

An excerpt from the story "ANNIHILATION"

Except for a noticeable congenital lameness, which served the cause of ridicule in grade school, he suffered severe myopia, diabetes, discovered recently, myocarditis, and neurasthenia. This deficiency was torture when the boys in his class became friends with the girls in a special way. Only he was left alone.

Father's severity even more tormented him. Busy with vast research and teaching, Leo Mendeleev called not only for the absolute silence in the house, but also a permit for any trifle. Disobedience was fraught with terrible shout, and then flogging.

But the worse thing was his acerbic wit, wounded and painfully impressionable both his wife and his son, similar to mother with fine sensibility.

The father's behavior frightened little Malik, angered ten-year-old Marik, outraged with its illogic and irrationality young man Marlen. For all that he loved his father and genuinely respected him.

His mother he just adored. He was happy to eat something delicious that she cooked, he carefully put all items washed by his mother, but still more liked secretly to read her poems. Followed the birth of their nerve and crossing rough drafts, he surprised at this miracle.

Many of her poems he knew by heart.

Poems of his mother, Anne Volgina (or Anna Mendelejeva, maiden name Anna Lihtikman), were sadly bright.

They reconciled with reality, and quietly called for something unknown, but - no doubt - perfect.

A sledgehammer of the real life broke again and again crystal light reconciliation and hope, born of such a poem.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Marlen was often sad. And sometimes melancholy cover hem with such force that he wanted to die.

And then he went to his room and quietly, unknown to everyone, was crying. And saw in a dream a fantastic nightmares.

Then in the left temple appeared the sound of some voice. Someone. Nobody. He seemed to be started from the headset radio. It broadcast. Get rid of it was impossible to.

It appeared for the first time when he and Sergey Kislenkov fled in a truck from the angry guys threatened with knives.

That night the young man was very strong nervous. Mendeleev heard before to sleep:

- Trrruck! Electrric welding butt. Karrde! Karrdiosklerroz! Korronarrokarrdio! Yeah!

Although the voice immediately disappeared, Marlen could not sleep. He was expecting for its new appearance.

A few days later, during a fight between the two groups at the college in which he necessarily had to participate, he was hit on the head, and a voice immediately struck him:

- Scrrrambl! Marriage! Cancerrr! Retro-perrpetuum! Strokodayderr. Brro-oh! Contusion! Diffusion!

The next morning, when Marlen was going to college, from the angle of the house leaned black fist, shook - and melted.

In the evening, he saw at the entrance a huge white dog friendly nods his head and waved his paw.

He was surprised and scared. But came up, stared and found it was a large piece of wrapping paper, discarded by someone.

And then from the heavens jumped on his head a huge cat. He recoiled. But it was only a baby shirt, deflated by the wind from the rope on the third-floor balcony. Why did the cat seemed?

But this was not the end: at night he dreamed of a black snake, all covered with blue eyes turn to him wink. He woke up screaming.

- Your imagination, oh-ho, young man, is too rich, - explained the old man-therapist in clinic, to which he came.

- It is necessary, oh-ho, more physical work, visit at least three hours a day in the fresh air, to go to bed no later than ten o'clock in the evening, oh-ho, and doing physical exercises in the morning.

The old man lovingly dipped into a fist his skinny tapered beard, looked kindly on the patient, and continued:

- Do you not try to write poetry? In vain. It helps, oh-ho. Draw, oh-ho? Play on anything? Buy a guitar and play, oh-ho, you will not regret. Buy pencils. And paint. Draw. All will go to your artworks. Or you can enter, oh-ho, a drama group. Ah, yes, yes, yes, you walk with a limp. But it almost is not noticeable.

- Could you direct me to a neurologist? - Marlen said, fidgeting in his chair.

- Or to a psychiatrist, maybe?

- My dear, the neurologist you, oh-ho, the same thing to say. Because the neurologist at the clinic that's me. And the psychiatrist - too.

The old man chuckled for a long time and the patient decided that the doctor should contact the psychiatrist.

On the same evening, brushing his teeth at night, Marlen heard a voice in his head:

- Down with doctorrrs! Rrruin! Everrryone has innerrr voice! All of you! But everyone is afraid to say so! Because if you say you will be placed in a psychiatrrrric clinic. In a psychiatric hospital. Ha! Ha-ha-ha. Marlen, ha ha ha! A stupid name!