

Fragment from the book "Nonsense of Aaron"

THE BAG PURCHASED CLEVERLY

Seeing one of the classmates having bag that could be carrying in his hand, a shoulder bag with several compartments of different sizes, Aaron desired to have the same. He went to Tel Aviv, to the shuk (market) Carmel.

He did not know how to bargain. In the Soviet state it was the custom in the market, but he not traded: bought when the price was appropriate or went to another seller. Yes, and he went to the market very rarely, only when Louise was busy.

- Why don't you bargain? – was he asked - Sometimes you can buy the same thing for half the price! In the month that is a big savings! And in year? Got it?

And Aaron has decided to bargain, seeing at Allenby Street in Tel Aviv desirable bag.

- Kama ze ole? (How much is this item?)

- Shiv'im - Pearl smiled at him black-eyed young saleswoman. - Ze rak bishvilha (Seventy. This is just for you)

- Lo. Toda. (No. Thank you.)

He sent a foot away.

- Wait a minute! - Beauty cried, tightly clutching his sleeve. - How much you give? He paused, closed his eyes and dropped:

- Eshrim! (Twenty!)

- You laugh? - Screamed the saleswoman.

- No. But the more I will not give. That's it.

- Well, just for you selling it for fifty! Beseder (in the order)? It's free! Only for you!

- Thirty. For your beauty.

- Forty-five. For your kindness.

- Expensive, expensive, beautiful.

- Forty. Take it. This is your bag.

He weighed in the mind: forty shekels - about half requested. He must take. Had paid. Had fun hanging the bag on his shoulder, throwing out of it retained the shape of paper. Sent good wishes to the woman. His legs trembled slightly, about to push off the ground for the triumphant flight.

CARMEL-WONDER SHOOK

He went down the long ramp down between two rows of trading, while trying to stay longer in the canopies shade.

- Bekama ze ole? (how much does it cost?) - asked he in Hebrew from a young and nervous-looking guy, pointing to a metal grater.

- Ten shekels, - he answered in Russian.

- And if five? - In Russian, Gordon suggested.

- Go, go away! Do you want to have all, without money, you seen it? – the guy shouted in Russian, but with an Asian accent, angrily and loudly.

Aaron hurried away, and after him the guy was yelling in Russian, with the same, whether the Caucasus, or Central Asian accent:

- Bully! Bandit! Bandit! Bully!

Laughed, turned into Kanita. She was making faces, shook her fist Gordon. Then the witch, somehow separated from the guy, as a skinny black cat made her way slowly through the dense current stream of people to Aaron. Shot up in the growth of girl-witch.

- He will beat you, this nervous! - She laughed. - That to you for the black-eyed Sveta. She a long time loved you in vain. You're frightened, "she is younger of me thirteen years! Oh! If I marry her, she will change me, stoping loving the old man, ah! " And after eighteen years you have met on the beach, and you differently gasped: "Oh, what a figure!" Although Sveta had a daughter had finished school, the woman blushed, seeing you. She loved you still! You are a coward! You're not a man! For nothing you wear pants.

- You laugh, but I was shocked at the beach ...

- Little you were shaking! Such a miss! Suicide!

Oh, he remember that meeting! Sveta in the divorce from her husband was, and he quarreled with Louise. That would a signal to connect! The daughter of her was not a hindrance. But no, not made up his mind: she was very much a beautiful – Sveta. It was terrible!

- Kanita, leave me alone! I am buying products!

- You must be punished! Rachel's my grandmother thinks that you're mature enough, but my mother did not agree.

- What? Are you saying that you are Hannah, not Kanita? Cursed witch! Do not be fooled!

- What Kanita? I do not know any Kanita! I'm Hannah. And I will deliver you from the abnormal. Aaron looked back. The guy really looked after him. He is about to run. And the rage covered the old man, displacing fear.

- Get out of here, damn! I'm not afraid of witches!

Kanita disappeared with the nasty giggles.

- I have to be alert! - decided Aaron. - It is time to remove arnac (purse) from my back pocket: a nasty little man for a long time something comes over me. I will put my purse in the top pocket of the shirt!

Many sellers praised their goods with loud shouts and sonorous voices ranged with the force of downright enviable. Oh, he, who sang for several years on stage, he knew in that sense. Happy for them, vociferous.

- I wish I was so vociferous and sing, shout, - whispered aloud. - What is it? And I will sing! - Aria about the markets? - As if an echo reply.

He did not pay his attention.

He stopped before the seller of apples. Bought two kilos.

- Toda raba (thank you very much) - threw a dealer habitually, without enthusiasm.

- Toda lecha (thank you), - a grateful customer said, surprising the gray-haired seller.

He walk on to buy onions, smoked fish, radishes and potatoes. Packets delayed the hand, but saw a plum, was the bargain. The seller, over which hung a giant bat with a wrinkled face Miuva, yelled:

- Do you need cheap! You probably was at Russia a general? Get out of here! Go! Go!

- I am a little kazin (officer) - Aaron dejectedly replied, turning away from the terrible red-eye winged creatures.

- You First Lieutenant, - shrieked bat, - say it in Hebrew! You do not know how to say? Why do you study Hebrew?

Angry seller did not notice it. Weighed pounds plums, to the astonishment of Gordon throwing away spoiled fruits.

- Toda raba, - ole pressed his hand to his heart, dropping only one of packages, hanging on the other hand.

Rat laughed - but it seemed to choke when saw that a young man in a visor turned back cap went to Aaron closely - and the rat disappeared.

The young man picked up the package and handed to the buyer.

Aaron thanked him, but still felt his wallet in his pocket. Just in case.

Seller cried extremely loudly, causing poor Gordon's whole body shudder:

- Shizif! Bezol! (Pluc! Cheap!)

- Well? What? - Said the young man, taking the Gordon packages. - It's Caruso! Pavarotti! But by the will of fate that talent sells fruit! Come, my dear, I'll accompany you to the bus. **Otherwise you die prematurely, and the wrong way.**

The heat weakened Gordon, he did not respond to this reminder and to the bus stop hardly reached.

The young man put the bags on the sidewalk and quietly becoming a beautiful black and white cat, slowly walked away. Aaron realized: this was Lyuoma.

He wanted to lie down on the ground. But drove the bus, and a powerful air conditioner in his cabin helped passengers get over it.

JOYS AND ALERTS OF THE BUYER

- Do you not buy hens? - asked the old Rachel, when Aaron Gordon returned and placed the perishable foods in the refrigerator.

- No, I am taking the steaks - he said. - Say, you're a witch, and your name is Miyuva?

- I am not a witch, darling. I'm Rachel. I told you when meeting that my middle name is Miyuva.

Parents added, after an illness. So ask in Super-sal whether are there sheriots. And buy!

- What is it?

- Chicken cut. Cost twice cheaper than chicken. They can be boiled, fried.

Seller, strong man with red mustache, like a Horae's worker, who taught ole (immigrant) posting ads, looked at the old man with the fun and condemning said in Russian:

- To the Ulpan go? Taught Hebrew? Sheerit - is residue. Feminine. In the plural, change the "um" to "iot". Not *sheriots* but *sheariots*! Eat - and teach Hebrew, Dad. Got it?

Barbel weighed two pounds of chicken leftovers.

Suddenly something was said by the speaker's voice. Gordon learned two terrible words: "Hefetz hashud" (suspicious object).

At the gate stood a policeman and did not let out. Through the shop windows could be seen as two of his colleagues stopped people from both sides for dozens of meters away from the store.

In the scaffolding of the building under construction, there were two builders of Moscow in hats sombrero.

Aaron knew them: father - a journalist, and his son - a teacher. A year later, the father would become kaban (contractor), apparently by investing some money in affair, and a year later - would go under, unable to withstand the competition, buy on the installment plan "Volkswagen", and both father and son would become taxi drivers.

From the store has no one released: at the entrance on the bench laid a suspicious bag, the owner of which has not yet turned up. Finally, the police car arrived, the bag was shot several times. Then it was opened, but they found nothing suspicious.

Aaron went home. He thought about what had happened. He yet not suggested that the Arab fanatics, surrounded by a deadly belt, will soon explode themselves in a crowd of peaceful Jews, among whom are children and pregnant women, devout and decrepit old men, and non-Jews, and sometimes maybe the Arabs.

That this ungodly crime will make Arabs to be happy, as a feat of heroic self-sacrifice in a just struggle against Zionist aggression. That peacekeepers in Europe will announce this kind of terrorist violent act as a response to the inappropriate actions of the occupying country.

- Suicide is the gravest sin, committed with intent to kill innocent people, among them - children, - a sin super-heavy, super-sneaky, - thought Gordon. - But if the dead are Jews, anti-Semites changes the meaning of the fact to the reverse.

Aaron cooked a full pot of delicious soup and eat it all day. Humming a cheerful intestine. But the memory came back to the expectation of the explosion at the store, reminding at the same time of the bombing of the forty-first year of his own contusion.

The following week he walked along the stalls of Shuk, looking for small scissors. And saw them at the old hawker. Remembered in Herzliya this more expensive.

- How much? - ask the buyer.

- Five shekels, - gave the seller the product.

- And cheaper?

- Ole hadash? (New immigrant?) Buy for three shekels.

- Maybe for two?

- Shame on you! I'll give a gift - a good-natured wrath of breath coeval.

- Well, well, sorry, I'm taking.

He will remember this fine deal with the shame every time trimming his nails on his hands. Will redden and groan at the same time.

FROM THE BOOK "NONSENS OF AARON"

The second excerpt

- Do you want to the land of my ancestors? - asked Aaron.

Louise answer, thinking:

- If you will not run away from there in a year, I'll come to you. And if you will run from there away - I will have to wait you, I and this apartment, for which we're given the Soviets a half-life.

- Get to ride together. Or break up!

- Visionary. In a foreign country - perish. And not need for a sick old man.

- Israel is to me not a foreign country, it is my historical homeland. Do you understand?

- Your home - here: you speak, think, write incompetent poetry in Russian, you sing Russian songs and romances ...

- Yes, I love Russia. Recently wrote:

I eagerly liked Russia:

And the forest and rivers, and valleys,

And the stories rise, and the sound of the epic,

And the deep heat of Russian souls.

Since my childhood I stuck with my heart

To Russian poetry and to prose.

And I sawed wood in the cold,

And I sang the Russian songs.

- Why are all in the past tense?

- Because my soul is already there! And because it began to add new lines:

But if you dare for a moment forget

That my blood is Jewish, is other ...

He jumped up, ran around the room.

- For the Nazis, which there are here more and more, I'm the number one enemy as for Hitler! Read newspapers, which are not banned! I blame the fact that the Romans crucified Christ, that a Jew was involved in the execution of the royal family! In the Bolshevik revolution! In Stalin's repressions!

- Stalin - not a Jew!

- Yes. And so it is - after total genocide - they love him!

- Cool down! You fall into a grotesque!

- And as for the Jews - to drive, drive! So I'll go myself! Although I love Russia not less than Russian Nazis.

- What are you boiling? Everything will go out.

- I, a Jew, blame for the industrialization, collectivization! I blame the fact that to the war the Soviet Union was not ready - and so many Russian young lives were laid.

- Well, not only Russian. Your Uncle Simcha died as a hero. He was strong, courageous. And your cousin uncles fought and died.

- I am proud of them. I know that hundreds of thousands of Jews fought in our army, in the Army of the United State. There were many Jews in the Resistance. But did you not forgotten that Simcha went to the front of the camp? That my Mom in the year fifty-second was driven into retirement, denied the full Major pension. My grandfather David died of hunger, and my father went blind because of hard work. But they are Jews, the enemies of these geeks, anti-Semites.

- Such men are in the minority. Take at least a neighbor Chujev.

- It's true - Aaron suspended. - But for those - I am a Jew, who must answer. For all of what they themselves are to blame. For their patience, laziness, for ...

He could not assume that his ambitious wife will be discovered raped and murdered.

She was returning home from work through the dangerous woods. She was in a hurry to feed him a hot dinner. She always took care of him ...

On identification, he looked petrified at the corpse. Then he was interrogated until he yelled:

- Look for this bastard, you're missing out on time!

-

Before midnight, he walked around the room and wept, he realized that Louise was always loved, that for forty years it has become his home. Sobs moved to howl, and Aaron began to bang your head against the wall.

And then Chujev a neighbor rushed, rebuked him.

At night, Aaron Gordon had a painful dream of his childhood: witches, a mother and daughter raised threatening hands, in a terrible silence, slowly but inexorably came at him, petrified with horror.

- I would be punished - Aaron decided - because Louise hurried for me - and went to her death.