev at the office!

– Amalushka-ah!

There was a cry from Sophia's sister in the tube, like the death cry of a wounded hyena.

"I mistook the waterfall!"

Even fearing to think about what she guessed at once, Navalyayev was more likely to be frustrated with the question.

"What waterfall?"

– Icelandic, where you need to tear moss! It's called not Gúðlfoss, but Scofafoss!

Navalyaeva collected full lungs of air, so that a mighty tsunami of reproaches and perturbations could take her sister from an island called sclerosis, as a click was heard in the tube, and the connection was interrupted. For a few moments, the phone cracked again. Navalyaeva grabbed the receiver.

"You are an old, brainless fool!"

"Excuse me, is this Navalyaev's apartment?"

Amaly Apollinarevna, numb with surprise, whispered:

– Yes.

– You are called Warsaw.

After a series of strange sounds broke voice Pani Pshimishkelsovskaya.

"Alie, Pani Navalieva, this is Zoya!" I gave your request, on what address to send the moss?

– Kiev, Pank Street..., that is, Stepan Khalturin Street 17, apartment 12.

– Well, wait...

"Zoyechka, my dear, only we have confused these damn waterfalls." It is called not Güdlfoss, but Scofafoss

An angry cry was heard in the receiver.

– Halera is clear!

After that, short beeps came to Navalieva.

But the avalanche of calls could not be stopped, and Pani Zoya, went on the trail of a saving drug, like a thoroughbred pugilist.

"Alie, is this a barn?"

"Oh, Asya, you've again confused it, it's not his barn, it's Sarajevo!"

"Well, to hell with him." This is me from excitement.

"What happened?"

– She even asks "sho happened"?! Do you remember Grisha, Sof's husband, Sho Amalia's sister from Kiev?

– No.



– That ray. So he needs ott iceland moss.

"And he wants you naked, that moss?"

"In what sense?"

"Well, where will they pour it?"

– Where would not flood, it is still nada.

There was a gurgling mooing in the receiver.

– Moramo misliti...

"What?"

"I'm talking nada to think."

"Then speak humanly!"

"Okay, look, do you remember how my Simochka was leaving, at Salerno?"

"Why not?" Is it on Greece?

"No, it's in Italy." The truth is that later she moved to Rome. So that's it. On the transfer or deto there, she met one pair. He is a solid man, himself a dentist, wearing glasses, with noble gray hair. She, too, is nothing – a spectacular blonde, a child is about to turn around medicine. A psychologist or a sho-something so indecent.

– Psychologist? But what is it? Can psychiatrist?

– No, the psychologist is the one who does not heal.

"What does sho do?"

– Well, so, talk.

"But there's no one to talk to them there?"

"Oh, Asya, do I know?"

"Listen... do we have such a thing?"

– No. On the line, he surrendered to us! Neither the hospital write out, nor the direction, on the fluuriagram.

– Where?

"He went to get XRey done!" Where.

– And what?

– – What do you mean What?! So they have their own acquaintances among doctors.

– – So call already that Rome!

–

– – Alie, this is the Eternal City?

– "No, it's Rome." Dial the code of Jerusalem more cautiously.

– "But I call Rome!"

– – Then why are you confusing me?

– "I'm already over eighty, so I can."

– "Ah, it's you, Mira Lvovna?"

– – It's me. But do you tell the ray how our Giuseppe is there?

– – Oh, he does not even speak.

– – Like this?! You said that six months ago he talked Toko?

– – And who are you asking about?

– "About little Giuseppe."

– "Giuseppe is a grandfather, who has long since died!" And the kid is Genaro!

– – Oh, you, Lord! How do you distinguish them there?! And who is your husband?!

– "Giordano's husband, his brother Giacomo, nephew of

Jeramino, and brother-in-law of Giuliano."

– "Oh, Simochka, you have an angelic memory and patience, like that of Herostratus."

– – Or Hippocrates?

– It is necessary to think.

– "Oh, that's Archimedes' wish!"

– – You, Mira Lvovna are windy as a thymus thymus "Lazio" – a metropolitan team, but nihilo, except for the finale Mussolini, for her never hurt. And you, Mira Lvovna, do not be ill, well, that is, be healthy, regardless of your sclerosis.

– – ABOUT! Sclerosis. Well sho you remembered mine! I did what I call, I still need Icelandic moss...

–

– At that time, when boiling, sometimes reaching boiling, telephone conversations, splashing out on the heads of many acquaintances, unfamiliar and completely unfamiliar people with a problem called "Icelandic moss", Comrade Navalyaev, having put on an old mother's sweater and trousers brought by Uncle Senei, or From Surgut, or from Tyumen, he felt the spots of asphalt of the garage cooperative "Barvinok" with the soles of his sandals. The Navalyaevs' box, numbered 23, housed a gate to the gates with garage No. 13, where the old settlers mentioned above occupied cells 13 and 14.

– With a bucket in his hand, where the new brush dangled, Callistrat Ippolitovich, in all its glory and with an immovable smile, appeared before the auto-old men. His short canvas

trousers, and the belly sticking out from under the dilapidated sweatshirts, of an incomprehensible color, gave Navalyaev even more absurdity, bringing his appearance to a completely stupid. Listed below, madness, Callistratus Ippolitovich capped a newspaper made with a cocked hat, which he called "Pear", in honor of the last marshal of the empire – Emmanuel Grusha.

– – Hey Kalik!

– The drivers exclaimed, seeing an unsettled figure that had grown up in the opening of the wide-open gate. Old men are not what they would have liked a neighbor, but they had a genuine sympathy for Navalyayev, sometimes picking his Sisyphus – as Callistrat Ippolitovich called his own, no less than himself, an awkward car.

– – Hello comrades.

– Zardev from meekness, Navalyaev shyly said.

– – What did you get?

– Asked Pif, who was sitting in a wheelchair, not taking his eyes from the drawing on the thick sheet of Whatman.

– – Yes, here, you see, my mother punished me, now painting gate.

– – Didn't you painted this gate last year!

– – Yes I did. But my mother is worried that they will rust and ordered another dense layer of paint to be applied.

– "It's not iron anymore, but armor."

– Muttered not drunk Afonya, looking for among the scattered on the concrete floor carrots for 17.

–

– At the same time, Slime's cousin, came to the hospital, at the call of a wounded friend. He threw his white robe over his shoulders and made his way to the seventeenth ward, sitting at the cot of the bandaged Kobelkovsky.

– – Healthy Cum.

– Sliva whispered, as if he were afraid of being heard by a four of the injured, laid in a bed here, along the wall of a narrow chamber.

– – Finally!

– The patient bellowed.

– "Shaw happened, Vovan?!"

– – Yes, there is such a thing...

– In response, Kobelkovsky whispered, cautiously looking around.

– -... Lyuska stayed in the garage.

– "What Lyuska?"

– "That Josephine!" What else?

– – A-ah.

– Stretched Plum.

– "And in which garage?"

– – In my! What else!

– "Why did she stay there?"

– Not allowing himself to let go of the usual explanation, overflowing with excessive obscene expressions, Vovan decided to take the bull by the horns.

– "You... go to my garage and let Lyuska go." She's been there since the night. Do you have a key?

– – And how, then.

– "Shaw, how is it?"

– – There is.

– "Well, then go on." Toko runs!

– Kum Sliva, in bewilderment, rushed to the exit, thinking on the run, what exactly should he do.

–

– Having reached the Saksaganskogo street on the ninth street, Vittorio Toldo, consulted the friendly passers-by about the final point of his journey, then confidently walked to the garage cooperative "Barvinok", which in one of his letters he wrote to an old friend of Kardup. Having found himself at the garage number 13, where passions and work were boiling, he froze like a statue of his great compatriots, looking at the hunched figure of Pyth, applying lines and calculations on the sheet of Whatman. Noticing the lonely silhouette with the corner of his eye, Epiphany Cardupa narrowed his eyes, which he did not believe when he recognized his old friend.

– "Vittorio!" Are you?!

– On this occasion, he even tore his ass from the shabby pillow, making several steps towards the dear guest.

– "I'm Epifanio!" I, who else!

– "Oh, you're a stinker!" Rogue you Apenninskaya!

– The friends embraced.

-- How are you here?! With what wind?

-- Yes, here, came with a delegation from the firm "FIAT".

Tonight I'm leaving for Moscow, from there to Togliatti.

-- Yes, Togliatti... did you think that the scabby fellow, that the name of your leader and associate – Comrade Palmiro, will be called a beautiful city in the freest country in the world!

– The Italian guest shrugged.

– "Here, comrades, my friend, the Italian communist, comrade-in-arms and younger brother-Vittorio Toldo!" Please love and respect.

– Wiping his hands from black on oiled trousers, Autogen, Afonya, followed by Navalayev, they warmly welcomed the hands of an unprecedented Italian citizen.

-- Thanks friends. Thank you.

– Smiling, thanked Vittorio.

-- Very touched. Molto bello <sup>2</sup>! Very nice.

-- And it's in our way so normally!

– Slamming the tourist on the shoulder, concluded Afonya.

-- Still would! He's been living with us for a long time. From the Fascists of the damned was hiding.

– Vittorio looked at the benevolent glance of the crowd in the close box.

-- And you have a very beautiful hat.

– He pointed his finger at the pendant "pear" Navalayev, after which all burst with a loud laugh. To the noise, from nearby

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<sup>2</sup> (Ital.) Very nice

garages, drunken motorists were pulled.

– "Brothers, a friend from Italy has arrived!" And this is not a mosquito for you to bite off a trunk!

– Pif did not stop.

– – And he is not a bourgeois?

– Mitka Nahalyavushkin from the 30th garage, who at the moment took at least three hundred grams of "white", asked.

– "You yourself are a bourgeois!" Drunk your face!

– Cardup stepped in. He swung his mount at Mitka. In order to smooth out the misunderstanding, Nakhalyavushkin grabbed the Italian's hand with a sugary smile.

– "It's a very pleasant comrade Italian." And I'm Nakhalyavushkin, you can just Mitrofan.

– After Mitka, it was the turn of the brothers Granitolevich – Valentine and Dermantin, from the 2nd box, looking very much alike. Then came the half-drunk Kolya-Karburotor, clutching Vittorio's neck.

– "Let me kiss you brother!"

– – ABOUT! This is not necessary.

– – Are you squeamish?!

– – Not at all.

– With an easy accent the Italian said.

– "Tada, what's your name?"

– "Vittorio."

– – Yeah, so in our opinion Vityok. And I'm Kolyan. We will know each other.



-- Yes, thanks, good, familiar.

-- Osipovich...

- Kolyan addressed all those present.

- "... this is the case."

-- Well, what's more?

-- The thing is, my mother has a birthday party.

-- Which fuck?

- Afonya asked.

-- Well, so this...

- He lost his way in Kolyan's memoirs, nodding his head towards "Bessarabka". The thing is,

- That the surname of the godfather was so hard to pronounce that when Kolyan pronounced it, helped himself with gestures, then one day he dislocated his hand. Therefore, we do not venture to present this horror to the respected reader, confining ourselves to the initials of the kuma - Evpat Tazobedrovich. Yes-yes, you did not misinterpret, it was Tazobedrovich, since Eupatia's grandfather was an orthopedist, and gave his father, we say mildly, a rather strange name, spoiling the boy's life.

-- Kolya, do not quote with Hegel's gestures, you will become an invalid.

- Caesar warned Corbiurator of the injuries of the clever Pyth.

-- Yes you are, stunned! This name is not something to wear, it's even in your mind to say scary!

- Grumbled amazed Afonya.

-- Especially since I already know this Evpah - Yes, here,

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-- Which fuck?

-- Afonya asked.

-- Well, so this...

-- He lost his way in Kolyan's memoirs, nodding his head towards "Bessarabka". The fact is, Ram. It's from the new, from the 46th garage. I changed the ring for him.

-- Yeah.

-- Kolyan, nodding, nodded.

-- There is a clearing cover.

-- Rubbing his hands, Nahalyavushkin howled with enthusiasm.

-- No, thanks, of course, but we will not go. Celebrate yourself.

-- "You are Osipovich!" We Toko two, and grub and swallowed the sea. Salo there, conservation is different. Do not offend.

-- Yes, there. Let's go really.

-- Afonja rushed through. Piff looked at Vittorio. He shrugged his shoulders.

-- Okay. Only you here that. You all this snack, well, and the rest, here you drag. Here we will note.

-- Without wrangling, Kolya the Carburettor, the brothers

Granitolevich and Nakhalyavushkin, soon disappeared between the garages.

–

– The noise of the voices did not subside, in the intergrain space, when the Slime's cousin appeared at the gates of box No. 7. Looking around, he put the key in the keyhole, and, turning it, opened the small door, carved into the metal gate. Hearing the fuss from the outside, at the gate, inside Josephine, sobered up, hungry, causing a furious, clicked the plastic switch, turning off the light. In her hands she was squeezing a cast iron baking tray, long prepared for the meeting of the faithful Vovan, ideally suited for weight and shape for meeting with traitors. Lyuska froze in total darkness, like a hunter for vampires. Opening the door, Slim's cousin barely stepped into the darkness, when the shape for the nuts was found by his bald head. From an exact and strong blow, like a professional baseball player, inflicted by temperamental Josephine, he flew out of the garage, which prompted the slamming of the iron door. From indignation Lyuska rushed to the gate, trying with all her might to open them, or to break through with a terrible weapon. But the cousin Sliva no longer heard this, as he lost his senses and rested in the bushes under a concrete fence.

– Lyuska, panting, looked at the garage, ruined by her own efforts, and the car, without a single glass, with ripped and ripped seats and screwdrivers that had been pierced with a screwdriver.

– – Bastard!

– In anger she hissed, exhausted on a chair.

–

– At the same time, behind the half-brick wall, in garage No. 13, due to the noise of an electric drill, no one heard the noise and yells of Josephine, so all present were engaged in a casual conversation, listening to the short speech of the sullen Afony.

– Nvaliaeva, each time amazed how cleverly Athanasius, describing or comparing, whatever, used the same organ of the human body, which is the basis of the syntax and built into the crown of the non-normative word-formation, using it in One sentence as a noun, an adjective and even a verb. Afonya, in the same way explaining the structure of the fuel system of the "Humpbacked Zaporozhets", showed himself a fuse, trying to debunk the error of the Italian guest that our "Zaporozhets" is "their, fucked Fiat-600", but something hitherto unprecedented and inimitable. Having exhausted his little vocabulary, Afonya finally calmed down, dragging on his cigarette "Belomor", like a machine-gunner, resigned to the fact that the ammunition was over.

– "All right, Afonya, cool down." Fiat, not Fiat, but the car is good.

– Having calmed down the twin, Pif turned to the guest.

– "Vittorio, do you better tell me where and what are you working on now?"

– "How can you tell in a nutshell?"

– – Well, in three of us in the country it is dangerous to

express. So say four.

-- Okay.

-- The Italian grinned.

-- Except that I consult "FIAT", I work at the company "Bugatti", founded by Ettore Bugatti, whom I knew personally. Heard about this?

-- Shot I do not remember.

-- "Now we are constructing a car of the future, which we call Bugatti Veyron. This of course is not a matter of tomorrow, but we are working...

-- Pif laughed silently, slyly looking at Vittorio.

-- You capitalists love to let the dust in your eyes. The car of the future! Here we have, at the Gorky Automobile Plant have released a new "Volga", "Gas-24"! This is not a hamster for you to pull the hick! That's where the car of the future! Four cylinders; Wheel brake with automatic adjustment; A completely new front suspension with a forged beam; Curved side windows; 95 horsepower!

-- The old man, raising his eyebrows, extended his index finger to the ceiling.

-- You understand what the ficus-picus! And you're some kind of "Veron" tychesh, to me in the nose. Overthrow your anti-people government, the damned capitalist exploiters first, then maybe, too, people's machines will begin to rivet.

-- Maybe. That's just why, for some reason, you bought our old "FIAT" from us and started it in production, and we do not

have your PHAs, KAZs and other TAs, or whatever they call it.

– Feeling that both flared, friends, after a pause, returned to a calm and measured conversation.

– "All right, Vitya, we forgot." Sho us to share? Come on, tell me about your Varon.

– – What can I say, it's something incredible! A unique gearbox is proposed, which will carry out switching without a drop in power, in just 150 ms! Imagine, this is faster than blinking an eye! All this thanks to the dual-clutch transmission. It is assumed that the speed that our Veyron will develop is more than 300 km / h! The power of the motor, the car of the future – 3000 hp!

– -Fish, an infection! So the tank, "Thirty", only 500!

– The stupid Afonya exclaimed.

– – Come on, lie!

– Pif yelled, while the others, opening their mouths, glared at the Italian as if he were insane.

– Vittorio smiled proudly.

– – Well, think for yourself, old devil, well, why should I lie to you?!

– Epifan looked with disbelief at the dark face of the Italian, hoping to see at least a hint of a dirty trick. But the accursed guest did not show a shade of fiction.

– – Utopia...

– The old man barked.

– "I do not understand, you either were foolish... or... sho,



right?"

– At last he squeezed out of himself. The Italian nodded in agreement.

– "It's true." That's just the problem with the cooling system. After all, the engine generates so much heat that it would be enough to heat a hundred houses in the winter.

– – Ohrenet...

– Aphonie groaned, clasping his head in his hands.

– – Where to our "Passeur"!

– The Italian held out in surprise.

– "Pa-ce-op?" What is a "Paseor"?

– – You do not, do not pull Stalin's whiskers...

– Strictly stated Peaf.

– "Our car will be so called." Pa – memory, Se – Sergo, Or – Ordzhonikidze. And together – "Paseor".

– Vittorio, for some reason, was sad. But Piff rose.

– – But I have drawings of a unique cooling system. We were working in the "mail box" in the war, for a new tank. Only you, here...

– Twisting a known combination of five fingers, Piff sent the wok, like a pistol, to Vittorio.

– "... I will not show it!"

– The Italian only shrugged his shoulders and, not wanting to argue with the furious old man, turned to Navalyaev.

– "You have a beautiful hat, signor." The truth is beautiful.

– The shy Navalyaev lowered his gaze. Suddenly, at the same

moment, before the car lovers and others in the garage, there was a kind of nonsense.

– "What about Peugeot?" Peugeot-oh-oh! Peugeot and sho? Sho Peugeot? Peugeot no sho, Peugeot and Peugeot.

– Vittorio listened in perplexity.

– – Yes, no...

– Aphonie grinned.

– "... this is our fool, Valerik." He's really a jerk, but not violent, quite harmless, so do not be afraid.

– Valera Shmatovalenko, who was talking about, was born and raised in Zaporozhye. Like every Soviet man, he graduated from high school, served in the army, and returned to his hometown, got a job, a car mechanic for pride, beloved Zaporozhye Automobile Plant. In addition, Valera was a patriot of domestic engineering, after serving three years in the army for the car fleet of the missile division, which moved formidable missiles on 150 ZiSs. Labor feat at ZAZ, only strengthened Valera's confidence in the advanced technologies of Soviet engineering, which prompted him, to hoarseness, to argue with everyone and everyone about the advantages of Zaporozhets and Muscovites over all kinds of Mercedes and Toyota. But, one day, an unforeseen happened. At the Zaporozhye Automobile Plant, a French delegation arrived. French colleagues, came not on foot, but rolled on a brand new Peugeot 504 Injection. Valera went around for a long time in circles with an unprecedented car. After that I got bold, and at the time when the French delegation was

received by the director in his office, he ventured to approach the driver. The chauffeur spoke a little Russian, which only made communication difficult, as Valera did not believe a single word of it, that is all that the Frenchman told about his car. Having found out the technical characteristics and parameters of the wondrous Peugeot, and also heard about the miracle, under the name of the injector, Valerik fell into a stupor. But when the bourgeois, at the insistence of Shmatovalenko, opened the hood, Valeriy happened irreparable.

– He stopped noticing and understanding everything that was happening around him. His mind was dizzy, and all he could say was a nonsense, sounding like this – "Peugeot, what about sho?" Shaw, Peugeot? A sho, Peugeot? Peugeot and sho?... ". Such nonsense he carried all day, and sometimes even at night. What caused Valery the genuine interest of psychiatrists.

– But the time was passing, and Valery kept repeating and repeating the same thing, with which he moved to Kiev, to Aunt Fana, who showed him to everyone who had at least something in psychiatry. And only after long executions in clinics and hospitals, After the doctors, Aunt Fanya surrendered, leaving Valera alone, and listening to the uninterrupted – "Peugeot, and sho? Shaw, Peugeot? A sho, Peugeot? Peugeot and sho?... ". It was in this state, Comrade Shmatovalenko, that he found a guest from sunny Italy.

– Appearing in the opening of the gate, Valerik told everyone.  
– "Sho Peugeot?" And sho, Peugeot? Peugeot and sho?

-- All right, stop bazaar...

- Clapping his hands on his knees, authored Pif authoritatively.

-- Afonya, let's take Valerik, and in the fourteenth garage. Here is the battery put on the charge. "Charged" there, in the corner.

- Picking up a massive diesel battery, Afonya and the executive Valerik, who did not stop broadcasting about Peugeot, disappeared in the next box No. 14. At the same moment, people could hear the exclamations of people who had a premonition of a serious drunkard.

- "Hey, Afonya, you've been soaped up, let's go back, the vodka's getting cold!"

- In the garage, where the old people were waiting along with the Italian guest and Navalyaev, the drunken company brought supplies, drinks and a birthday boy. Ahead, fast and under the weight of a twenty-liter canister with a moonshine step, an important Nakhlyavushkin walked. Behind him, grasping the hands of Evpat-Ramk, who was not fully conscious, the Granitolevichy brothers, Valentin and Dermantin, dragged the limp body of the hero of the celebration. The procession of Kolya-Carburetor was closing, supporting a large plywood suitcase under the bottom, where, for some reason, a snack was stored: a huge piece of fat; Fried pork chops; Barbarously chopped into pieces of stick "Amateur" sausage; Green ray; Fresh and pickled cucumbers and tomatoes; All sorts of fragrant

greens, as well as a loaf of other crunchy "Ukrainian" bread.

– Thanks to well-coordinated and active actions, a festive table was organized in a moment, composed of a crumpled bonnet of the 52nd Gazon, laid on a structure that had been adjusted to automatism from "bald" "victorian" tires. On the improvised table-top, immediately appeared a kind of dishes: a crumpled aluminum mug; Dimensional pharmacy glass; Something resembling a multibeam insulator RFO, twisted from a hook; Empty tin can from the Hungarian tomato paste "Globus", long adapted to the vessel for making hot drinks; Folding plastic cup, extracted from the case, with the label "Mirgorod"; And of course a few faceted glasses, with muddy, almost impenetrable walls. All this mess was immediately filled with a smelly moonshine, and Pif, like an elder, raised a "glass".

– "Well, friends, it's not from the dead donkey's ears, but just today a wonderful man was born..."

– He looked at the happy faces of those present, and, not finding a newborn, was indignant.

– "... hey, brothers, where's Evpat?!"

– A dense series of brave men opened and before the eyes of the celebrated appeared the grandson of the orthopedist, he is the object of today's congratulations, peacefully dormant in the corner, leaning on the welding machine.

– – Yes-ah...

– Stretched out the old man.

– -... Well, the holiday has imperceptibly passed to that stage,

when congratulations are still important to say, since they are already not wishes, but only a formal toast, without which guests can not drink, do not have a snack.

– – Then for the birthday boy!

– Nahalyavushkin, who lost his patience, screamed, after which they drained the dishes. Only Vittorio and Navalyaev did not touch the vessels with fetid liquid.

– – Do not understand!

– Outraged Kolya-Carburetor.

– "But do not you drink this?"

– – No, thanks, I do not drink so strong...

– The apologetic tone was uttered by the guest.

– – And I, sorry, do not use it at all.

– Navalyaev hurried to add.

– "Nope, it will not do!"

– Carburetor roared, as though he saw treachery and a hidden threat as a failure.

– "It's not human!"

– "Indeed, Vittorio, sip, this tradition." You remember – it's easier to drink than to explain why this should not be done.

– In a fatherly way, Piff asked. The guest nodded to himself.

– – Here you go!

– Kolyan did not stop. Nahaljavushkin, who treated the stranger with amazing generosity, that is, indifferently who paid vodka, clapped his hands, yelled.

– – Bottoms Up!

- All present have picked up.
- - Bottoms Up! Bottoms Up!
- Vittorio turned to Navalyaev.
- - Well, then only with you.

- "Come on, Kanistrat, do not let me down!"

- Carburetor yelled at Kallistrat Ippolitovich's ear.

Fragmented by compulsive persuasion Navalyaev and Signor Toldo poured a poison called "moonshine." But this, as the sophisticated reader understands, was not at all "end", but was only the "beginning" of the celebration.

-

- There is a statement - "There is nothing more terrible and exhausting than waiting and catching up." And perhaps this is not something that we should unreservedly agree with. But, at the same time, Amalia Appolinarevna fully confirmed her fatigue, this simple view. She fell asleep right by the phone, wrapped in a shawl beaten by a mole, by the way, than untied her hands to her son, who was drunk in the garages of the Barvinok cooperative. But neither the intoxication of the son, nor the drowsiness of the mother, failed to prevent the search for Icelandic moss, growing like a snowball.

- - Alie, is this Finland? Is this Moisha Tilman?

- "No Slom, it's not him." This has long been Mikko Tilmanen.

- - Do not be so joking, your nose I'll see even because of this line, otgo Mannerheim. Tell me more sho you whitefin?

-- Not whitefinch, but in our Valkoiset<sup>3</sup>. And I'm not one of them, but I smell the parchment Punikki for 100 versts. -- Well, and how Mika, you have it from Helsinki?

-- Tolerant.

-- And this is how?

-- "It's okay, it's full but cold."

-- "And how intolerant is tada?"

-- It's like their red Petrozavodsk -- it's cold, hungry, and also crap.

-- And what about the Finns?

-- "What about the Finns?" Finns, like me, are too measured people. Until they decide to go to Oslo, I'm already halfway there, near Stockholm.

-- No. I ask did they give you a passport?

-- And then, how! On my brownish little book it is clearly written -- Suomi.

-- "So you're a real Finn."

-- That! With a slide! It remains to Toko to start playing at the hockey.

-- Oh, hockey is scary, there can knock out a mustache teeth!

-- Tada give the hockey grandfather Solomon, him to take out the false jaw and he is a ready hockey player. And if you hold it for a couple of days without a laxative, it's just a beast!

---

<sup>3</sup> In 1918, during the Civil War in Finland, the White Finns were white, those who stood on the side of the bourgeois national government, anti-communist and anti-Soviet forces that came into conflict with the Reds: White -- Valkoiset, Reds -- Punaiset, or Punikki dismissively.



-- I imagine! I think that against the grandfather of Solomon, without a laxative, even Canadians will not come out, with their Halls, Orrs and other Esposites.

-- So, that's understandable. A sho calling? Do you want to send me a soto to Santa Claus? From Helsinki to Lapland, to the lair of Joulupukki, only five months on reindeer. I can drive.

-- And can you drive Iceland?

-- Do not understand?

-- No, nothing personal, I just need Icelandic moss. The one that blooms and smells, Schaub he was healthy and buoyant luxuriant color!

--

-- "Is that Liechtenstein?"

-- Yes.

-- That is Vaduz? Well, in the sense of the Principality?

-- Oh, I'm begging you! What is the principality there? Three rooms and two suites, though with a view of the mountains.

-- "Wait, is this Liechtenstein?"

-- And outright is right. I am Arkady Moiseevich Liechtenstein. And Monya Vaduz, so you were interested, has long moved to Tel Aviv. And I still do not understand, do you need him or me?

-- Actually, mine needs Icelandic moss.

-- Alie, is this Vancouver?

-- Well, roughly speaking, yes.

-- A sho so?

-- Yes, no, it's nothing, it's just Calgary, and to Vancouver, by steps, by the side of the sea, for 90 days.

—

-- Alie, is this Liverpool?

-- In the morning was Liverpool.

-- So this is Grisha Katsnelson?

-- "Well, how can I tell you?"

-- That's how it is.

-- Well, maybe nothing nizya excluded... although this mine Katz, recently, oh, how very tired.

-- Do not understand?

-- I prefer Shob I was called simply Nelson. Without any Katz. And even Grisha does not matter, the ray of Horace.

-- "Horace Nelson?" So for this, my dear, you have to win the Battle of Trafalgar! And not at preference.

—

-- Alie, is this Africa?

-- "If that's how you feel."

-- "Mine does not like this at all." And sho it for your voice, if you fell a balcony on your head?

-- If only the balcony! For a long time, my best feelings, this is kada, I take a laxative together with sleeping pills. In the morning, of course, a lot of washing, but I feel like a young cheetah.

-- You know, I still do not think sho on the streets of Cape Town you will be allowed to travel at a speed of 120 kilometers

per hour. Especially since I heard that there is a more effective way for an African to get rid of constipation.

-- Anu, surprise me, very interesting?

-- "Since you are in Africa, it would be salutary to see a rhino in the savanna, especially if you are alone with one and without a gun."

-- "Without a gun?"

-- "Well, do not be a rhinoceros!" Hocha in your case, the grenade launcher will not help either.

-- And sho?

-- "Sho?!" Constipation as a hand will remove, right on the spot! By the way at the expense of health. I sho call, I still need Icelandic moss.

--

-- Alie, is this Luxembourg?

-- A sho is this?!

-- "That's what I asked!"

-- No, the mine is accentuated, a little sooner Luxembourg?!!!

At the moment when the evening twilight fell on the garage cooperative, and the slumber of Sliva for one hour, as they were taken to the hospital with a head injury, the drunken inhabitants of the glorious 13th boxing, were divided into groups of interests. Pif, no longer able to get up from the stroller, cursed his material, in the most rude form of imperialist vultures, to whom he never and for no reason will give a single calculation

of what he himself personally has done, as well as his fellow-workers by Soviet designers. Not for any money, under any circumstances! He waved a sheet of Whatman folded four times in front of the nose of Vittorio, Navalyaev, as well as Aftogen, for some reason caught, this evening, "on the other side of the barricade," in the team of the conventional adversary. Afonya and Nakhalyavushkin proved each other to the Granitolevich brothers, as well as to Carburetor, who constantly doubted about the secret of the crash that he had solved on March 27, 1968 and the death of Yuri Gagarin, the impossibility of the victory of their Fisher, our great chess genius Boris Spassky. Which, in fact, did not cause a single objection either from Valentin, from Dermantin, or even from the unyielding Kolyan. The heated debate around the chess game for the title of world champion, which soon surpassed the status of a legend, who reached the hearing of those who did not take part in the discussion, caused unprecedented emotions and interest from Pyth, Vittorio and Autogen. Only Navalyayev, remained unperturbed, indulging in contemplation of the incipient whirlwind of discussions.

Here, probably, it would be worth to remind the amiable reader some details of the outstanding event, called the match for the title of the world chess champion of 1972, between the then champion and the Soviet citizen Boris Vasilievich Spassky and the American challenger Robert James Fisher. (No wonder Vladimir Vysotsky devoted several songs to this fact.) Undoubtedly, this match was a challenge to the whole chess

world, since since 1948 all champions were citizens of the Soviet Union: 6th Mikhail Botvinnik, 7th Vasily Smyslov, 8th Mikhail Tal, 9th Tehran Petrosyan and the 10th, mentioned by us, Boris Spassky. The match, in which the representatives of the USSR and the USA met at the height of the Cold War, was repeatedly called the "match of the century" in the Western press of that time. The prize fund of the match for the first time in the history of chess was \$ 250,000! "Match of the Century" is indeed the most memorable chess event in history, as it was the personification of the confrontation of the USSR against the United States. This duel is associated with numerous scandals and intrigues, espionage games and interesting battles, both on the chess board and behind its side-chapels. What is only a quote from one of the Soviet officials, flashed in the press – "As an intellectual premature Fisher, who does not even have a secondary education, could have encroached on the property of the Soviet Union – the chess crown?!" Funny, is not it? It would be interesting to hear what the opinion of this gentleman was after Mr. Fisher won the crown. After all, it turns out that the half-hearted and insignificant Bobby Fisher managed to beat 23-times champion of the Soviet Union, winner of many international tournaments Mark Taimanov, as well as the 9th world champion, international grandmaster, honored master of sports of the USSR, candidate Philosophical sciences, four-time champion of the USSR, three-time champion of Moscow – Tigran Petrosyan.

– But how many do not roam about the guests, it's nice to go home, so let's go and we, back to our history. In a noisy booth, not to the smallest detail, perhaps, therefore, none of the immediate participants in the feast and raging discussion paid attention to the shadow growing on the threshold of the 13th garage.

– "What about Peugeot?" Peugeot, and sho...

– I heard Valery's usual statements-questions. Stooping figure, measuring an indifferent look stormily and noisily triumphant, went to the next box, where, on the "charge", there was a huge battery. With knowledge, Valerik twisted a black plastic pen on the charger, then, obviously, remaining satisfied with his actions, went to bed right next to the gate, on the torn awning from GAZik, embracing a furry guard, a garage dog named Kolbas. Sensing the feast, the huge male was slumbering between the gates of the 13th and 14th boxes, hoping for generous treats, which was not a curiosity for a dog that settled down in a place so corrupt as a garage cooperative.

– It was already light when, in the disorder reigning in the thirteenth box, a certain decrease in activity was noticed: old Pif fell asleep in his wheelchair, laying under his head a four-fold sheet of whatman; The brothers Granitolevich, like akin to the newborn, leaning on the welding machine, taking from two sides in the ring of Evpatiy, measured sniffles in the corner of the garage; Kolya the Carburetor went out into the air, causing his snoring sound to come from the open gate. Unlike many, Afonya and Nahalyavushkin kept quite staunchly.

Sitting on canisters, with glasses in their hands, they, if I may say so, talked – incoherently, but categorically proving to each other something that has neither essence, meaning nor subject of discussion. Very drunk Navalayev was about to crawl home, but Vittorio, asleep on his shoulder, and also suddenly speaking Autogen, clearly involuntarily violated his plans. Afinogen Artemievich Kutsenko, having drunk too much, suddenly became a philosopher, already a broken hour, telling Kallistrat that our hero could not understand anything.

– "Just think, Callistrato, they are like people." Solid "Buicks", sorry, always breaks off the language of sedition. This means, of course, our "ZIM", that is, GAZ-12 – a Soviet six-seater six-window long-base large sedan, mass produced at the Gorky Automobile Plant. By the way, for those who do not know, he is a plant named after Comrade Molotov.

– Navalayev nodded dutifully.

– "Any crap, my friend, was produced here and there." Here's to take a proud and in something Opel-captained "Victory", even in the recent past the flagship of Soviet engineering. Quite an Opel-Cadet "Muscovites", gorbatenkie "Fiato-Zaporozhtsy", and with a claim to the swagginess of the "Volga". All of them with their own destinies, stories and troubles. Some are exhausted by a multitude of taxi drivers, barbarians, changing behind the wheel and not sparing poor cars. Other sleek and beloved, well-groomed and from that sparkling with chrome, warm

Cozy garages. Think about it! Some for a year "ran" no more

than 10 thousand, others "winded" half a million. How lucky...

At this moment Vittorio woke up.

– Oh, come mi sento male...

– I'm sorry, what?

– I say, my head is very sore. How do you drink this muck?!

And why are not the sentences for the death penalty due to the use of this rubbish?

– So we have a mache shot.

Aftogen was indignant.

– Well, yes, the shooting is much more humane.

The Italian looked gloomily at the "battlefield", stopping his gaze on Navalyaev.

– And yet you have an amazingly beautiful hat.

– Oh, let me teach you. Now we'll do it together, and you'll have a memory.

– And regalo <sup>4</sup>, for memory! After all, I have a gift for you.

While Vittorio was looking in his pockets, Navalyaev began to search for a suitable sheet of paper in order to teach the guest how to fold the caps like the one that crowned his crown. Not finding anything worthy of his attention, he reached for the sheet of Whatman that lay under the head of the old man Cardupa. The very one who peep shore is the apple of the eye. At that very moment, Vittorio found in his pocket gifts – a keychain company "FIAT", as well as a car air freshener with the smell of lemon, which usually clings in the salon to the rear-view mirror.

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<sup>4</sup> (*Italian*) gift



– It is for you...

He solemnly handed over a freshener to Aftogen, after which he presented the key chain to Callistratus Ippolitovich.

"Thank you, Comrade Vittorio..."

Naraylyaev said, accepting the gift gratefully.

– And now look and remember...

At this time, Aftogen, having unpacked the fragrant flavor, waved half a glass of moonshine, biting the cardboard with the smell of orange.

– *Ciò che si fa* <sup>5</sup>?! It's not allowed! This is not eaten!

– Oh really...

The motorist waved him away, scornfully masticating the cardboard.

"... and not such a snack."

The old man spat, pouring himself another.

"Your mandarins are shit..."

– ... *incredibile* <sup>6</sup>...

Scrambling, as if swallowed ruff, whispered the Italian, looking in amazement at how Aftogen muffled the synthetic taste of lemon moonshine. Not without difficulties, his attention was able to attract Navalyayev, pulling at the sleeve of the astonished guest.

"Look at that..."

Kallistrat Ippolitovich, slowly glancing at the stunned Italian,

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<sup>5</sup> (*Ital.*) *What are you doing?!*

<sup>6</sup> (*ital.*) *Is incredible*

folded from the paper a cocked hat, similar to his "pear".

"... that's it, ready." Hold it.

Vittorio nodded in confusion.

– grazie...

Catching the indecision of the guest, Navalyaev put on the cap on his head, while a deafening explosion was heard. Rokot from the explosion of the battery in the 14th box was so sonorous that it could cause a quite significant surge of emotions in awake and restful motorists. The first who reacted to the stunning rumble was the dog Sausage, who rushed fearlessly to the side of the gates of the cooperative. Whether it was heartbreaking rumblings, or from the oscillations of the floor, Afonya fell from his chair, falling on the Kolya-Carburettor that was dying next to him, which did not cause pleasure, either in one or in the other. As if hearing a song call – "Get up a huge country..." scared Cardupa jumped up, but rushed forward, stumbled over Kolyan, with the crash crashing down on the hammered Granitolevich brothers, who sat down the birthday boy. Somewhere out of the darkness grew the disheveled figure of Nahalyavyshkin, as if rising from the heat, from where he had drawn a rather unpleasant smell. All those who participated in the auto-banquet concentrated their gaze on the breach formed due to the explosion of the battery in the wall, which caused the brickwork to form the corner of the 13th, 14th, 8th and 7th garages, adjoining the back side to the dilapidated and mentioned Above the wall.

Having seen the impenetrable darkness of the unfurled womb of the neighboring boxes, the ghouls were seized by terror,

When out of the darkness of the 7th garage, as if from the underworld there came a heart-rending female cry. At the same moment, in the breach appeared the slim figure of Josephine, staring at the men with the look of the famous Medusa Gorgona.

– What hatched?!

The disheveled girl exclaimed.

"Have you ever seen a woman?!"

– About Madonna! How beautiful she is...

Vittorio whispered, peering at Lyuska's smeared face.

"The males have settled!"

She threw it at last, rushing to the exit.

After the first shock, the night revelers expected another surprise. Valerik Shmatovalenko appeared on the threshold of the garage. He looked at the stunned motorists somehow in a special way, after which he spoke quite distinctly.

– No shit to myself! This sho there is torn?

Pif and Afonya exchanged glances.

"Valerchik, what about Peugeot?"

– What the hell is Peugeot?! I'm almost deaf!

Valerik exclaimed, in an instant, escaping from the fetters of the minds of his mind, who were fools. The sequence of events that shocked everyone without exception, began to treat "like", for starters, pouring a stinking potion through the vessels.

"Well, brothers, do not disgrace!"

Has Cardinal blazed out either an appeal, or a wish, having overturned an aluminum mug, which allowed to pour into the pharynx one hundred and fifty moonshine. Quite grumbling, he slapped Vittorio on the shoulder.

– See Vityok, how we live! Not life, but marmalade with a solidol.

"Epifanio, tell me, who was that girl who fled out of the darkness?"

– What do you want?

– ABOUT! She's very beautiful! Molto bello <sup>7</sup>! I want to marry her.

"She's a slut, then."

Afonya gave a laugh. Piff sternly looked at his colleague, and so that he did not notice Vittorio, he shook his fist at him.

"What is a slut?"

The Italian asked.

"Shalava, how can I tell you..."

Piff stretched out, searching for a suitable answer in his drunken brain.

"... the slut is... the fisherman's daughter!" Well, that's how the shaland. Do you know shaland?

– OH! Chaland, chiatta, yes I know, it's a lot in my hometown of Livorno. There's a lot of chiatta, lots of fishermen.

– Yes, fishermen.

Sadly repeated Cardoup.

---

<sup>7</sup> (Ital.) Very beautiful

– So, the girl is a fisherman's daughter?!

"Yes, fisherman." Daughter.

The old man nodded. All present, as if on command they nodded their heads.

"Yes, yes, fisherman's daughter."

"What's her name?"

– Lyuska... well, that is Lyudmila...

"Epifanio, help me persuade her to marry me and move to Paris..."

At a time when motorists of the Barvinok cooperative cooperated and idol with them started to destroy the other half of the canister of stinking potions, the search for Icelandic moss did not cease for a minute.

"Alie, Rosalie Markovna?"

– Bena! You sho, crazy sbrendil?

"What's that?" We are already here noon.

– No, you saw such an idiot?! It's America! Saddny West, and you call like Hitler, at four in the morning! You sho Big Ben fell on your head?!

– Not yet. And why wi took?

– Yes, it sounded from there, from you, the weird guy went. I think it's only as Bene on bald head Big Ben fell.

– Oh, do not worry! That Ben as stood, and stands, hto him pozaritsya? It's just that the space ship's advice was launched from that Baikonur, so it clinked to you.

– Yes? It's strange, but it's like a big bang fell, he was healthy,

like the Queen Mother, a thousand years and two more years.

– It's a yes. And how are you?

«We're not Windsor, we're slowly falling apart." Ray, do you want to speak? U have such a time.

– Oh, you know, I like Roland always go ahead.

– That talk already!

"Do you remember Sonia's sister-in-law, Auntie's sister-in-law, my sister's uncle Chaim's niece?"

"Did she marry Moldovan?"

– That's right.

"Do not I remember the shozh?" After their wedding, my Slom hiccuped for three days and could not go to the toilet, from that cursed port.

"I do not know where Schlema was at the toilet, but I also had heartburn."

– So and sho?

"And then they needed Icelandic moss."

"Did he live?"

– Hwo?

"Well, is that moss?"

– No, this is a plant. It grows, as it is not strange in Iceland, and is considered a moss.

– And what?

"What?" So it is nada. You were there at your Minnesota absolutely brain frostbitten!

– Quiet, quiet! At us here at "Dzhuyke" it is settled on

ointments.

– So make a moss, and in us, too, will be asleep in the aura.

– Okay. Write down the number. You'll ask Walter Peter James McLeber, Mr. Bloomington, Sho's own grandson Lyova's grandfather from Igan, he sells used cars at South Dakota. He's still that Huron, he'll make it.

"Who, Gurod?"

"She's not a freak, but a huron!" Fenimore Cooper had to read in childhood, basotha.

– Oh, only do not scare me with your relatives!

"That one, already, sorcerer!" The Thames swallowed you.

"Alie, is this Walter Peter James McLeber, Mr. Bloomington?"

– If you're at the expense of that dopey Dodge, then call and compost the brains to your Colorado dealer. I explained to you sho I'm Toko intermediary.

– Alie, I still do not understand, is it vzhe South Dakota?

– And you hto?

"I'm from Rosa Markovna."

There was a pensive silence in the receiver.

– Mr. Walter Peter James McLeber?

– Ai throw, if you're from Aunt Rosa, you can just Edik.

– Well, well, let it be your way, Edik is so Edik.

– So sho in this regard?

"In this connection, Rosa Markovna said you can, you still

have a good time."

– Well, not so shob very, but somewhere around this area.

– Tada mine needs Icelandic moss, it grows near the Gúðfoss waterfall.

– You know sho? It sounds like a threat.

"Edik, maybe it's a threat, but your hands have the life of a good man."

– Well, if I understood correctly, we first need to go to Iceland, to get to that waterfall, de grows otot moss.

– Yes. And, if possible, the shortest way.

– Quite well.

"Shaw?"

– I speak ganz gut.

– Oh, this is your pronunciation...

– This is understandable, but how can I, in turn, be able to contact you?

– Just call Benya.

– So from, just Benya. One of ours could hear – Regina Wender, sho studied at the First Moscow State Medical University named after IM Sechenov, and then married Hersh Fisher and moved to America...

"No, I have not."

– So from, but I heard that she, that is her son, now Iceland.

"Edik, I'm begging, take control."

"That's where I'm calling." Do not worry.

Mandatory Walter Peter James McLeber, Mr. Bloomington,



he's just Eddie, immediately typed aunt Regina from Chicago.

– Hallow.

A friendly female voice was heard in the receiver.

– Rather, and Gut Er <sup>8</sup>, and not just so, but Sholom to you from Dakota!

"Eddie, dear, you were sick to mine. By the way, are you healthy?

– Yes Aunt Regina, I'm healthy, but there are problems and except for me, and it is by that profile that you hinted.

"Oh, oh, what a grief!" And hto, I know him?

"You may know, but I do not." In short, Icelandic moss is needed, but I heard your Bob at once from Iceland. So why should not he go to the Gúdfoss waterfall and tear down a couple of bushes of Icelandic moss. Having made this little thing, he will save the life of a good man.

"Edik, you know how I respect you, your family, your relatives, yours Friends and even your enemies, from Dafke to Farvos <sup>9</sup>! But sho up to the moss, then tell the mine, how business, I asked you? Moving?

– If everything is at the norm, then tomorrow you will have your own gesheft.

– Oh, Edik, you know how to persuade me, I'm calling my boy.

A minute later, in Reykjavik, in the room of the great chess

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<sup>8</sup> (Yiddish) Quite well. gut er – good morning / day / evening

<sup>9</sup> (Yiddish) from dapke to farways – there is something for that.

player Robert James Fisher, there was a phone call.

– Alie, is it Iceland?

– Yes. Here is Robert Fisher.

"Alie, Bobby, this is Mom."

– Hallow Mom.

– How are you, how are you sleeping, what do you eat?

– I'm fine, preparing for the next game.

"Bobby, you remember – at first sniff, they offer you sho, and then eat."

– Good.

"And do not drink water from the tap."

– Yes mom.

The grandmaster began to boil.

– And watch, Schaub was not tight was toilet paper.

– Good.

– Yes, Bobby, by the way, at the expense of it. We are not doing well, Uncle Edik called from Dakota. (She burst out laughing) Toko I wasted my time confusing the damned Dakotas, de Nordic, de soudern! Do you remember Uncle Edik from Dakota?

– No.

"Then listen to the sho nada to do: go to the Gūdfoss waterfall, and there Icelandic moss." Bobby, it's urgent.

– Mom, you're crazy, I have a match for the title of world champion!

– No, not much, just a few twigs.

"What moss!" What twigs!

"Bobby, you've always been an obedient boy."

"It's a chess crown, Mom." This is what I have longed for all my life!

"Bobby is not nervous, you should not be nervous."

– Mom, millions of TV viewers and radio listeners froze at the screens and speakers in the hope of hearing how the match stems. At stake are a lot of money! The country's authority, finally! And you, about some kind of moss!

"Bobby, it's right to say moss, you need to pull up the grammar."

– What?!

– I speak the correct word moss.

– Mama!!! What the hell grammar! What a devil moss!

Tomorrow I have a second party! This despite the fact that I lost the first one! This is not a joke, it's a chess crown!

"Well, for my mother, my boy." Do you love your mother?

Half an hour later, Fischer drove his "Ford" in the direction of the mother of the waterfall.

On the way back, with a thermo container full of Icelandic moss, Mr. Fisher stopped by the motel, took a sip of cold cola, and had a cup of coffee. Suddenly, in an empty cafe, a weary chess player heard the voice of a bartender.

"Mr. Fisher?"

– Yes it's me.

"Kindly, you were asked to call back at this number." In my opinion, they called from U.S.A.

Within 5 minutes, having smashed the unfinished cup of coffee on the wall and cursing everything, Robert Fisher, swept towards the Scougafoss waterfall.

P.s. However, for the next game with Boris Spassky, Fischer did not have time, for which he was credited with a technical defeat. But the thermo-container with Icelandic moss, Bobby's efforts arrived on time, still saved the life of Grisha Galduper. Nevertheless, in the match for the title of world champion in chess, held in Reykjavik, already on September 1, the same year, a new champion, he became Robert James "Bobby" Fisher. He defeated Spassky in twenty-one games, with a total score of 12.5: 8.5.

As for Vittorio and Lyuska Kotovasenka, the wedding was still held. And the 55-year-old Signor Toldo, being a member of the Italian Communist Party, managed to get Ludmilla's wife to go to Paris, which the girl dreamed of on long winter evenings, in their tiny komunk, in Stepan Khalturin Street, where she lived with a widowed mother and three younger brothers. So the reunion of Josephine with Paris still took place. Symbolically, is not it?

By the way, the fourth from which Navalayev made a cocked hat for an Italian guest, also got to Paris, and there, and to the office of Buggati. After analyzing the calculations of the cooling system made in one of Stalin's sharaga, the creators of

"Veyron" took them as the basis for their version, which allowed the sports car to be held as a "supercar" and equipped with a 3000-horsepower engine.

And yet, Valerik Shmatovalenko was cured due to a fright after the battery explosion.



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