

# The dramatic introduction

## FRAGMENT FROM STORY 'DESTINY'

Samoilov walked slowly through the woods. He first talked eagerly with nature. He felt it, and its affinity and unity with it. Forgot about all that has left thousands of miles away ...

The warm green needles, birds singing and smells of the forest set up his tired brain for a long time, it seemed, lost immediacy of perception of the world.

Yesterday's chief engineer, now - the unemployed, stretched out his hands toward heaven, happily stretched skyward.

But then he looked around.

No one.

He smiled.

And heard somewhere not far ahead voices, and soon came to a meadow.

A woman wearing a white shirt and gray shorts, was playing badminton with a boy of about eight years. All her movements, even the sharp racket blows were so graceful, that the man stood, admiring.

The son's blows were inaccurate, with the misses, and this upset and angered him. Finally, he threw the racket to the ground.

His mother, hiding a smile, asked softly:

- Sergey, play a bit more: you almost get! I also did not immediately learned. Well, five more times - and go to the lake!

Painful Samoilov's memory has identified Dimka, whose voice rang in his ears. For year he has not seen his son, after a divorce. Alina left town with the boy. He did not answer her letters, even stopped to read them. Yet before leaving for his holiday suddenly became alarmed, opened the next envelope.

Not sleep all night, he had read the letter ...

No, he must not remember anything! Relax, just relax!

- Maybe you will play with me? - asked he the boy.

Caught the watchful woman's gaze and confused:

- If you permit.

- You seem to have somewhere to go - she reminded him coldly, looking away.

He was confused even more, but, drunk with the living miracle of the June woods, and perhaps a miracle of beauty moves badminton lover, suddenly threw something unexpected for himself. Something turned to the boy.

But was it to him alone?

- Poor me, poor wretch, - whined, half-smiling, - no one with me does not want to play. That will take a half a finger. No, perhaps, I will return to the place torn piece.

He did this simple trick, still in the shower surprised himself - and was rewarded.

- Wow! - admired the boy - how are you doing?

- Sergei, this uncle of a hurry - still cold said the woman, for some reason, trying not to look at Samoilov.

- Observe me, - Leonid Gennadievich suggested that the unexpected stubbornness for themselves - and be attentive.

He explained Sergei, how did the trick, then showed another, more - and soon they were friends.

Samoilov, have being forgetting all , was though once again playing with his son. And therefore, when suddenly there was a shaggy dog, the newly-born magician stood on all fours, barking and went for it. Dog was surprised. With his head on one side, just in case, once barked - and ran away.

- You are like a clown - the boy laughed with enthusiasm and an adult noticed the smile of a woman's face, drifted even further:

- And I am indeed the clown: Do you not recognize me? In the circus was that?

- Yes, but I did not see your face without a makeup, - the boy explained.

Samoilov as if suddenly felt clearly jealous and judgmental gaze of Dimka. Came to his senses, wilted, he decided to leave.

- Do you see ... I must now work on something.

- You're in a holiday home - did not accept the child.

- I mean - became entangled in lies an adult - I need to design ... compose ... tricks ... reprise ... enter into the image ...

He saw and heard himself from the outside, completely confused, blushed, and waved his hand - and then there was laughter leaping, sincere. Laughed the woman - and the laughter was sweet to Samoilov ...

Afterthought, she was silent, but looked at him kindly, sympathetic, even warmly, as if throwing something alarming.

- Sergej, uncle clown really need to go.

- Come back tomorrow again - asked the boy.

Samoilov looked at the child's mother, it seemed to him that she did not mind, but she said nothing, just stared at him as warm and as it seemed to him in surprise.

- Well, I come, - he said tensely.

- No, no, if it is difficult to you..

She hastened to restore his freedom.

And he heard in her gentle, though relatively low voice a kind of sadness.

- Well, I come, - he repeated firmly.

Conflicting feelings possessed him, when he moved on to last year's lisping whispering needles and cones crackled: that it raised her some incomprehensible joy, shame, aggravating, the sadness darked the light of the sky.

For some reason, came out of the depths of his memory the scene of one of the nastiest fights with Alina. She then held a three-year Dimka on her hands, the boy cried out:

- Daddy, come here!

And when approached Samoilov, baby hugged his neck, and with unexpected force pulled his head to head of the mother, crying,

- Here is how it should be, that's right!

No, no, do not think of anything: neither the past nor the future! He came to rest! Relax!

Again parted forest - and Leonid went to the sandy beach Lake district.

It happened one's misfortune was standing on the shore of the crowd, loudly sobbed the woman. It was the young wife drowned. Rescuers dived on the shores of doctors on duty, but as it turned out Samoilov, it's been more than an hour, and now you can safely assume a widow woman.

- Yes, it thus in place - the cold keys, - gray old man explained. - It's the cramp enough! Again,

this is not the first time, a nasty boss, they would have at least a little!

- What are you talking about? He was with you, mushroom malicious, half-liter blown, and then floated, - replied the huge bass maid in a white coat. - You are wrong, not the boss: he from the vodka or spasm of cerebral vessels was denied or the heart. An autopsy will tell.

The woman began to cry even more, a nurse was attacked:

- What is an autopsy? Maybe even pump out, and you buried.

Leonid G. undressed and went into the clear cool water. Out of habit, sprayed, cooled the body - and making a few quick steps, ducked. Snorted and swam. When tired, at last, decided to come back.

He saw that the shore far away. He thought about the accident, about man lies at the bottom and emerges already a corpse. Glad that he feels confident - and suddenly fell into the icy arms have stopped breathing. Realized that these are the keys about which the old man said. It can be seen swam away from them, and now - stumbled.

No fear there was, but he switched to breaststroke front crawl, hoping to escape the danger zone quickly.

Отменить изменения

Captures only the first spasm of fingers of the right leg, but after a few moments, the same happened with the fingers of the left. And then he was afraid. But he still controlled himself went back to the usual brass, watching the evenness of breath, tried not to think about the distance to the beach.

After a short time has reduced both the irresistible force of the foot, and he clearly felt the tremor takes on his body. Looked again at the beach: No, not in time ... He saw a female figure in a T-shirt and shorts, and next to it - a boy and learned them.

In his soul the fear of fighting, commanding shout for help, and shame, pre-painted to look pathetic. He overcame the shame, and cried:

- Cra-amp! He-elp!

He thought: 'That's it! How stupid ... "

He saw that someone is swimming to him, rowing strongly and confidently.

Remorseless monster, too hurried, goading him all the more angry and bitter indifference suddenly mingled with fear, but he worried a female voice said next:

- Hold on, do not panic, we are now going to the beach.

Hope came to life, he devoted himself to the power of his voice, though with difficulty have perceived what is happening. Only on the coast as it were in a dream saw a sweet face.

Yes, it was she, the mother of Sergei. She rubbed his body with a towel vigorously and tirelessly, her son carefully rubbed his head, the hot midday sun and the sand helped their work. Contortion reluctantly retreated.

- He came to himself - someone said, it seemed to Samoilov, disappointedly. - And his wife - well, a fool is saved.

Leonid G. noticed a group of people around him. It immediately melted. Recalled his cry and asked, ashamed:

- You now despise me?

- I'm glad you're alive, - she said sincerely.

And then he added with a smile:

- Otherwise, tomorrow, my son would not meet with uncle clown.  
- You saved my life - he said dully, - and it belongs to you. So, it seems, they say, in such cases?  
- And me! - Sergei shouted. - I helped my mother!

Instantly came remembered the nearly orphaned Dimka, painful heart sank - and Samoilov lowered eyelids.

- What is it? - Excitedly asked the woman and began to check his pulse. - Can you hear me?

He opened his eyes. Their eyes met - it happened that so rarely happens between strangers: they have read each other's soul winds and imbued with a deep trust that can not be achieved even by many years of living together, unless it has been revealed to one such meeting the views of ...

***The story can be read entirely online, the Internet address is on the author's page.***