

LIFE IS BOUNDLESS



***BY VADIM
KUCHERENKO***

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Аннотация

He dreams of being an astronaut, a conqueror of distant star worlds, whilst she wants to be an actress and dreams to conquer the spectators by her acting on the stage. However, they can not imagine their lives without each other, which means that someone has to give way and sacrifice his dream – and to become unhappy... But, maybe things are not so hopeless, as they might seem? Life is much wiser than we think of it in our youth. One should just trust himself and love as do the characters of the story “Life is Boundless” by Vadim Kucherenko.

Вадим Кучеренко

Life is Boundless

Summer was at its end, and after the big crimson sun sunk in the sea, the weather became autumn-like chilly. The darkened sky was abundantly dotted with glimmering stars. There were two of them, a boy and a girl between two big rocks, by the campfire lit on the seaside. They were talking, almost whispering, as if they were afraid of being heard, or shatter the loveliness of surrounding night.

– Just look at the stars, Nastya! It seems that they are dancing flamenco, – said the boy pointing at the sky, – they are just like you!

– And I think they are like pearls in a necklace, – said the girl, being silent for a while, – in the most beautiful of all necklaces that one can imagine.

– Each one of those in the necklace has its name, – the boy pointed at one of the stars. – Here's Proxima Centaura! The closest star to the Earth, it is situated four hundred light years beyond. For you to imagine – this is two hundred seventy thousand times more than the distance between the Earth and the Sun. – He draw an invisible line with his finger. – And this is Arcturus from Boötes constellation. If you fly a spaceship at full-bore speed of light, you will reach it in thirty-four standard years.

– Now that's really far away! – The girl shivered, as if she got

cold, – and long enough!

– But Deneb from Cygnus constellation is one thousand five hundred light years far away, – the boy returned with a bit tolerant smile.

– Is there any star that is closer than those you mentioned, Dima? – Asked the girl, as if it was only up to her vis-a-vis to decide, – this, the brightest of them all, what is its name?

– Sirius, – the boy replied, followed her gaze, – It is from Canis Major constellation. The name of this star is translated as “scorching”.

Answering the girl’s tacit question, he said without hesitation:

– It is just under nine light years far away from our planet.

The girl sighed sadly. She was afraid of the distances the boy talked about in a laid-back manner, as if the stars were situated in a suburbs of their home city, being easy to reach.

He noticed her became sullen, but he had no clue why, so he took her hand and said anxiously as if he was about to unfold a secret kept hidden just for that moment:

– You know what? One day I am going to visit this star. I mean, one of the planets of the Solar System. I will fish out some pearls, and, when I come back, I will craft a necklace for you, more beautiful than the stellar one. But more importantly, you will be able to handle and wear it.

Alas, the girl wasn’t as cheerful as he expected, and objected:

– People cannot fly among the stars. The stars are too distant. Human life is not enough to reach them and return.

– I will invent an engine for a spaceship, able to overcome the Time and Space, – positively answered the boy, – and will break through this enormous distance in a couple of months or years.

Seeing her wary look, he declared: I have already started my work. Just wait: after I graduate school and university, I will work for a research and development center, and surely will success with my invention.

Being silent for a while, he asked:

– Do you believe me?

– Certainly, – she answered without hesitation. – You know, I also often dream about something before going to bed. I just lie with my eyes closed and fantasize. Sometimes things I think about come true. That's very odd!

– And do you dream about future?

– I do indeed. Actually, a particular image of the future comes to my mind more often than not. A déjà vu! – She curtsied in an old-fashioned way. – Just imagine – I'm an actress. I am standing on a stage, a performance is over, audience is giving me a big hand, and I am bowing my thanks, I'm delighted, not about the happening, but because I know that my affectionate husband and children are waiting for me back home.

Her last words came out in almost an embarrassed whisper, but the boy perceived her. He stood up and ceremoniously bowed unto her, asking to dance, like a knight in old movies he was fond of watching.

– I dream as well, about my coming back home from space,

where my wife and children await for me. – He said it when the girl put her arm onto his shoulder, and her ear was near his lips.

They waltzed around the campfire, lighted by the stars and the trembling tongues of flame.

– A wife? – Indifferently asked the girl – and what is she going to be like?

– She will be just like you.

– Similar to me?

– Absolutely.

– But how could it be? – She shrugged, – it is impossible! I am the one and the only.

– A-ha! It's simple, – he took her game seriously and answered without any smile, – don't you get it? You will be my wife!

The girl tried to pretend that she was surprised, but nothing came out of it – she didn't have much acting experience in the end.

– Are you absolutely sure? – She asked archly.

– We're going to marry one day, – he stated with decision, – and you will give birth to our son.

They were dancing in silence, accompanied by a soft wash of waves, happy and switched off from the whole world, as it can only be in one's young love.

– And our son will play with that necklace you bring me from Proxima Centaura, – the girl whispered like if she was daydreaming.

– And dream about starscape.

– And once he is grown up...

– He and me will be flying to the stars together.

Suddenly she stopped, receded a pace and screamed:

– And you will leave me alone!

Her eyes became dimmed with tears. The boy got startled. He had no clue of what was going on and awkwardly tried to calm her down.

– There, now. Why are you crying?

– I'm crying away my grief to come, – the girl replied when her sudden despair was over, and she was able to talk. Her voice was wavering, unfolding the emotions she tried to hide. – Every time I'm in a world of hardships I just cry, and it helps me.

– A grief to come? – The boy was all at sea – What're you talking about?

She shivered as she was nestling by the campfire in order to get warm. She talked in a low voice, staring at fire, as if she was talking to herself.

– I wish life to be free of many things. Vicious dogs. A ball that speeds into face. Nails that are spread across a road... – For a moment she became silent, then she went on, – although I think that everything that happens, happens for good. Even if something bad happens – it will be good in the end.

– I asked you about that grief of yours. In our future life, – the boy asked stubbornly, with a gloomy look on his face.

– I know that there are blackholes among the stars. And it might happen that you... and our son... – Her voice was full of

fear, when she finally said it, – will never be able to come back!

The boy laughed with ease as he began to realize what was going on.

– Until you wait for us on Earth, that will never happen! – He said ensure of his words.

– It depends neither on me nor on you. – She shook her head, staring to the fire and trying not to look at the boy's face in order not to cry again, – my nanna says that one's fate depends only on God which is to be found in one's soul.

– What about you?

– Me? It seems that I haven't found my God yet. I'm not a religious kind, but if I see the crucifix, I cross, – she answered pensively after a moment of silence.

She averted her gaze to meet the boy's eyes as if she wanted her words to sound eloquently.

– One thing I know for sure. Even before the grief to come, hovering of it is going to break me. And one day no one will be there for you.

Her eyes dimmed with tears again. The boy hugged her and patted her head like soothing a baby, and whispered:

– Don't cry. Please.

– No, no, don't believe me! – She suddenly exclaimed almost subvocally, as if it was not her, but her soul. – I will wait for you forever, won't I? Just tell me that it is so, and I will laugh my fear away.

– Indeed you will. We love each other, and estrangement will

not fear us, – he ensured her.

– Just don't, – she nestled against him as she was trying to get warm, – don't ever leave me. Neither for the sky, nor for the ocean or the underground. Deal?

– Deal, – taking a deep breath, as if he was punching above weight, he answered with resignation. She was about to sacrifice anything for her happiness. He looked at the sky and said dreary: – Look. We need to go back. They might look for us if we don't. The stars have already become dim.

Sure enough, the sky got white before the dawn has hidden all the stars.

Several years passed. That year's May was amazingly warm and sunny, despite all weather forecasts, – its dawns were beautified with cheerful aubades, saluting from the kitchen window. A man and a woman of middle age were sitting at a table and having breakfast. He was on a heavy site a bit, with a light dusting of grey in his thinned hair, but his eyes looked pluckily through thick lenses. She was gracious and pretty with a specific femininity that a woman is able to reach in case she takes care of her appearance.

–And where is Gleb? – Asked the man, spreading bread with butter, – he is still sleeping, isn't he?

–This mischievous kid spent a half of the night at his telescope once again, – trying to be as much grumpy as she could, said the woman, gazing into the starry sky. You have to chew him out!

– Anastasia, may I ask you, why do I have to do it, not you? –

asked the man with actorish astonishment. – You know that I...

– You have to do it, Dmitry Ivanovich, at least because you did gift him the telescope on his birthday, – the woman interrupted, passing him a cup of tea, – so stew in your own juice!

– It would be better if I had gifted him ballet slippers...

– What have you just said? – Asked the woman strictly, but her eyes smiled, – I'm sorry, cannot hear you because of this annoying bird yelling. Why do they need to scream blue murder such early?

– I said, of course I will do it, honey! – The man gave a hasty answer, hearing a hint of anger in woman's voice, and decided not to be the next after the innocent birds, – I am certainly going to talk with our son about this night watches at the telescope.

– I'm happy that common sense has prevailed in our family, – the woman noticed drily, and suddenly she smiled like a playful girl. – By the way, ballet slippers are called pointe-shoes.

– That's good to know, – the man sighed with relief, being grateful that the storm has passed at a distance, – and birds are singing remarkably this morning!

– I agree on this, my dear husband.

– And on what don't you agree with me? – Feeling the hint of understatement in his wife's voice, asked the man. He was curious, as all the scientists are, sometimes he was his own enemy.

– On how you look on our son's future, – she answered amazingly looking at her husband, as if she was baffled with his

incomprehension. – He shouldn't stuff his head with that space. And you should not help him doing so.

– Don't you think it's up to him to decide? – He asked trying to be as soft as possible.

– Certainly, but...

She didn't finish her speech. A tall black-haired boy entered the kitchen. He resembled his mother surprisingly, but something elusive in his appearance was akin to his father – maybe eyes, to be precise, his way of looking on things, sagely and with curiosity. He looked at his parents with a mocking reproach, as if he understood that their morning talk was related to him, and sat at the table. The boy anticipated that their yet another controversy was impossible to become a quarrel, because father always yields to mother on such occasions as he loved her so much, and he wasn't anxious.

–What do we have for breakfast? – He asked, knowing for sure how to improve mother's mood, – Caution: I'm as hungry as a hunter! I could eat an elephant, if you, my dear mother, would slice it.

– Oh, but your mother has just told me that you are sleeping like a log, – they exchanged expressive glances like two coup-plotters, father and son had a tacit understanding with each other. – As far as I know, hunters don't eat logs.

– You are mistaking, my dear parents, – the boy smiled, wolfing a huge sandwich that his mom gave him. The bread was heavily smeared over with butter, not to mention slabs of cheese

and luch meat. – I have already done my morning exercises and taken a shower.

– Haven't you forgotten to make your bed? – Father asked strictly as soon as he exchanged puzzled glances with his wife

– Have done it in the first place.

– That's my boy! – He couldn't help but complimented him, having forgotten that parenting should be as strict as possible. His wife once told him so, referring to either the great teacher Makarenko or some biblical antediluvian. He himself had a different opinion, but he wasn't really of a willful kind, so he gave up on that. He was rigid only when it came to science.

–Dmitry! – The woman accented, looking reproachfully at her husband.

–Yes, honey?

–I guess there was something you wanted to tell our son, – she said pointedly.

– Sure thing... – he was about to say something, but checked himself under his wife's indignant and ominous gaze. –Not like this... I was about to ask him about his plan... – stammering over a word, he started to turn over related questions in his mind. Finally, he picked the needed one. – Let's say, a plan for this summer. Your school year is about to end, am I right?

–Yes, you are, – the boy looked cautiously at him. He noticed the displeasing glances of his parents. – Guess even in that prehistoric times of yours and mother's schooling, classes ended in May.

–Prehistoric! – Impatiently exclaimed the woman. – Am I a dinosaur to you? You little ingrate!

Her husband gave a sign of silence. She obeyed that time, as the started conversation was more interesting and important to her, than her bruised ego.

–What are you going to do during your summer vacation, son?

–Got loads to do, father, – the boy answered with a bit of a condescension.

–Than tell us, sonnie, – she couldn't resist but asked, despite the upbraiding gaze of her husband who preferred outflanking maneuver instead of frontal assault. Such method guaranteed peace and tranquility in their family life. – Me and your dad are all ears.

–To start with, mom and dad, I would like to win a city school astronomy competition,– answered the boy after a while, as if he assessed his future plans, putting them in order of importance. – It will be held next week.

–A decent ambition, son, – smiled the man, – so you are drilling for that very competition during nighttime, aren't you? Mom was worrying that you just idly look onto the starry sky, dreaming in vain about the distant worlds... – He sighed unintentionally – as I did in your age.

–Well, I never thought like that! – Exclaimed the woman indignantly.

– Of course, you didn't, mom, and rightly so, – conciliatory said the boy. – For I am not just looking through my telescope...

– But I indeed never said it! – She protested, looking guilty.

The boy gave her a sign of silence, doing so he looked so much the same way his father was, so the woman couldn't help but opened her mouth in silent astonishment, like a huge drop-out fish.

–I hope to make a scientific discovery, that surely will bring our family name into repute, my dear parents. For you must know, the comet that had been discovered by Isaak Newton using a telescope, was named after him – Newton's comet. By the way, it was among the brightest comets of the 17th century. It was also known as Great comet of 1680. Isaak Newton studied its orbit after making a discovery. He was up to confirm Kepler's laws of planetary motion...

Alas, one must draw the line somewhere, and his mother, who listened to such scientific speech, enriched with terminology and facts, being quiet and admired to that moment, came to her senses and resented.

–Please, have some mercy on your poor mother! – She said almost in imploration, – my head is spinning! Although I appreciate your motion to glorify our family, but you don't have to spend nights by the telescope.

– You don't have to, indeed, – father picked up, – the brightest comet may be seen even in daytime. That's truly a miracle!

– I didn't mean it, – the woman protested, – think about devoting yourself to the service of art. To perform on a stage is...

But she was interrupted by her son, to whom she submitted

with greater desire than to her husband.

–Mom, one talented actress is already enough for our family. And so is for one talented engineer. I'm talking about you and father. Just for the sake of variety, I can become an astronomer or an astronaut...

–Dmitry! – She exclaimed lamentably, without pretense.

– What happened, my dear? – Her husband got truly worried and rushed to her. – You have become pale! Are you okay?

– It has passed off now, – she replied, drawing her husband aside while he tried to give her tea in a tiny china cup. She could not afford herself to lose temper just because she overreacted. Many years of acting experience made it possible to her to get a grip on herself and to talk calmly:

–My dear men, I suggest us to come back down to earth and discuss the topic we started our talk with – our plans for summer. For example, I'm going to go on tour to Tashkent with my theatre in August, and I can take you two with me. Tashkent is a wonderful city! There is a fragrant air there! As if you smell a freshly baked bread...

–I'm afraid I can't, – her husband protested categorically. When it came to his scientific researches shifting the calculus in their favor, he was unyielding. – My job... You know it! There's a high probability for us to finally make a breakthrough and create an engine, which... but let's not run before the hounds. Touch wood!

–I see... – She nodded not even trying to argue, as she was

experienced enough in a happy family life in addition to her acting experience. – What about you, Gleb?

– Mom, I’ve just told that I’m preparing for the astronomy competition, – the boy mimicked his father’s tone, – and I hope to be the winner. The winner gets a ticket to the Space session at National Children Centre “Ocean”. I’ll spend three weeks with guys that are keen on astronomy just like me, from all across the country. What could be better and fascinating more than this?

– A lot of things, I guess... – The woman sighed with amazement at her son taking after his father. The older he gets, the more this resemblance becomes obvious. – But, of course, I’m not going to impose you my opinion.

– Thanks, mother! I really appreciate this! – Laughed the boy. He came to his mother and kissed her, softening her resistance up to an end. – Then it’s settled! You’re leaving for your Tashkent tour, father is leaving for his laboratory, and I’m leaving for “Ocean”! Good stuff!

– Dmitry!

– What is it, honey?

– Speak up like a man! – Said the woman with a sad reproach.

That was the only thing she had vigour to do.

– Help me!

– Um-m... Son!

– Yes, dad?

The man cleared his throat and made himself severe-looking, as if he was up to giving a speech at a scientific council, but it

was only a single phrase he managed to say.

– Yet I know from my own experience... By the way, do you know that I met your mother there, when we were teenagers?

– I've heard this story for about a million times, –the boy nodded with sigh, – but if you insist, I can listen to it once again.

– Oh, there's no need in it... Until next time... So, a shift in "Ocean" is three weeks long, while summer is three months long.

– Yes, I thought about it, dad, hoping that you will help me.

– How come? – Father asked interestedly, having had completely forgot about what he was about to say.

– I want to spend these two remaining months as a trainee at your laboratory. I'm really keen on the stuff you're doing there. Those engines, able to coil the bounds of space and time, are the future of great promise in cosmonautics. If successful... You wouldn't believe, mother, what it will become to the humanity! Mankind will be able to reach even the distant stars!

– Yes, I heard this before, – she said with a hopeless look on her face, – and I was hoping that I will never hear it again. But, I guess, around and around goes the wind, and on its circuits the wind returns... There's only one thing that soothes me.

– What is it? – asked the man with innocent look, giving his son a quiet wink.

– That our son is only fourteen years old. And he is still too young to work, even as a trainee, at your laboratory. Growing up, he might drop the idea of cosmos...

But she hadn't given any hope on the healing power of time.

– You’re mistaking, mom, – Gleb claimed stubbornly, – firstly, I’m not only, but already fourteen, and I’ve got a passport, if you remember. That means that I am able to work, even at dad’s laboratory as a trainee. But I suppose only in case if he puts in a word for me. Actually I’m against such patronage things, but we’re talking about science, not about some white-collar stuff, am I right, dad?

The man grunted with satisfaction.

– You know, honey...

– What? – Obediently sighed the woman. She looked like a lamb at the slaughter, but hadn’t decided how to play a flourish yet.

– Our son has an old head on young shoulders. Like, really, he is grown-up enough for...

– For what? – She asked with sincere perplexity.

– For making his own decisions, – he said unflinchingly, – so we have to accept his plans. But with a certain correction, if you don’t mind, son.

– What is it going to be?

– I’ll help you to become a trainee at my lab. We do need hands and wise heads. Upon the sole condition...

– I agree with this condition in advance, dad.

– Don’t hurry, my boy, – father stopped him with a resolute gesture. It was unusual for him to be like this at home, but in cases like that everyone obeyed without notice. – So, you will spend three weeks at “Ocean”, one month – at my laboratory,

and one month – on tour with your mom. Before making a final choice, you are to experience all these activities. This is going to be fair, don't you think so?

– But I don't want to be an actor, dad! – The boy exclaimed almost in imploration – I don't want to be anyone except...

– You're not the one who makes the decision.

Both of them turned their faces to the woman and looked at her with identical eyes. Those loving eyes forced her to surrender.

–Biting the bullet, I must say – yes, it will be an honest deal.

– All right, dad, – the boy decided not to argue anymore, – I agree with your condition. And now I must go and prepare for the astronomy competition, if you don't mind. Time is getting on.

Whistling happily, Gleb left with a highly contented look, as if he gained a victory that turned out to be unexpectedly flawless.

For some time everyone remained silent. Then the woman humbly said:

–Will you forgive me?

– For what exactly, honey? – Asked the man with sincere amazement. He thought to hear different words from his wife, who was, without any doubt, disappointed in her dreams.

Words that were said after hit him like a ton of bricks:

–For turning you away from space.

He kept quiet for a while, thinking over that sudden confession

–That's weird! – He said finally, – I've been thinking that you were the one who gave me the wings, and, thus I managed to fly.

– But here, on Earth.

– One can see starry skies even from Earth. That will do for me.

She came to him and took a sit on his knees:

–You're a very, very, very good person, do you know it?

It was not if he didn't agree with the statement, but his scientific objectivity made him doubt that.

–I just love you very much, my dear wife. I love you more than stars. That's it. So you don't have to ask for my forgiveness. I made my choice once. I have no regrets.

–Really?

–I swear by the Great Cosmos! – he asseverated – by every single star that existed, exists and will exist. Forever and ever.

And to make it more persuasive, he sealed his avowal up with a long kiss...

Many years have passed. The sea had calmed towards evening, and the dwellers of a small sea-shell shaped house came out to feast their eyes upon the setting sun the edge of which had already touched the horizon. The aged nestled down on comfy basket chairs by the house and muffled their legs up in blankets. Thus, they were sitting in dreaminess, having had short talks here and there, gripping the elusive meaning of the words unspoken, like a poet who creates an image or a scenery.

–He is to be back today. Our son, – the man said, when the ordinary topics for conversation had come to an end, and it became impossible to hide the anxiety, that had been unsettling them since morning.

–I wonder what he has become, – the woman responded, unfolding her hidden thoughts, – the space flight took several years.

– Let’s hope that he hasn’t changed at all, and he still resembles me, – the old man couldn’t help but demonstrated a slight reflection of vanity in his words.– Of course, I’m talking about the younger version of myself!

–Indeed, you were handsome and manful, – the woman commented indulgently, and then added with a wistful smile,– you loved giving gifts as well. You have gifted me a stellar necklace once.

–Oh, but you rejected it, a fey girl who danced flamenco and dreamed about the stage! – The man also smiled at his memories. – Then I gifted myself to you, and couldn’t gift you the stars anymore.

They were sitting in silence for a while, thinking their own thoughts. Then she pronounced quietly, as if she tried to excuse herself:

–But, we had, and, I hope, we still have loved each other.

–That’s why I have never regretted those stars forever lost, – he said.

She looked at him with doubts, and he repelled her look with a soothing eye. Her eyes became dimmed with unwilling tears. She wiped them, grumbling about a fresh rough breeze from the sea.

– How could it be that life has passed? – The phrase slipped out of her mouth, when the tears were running dry – In a blink

of an eye!

– Do you hear it? – The old man asked, lending an ear to something, – somebody's coming!

–Glebushka! – She burst out even before she saw her son.

Indeed, it was him. A tall man with hair streaked with gleaming grey, who was laughing with the pleasure of the anticipated meeting. He gave a long hugs to his parents, hiding the tears of happiness which he was shy of.

When everyone set their heart at rest and recovered their temper, regaining the possibility to speak coherently, Gleb asseverated in great excitement:

–Father! The engine has coiled the bounds of space and time. Instead of several thousand years that were required earlier, our ship has made it to Proxima Centaura in some years. And get back. Just as you dreamed.

Gleb turned to his mother and said in a different tone:

–Look, mom, what I've brought to you from that space trip, – he fished out a necklace, that flashed like a star in the rays of the setting sun, from his pocket. – These gems are from the planet that orbits Proxima Centaura, and that is similar to our Earth. I've gathered them and made a necklace. Let me clothe you with it!

He clothed his mother's slim neck with the necklace, and she didn't feel its heaviness. The bulky gems seemed to be almost ethereal, like if they lost their weight on their way to Earth in zero gravity.

–This necklace is beautiful! And it is smelled with the space...

– she whispered.

– That’s only a part of the story, – Gleb said, looking with tenderness at his parents. They had grown really old during the time he participated in the space expedition, while he remained almost the same. Time flew different in the space environment. – The distant star, the different planet – that’s not everything I’ve encountered since my departure... During the flight, I met a girl. She was a member of the expedition like me. We talked to each other a lot, about things... We fell in love with each other.

He made pauses during his speech, as if he picked his words with care. He spoke to the closest ones about the most essential thing of his life, and he was afraid of misunderstanding.

But to no avail.

–That’s, like, really good! – His father nodded with a soft smile, and commented with invitation: – So?

–So, I would like to introduce her to you and mom, – he got things out in the open and turned red, like if he was still a little boy, – you.. – he glanced at his mother, – do you mind if I do so?

– That’s fine by me, – his father laughed, – and what about you, mother of the spaceman?

–I would be happy if you do so, sonnie! – His mother assured him. Of course, being a woman, she had read him like a book to that moment. – I’m sure she is remarkable, I have already loved her! What’s her name?

– Masha, – he said and corrected himself immediately, as if it was necessary – Maria!

– Maria, – his mother repeated, as if she meditated upon the word, – If I recall correctly, the name means beloved, desired. What a wonderful name! Am I right, father of the spaceman?

–Huh? – The old man sounded absently, thinking his own thoughts, – sure thing...

–What're you thinking about, honey? – She asked with soft insistence. – Don't hide even the most dire of your thoughts from me!

– I'm thinking about the recent conversation, – he declared, coming back down to earth, and, like a habit, taking her words seriously. – You have said that life has passed, haven't you? I must say that in this particular situation you've got mistaken, honey, – he palmed her slender wrinkled arm, as if he tried to soothe her, with his bony hand, intertwined with thick blue veins. – Yeah. Our life is boundless, endless! Life's eternal spring flows through the bounds of time and space, through our descendents, even the distant ones. And I say we will never die until they are alive.

–So this what are you thinking about in the hour of need! – She exclaimed with a little sneer, and asked: Listen! What do you hear?

– I hear the plaintive cry of seagulls, – he answered, – they fly high above the water. The weather is going to change.

– You? – She addressed to her son.

– I still hear the roaring turbines and the flutter of a taking-off spaceship, – he said, – that's not going to pass off soon.

–And I hear tremendous applauses and bravo screams almost

every single sleepless night, so distinctly, like I do stand on a scene, despite I lie in my bed at the moment. Well, of course, I hear those seagulls, or the turbines, depending on whom of you I am thinking about. But towards morning the sounds are gone, and only the measured beat of the waves remains. Despite the insomnia, I would like to hear it forever. And, above all else, I do believe that it will be so.

– What're you talking about? – The old man asked quizzically.

– Ah, just about that eternal and immortal things, – she answered with a quite laugh, – keep in mind, that we have a different topic for discussion today, that, I must confess, I've diligently evaded for all my life.

And they have been talking about the Cosmos through the whole evening.