**Boris Gorowoi**

**translated by Daria Ilyina**

**DON’T KILL**

Cold may rain, has been washing Vienna the whole night and stopped just early in the morning.

Gerhard Brenner was carrying a small suitcase on wheels and was holding a voluminous suitcase in his hands.

- Guten morgen.

The old chartered driver opened the boot, put there the suitcase and wanted to put there a coffer.

- No, thank you.

Gerhard, having put the suitcase on his thin knees, sat next to the driver.

A dark universal Volkswagen was driving slowly along one-sided streets of old Vienna, by Hofburg palace, along the third ring road and set out sprightly to the airport Vienna Schwechat. Gerhard Brenner, a thirty-nine years old producer, had major business. He was a bachelor and he listened just to his mother. Gerhard’s mother, Evelin Augusta von Trapp, a fifty-seven years old woman in the full bloom of her years with especial rare beauty, she inherited fifty million dollars from her late husband when the only heir was two years old. Mother, for all her life, has been enlarging their capital by all means and she has done it with inflation glance over and over again.

They are both united by all-absorbing cupidity and correct borders if they had existed they would have crossed them. Several times, Gerhard asked his mother about his father and about his death and also about that capital but his mother was keeping silent or was making a joke in reply and he has ceased understanding this topic since that.

The passenger was keeping silent till the airport and just at the end of the trip he said:

- Danke.

Gerhard got the waiting room, put straight his grey crumpled chequered jacket and sat not far from the bar gleaming with his thick glasses. The waiting room has been gradually filling with people. He didn’t notice that there were two people supervising him independently of each other.

One of them had big hands, a neck and a head, although he wasn’t tall, he was swarthy, he had predatory nose, dark sloppy eyebrows and unpleasant contours of the bottom part of his face. There was constant tension in his eyes. He was Turk but was born in Germany not far from Würzburg. He served as a private soldier when BND special services noticed him. His name was Durmus Ekidge but he has often been called Turk.

Another tall one had puffy face, carrying horn-rimmed spectacles, was a nice opened man, he more resembled a worker of a big computer company than one of the best Mossad contract murderers who worked under cover as a butcher and who had a special number and account. His name was Ari Pick, also known as Hasia-Butcher.

Both representatives of that amazing hard job didn’t exchanged civilities due to their job but fixed each other moreover Hasia-Butcher understood that this meet with the Turk at the airport wasn’t casual. With animal intuition he got that there would be interesting.

The number of the flight BA 699\ CX 252 British - Hong Kong, company Cathay Pacific at 7:40 AM on the 19 of May 2015 from Vienna to Hong Kong with changing of plane at Heathrow shown up on the table.

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The phone was ringing at 5 AM in the Renaissance Mayflower Hotel in Washington. Olivia hardly opened her eyes, slowly scrambled down to the coffee table and croaked:

- I'm fed up with you!

Then she cleared her throat and said melodiously:

- My darling!

Once, she was an announcer in her Belorechensk.

- Hello, Vasiliy Ivanovich.

Vasiliy Ivanovich began giving instructions in a low voice:

- At eleven AM you have to be at the Art Freer Gallery. You have to imitate the beginning of family divorce.

- And who is he?

- His surname is Helmut von Neumann.

- How old is he?

- Seventy eight.

- Seventy eight!?

- Don’t worry. He is strong and he can leave younger generation in the dust.

She felt her partner next to her. Robert who didn’t understand any Russian word embraced Olivia and started stroking her beautiful legs.

- He has to leave loudly and you have to cry somewhere near.

- Vasiliy Ivanovich, I know everyrhing.

They left the room at eight AM hardly been in time for breakfast. Lusika, a Chinese woman responding the breakfast was looking at the couple with interest.

- We have broken away, - she thought, - eyes as drug addict people have and this smell.

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A south night with big stars and million of cicadas was coming to an end. Light contours of milky dawn started to appear above the mountains. Colonel was drinking up whisky from his inlay churn which he has never left anywhere. No one knows why he has been called “Dux” since his school time.

A fairy huge five-star Hotel Caesar’s Temple, where Colonel without any plan has been staying for two weeks, consisted of villas and bungalows. Thirty-nine years old Leonie was telling a dull story of her life.

- We had to pledge our house and Karl had to ask his uncle to leave Sarah…

“One more week and I will kill her”, - thought Dux.

He was fed up with her cold lips, her face and stories. He had found this German woman accidentally when he was admiring morning sea dawn. This habit of many years to get orders early in the morning became a part of his life.

- Prosit, - he read on the distinct Leona’s bottom, he twisted his locket worn on his neck then he lied on the big snowy bed and fell asleep.

“These Russians are strange people”. Leonie looked at Colonel and started doing the room quickly. There were many small and big things, purpose of which she guessed about. There were wires scraps among covered with writing and crumpled piles of paper. She put the socks, briefs, shirts, trousers with different heavy unknown things in the pockets in a row. In this chaos the only system which could be formed was plastic-plastic, leavings-leavings, paper-paper as at the storehouse. Everything ended by that Leonie pressed some black device accidentally. A grey little ball rolled out of it on the floor. Having taken it Leonie felt acute burning on her palm. She ran to the bathroom, poured water. It was her mistake. The hotel shuddered. Her wail and scream resounded from the morning calm hotel, where Leonie dashed around, to the mountains. Colonel woke up, ran to the bathroom, examined the scene of the accident, smiled and understood that those new Swiss round mini-sedative worked great!

\*

Aida Chtonova, a twenty-eight years old not tall, slim, Kirghiz was born in township Orlinskoe, at the foothills of Tien Shan. She has graduated from the Civil Engineering Department in Bishkek, entered the post graduate course, worked as a Young Pioneer organizer, as a master at the project, washed dishes and even was a conducter in the bus. Once, her life changed a lot when she had to help her father with the group of foreigner-hunters to shoot howling wolves at nights in the Tien Shan mountains.

Aid’s parents had graduated from the same institute and worked at the faculty of the steel concrete constructions but the main point of the family budget was her father’s talent as a guide and a hunter-trainer. He has been courting party bosses till 1991, in 90s he tracked the most dangerous cargos, often working as a sniper and since 2000, when he got the tour company, he has been specializing at “hunting”. Aida could feel mountains as animate creatures, as if inhabited pyramids with endless staircases inside were hiding behind them.

Once at the third course she was called to the local Kirghiz “lubyanka” and made her tell in details about all foreigners who had been hunting. Especially they were interested in one American who was the life and soul of that company. He was courting actively a one girl in the group.

Then Aida became proving her English, corresponding with them, firstly by letters then by the Internet. American’s name was Pit Gordon and he was watched closely by special services. Friendship with Pit gave Aida her first promotion. She became the senior lieutenant and started her first independent investigation.

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The night Shade tagged after him at midnight. Turusbek felt that somebody was following him. Turusbek stopped, the Shade also stopped. Then Turusbek ran and fear seized him. Turusbek understood that he shouldn’t turn back. But he also felt that he would do it. The thing he saw was his last awful vision.

\*

The Boeing 747-300 was flying silently above the Indian Ocean. Bright south stars started lighting up at the dark violet sky.

Gerhard asked a nice Chinese stewardess to bring a strong coffee. A big business he has been having was accompanied by the mess of meetings in different countries. He had a rest during such flights. As in any business, lucky streaks changed unlucky ones. But he has been having success for the last five years. Gerhard wiped his glasses, opened his suitcase Vincenzo Palermo which he, at one time, bought in Las-Vegas and was absorbed in a book. He was looking through a voluminous folder. That was dossier on his rivals. His secretary Alexandra with faded bluish eyes has been collecting that odd information for almost a year: quotes from the journals, ocean information in the Internet, discharge from hospitals, theft of which has been paying. He was getting the important information by his main informer from the establishment ruling top in Vienna. Gerhard understood that if somebody found out about who had informed him the consequences would be absolutely unpredictable. Sudden accidental shove with an elbow woke him up. A swarthy tall man who was trying to apologize to him appeared in front of him. Gerhard didn’t know that all the documents were secretly photographed by the best Israeli candid camera ViewSonic which had been plugged in the back of the passenger’s seat ahead. Moreover, he didn’t know that his Ipod had been, for some time, replaced by the copy during the airport bustle. And he didn’t know that he was kept under twenty-four-hour observation.

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Late in the morning, when Colonel fell asleep by profound sleep, his telephone became awfully ringing. The result was zero. Several minutes later, his cell-phone became peeping with the same result. The blood red dawn in the mountains dispelled, small lapwings were twittering and loudly rustling and first early market women had extended along the shore. And Dux had a dream about warm Leonie.

Vasiliy Ivanovich turned on with sadness the second level of the alarm.

- I really didn’t want it!

Colonel was bug-eyed with surprise and his extremities became jerking as newborn crying baby’s ones. That formerly nice vision became decaying.

And again soundless death began to hiss in his dream. Before waking up he had discharged his new smart gun with tungsten system which was lying under his pillow.

- Yes, boss.

- Wake up, - the general muttered discontentedly, - the flight to Bishkek is today, the instructions are written, your convoy and the visa is at the airport. Rejoice, this is a young girl.

- I got it, Vasiliy Ivanovich.

- Yes, it’s a problem. From the top circles. It’s some kind of politics, the category of the third level of complication, don’t get dirty.

At last, the sound of the alarm calmed down.

- A swine, - thought Dux,- probably, next time there will be the first level of the alarm.

20 minutes later, Dux left the room, a taxi driver was waiting for him downstairs. The car was driving along the Istanbul road.

- Misha, you have such appearance,- grinned Dux.

Colonel liked stared at the road but this time he will be in a deep sleep.

\*

At 10 AM the local time, Mr. Brenner left the big ultra-modern Chek Lap Kok Airport in Hong Kong. Having screw up his eyes, he looked at the bright sun, beautiful green contours of mountains, blue sea and went to the parking of yellow taxi. Flocks of birds were flying over the bottomless sky and European flu was vanishing instantly with humid overheat air. If Mr. Brenner could know he would return. But the taxi was driving at high speed along good left-side road with skyscrapers, micro-districts and fantastic big bridges. Below everywhere one could see pieces of the sea with ship bands crossing green sheer waves’ whitecaps. That town has always amazed Gerhard: amazing City and various crafts of all types from all over the world and this smell of crazy money. In an hour of a trip along the center of the city the taxi reached the main shore called Tsim Sha Tsui. The hotel called “De Peninsula Hotel” and was built in the twenties of the last century. Gerhard has usually rented a room in a five-stars hotel but here he needed to cut a dash. The room de luxe costed six hundred fifty dollars per twenty-four hours but the view on the Victoria shore was so exciting, that he immediately stopped pitying about money.

Gerhard, fresh in a starched shirt had a good dinner and went out to the shore.

\*

The flight GI508 from Istanbul to Bishkek was delayed. Colonel liked the airports bustle, instantaneous psychological portraits of unusual people from different countries and waiting for new meetings. He had a real rest only in such long trips where he was rarely kept under the observation.

Dux has always sat next to the window. Moreover, he has never slept and for hours has been looking at the Earth below. Ex-physicist-experimenter used to seek for analogy and appropriateness which have often been obvious. The Earth, the sea, clouds were for him as an open book. There is the Iranian plateau with raised huge banks of mountains, volcanoes craters and recent flood tracks. Toy fanciful rounded green hills of the former Byzantine Empire near the warm Mediterranean Sea were like a paradise. Iraq’s desert was covered with blood and petroleum. He suddenly remembered as he a young student was at the discussion of the human evolution issues and types origin at the biology department. The youth, with acute feeling of justice and seeking of the truth, was very difficult to force his way through obvious lie of the official science of cosmogony, the Earth and the life origin. Over the years he started inclining to that the world was very young. The indicator “to fasten seatbelts” has lit up and the Boeing 737-800 started descending.

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Osvald passed the second turnstile and waited patiently for the end of the inspection procedure. The guard attentively examined him from all sides because a black collar covered him till the chin. When the scanning of the small suitcase on the wheels has ended, the security thought a little bit and gave the green light.

Osvald pressed the lift button of the 16th floor at 38d street not far from the UNO building. The web-cams dispassionately filmed his full face and profile. He was waiting for and a big gorilla wearing all black took him to the boss. Osvald saw the boss, a man called Death. His black hat which he has never taken off swinged a little bit. Osvald became quickly laying out the cash. There were several kilos in the package. The piles were new and crumpled and many small changes about six million dollars.

- I won’t count, - said the boss.

His smile was more frightful than his nickname.

- Take more from the airport in Miami in two weeks.

When Osvald left Hayvery he looked with surprise at his fingers. They were white.

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Colonel was observing the crowd of the meeting. Their look wasn’t positive. She was wearing a white blouse and a dark skirt and an odd hat. And there were dark high heel platform shoes on her feet.

But an hour later he cheered up. She was speaking easily and quickly on business with good humor. The hotel was by local measures beautiful with the view on mountains not far from the governmental quarter of Kirgizia. Colonel had a rest, had a good dinner and went out to the fountain which was not far from the American university. She was wearing an amazing white dress.

She was speaking and he thought that one could fall in love with her.

- So. The boy was eighteen and it was his second academic year. He went to his mother, got the regular bus, got out alone of the bus at night, he was remembered by the couple of witnesses then he utterly disappeared. His name was Tursubek.

It was a dull and a strange story. The main problem was that the son was from the top circle not just the local “man”. He was wearing brown velvet trousers, a bright shirt, brown shoes and he had a dark sportive bag behind his back. He had the newest and sophisticated cool cell-phone Nokia. That’s all.

There were three main versions. The loot, theft for the purpose of ransom and a politician order.

Colonel had studied the dossier. The folder was extremely thick. The report of the bus driver’s interrogation was that he got out the bus alone. There were dozens of people left in the bus each of them was looked for. There were dozens of pages of cell-phone printouts. Tursubek called a lot of times and talked for a long time. Main calls were from his bride but there were many other calls.

Dux automatically examined the dossier, smiling the girl in his thoughts and was thinking over a strange general’s order for him.

It was foolishly to get out joker from the block. His intuition was telling him that he would have to use his own joker.

- Aida, let’s drink a coffee. You are an amazing vision of Bishkek! Show me some good places. We will be working together for a long time.

Aida was a very good, cheerful interlocutor and Dux suddenly felt “a real Colonel” with her.

It was already dark when he led the girl by the taxi to home. He had again this familiar rough boring feeling as if somebody was watching attentively at his neck. He looked the rows of the parked cars over and felt that there were agents in two cars.

It was easy to understand that he was shot with the camera and his cell-phone was heard in these two cars.

- If I am stay alive today I will surely call the Shade, - thought Dux.

He took off the safety device, the newest Mossad’s development, a miniature smart gun with the remote laser induction then he found the bench with good vision. He has been preparing a surprise for them for ten minutes. Then he came up, rolling a little bit, to the second car and asked to light up a cigarette. The agent smiled and two guns were aimed at Dux.

-Take away the gun. Call Bakaev. We have to meet.

While the agent was calling his boss, all the gadgets from these two cars have already been secretly scanned. The newest equipment was stolen last year from the Mossad and copied. Colonel heard a typical intense crash and buzz in the agent’s cell-phone. Another agent got out the car in embarrassment. And while Dux continued to depict a drunk simpleton, both cars feverishly started in a strange direction. “Yes, I imagine what they had to suffer with their equipment”, - thought Colonel and laughed with all his heart.

\*

The club de Hong Kong, a black double cube, is famous by its dull stories. It wasn’t in any guide-book. And even information about it in the Internet was enough scant. It was founded in the middle of 19th century at the height of opium wars when the isles were changing hands at high speed. At last, the Englishmen won and seized Hong Kong. The peninsula and the isles system with a good harbour, being like a modern big London by their size, they became the biggest town of smugglers, opium kings and pirates of all sorts. The weather-beaten club of one hundred fifty years old had an aristocratic Shade, smell of opium money and terror of war conflicts. There was a good spacious casino in the club, cozy halls, four ones for conferences: a dark-violet one, an orange one, a green one and a white one, discipline service staff which could answer any questions.

- A stupid story, - sighed Paul. He had to prepare the conference for four hundred participants, a small showroom for one thousand square metres, maximum food and a spare room for tree hundred square metres.

Paul was born in a small village Schwarzwald not far from Stuttgart where there are fairy hills, calm decent satisfying life, eternal Lutheran churches with bells and peacefully co-existing a catholic cathedral with the copulas of organs.

He has graduated from the polytechnic university in Stuttgart then he studied at the department of advertisement and exhibitions. He was a technical manager of foreign international exhibitions. The boss of the Asia department has been explaining him for a long time that was a small special exhibition with little space. The main revenue of the exhibition was the tickets.

Then there were started some strange things he couldn’t understand.

Firstly, this awkward slow talk with the client with long pauses for forty minutes. Then the boss has been mumbling something for a long time. Then that mug. He was in low spirits. A Chinese face named Fen Man shown the restaurant, dishes and other trifles. While that day was dragging on one brought black boxes into the room. Paul knew that only the insurance of those displays was fifty million dollars. Suddenly, he felt an ardent desire. The boxes weren’t sealed. One of those boxes was lying unevenly and Paul instinctively tried to put it straight. He glanced stealthily back and opened the lid of the box. In several seconds he awfully and monotonously yelled and fatal fear seized him.

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At last, at three AM Colonel reached the hotel room. He has been listening attentively for a long time to the deceptive silence. Then he quietly opened the door and entered the bathroom. Other smells were interrupting his animal instinct but something continued quivering in his red-hot subconsciousness. It’s a good result for a trained body to turn on the light and to take out the gun in four seconds. He could saw her eyes widen with fear and that she didn’t have a gun in her hands.

- Ooh! – Dux sat down.

A grey double-breasted jacket, a dark tight skirt and big black eyes. She was sitting on the chair and probably was nodding. There was a grey leather bag with many useless thins on the bedside table.

- Can I smoke here?

She took out a long thick cigarette. She had detached view. She has been silent for a long time. He began falling asleep. Dux understood that everything wouldn’t be in his favour. She began telling. That semidarkness, almost a dream, big eyes.

- Would you like drink something?

- Why not?

About herself: the fourth academic year of the law department, the second year in divorce, she doesn’t have a baby, that divorce was awful. Her warmth melodious voice and amazing aroma began to drive him crazy.

- Do you think I’m a prostitute?

She laughed. Pain in her eyes, a black Kirghiz night, some scraps instead of normal conversation like autumn leaves.

Colonel lied down on the bed. She sat next to him near the chair. To tell the truth, he has almost dreamt but some part of him heard and felt her.

In a flash, he realized that there was a death which came for him in this appearance. And he felt that she was also a victim of those who tried to kill her.

There were several seconds for thinking everything over. Colonel grabbed her in a way like carrying out the battlefield. She screamed, tried to break away and take the bag but iron-hard Dux’ hands didn’t give her any chance.

- You’re a maniac! – she shouted and tried to kick him. He took her to the emergency exit but when he started to professionally touch her in the street she furiously bit his shoulder.

Piercing shriek harmoniously blended with awful explosion.

She became flabby and cuddled up to him with the whole body.

- I left my passport there!

“She is fool”, - he thought.

It was useless to look for something in the room.

The door fell out, having disrupted the hinges. Dozens of splinters flew about the corridor. That explosion was professional and was equivalent to 1000 grams of trotyl. Dumbfounded half-dressed people darted out their rooms, guards and policemen were running. The panic is about to start. Colonel was dragging out those invaluable seconds. His habit of many years told him that the couple with the microphone and a camera was about to appear. He smiled to the rightness of his speculation. The couple merged with the night crowd of the went mad and running out of the hotel guests.

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Pleasure boats of Harbour were a special show.

Big liners, sparkling with bright colors were made for the delight and luxury. The upper dock was the private entrance. The captain met imposing guests for whom there were private staterooms by crazy prices even for rich people. Although, Mr. Brenner could wear soiled, stained with grease trousers he has never indulged in top luxury. The captain with English appearance was smiling in every possible ways and even tried to take Gerhard’s suitcase by himself but the last aggressively refused.

- Hello, sir, we hope you will like our ship, the lieutenant will accompany you. Brenner gave this lieutenant a crumbled fifty dollars note, lied on the double bed and went out upstairs. There was a mini golf on the upper deck , a waterfall, an observation deck the floor of which was also an aquarium with multicolored fish. Gerhard screw up his eyes looking at incredible view of the gulf, twisted a false steering wheel and got his hand into his suitcase for the camera.

An amazing landscape made him just shooting, shooting and shooting. A professional who gave the cinema a half of his life, felt like an enthusiastic boy here. Brenner asked his neighbour to shoot him against the shore background.

He didn’t know that his accidental neighbour was a famous Ari Pick. Gerhard couldn’t recognize him anyway. Hasia-Butcher had many images he was able to use perfectly with immediate changes of mimic, timbre, walk and a face expression.

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Hong Kong is a system of two hundred sixty small isles which became the part of British Colonial Imperia by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842. The former colony is comparable with Manhattan with many skyscrapers. Luxurious cottages are along the peninsula slopes and usual clerks live in fifty stores houses, decorated with gold lions. The price of such apartment is so high that it’s indecently to call it aloud.

Mr. Brenner understood a lot of simple words in Mandarin language but his attempts to understand something in Cantonese, the local dialect with the peculiarity of comprehension of seven intonations, were unsuccessful.

At last Gerhard with the triumphal look observed that fantastic gulf, found a free table in the far corner, took out his notebook from his suitcase and delved deeply into his work.

The numbers Mr. Brenner summed up were hundred millions dollars: columns, diagrams, graphics, histograms with many pictures, photos. He could work and he loved it. His new folder was collected just a year ago and it promised fabulous sums. That’s why the best agents as Ari Pick from Mossad or Durmus Ekidge from the BND followed him. A couple of CIA agents, aggressive segun, a Japanese military intelligence agent from the Eastern department Shina-Ka and of course a group of Chinese men from different ways as the KJV “The Office of the Political Security” or an exotic secret service “The Manage to destroy the traitors” who became winning the half of world spy games for the last seven years.

Of course, the rivals annoyed Gerhard a lot. But Brenner had understood long ago that he had to find the ally or allies otherwise his facilities would be exhausted soon. That’s why he fixed the meeting to his close rival in the restaurant next to the Business Center with the image of seagull not far from the dock. At that time, his thoughts were interrupted by the boat’s parting hooting. A multicolored crowd from the lower decks started to the dock and Gerhard hurried to the Convention Centre, smiled the captain insincerely.

He went up to the top of the Business Center with the view on harbor where he booked the table in the Heuriger, in the Vienna’s “Congress restaurant”.

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The Englishman came to a minute. He smiled widely, looked over carelessly the bright near-empty luxurious hall. Unlike Mr. Brenner who, softly speaking, looked like a man from the rubbish heap, Kevin Edwards with typical English appearance was a gentleman. He was tall, was wearing rich sparkling brown shoes, white perfect trousers, a double-breasted brown jacket which was sew by the special order, a dazzlingly white shirt with a bright tie and watches by Basel which cost two hundred pounds sterling. A graduating student of the London imperial college in the royal region between Kensington and Westminster defended at histology specialty and got the bachelor's degree. Means allowed him to find time for sport. Three times that year he disappeared for a week, making a paraglider, in winter he was snowboarding and in spring he was surfing at Sri Lanka. A good sportsman Edward was a bachelor, at his thirty-four he liked life and women. Edward’s parents wanted him to enter the department of law but he began to be obstinate and appeared some palliative variant. He didn’t find himself anywhere during the first two years of studying at university only just in a rugby team. Such good luminaries of the royal college as professor Mark Peppis, a Nobel laureate professor Ian Fleming and a professor Vasso Episkopou hardly remembered that typical middling person.

Probably, he would finish his articles at internal muscles and would become a good applied doctor. At five o’clock sharply, he would start drink in the company of his friends in pubs such as “The Little Driver”, “The Alexandra” or “Duke of Wellington”. Sometimes the chance is incredible.

Mr. Brenner stood up from the table. Gentlemen shook each other’s hands.

- This talk wouldn’t take place if you don’t work by yourself.

- There are two teams and a Chinese man with me. Who went to Moscow?

- These are my people.

- Are you sure? They had German faces. Gerhard got excited. He drank sadly a full glass of wine Heuriger, which is a rarity abroad the Austria.

There was a long pause. Kevin slowly drank a couple of ounces of Scotland whisky.

- We are ready to stop stepping on each other. It’s just a question of price.

Gerhard always worrying started speaking slowly.

- We have the only source. But it’s cheaper in our region and we can get the Chinese man out of the way.

- That’s your problem, - Kevin suddenly stammered then having lowered his gaze said aloofly, slowly and calmly, - but we speak about different sums and another price.

If there isn’t grey thick coat on Brenner’s cheeks he would have become crimson. He has been drinking the second wine glass for a long time. His eyes revolving like mad behind thick glasses. But when the third glass was drank with some mumbling, Kevin quickly gave Gerhard a napkin with the written number, nodded as an esquire or a sea officer and took his leave.

For eternity, Mr. Brenner has been drinking the second bottle of his favourite Heuriger and eating up the salad of the sea delicacy of the Yellow sea. He was keeping the napkin in his hand and paying for the supper without unclasping his hand. Just at the exit he stared at the scribbled number. With pale face, Gerhard bit off the piece of the napkin with the number, chewed it and ate.

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- Wow! – cried Colonel. A mountain black night was tearing rare white columns of the crazy road it was creaking by its potholes and by the brakes squeal. In usual life, Dux, tight by dozens fetters was seized by excitement of the chase, taste of danger and speed. A couple of headlight sparkled in the rear mirror. Colonel made a steep turn with a slope and the road went up twisting as a snake. He understood that new jeeps to the old military UAZ of the reconnaissance party were following him. But that night he seemed to be lucky. The warrant officer has been explaining for a long time that all foreign jeeps are unadapted and our UAZ not only adapted but also strengthen. However, ten minutes later two jeeps started overtaking him. One can see cars contours in raising fog.

- Stop, - Dux swore.

At the first turn he made a favourite somersault with the turn. The first car started turning left when the oncoming Colonel’s vehicle zipped along it at a high speed. The old jeep’s fate was at stake for a couple of seconds. It instinctively started turning right trying to avoid a head-on collision but the tangent stroke cut his left back trimming. The driver tried to turn left but it was Dux’s trap. If the driver had been more experienced and skillfully the jeep would have turned a couple of times and would have stayed on the road. But the driver kept the jeep and it rushed to the left turn where by the measurement accuracy collapsed into the abyss.

UAZ also got it. Reinforced frame praised by the warrant officer became a parallelepiped and he quickly like an injured animal twisted along down the road to the second jeep. The distance between them was shortening quickly.

- A-a! – shouted Colonel and started shooting and it concurred with the explosion of the first perished jeep. A heavy fighting has been lasting for several seconds. Sometimes, those moments last more than all the life. The whole aim was thoroughly riddled and it’s known that bullets are faster than sound.

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-They are still alive, - grumbled a man-death. There was Olivia in the semidarkness.

- Oh, my gudgeon, - she murmured. There was a touch of reason spark in his eyes. He looked at her with widen pupils, staggered with unnaturally raised hand and plunged into darkness.

Helmut didn’t like the light. That’s why he was hiding his headquarters underground which could stand not only an explosion of the atomic bomb but also an explosion of the modern pointed one. Fifty men wearing black were standing silently and passionlessly.

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UAZ was stuck at the steep. It was finishing off but the fire was rare and, obviously, the main team of the second jeep was dislodged. Colonel was creeping like an injured animal trying to hide from the death’s howling whistling behind the stones. In a blood shroud, he saw two silhouettes approaching to him and even could shot and he seemed to hit but suddenly a terrible fiery pain broke his body.

Aiming Dux at, bootblacks came to him.

- A jerk, - swore the last, the smaller one, - ok, do the control shot.

His partner pointed AK-47 at Colonel’s neck but instead of shooting he covered Colonel by his body. The smaller one began jumping near the stones and collapsed next to his partner.

It was Aida. She was running to Colonel over the stones like a goat and tears filled her eyes. It was amazing that she could get attached to Dux very much and she was crying running to him. She hardly pulled away a stout man who was bigger and cuddled up to Colonel. She has been lying with a sinking heart for several seconds and felt that his heart answered her. He was alive. With a superhuman effort she pulled him to the slope and tried to hide in the cleft.

Aida took off his service jacket with about tens of dark brown spots and torn pin holes and something that had been a shirt some time. He was saved by the newest Israeli bullet-proof vest created on the basis of elastic nano-tubes. She saw that the vest wasn’t punched out anywhere. There wasn’t time to count his bruises she just washed his wound on the hip. It was in proper time because other two jeeps were coming to the battlefield.

- Five minutes maximum, I have five minutes left.

Every her movement was matter of life and death. Aida quickly and carefully took that was his clothes and destroyed the traces. With a superhuman force she lifted a heavy body onto her back and pulled it into the thicket of sharp thorns having torn her clothes and his naked trunk. She found a hollow like a wolf’s hole. Aida added bullets into the half-empty carbine. Then put the gun, lied on Colonel and calmed down.

\*

The whole body was distorted in curved female’s lines. Morning sun flooded that beautiful world. The assembly of different sounds created cacophony, one can guess a singing solo of birds, rustles of different creeping, jumping, squeaking animals like an organ cicada’s chirrs was buzzing. Sky colors were turning into colorful green with gammas of blooming trees and flowers. His lassitude turned into folly. She felt that his body started answering hers. She was greedily creeping along the whole body, her lips and tongue were licking off new tart feelings, smell of wounds, death, sweat and wish and at least waves of blooming nature joined the noise of love’s shore.

\*

Evgeniy Leontievich Grinev a former militant officer, a Colonel, a graduated student of the Omsk infantry college, a former Afghan who crossed a frontier river being a young officer in far 1984, was calling nervously his boss, a former brother-officer Drozdov Alexander Petrovich. Long ago they both found an easy job at the Khirgizia NSS, basically at clean-up operations.

- I have problems.

-?

- The second one has four dead bodies, the first jeep caught into the abyss, Vasiatka ran there. There were five of our people.

- Scums!

- The jerk isn’t here, there is a blood trace, he won’t go far, UAZ is broken-down.

- You have slipped up. Look for him! Twenty militants in two jeeps there are five and seven ones, go, you understand. So, I’ll say the guys were the best ones. Grinev took breath. Only Vasiatka said that all the five are in the canyon with the first half- burnt down jeep.

- Two years of contract and such mistake, - thought Grinev.

Four fellows from the third jeep were bad. Their boss was Vasiatka, he was born in the village, once being a soldier he was at Chechen war and soon became a senior sergeant, when Grinev hired him.

- Find and wait. He is somewhere here. Maybe he has a partner. In twenty minutes guys will come. Your task is not to diddle for him not to run away. Three people will go to the left and two ones to the right. Don’t spare bullets. Come on!

Vasiatka, Vasiliy Grigorievich Malcev, called on mopping-ups or he said on “showdowns” twenty times: where there is a death, where every moment is brighter than dull years in dozens times, where the fear and adrenalin is stronger than drugs. Yes, there was a war but to tell the truth he liked it. Silent. The fighters slowly entered the sharp bushes, looked big stones, grooves and gullies over. They felt that the animal was near, it was injured and was very dangerous. Both groups met at the stream. They are about to nervous breakdown. When suddenly…

\*

The first conference entitled “Eternal Health 2015”, on the 21-23 of May 2015, started at ten o’clock sharply, by the address: Tsim Sha Tsui, in the Club De Hong Kong. At this experimental conference were listed companies with their reports from thirty five different countries. The basis of that conference-exhibition was the idea to collect everything that was related to human’s life duration. Of course, a traditional modern medicine took a great part in the conference. Like in real life all those ways were in demand. It depicted in many reports which were divided into sections. The main intrigue of the exhibition was hot discussions between big pharmaceutical companies and a hungry group of implacable representatives of the alternative medicine, such as acupuncture, homeopathy, iridiology etc., who were holding the line.

Since Thursday morning there was a noisy bickering in the foyer of the conference hall.

A well dressed gentleman with gloss manners, Mr. Arnold Langbo a representative of the committee of directors of the most famous company Johnson & Johnson, he tried to put them down.

- You know, we respect you! You’re idealists! Your problem is lack of money. Don’t you understand that everything is more difficult?

- And you!!! – shouted loudly a young-looking man famous in the area of the alternative medicine, Dr. Elshtein from Australia. – You’re just typical black sheep! You can’t be fair and free. You’re just negotiators between your bosses who got their fill of money and power!

- Of course, I understand you. But we are realists. And don’t magnify tension. We are practitioners. And, please, don’t raise your voice!

- You know, the most awful is that you don’t even blush when you lie in this way. You’re a liar!

One can see as a crazy crowd of doctors, firstly, pushed each other with elbows but then a grey head of the professor jerked a little bit, obviously, that kinetic energy from alternatives passed to him. It was unheard-of!

Mr. Langbo remembered that in 1967 he was a captain of the university baseball team. He hasn’t been using this technique for the last forty-eight years. But it was in his mind. He could hit several times the chin of professor Elshtein then he quickly struck his class enemy, doctor Lui Brower, a famous as a specialist in molecular biology and homeopathy who defend the thesis at the Rene university entitled: “Relationships between doctors and community” where he told many stinging remarks to pharmaceutical companies.

At last, Mr. Langbo left proudly the fighting crowd and he could notice two policemen slowly passing by but suddenly Dr. Elshtein’s wife seized his hand and started painfully kicking his legs. Mr. Langbo howled.

She wasn’t a woman she was a medusa-gorgon and a fury. A slender woman named Maria-Theresa, half-French woman and half-Lithuanian played well women's soccer and she was a master of fencing and liked Dr. Elshtein. That’s why Mr. Langbo didn’t have any chances.

Many of doctors were in perplexity some of them were clasping and some were smiling.

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Of course, there was a big scandal. Intelligentsia, at such forum and in such way it’s rarity. There bite more painful and more people suck in this scum than during the open fight where there is fight’s clarity.

Organizers were lucky that there weren’t journalists and it was better to calm down, otherwise, one can provide some sanctions. A man in a hat with wide brims was observing this situation attentively. Then, he followed the big hall and sat at the eighteenth row.

The first day was rich and of course representative. Sixteen reports should maximum show the problem. If in the middle of the last century investors in the world were ready to give one hundred and thirty milliard dollars for the topic of expansion of life’s duration so nowadays this sum is bigger. Two third of investments were as budget money of developed countries including public health and military developments. The third part was deposited by private investors in different countries. One couldn’t revalue the main role of the USA in this topic. By different assessments this country deposited into the topic of expansion of life’s duration about sixty five percent of all money.

No wonder that the first report was read by the representative of the USA Department of Health, by the famous Dr. Harry Posman who quickly and confidently covered audience by colorful graphs and histograms, by which one could see that in coming years, the life duration of the USA citizens should cross the centenarians with confidence.

\*

A black felt Helmut von Neumann’s hat slightly staggered and shuddered to the soothing voice of Dr. Posman. The pain started since Posman’s pince-nez then went along both side rows of the conference hall. Helmut knew that he could not have time. His right hand found a saving pocket of his trousers, where there was a package of endorphins, including an exotic type of Rock-mole or tablets Zaldiar. He was clutching up this saving bag, knowing that it wouldn’t help. Severe pain began slowly turning from both flanks.

A day later, Helmi would have had a birthday. The boy would have turned six years old. He saw a couple of father’s gifts. Although father came rarely, he didn’t forget about his birthday. Yes, it was a dream: a compass and binoculars! That day, an aunt teacher Hanna organized an excursion. "An excursion" - it was the noise and hubbub, flags, crossing the street, the whole world.

When the sirens started sounding, Helmi was clutching his palms, depicting binoculars. While Aunt Hanna was quickly making children entering the refuge, Helmi was counting planes, and remembered that they were a lot. He played and forgot about time. Then every boy had a "weapon": a stick, a wooden gun, and some lucky boys had Schmeisser. Helmi dreamed that someday he would be written up for an award for his feat and he would stand in front of the formation next to his father.

As a result, he fell into a reverie, and lingered. It saved him. Aunt Hanna grabbed the boy badly and ran to the deep entrance into the shelter. In the corridor at the entrance the teacher started calling loudly and looking for a group when the earth began trembling and the light went out. It was like an earthquake. It seemed that the moderate explosions tremors were near. The stucco began falling down, bricks and stones were falling out of arches. Aunt Hanna, painfully holding the boy was rushing in the shelter, holing with difficulty through the people and finally she heard a baby’s crying and children’s screaming.

The thing Helmut saw then human’s soul can’t either understand or forget. It would come in black nightmares for all his life, and if heaven exists, it will be an eternal imperative.

As if the sun with its perturbations burst into the earth's stronghold to incinerate all live. Those seconds Helmi could see as immediately, his little friends and adults were burning down like torches. He saw the unprecedented flame raging, people were writhing, human skin was bubbling and bursting and their bodies were becoming smaller. And then the fire came to him from both sides and Helmi cried hysterically when his hair and eyelashes flashed, and severe pain began to overshadow his mind when he fell with aunt Hanna into the floor gap, and that she saved the boy’s life, covering him with his body.

\*

Maria-Theresa or just Mari, a thirty-eight years old blond rogue, glanced and smiled fleetingly doctor Elshtein. His report was the fourth and the doctor wanted very much to make a furore. She glanced triumphantly at the second row, where a bitten Mr. Langbo was sitting, she listened carefully to the long report, written by Yankees copy and therefore it was dull for her, and she was watching curiously at a strange man in a dark suit and felt hat, she couldn’t see his face.

- Hey, maybe this man feels bad?

Mari silently whispered Thomas, but he was too absorbed in his report.

In Mari’s life there were a lot: big balls, preference till five AM, high marks in various universities, noisy parties and the ability to make friends. Due to her fast and lively intellect she was greedily absorbing knowledge. Half a year she has been studying at the Munich Technical University, about three years at the University of Paris-Sud, half a year at Imperial College London, and then began to go in different states of America and as a result when she was thirty-four she became a professor. She was a different one.

When she first came to Paris from Vilnius, there was such a joke. She asked in French an old professor to give her an envelope. There were other students. The old man’s eyes popped out of his head. He said,

- Mademoiselle, I agree, but why green?

People were knocked over. The fact is that “vert” translates as "green", and con, is a kind of French slang, which one can translate as the female sexual organ.

\*

In the next report they announce the news about the hormonal adult’s condition and hormone deficit during aging. Dear doctor Mark Gordon from Chicago told brightly about the latest hormonal achievements of anti-aging. Despite of his inspirational report, she was able to separate the lambs from the goats. Since the twenties, many scientists began to use hormones for many purposes, and also for aging delay. The real blooming of this science took place in seventies, when it became possible to transform hormones. Theoretically, it could constantly prevent the destruction of the hormonal centers and human life could grow for decades. But experimenters could only restore partial hormonal centers.

\*

By the side look Mari saw some movement at the entrance of the auditorium, where the typical policemen in civvies were carefully examining the public. Her guess was confirmed when for a moment a police cap flashed in the doorway.

During the coffee break the Elhsteins were the center of attraction. This couple was younger, fresher and lovely and looked more democratic than the heavyweights pharmacists, physicians, endocrinologists and other traditionalists. And if the doctor Elshtein could smile dazzlingly, her smile would carry a secret of previous ancient aristocratic incarnations.

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The lobby was divided into two poles. Mr. Langbo looked grimly at a group of the upstarts and felt that his soul demanded satisfaction. His colleague from the company Roche, Daniel O’Day, a specialist in molecular diagnostics actively supported him.

- Firstly, it is outrageous, and secondly, you must draw the appropriate conclusions, and thirdly, we would actively lobby for the closing of such directions at a high level, if everyone defends their rights this way. Tolerance in the science will be disappearing and the science will collapse, so we need to tell the police about the incident or require a response from the organizing committee.

- We can shut down completely this direction.

- Dass!

In fact, it was not accepted talking about it. The company Johnson & Johnson was one of the powerful transcontinental companies. In some countries, it was a part of the oligarchic groups of the modern world. This company played a role of first violin in some small countries and was almost the power. In some way, the Elshteins risked their well-being.

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About one hundred and fifty laboratories in the world have been investigated by many thousands of patients who had the talent of foresight. It turned out that every average person had the ability to see the future with a rate of about five-tenths percent. When Maria-Theresa appeared in a black and white Thomas’ life, her image was unexpectedly lit up by millions of colors and shades. While he was reading, writing scientific papers, sitting in the university laboratories or visiting various conferences, he didn’t realize that there appeared a half in his fate.

He was quite ambitious. At school, where he was studying in a small village near Munich, he could walking in the Ebersberg forest for hours, to invent different strange theories and talking about them with inspiration to their friends. Thomas understood that under such circumstances, he could create something great.

\*

Mari could furiously play women's soccer during the rain and wearing a faded T-shirt at her own lectures. It was spring, they were dirty and wet after a workout, just laughed and ate wet from rain hotdogs. Then, it seemed to pass fifteen minutes. Thomas walked along the main avenue and saw her. He began spastic wiping his glasses. She was different, he had never seen her in such suit, she was walking like a queen from the another planet, and all his previous life seemed to be a dark grey spot. She passed by stunned Thomas, hardly nodded him and went to the white six-meters limousine Bentley Arnage which cost about million dollars. Thomas stupidly looked at that tall boyfriend from Beverly Hills and went home.

That evening, after unsuccessful attempts to finish one more article about hyperpolarized krypton, he, for the first time, got drunk by the wine Romero. Maybe she felt something and called him at one AM from Beverly Hills after a party. It was the longest talk in his life, which has been lasting for five hours.

Of course, this guy was a hard nut, but she managed to drag the most important words from him. For the first time in his life, forty-six pairs of chromosomes in every cell completely untwined and curled again, becoming a united organism.

If, till his thirty-five he was by himself, so now, when she wasn’t near, or she felt bad or she was angry at him, he was sad. However, in love one is always kissing and another just offers a cheek.

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At 4:08 AM on the 21 of May 2015 at the police station in the Queen Street was a call from the club De Hong Kong. The guard was calling under the instructions because he heard a strange noise in one of the room. A lying squad came to the club in 6 minutes. The guard briefly told that he heard a sudden strange noise, probably, flat strokes, then they stopped.. How long they were lasting? Maybe three to five minutes. The door was closed at 22 PM. The key was at the guard for all that time. Fire escape was always closed. A sergeant Lane Tat Keyng from the left slowly moved to the door with the police carbine M4, and a lieutenant Fung Siu from the right, professionally and quietly pressing to the wall, with the classic detective colt 38. It was quiet. The policemen listened to the silence. Siu carefully turned the door handle and it was opened. The lieutenant jumped into a dark doorway, trying to find a switch.

The danger of death seized Siu, who was looking at him from the darkness from the silence and fear ran through his spine. He felt that the enemy who decided if he stays alive was near. His heart was beating very much. It seemed to him by inner vision that black shadows were flying around. The Lieutenant tried to calm down, but suddenly he saw something that was looking at him. Siu shouted and started moving to him. At the same time sergeant Lane threw himself into the doorway having shouted "Police!" holding the carbine and a torch in his hand, he was trying to defend the officer with his body, as he was taught at courses.

There was an ominous silence. The police hesitated a little bit. The sergeant noticed lieutenant Siu dumbfounded, unnaturally staring and with a white face.

- What is there? – probably he was dreaming.

The lieutenant took a deep breath.

He also lit the torch up and the police started going round the stacks from both sides, attentively examining black boxes. They both met in the center of the hall, almost at the same time.

They both had to see death in different images: people with fatal gunshot wounds, sunk in a fuel oil, strangled by chains and crushed by heavy trucks. But the thing they saw was incredible.

In front of him there was a man without skin and his blood, in a terrible silence, was dripping into crimson foam. His eyes were wide opened. And we felt awkward that they were looking at the police almost intelligently. Stunned lieutenant Siu and sergeant Lane were observing that terrible picture when the dead body began slowly falling into the officer’s arms. For the second time Siu shouted. Obviously, the lieutenant was about to nervous prostration.

\*

Lieutenant Siu was twenty-seven years old when he came to the police. He was graduating from the medical college the department of dentistry. While he was studying, he had to work on an ambulance and in emergency rooms. He was the fourth child in the family and for a long time, he has been looking for a business for himself.

Everybody knows how it difficult to get a good job in dentistry, especially if you don’t have connections and live in old houses of the New Territories and your parents are lack of money. Any attempts to organize a "black" dental office in an abandoned kitchen of neighbors who went for a job to Illinois, failed. A kitchen with peeled walls, uneven floor, trampled down linoleum and a big cast-iron sink of sixties of the last century couldn’t be link to the sterility of the current medicine. His rare clients were mostly from that quarter. They didn’t have money and tried to ask him to treat teeth on credit. Of course, it was a variant for Siu, the more he was thinking about marriage.

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The enemy hid somewhere nearby. The lieutenant’s brain worked feverishly searching for the right solution.

- Find the emergency exit, he is alone, lock it and be there, - he whispered sergeant Lane. And ran to the entrance, having pressed on the transmitter the call button.

- The murder at the Club De Hong Kong!

In a hurry he jumped out of the dark room, loudly cried to the guard with a strong Hong Kong slang.

- Daygua! Stop! Here is a murder! Shoot to kill!

Siu in a routine movement checked his colt and a torch and walked to the black obscurity.

"Sheep are looking for the smell of grass, but not the grass," says an old Chinese proverb, and after the fear there is only stupefaction. Methodically, the lieutenant began to go round the rows of stacks with dark black boxes. For the second time he glanced at the poor guy. He saw sergeant Lane at the same place.

- Any rustle?

- No, sir!

Both policemen began slowly and methodically going round the stacks.

- Who's there? Come out! - loudly and clearly said Siu.

In response there was silence.

The police cars seemed to squeak somewhere. The sergeant was going some steps forward.

And suddenly the lieutenant’s body stiffened. He hardly slowly turned back. And before the lieutenant saw the vision, he shot. Movements and sounds of life returned with the it.

The policemen, security guards were coming from all sides, sirens howling and there appeared the bright light. The lieutenant saw again an ominous silhouette and rushed to the pursuit.

The hood darted out of the emergency exit.

- He overreached me - thought the policeman.

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They were running along the endless dusty corridors of the club, along the kitchen and shop the finished products, along the poolrooms, the apartment halls, then darted out the room of slot machines into the club garden, they began twisting along the Mody Road street, and then along the center of Tsim Sha Tsui Coulon.

Once Siu managed to take the third place at sprint during the annual competitions among police stations and he was given the deed and even a small bonus, that’s why he was sure in his forces.

In the early morning fog of the harbor, keeping a gun in readiness, he touched and crushed the tents street traders, cleaners and dockers. For the first time he felt like a real terminator with a license to kill. Guards- policemen were joining the chase. Traders-cyclists with Chinese trunks in terror scattered pomelo, Pitahaya and carom.

- A wonderful morning! - vaguely murmured aloud Siu and thought that maybe the killer had a partner.

Chasing turned to the Chinatown with a maze of stairs, back doors and gaps between buildings with the size of a Chinese man. The policeman was trying to see the face of the dark hood, but it was unsuccessfully, although the last often half-turned to him, and wonder that when the police officer hesitated the hood as if was waiting for him.

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Suddenly Siu remembered, when he was a boy he has been working the whole summer producing packages, as a result he bought a short-old gun for seventeen yuan. He was carrying it under his jacket and once has been following an old smart fox for the whole day. It was going around, fouling the trail, and when the young hunter was exhausted, it waited for him with interest. When he tried to shoot, it started catching mice. As if the fox knew that he couldn’t hit from a rifle at such distance and was arrogant.

Chasing reached the old houses. The killer was running on the roofs, was tangling the policeman and Siu was shooting. For a moment, the criminal seemed to be caught. He was rushing about in a corner of the roof at the crossroads. The distance was becoming shorter.

- Hands up! Face down! - ordered the policeman.

The hood was staying motionlessly with his back and then the officer shot.

- A misfire!

The monster half-turned and his laughter was terrible. With high circles he performed an incredible dance of death including Kempo, and his tanto knife glittered everywhere.

- Is it all? - though Siu.

He desperately rushed to the enemy, but he completely owned the situation. The hood opened the ventilation hatch lid without being noticed and craftily drove the policeman in, where he fell, like a blind kitten. While the policeman was trying to get out of the hatch and changed the charger, time was already lost. He just saw as the hood jumped off the roof.

Swearing, the lieutenant jumped to the edge of the roof. Far below there was buzzing a wide avenue and Siu timidly came to the edge.

- How did he jump off? - thought the policeman, but then he saw a black solid shiny rope, which is often used by climbers.

He lay down on his stomach, with his shoe he caught hold of the roof fence and saw the open broken window, a confused red bearded face that immediately disappeared.

For a few moments the lieutenant has been trying to restore that picture.

Maybe, the criminal tied to the fence a long rope, came down it, swung having broken the window by his foot, and then somehow cut off the piece of the rope, because one could see just a piece of it below the roof. Maybe, the hood stood on the windowsill, took the rope and cut it by something in two, leaving about four meters. The officer suggested that it was a knife.

- It would be great evidence - he thought.

Any policeman knows well that the rope isn’t used by the leading countries policemen. However, Siu wanted to be a very good policeman. For two years, he has been studying with his colleagues the current Japanese system of tying up the enemy with ropes called "Hojōjutsu", which is used as handcuffs. This cruel medieval system is used nowadays in the east as an addition to deterrents. Without wasting time, the policeman repeated the enemy’s trick. He tied at the same place the end of his indigo rope, slowly scrambled down the roof, strongly swaying, and after several attempts he flew in through the window with a crash. In a dark shabby room with dusty mats there was a pale, bearded man in the corner, he was holding a piece of long pipe in his hands. Having seen a policeman in the uniform he indistinctly pointed at the next door. Siu slipped through a dark cement corridor. The apartment door was opened. The lieutenant has been walking along dark rooms, until he heard a strange rustling. He shouted in a loud deep voice "police", having seen a spacious bathroom and a half-naked thick dark-haired middle-aged Chinese woman who unexpectedly hit Siu’s head with force with an iron mop and threw the policemen out of the bathroom.

He was laying on the parquet floor. He was coming to his senses. He saw double and triple of a woman’s silhouette with a mop which was rocking, until the lieutenant fixed it by force.

- Vangbadan! – he cried.

He twice ran round the whole dull house, it was no purpose. Several policemen cars were staying around the house and his colleagues were running to him. To be close to the dangerous criminal and not to grab him! He was shyly hiding his eyes because they were full of tears, bitterness and defeat. When the colleagues surrounded him consoling, the policemen saw that the Siu uniform was cut up into thin strips. He rushed to the nearest police car, took off his cup up jacket and saw the calligraphy. There were written hieroglyphs in Old Chinese. It was the killer’s message.

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The next report the audience was waiting for with undisguised interest. It was seen by the filling of the hall and the audience’s enlivening and content hands rubbing. The article entitled "New immortology issues" was introduced by the famous nice old man, Mr. Vand. His performances were given not only supply of the widest erudition, but also sparkling kindly humor. He was a very bright personality who managed to combine extremely ill-assorted research. The audience was also impressed by the courage of thought. An amazing scientist, who had not only ever missed the articles on this topic, but also attentively followed the related branches which could be linked to the topic of the longevity. He could suddenly arrive to some out-of-the-way for a seminar on some topic in the Ecuadorian Andes, discussing hoarse, putting on and taking off his jacket, nervously trifling with braces and suddenly disappear in Shaolin mountains, where so far they have been making potion Lingzhi.

\*

Of course, Mari thought, that an unpleasant old man could eclipse others speakers. She stared attentively at crimson Thomas with sparkling eyes and she calmed down. His laboratory was also producing a good bomb, anyway the audience hardly scatter to other halls.

At the same time, she was tracking attentively the movement of the odd neighbor from the sixteenth row. Firstly, there was a red-haired hag next to him, secondly, she was showing attention to him, maybe false ones, and thirdly, she looked scared. It’s a rare talent to stare at people without being noticed.

One uses a special technique. If you are in motion, you are walking purposely without seeing anyone, or even specially look the other way. But in fact, you are secretly looking around. If you are in the company at the table, it is used a refined way of the intrigue technology. You're briskly talking, without paying attention to the neighbor, and in a hundredth part of a second, when you blink, you evaluate the partner with cold look. In addition, she had a special mysterious talent, she was proud of. At school, when her classmates reached the age of teenagers, when her father was temporarily absent, she accidentally read at home his strange photocopy classified information, entitled "Instructions. Comprehension of speech by lips. Remote speech interception. Using the binoculars, cameras at a big distance from the speaker". She read these instructions all at once or even swallowed it. And a year later, she began lipreading. When she went to the United States and actively was studying the language, she not only lost that secret weapon, but she managed to develop that especial kind of observation and a strange character of speech comprehension.

Mari was tracking as that secretary was pushing big white pills into his mouth and how the color of his face changed from the pale wax-white to the brown-bronze. And how a red-haired bitch was fixing her eyes at all listeners, looking round the dark hall.

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When Mr. Vand mentioned some of the latest issues relating to the recent newfangled discoveries, leading to a potential increase of life duration, suddenly Leon Kass, the head of the committee on bioethics, started loudly.

- If you, dear ladies and gentlemen, are able to achieve a sharp increase of life duration, it will be a catastrophe, which can be compared with the second World War, racial genocide or the nuclear war. There will be broken the most important human right for life, there will be an advantage of one person over another one. It is obvious, that some group, called "immortal", is quickly appearing, it usurps the power, and there will be the club of immortals , which will be closed for the ordinary person. It will be not only a great injustice, leading to wars and demographic shocks. People, democracy which exists on the western hemisphere may be destroyed and even may lead the west to the totalitarianism. Now, we can evaluate this new catastrophic threat, not to open the Pandora's box prematurely!

For a moment, Kass’ shrill voice put many scientists out of countenance. But this is human’s nature. Homo sapiens curiosity has always prevailed over the arguments of the reason and his inner moral code. The human history can be likened to a child, to find out something, he should break an expensive toy. This radiant Mahat, a bad teenager, inclined and able to destroy blooming civilizations without remorse, organize concentration camps to kill half of population or to drop a nuclear bomb on a city.

\*

The conversation turned into a long sluggish squabble.

Mari was boring a little bit. A red-haired hag continued something slandering and was shaking her head. It was interesting. Mari sat comfortably, half-turned, partly lowered her eyelids and prepared for the distant conversation.

- Don’t you understand?

- Stop becoming hysterical!

- They have just been here, turned many drawers upside down and Zik caught them.

Hat rolled questioningly.

- Well, and what about the suitcase? Did you check it? Du bist verflucht…

- A dolt! - Mari shuddered, having heard the girl’s clear Russian word without any accent.

- Oh, it’s interesting! - she thought.

At that moment, Mari was distracted because that meeting turned into a stage of shouts. A huge cantor, as she immediately called him, filled the auditorium with thunderous rolls:

- Apologists of the neo-Darwinism, dear transhumanists, unfortunately, you see your complicated research only through narrow lens. In 1968, when I served as a sergeant, I happened to be at the Pentagon. Suddenly sirens started howling and twenty minutes later the United States hardly disappeared from the face of the earth. Fortunately, it turned out that it was the false alarm. Another new danger for a mankind could be worse than the nuclear war. The origin of several small groups of the immortals is inevitably, like private clubs, one will win after several fierce battles. And, probably, this group will become a living picture of the eternal evil of the whole mankind. One can paraphrase the parable of Babylon: if an ordinary human life never gives opportunity to finish the Tower of Babel, so there is one famous and the most effective way created by the nature for bearers of evil to equalize everybody. Moreover, even your applied practice of life duration increasing, which seems to you quite harmless or even pretentious, sooner or later it can malfunction up to the degeneracy of some families. Ladies and gentlemen, study the history, back to the primeval nature!

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The cantor seemed to touch upon the most concealed fundamental strings of this community. They started a big noise. Mari cheered up frankly. With a professional lecturer experience of many years she examined the auditorium. Some were roaring with laughter, others couldn’t understand what the question was, and others were quite dissatisfied.

However, she noticed gloomy intense faces of a strange couple. Both men accidentally were sitting next to her.

\*

Chance governs this material world. That’s why a man is living in the clouds, crying bitterly, and smashing his hopes to smithereens. Early in the morning you were enjoying on the throne with your special accent and suddenly a terrible simoom started late in the evening and you can’t meet a person you love. This clownery continues, time passes, forms start deadening, and it’s painfully for you to keep the form not to turn into a sad fool mime, especially if you have a secret mission.

\*

- They've already passed by. But they were stopped.

- Who!

- A regular Highway Patrol.

- Scheisse, call!

Mari saw the hag’s face contorted with fierce and desperate dumbness of the strange rolling hat. Something has happened there. All her six senses sharpened. For several minutes, she has been nervously pressing a button of her cell phone, then she threw it hopelessly on the neighboring chair, having approached the hat.

- They were arrested!

The couple became fussy walking up and she couldn’t fix completely the last deutsche phrase:

- Verpiss dich!

\*

Finally, it was time for Thomas’s report. He had some primal features and there were German seizures of ancient civilizations in his walk and the amplitude of his short sportive movements of his strong energetic hands weren’t appropriate to the daily practice of scientist experiments. He looked the big audience over, wiped the glasses of his horn-rimmed spectacles and began his speech. After standard dull passages with pink glasses called a scientific childhood and adolescence, he passed to business.

The use of noble gases in different combinations after creation of the receivers of the magnetic -resonance spectroscopies in the seventies of the twentieth century wasn’t new, when in the nineties there were built industrial machines with one or two or more Tesla. For fifteen years he has been creating an effective group of researchers and learnt doing the MR-tomography of human body’s parts with different concentrations of noble gases. It was hard, but he and his team have patented several important inventions. A prospective professor was often invited to the best universities in different countries. Her blond muse was also an outstanding expert in magnetic resonance spectroscopy and deservedly carried the title of professor. Everything was going well and the audience with the great interest listened to his excellent report, where his research system of human body’s parts in vivo was called by many experts as an outstanding achievement of the beginning of the century. Thomas looked around triumphantly the auditorium. Of course, he deserved applauses. This victorious professor was wiping his horn-rimmed glasses, smiling and looking at the audience.

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However, the scientist is able to get through any gap of self-importance and pride. Bad fever of pride, robed in the mantle of dusty scientific works and titles gave sprouts for three hundred years has. Under the cover of a secret desire to be powerful and to own empires, the science adjusted to come through unscathed in the issue of the moral imperative of the good and the evil. If in the ancient empires the fruit temptation of the scientific research were put under external and internal look of some self-restraint, so all the clothes were torn off for the last three hundred years. And if in the ancient centuries, called centuries- heroes, where the wars were the destiny of soldiers, and survival made sense, as life continuation, so last centuries led to mass murders, genocide of peoples to world wars, the Holocaust and the global confrontation. Millstones of totalitarian systems created systems of institutions for the destruction of each other by the dominoes system. And then the war became indistinguishable from the science and the science was the war continuation. Lucky scientists were burdened the fame and material prosperity. The main grant for the scientist of the twentieth century was the Nobel Prize, established by the inventor of dynamite.

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Everything flashed through Thomas’ mind. While brief moments of glory were passing, he understood well that those seconds were the fate’s fork, and the consequences of those five minutes could be unpredictable for him and his family.

It began in February 2003. It occurred to him to try to scan the cell membranes of living cells under very high concentrations of inert gases to try to create a special microscope for cells. He worked at it irregularly, and the idea was almost hopeless. However, for a couple of years of hard work, he managed to shoot the first film about the living tissue of a thin layer with a high-resolution printing and long exposure. Firstly he noticed daily short impulsive changes in the cell membranes. These changes were seen well in the skin. It was not just the regeneration of cells but it was something else.

He asked Mari not to tell about this subject. She, with the practicism, hid this work into the far corner in a separate room, found an extra safe and was carrying the keys with herself.

After dozens of experiments, he realized that it could not be. Moreover, the experiments contradicted the common sense. It turned out that once the cells were born again, and he managed to find this elusive center of the assembly. He re-read many theories, about three hundred, including the genetic theory, a free radical theory, Kirkwood theory of aging, an interesting telomeric theory and also a fountain lunar theory and became firmly convinced of that he was close to the statement of the incredible microcosm discovery. It turned out that, for a moment, the time turned into an arbitrary derivative of that elusive center of the assembly. He called this phenomenon “daily short-term fountains of time”.

However, any good scientist is, first of all, a wise skeptic. To venture the time, global change of ideas about the microworld, there should be an appropriate punch. And he was looking among many well-known theories, the explanations to his experiments, but was no purpose.

The nature hid the secret of time so deep that its reversibility and randomness would open only in a deep sleep and during these seconds the time can turn back, and the cell can remember its future. During the year, Thomas repeated the experiments like a maniac. He looked drawn, lost weight and hardly slept. He couldn’t believe his eyes. Unexpected short-term membrane impulse suddenly could emit energy, comparable only with the energy atoms transformations. How can the membrane stay without destroying for an instant? He counted up that at the moment of short-time fountain the energy was a hundred times more powerful than the energy of the coal. In a couple years of his persistent research he managed to move on a little bit to the new membrane theory, which hasn’t been clear yet.

The experiments showed that the phenomena were several hundred times stronger than in the epithelium. After endless tests and experiments, he learned in a special way transporting a small piece of skin tissue on the internal organs, he was waiting for the fountain moments and treated body’s part was became younger. But it didn’t only fit any existing modern theories. It was a challenge to which Thomas wasn’t ready. He had by himself to refuse the time, the basis of the fundamental science and his long successful career of the scientist. It turned out that if there is the elixir of immortality, his secret would be partially hidden in the skin with the red blood cells.

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Thomas and Mari have restricted this work as they could. Thomas understood that he came closely to some mystery limit beyond which there would be other problems, namely: ethical, moral, and probably religious. He several times started an article about the new work but each time he crumpled written papers in the heat of passion. But, once, a cold spring night two thousand five, an unknown stole from the laboratory the samples and the computer where they were doing the research. The situation was hopeless and Thomas had to partially lift the veil of his research. He told about the research to professor Stein, an influential chief of the university, and the last without questions gave the most safe laboratory on the second floor with a security twenty-four-hour. He advised that if you have something, announce it. If it’s necessary, he would support. Professor Stein, with a constant flat smile flattened, was at one who had a finger in every pie at the University. Sometimes Thomas dreamed this funny Norwegian, as if he made that theft by himself. It couldn’t be, but the quiet university life was full of various devilry.

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Thomas deeply breathed and told the audience clearly, loudly and succinctly about new research.

- There was got a way of controlled regeneration of a living cell with the help of temporary implantation of skin tissue into the internal human tissues, including hyaline, fibrous, fusiform, with mio-filaments, Betz cells and muscle cells with drawings!

- Experimentally there was calculated positive coefficient of the internal tissues regeneration by implantation of skin tissue with mnemonic value approximately square "e".

- In theory, it is known that one not only can effectively recovering the affected organs and tissues by manipulating the thickness and size of the skinblasters surface, but repeat it at least to five times.

When Thomas worried he became crimson, his voice involuntarily raised, and his speech was very distinct, probably, pretentious. Excellent acoustics, which was created by the predecessors of the thirties of the last century, Frank Wright, Oscar Niemeyer and Le Corbusier, added it some extra moment of the grandeur.

Going to the exit, Olivia, and Mr. von Neumann, who never took off his black felt hat, stopped. The whole extension of the enclave of the representatives of the most powerful pharmaceutical companies stood up, and his class enemy, Arnold Langbo stood still with a raised hand because before he had been gesticulating furiously with Mr. Daniel O’ Day from the Roche company, discussing another disgusting attack on the doctor’s Lui Brower part. On the left side, among dark back rows, where Gerhard Brenner nodded before, he suddenly stood up straight with a clatter, trying not to miss anything and convulsively trying to take out the iPod to record this unexpected performance. Handsome Kevin Edwards sitting at the front row instinctively began watching the reaction of his nearest competitors.

When Thomas' wonderful speech was finished, there have been silence in the auditorium for a long time, and then some chaotic motions began appearing everywhere. Several people lined up in a queue to write down something after the famous luminary or to stick to him. At the same time different groups of people began discussing louder and louder the speech and as a result, the audience burst with questions.

- Do you want to say that, in some respect, you can rejuvenate a separate body organ?

- Actually, yes, just theory. Although, we have already done some experiments and the results were positive.

- Eh, it's so unexpected version. But it's necessary to check it several times but do you want to say that it can refute the Hayflick limit?

- I think that the answer is only a certain amount of experiments. Generally, we safely suppose that this method is directed at the controlled reversible Hayflick limit. Moreover, we have also certain calculations that this method gives the time of Hayflick limit management just for some available bodies.

- Incredibly, do you think that you can solve our main problem by this strange and unlikely way and reach the line of one hundred and fifty years? But it's surgical, a bit brutal, brrr. You know, your method, will be interesting not only for the ethics committee, but there will be noise and hubbub in the whole world.

\*

Red as a lobster, falling into falsetto, Thomas was hardly beating off the electrified atmosphere of the room. As it happens he was saved by that it was a lunch time, otherwise, it would have been torn apart. The audience decided to change the time limit and in the afternoon give twenty minutes for a blitz conference.

He walked already famous to the sixteenth row. It was seen by the looks, and by a pleasant confusion in the hall.

When he approached his companion, he took her hand and that lovely lady instinctively made a curtsey, they heard applauses.

This happened. They should always been close to the height of fame. It was just the matter of time. They felt as if they have always waiting for some ancient drug. And that they finally got something that they couldn't find before.

\*

Wearing a perfect expensive suit, he was slowly walking in circles for a spacious office of his own ancestral residence with fine views on the gulf. There were mixed four groups of blood in him. His maternal grandmother named Bella told him that her clan came from the richest Jewish clans in the Canton province. Since that, there have been left decrepit monuments with hieroglyphs of their former riches. In 1949, her family numerous property was nationalized. Family managed to escape with her three children to Hong Kong. Maya, Bella's daughter, was the average, and it was ten. Her father was a Hungarian manufacturer, named Joseph Kisfaludi. He organized the mining concessions in China, successfully got married, ideologically left his factories for deputies, specially went to Hungary and joined the army as a volunteer at the Nazis side. However, almost immediately, he was taken a prisoner by the Russians. But, he managed to escape. From 1945 to 1949 he has been successfully doing business. Feeling rolls of great respiration of the lasting Chinese revolution, he managed to bring a lot of money to Hong Kong. For a while he even was an officer in the infantry Chiang Kai-shek. Gaining different desperate thugs, often under cover of night, he was dragging of his factors assets by different ways. For three years he was able to rebuild his empire, but a little bit shabby. But in 1953, being for some time in Canton with false documents, he was traced and brutally tortured by a special department of maoists. Maya is suffered her husband’s death very painfully she suffered of nightmares of a red danger and she had emigrated to New York via Korea. She graduated from the Columbia University in Manhattan and got married. Her husband’s father was an Irishman, and his mother - a Spaniard.

His huge palace like a pyramid was hiding in a shady virgin forest on a hill not far from the Victoria Peak, from which there was a spectacular views on Hong Kong. The night was falling, the outlines of the archipelago was gradually disappearing through the haze. Southern Night swallowed human civilization with fast twilight. A big city was lit by the myriad of man-made fires, mixing with the first big stars.

Nobody knew his real name. He was a subject of different countries under different double and triple names. And his name was often Michael. In the reports of various dossiers he was often called "Maher". Since teenage times his nickname has been "Skull".

He climbed the hill by sixty steps and reigned on a huge chair, like an ancient throne. Embers of his big black eyes, in the middle of a big head, were searching for silhouettes of invisible infinities.

The residence was protected from uninvited guests schooled by trained own guard, comparable to the president protection. The greatest thirty years big preparation for the mission in the whole world was coming to an end.

As his grandfather said, according to the legend, millionaires spend money, but billionaires move the history. He guaranteed that the history would change a lot.

\*

During fifteen years hundreds of his companies have been gathering the ingredient "A” from the whole world. Under specious pretexts, dozens of factories, existing in different countries, turned components "B", "C" and "D". Those ingredients were built into new and useful medicines of his powerful pharmaceutical companies. At a high price, he managed to export and import officially the microscopic element "E" through the partially corrupt customs in Arizona, as the molecular basis for many new antibiotics.

His crazy plan had been basically formed, when he was thirteen when he fought desperately with the rabble and then with the triads. When he was sixteen he was able to control a half of Harlem. When his close friend and colleague named Berik gave away the general network to the competitors, he, once and for all, was arrested. Two days later, Berik was killed during a street fight. They immediately said that it was made by his gang. Things have taken a turn for the worse. His parents were shocked. There was started a criminal case for the young man. Bale’s grandmother was rushing about the police station, a lawyer and family’s friend senator.

One can say some great words about this woman. When she was sixty, she was a very beautiful blooming woman, about whom you could always tell when a person had breeding. Driving at high speeds and changing them as expensive gloves, she always solved some incredible problems. Sometimes, she was pursued by many policemen. However, they not only often fined her but they were aware of what level of communication they face. It wasn’t her charm or beauty of the inherent dignity. This was true composure of the true world which people lost. At the end of communication, they stood at attention and followed her with long sad look inscrutable for them.

It’s no wonder, that four hours later, Bella’s grandmother, having come to the police station, got the boy out of there by the written undertaking.

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After that, he has never let anyone into his plans. Taboo, which he has never broken since that. And nobody could see the whole picture of his great transcontinental corporation.

Maher entered his virtual office which cost four hundred and fifty million dollars. An unusual space was like a half of a beveled egg, stuffed with all kinds of electronics. His great brain almost never slept. Even when he had a rest his left cerebral hemisphere was asleep, and the right one was inventing new colorful multidimentional living worlds. And vice versa, the left cerebral hemisphere created his new future parent language.

\*

The overwhelmed majority of people never looks into the future. And it’s wisely. As they say, if you want to make God laugh, tell him your plans. Few people are able to make plans for ten or fifteen years. Few people are able to think strategically for fifty or hundred years. Just he will control the whole world. The sore point with any of rulers is time. Moments of modern presidents are limited to 4-8 years. They have time to realize that they are just complicated toys in hands of the oligarchic elites. Ancient rulers, often hardly had time to rule in full measure. Rigorous wars and riots didn’t allow them to open their own true destination. Infrequent exceptions prove the rule.

That’s why, Maher ventured the time.

By lively ocean, incomprehensible, indifferent, cold, pulsed time winding the bunch of endless waves of invisible whirlpools, going into the abyss of the next generations and worlds. A man is born in torment and dies in torment. And he equally finds the eternal rest.

But he will be the only ruler who will enjoy his centenary governing, who will enjoy the fruit like biblical forefathers and will measure off the time by himself, turning into dust.

\*

The billionaire was carrying the only thing which couldn’t be taken off under any circumstances and which he was proud of. A special unique bracelet, created in his laboratory, was designed in a way that the energy of seven supply types would be enough under any circumstances. In the building there were hidden thirty-three trillion bytes of its work. Three times he squeezed and twisted the bracelet, having taken it with his right hand’s middle finger and thumb. Firstly there appeared a bright multicolored virtual panel and then, in a huge dark hemisphere, a bright, colorful, enormous, three-dimensional six-meters globe, on a scale of one to two thousand, played at real-time.

The session of his work began, which, as a rule, has been lasting for two or three hours. Maher has never engaged anyone any payment and always did by himself. An accountant, a spy or even an amateur could calculate the picture of his operations and damage him. Many years ago, he created an original unified super instrument for payment for thousands of his companies and that the Buffett, a sage of Omaha, could envy. For Maher bookkeeping was an extremely primitive and boring work. But that day he was close to greatness. Number boxes, hung piles of spreadsheets and bank accounts were flashing along the whole space of the globe. It was twisting like crazy ball, turning inside out, tracing by multicolored arrows. He turned and turned off the bracelet with a studied movement. The Globe and the whole world immediately disappeared. Skull was pleased that he was managed to finish that work in one hour and 45 minutes. He had fifteen minutes left.

He went up to his outdoor pavilion like a mini-arena. It was crowned by rotating monumental installations like a throne, called 101.

Hundreds of stars were shining in the sky and below at the foot of a big city they were preparing the largest laser show in the world, which was paid on ninety-three per cent by the master. A great fireball flew along the dark lilac sky and crossed the horizon with the bright line.

- It’s incredible. This is an omen for me! - thought Maher.

At that moment, there appeared a huge giant named Nephele, who managed the security. There was badge on his lapel, something similar to the sheriff's badge, which could change color in case of danger and recognize a special code as Morse. A red Morse code showed that the danger was very close, and it was in the fourth category of five ones. However, Skull didn’t move and the first chords of the laser show coincided with his first short juvenile Symphony, he composed by himself. And as in childhood, he instinctively stared at the sky, where there were shining the only main black star behind the Crab Nebula.

\*

Colonel was sitting on a stone of the bay Tai Tam on the Hong Kong Island. He understood that the day would be one of the most difficult of his life. He went for a jog for five hundred meters along the reddish spit across the milky dawn. He had three hours to think about.

His next move could be compared with a skillful game of chess or a very difficult solitaire, where not only his own life was at stake but something immeasurably more.

His brain was feverishly replaying dozens of versions and hundreds of scenarios of this strange game.

White gulls were chittering in the sky. A pair of gray peacocks which, probably, only at nights turned into the firebirds, were slowly crossed the shore at the cliff.

There were far more questions than answers, but as a regular officer of the military reconnaissance party, he got used to it long ago.

When he was a child, Dux succeed in all intellectual games such as folding the matches, chess, checkers, backgammon, dominoes, crossword puzzles and puzzles. He spent six months to do the Rubic cube that was successful, and even was a street champion in the distant eighties. The brain was lack of effort and Colonel specially hunted for new products and looking for a special delicacy exceeding all bounds of sharpness.

The hardest thing was properly spread those puzzles that could be called well-established facts, like truth islands. Hence, he could calculate the different alternatives with the lines general direction which should start tallying somewhere.

There was enough information to think about. One has tried to kill him three times during his trip for ten days. The first attempt at the hotel was quite transparent. Probably, the dramatization was made by the special service of Kyrgyzstan. The customer was one of the local nomenclature maybe of westernists. But the second attempt!?

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With incredible pain he again sacrificed to the worst ten minutes of his life: because he came to himself under a huge, clear blue sky and his wounded body cured with an unknown languor force. She kissed him with infinite, mad, wandering kisses. And that couple plunged into the fog called love from the golden age that is rarity nowadays. The grass was rustling and grasshoppers were chirring and they were falling into the infinite passion. And he hardly heard the sound of the lock. He delayed that tenth part of a second, because at that moment she firstly said the only main word that sounds in all languages of the world. He could find a “Saiga” and see how thick blunt bullets were sticking into her beautiful body. And he filled up with tears, was killing those guys, howling and screaming like a mad beast. For the first time, he wanted to die.

\*

An hour later everything was over. Guys were really featureless. They tried to shoot, but couldn’t hit him. And he strangled and killed them in twenty minutes. Long enough, this fought with Grinev required a lot of attention. He had a cover nearby, a sniper was shooting professionally. The situation was difficult.

Dux noticed a frightened deer running with a young one on the right side which Grinev couldn’t see. In a mad paranoia, Colonel whispered the deer, "I'll hurt you a little bit. But you will live. " He wounded the deer in its flesh and she jumped straight to Grinev. Dux had time hit him in head.

For a few seconds Dux lost the sniper. Instinctively Colonel turned off the SMERSH pendulum, he handled perfectly. The sniper's bullet passed next to the head ten of microns away from him and burned his cheek. The sniper was really broken. Shooting sluggishly, he was running away the large hole. He awkwardly darted out to a small sparkling stream. With the last two shots, Colonel broke the weapon spring and knocked out of sniper’s hands the rifle.

The sniper raised his hands, without turning face to his death. Colonel was fearful. Since his first internecine battle in the far 1985, across the border river, he was ready strangling the last enemy with his hands.

- Take away the gun – he said he indifferently- take off a service jacket, we will fight.

The sniper hopelessly threw away the charger from the gun Makarov out of the pockets of the dense shirt. He went to the middle of the cold stream, reeling slowly. One could see on his stooped back that he was not ready for fight.

The sniper was stifling by the horror and stream babbling was having something in common with inarticulate mumbling. He hung his head and half-turned guiltily.

- Damn, Sasha, is it you, - Colonel suddenly dumbfounded - one in a million! How did you get here?

They were lied waiting with that guy, they were under heavy fire many years ago.

He grabbed Sasha by his belt and began howling like crazy people.

- Come on.

It was all the same to both of them. One could see Vasyatka running away shamefully in an unknown direction. They were walking reeling approaching the last refuge of beautiful dead muse. Then Dux gave a slap on Sasha's face and cried.

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It wasn’t clear, who was the customer of the second attack. But Sasha mentioned that it was someone from the Centre. That thing has completely changed the whole picture. It turned out that Vasily Ivanovich played a trick on him on the off-chance. However, one gives a slap on one’s face for it. Perhaps, the chief was forbidden to deal with it but why didn’t he prevent me? There were two versions left. Either Vasily Ivanovich is played up by someone. This could be only federasty. Or Vasily Ivanovich play for his stakes.

He found a lot of small multicolored round stones and began throwing twisting disks along the quiet morning wavelength.

\*

Before the trip to Moscow, he met Shadow. A headquarters not far from the flag station Dobryatino looked like a century-old hut, in the Murom dense forests.

They tried to collect the information little by little. Day and night, they have been pressing the laptop keys, having a direct detached communication line codified by the space satellite communication, eating crumbled potatoes.

Statistics are stubborn. Each year, two million people are lost in the world. Most of them return safe and sound. Some of them become the victims of natural disasters or crimes. Some accidentally or voluntarily die in the forests, rivers and seas, fall into abyss. A big rate of people disappears in depths of security government or armed bands, without leaving a trace. A small rate gets other surnames, these are so-called intelligence agents. Some of them leave their wives, rarely their husbands. Many people in the whole world take to flight. One of the significant factors of people disappearance is transplantation. They often use sophisticated abstruse criminal schemes, for a suitable living organ, where law enforcement agencies and medical facilities and criminal elements and often the representatives of state institutions are involved in. The amounts are so high that there aren’t any questions.

The revenue from this terrible shadow business brings their owners all around the world to ten billion dollars and the number of semi-legal and illegal victims reaches two hundred thousand a year.

Nevertheless, at least twenty thousand people annually disappear absolutely without a trace. In such cases, there is even no a hint of any reasonable version. With different degree of zeal, these people are looked for by the police, relatives, special services. In a couple of years the dossiers are shelved.

Once, a disappeared person has been searching by the whole village, as in the book by Mark Twain. Since appearance of trains, cars and planes it became almost impossible to find a disappeared person. Real search require big material costs. If a person is lost at his territory, it’s more probable to find him because there are numerous connections.

Everything is completely different if a person was lost no one knows where, especially in another country. Interpol is built along the territorial system of the NCB (National Central Bureau). It, generally, deal with security of communications by the local police with the general name L-24/7. A small international organization with a staff in thousand people can’t involve about one hundred and eighty countries. Of course, rarely, like a miracle, live people or identified bodies are found by orientations. The management and coordination of the Interpol with the information twenty-four-hour is just the facade of different political forces than the real world police of the globe. The Interpol is, generally, deals with tracing of criminals, passports, DNA profiles, fingerprints, searching for stolen vehicles and works of art, and also the thematic training of police officers in different countries, as an additional specific aid to the operational police forces. There are known seven circulars in the Interpol, the main is the international request for a provisional arrest.

Thus, the Interpol is absolutely powerless in search of people.

That’s why, if there is an average person in front of you lack of means, probably, he would sink into oblivion. If the person is known, his destiny is to be an eternal undisclosed sensation, a blockbuster of new young generations, of young journalists’ disturbing fantasy by the mysterious.

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Colonel and the Shade have been crystallizing the main idea for two days. They thought up dozens of different versions of people disappearance and, as it seemed to them they found the right way of searching on the second day. The idea was either crazy or absurd and even terrible. He found some connection no less than three hundred disappeared people by different signs but by the only way. It could take place in any country. The main thing was the absence the skin on their bodies. To the end of the day, Dux and the Shade thought up working name, the DPWS (A disappeared person without skin) and drunk a bottle of vodka.

It was awfully. Partially the DPWS disappeared without a trace. If one found the traces of blood and flesh there weren’t skin in those remains. They couldn’t just scatter. Probably, these people are stolen from the crime scene. Take, remove the skin and the remains either burry or dissolve. Probably, a high-technical group works at it, organizing the work in a way not to leave any traces.

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- Take off you clothes, - ordered Colonel, - or I’ll kill you. Change your clothes. Take the certificate from that guy and take your passport, just in case. Work quickly. Put all the dead bodies into the jeep.

Dux also changed into Grinyov’s neat clothes, took his certificate and also put the dead bodies into the jeep.

- While they will be doing the DNA test, you will have minimum two days.

- And where is my document? - Sasha said resignedly.

- Unfortunately, you will never need it. Go to the taiga. You seem to be from Krasnoyarsk. Go far across the Baikal, find a young bride and never appear. And if you appear you will be found.

The jeep was full of dead bodies as of herring. Sasha has prepared this horrible trophy near the abyss. Colonel reeling approached the jeep. He turned around with a frozen in which one can see pain, hopelessness and despair. There was a “Saiga” in his hands.

- Go! Goodbye.

He was silent. Then he added.

- If I am old some day, I will find you.

Aida slept with eternal sleep not far from the clearing. He dressed up the girl, sat looking at her, she was beautiful. Then he took her to the middle of the jeep and put her among dead soldiers. Spread several charges of C4, a lot of bullets and a couple of old TMN-46 under the wheels. He calculated the trajectory of jeep’s traffic so that the explosion would occur near the stream.

"Even if they investigate everything seriously and for a long time, they would never identify Aida who would be at the epicenter of the explosion," – thought Colonel. In a few seconds he saw a bright flash.

"Now, it will be the most important investigation for me", - thought Dux, looking at the intense fire which was destroying jeep’s contents.

- Now I know exactly what I exist for! - he said.

\*

He got Issyk-Ata in the evening. Late in the evening he found a post number 222, which Aida was saying about, and he recognized strange trucks under cover of darkness. The loading was lasting to the utmost. Cars of different calibers arrived there. Dux found a perfect shelter that in the ancient wooden fence with many gaps. He estimated the situation. The loading will be lasting for a couple of hours. Immediately he felt and saw agents in white shirtfronts. The boxes were loaded by strong young people without any particular marks. He scanned the number of the consignment note, using the old way through a hole in the fence using a night vision miniature camera of recording high-resolution printing. Colonel waited for the time they leave and local loaders of trucks go on a smoke break. He emerged from the darkness, took aside the main loader and showed Grinyov’s certificate. Probably, this document impressed him but he was pleased more with the pack of banknotes of five hundred soms. Dux gave him two banknote and they plunged into the black call of the trunk.

- Look here, the situation is. I'll rummage in a little bit. Did you understand? Give me fifteen minutes for it without anybody. Don’t worry, I won’t touch the seal.

- I don’t worry.

It wasn’t difficult for him, due to experience, to open the side wall of the trunk for a few minutes. To tell the truth, he was nervous. What could it be? Over the wall, there was a black coffre of good quality, the musicians have. Colonel carefully examined the box. The lid easily opened. He turned on the light for a moment. He was ready for anything. But the thing he saw terrified him. His jaw dropped, he dumbfounded.

Soon, he closed the lid of the coffer. He gave the Kirghiz chief, who punctiliously didn’t let anybody enter, another couple of thousand soms.

- Remember: you didn’t see either me or anything else and you will live for a long, or I will strangle you. Did you understand?

The chief turned pale and began quickly nodding with the bleat "macula, maculae." Colonel disappeared in the black night, and merged with high clear Kyrgyz sky full of the milk nebulae and bright stars.

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Dux had a painful dull feeling that he get into a long and dark story and he will have been in difficulties as ever. Why should he solve the problem out of his forces? He would have to clean a lot of other awful fates, forever go out of desperate situations. He has been turning for the whole night, went out on the porch several times, listened to the silent forest with rare bursts of noisy wind sighs. Dux was at the crossroads of his fate. He felt a very tired warrior from a senseless tough battle called life. - To leave the game? – thought Colonel. – To start over in a small unknown country. To buy a small cozy house with a front garden, four bedrooms, a spacious living room and a bar in the middle. To water bindermayer’s red roses. Enjoy the stylized crane well and a small whirling mill. To play bridge in the evening. If there is an audience, tell the neighbors tall tales. In the morning, writing detectives of an average class. Several of times a year to go to fashionable resorts, if I have money for it. To drag the young milkmaid from a neighboring district, giving her cheep gifts, sometimes, in the evenings, together with her going to the green fields and looking at the full moon.

But, alas, where he worked, there wasn’t retirement in accordance with desire. As a rule, employees of the office died under mysterious circumstances. Sometimes, for edification, they were burned alive in a crematorium, which was nearby. In any case, he will be sentenced to death, figurative or real. That’s why he had the only crazy way out. By some incredible way, to explode, to beat one of the most powerful totalitarian organizations specializing on enemy destruction during the war and in peace.

At the dawn, like a phantom, he again, returned mentally to Aida. He remembered a pile of old bright moments, remembered how she saved him from death and loved him. And somehow this love should destroy the evil.

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The next day Colonel appeared in the Office. Most of them he just looked over, others he friendly welcomed and some colleagues he patted on the shoulder. He entered the department of the Second Division management and drank a cup of coffee with a staff officer named Kuzia. He was, as always, unbearable. He told Dux nonsense. One could smell from him stealing of others millions and his friendship with Rublevka.

- Kuzma, what are you doing in this out-of-the-way, go to the neighbors. Or do you work as a pen pusher here? - Colonel laughed crackling.

Kuzia’s face showed a whole range of masks, from an evil one and unpleasant to the thoughtful and sad one, and then he forced something like a smile.

- Listen, have you already seen Ivanovich?

- Yes! He has already scolded us.

Long ago, Colonel figured out this office, where Kuzia worked. There was seen a piece of the corridor Vasiliy Ivanovic went via the secretariat to the Chief, there and back. Having worn round black glasses with mirror rim for a secret survey, Colonel opened some thick folder with the dossiers. Inside the folder, he prudently put some pages of a bestselling book and waited patiently.

If the budget in neighbors SVR was higher, with the brand-new Land Rover garages, stuffed with special electronic, with spacious rooms and high salaries, there was much easier and more modest. However, the quality and quantity of the reconnaissance intelligence were quite comparable.

Qualified and those who had military intelligence in different countries and in this sense, stewing in their own juice, in a sense, they were more viable. It is wondering, that during the hard times of the nineties, they not only were able to survive, but they became more firm.

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Give a man a bit of freedom and faith in himself and he will work miracles. Half of those guys ran around the whole world, entered the intelligence service, some of them started their own business or started work as security guards, where they were taken gladly in all countries. But some people left in the field. In general there were those who were burned with military conflicts and for whom military brotherhood was not empty words. As a rule, those people were financially secured, moreover, their horizons allowed earning money without much efforts. More than money, belonging to the big country effected them. And in some distant village parts of the big country, now and again was duplicated a fairytale dream about another kind, reasonable, non-aggressive and prosperous Russia.

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For an hour Dux has read hundred pages of the horror "New Hunger" by Isaac Marion, enjoyed modern military posters like: "We give an open and honest fight," "traitors won’t be mercy" and "The most powerful tornado in the world" and saw as Ivanovich was heavily walking along the corridor paneled with wood. Colonel stood up in the middle of the long red corridor, hunched up like a man who does not know well where to go, and when Ivanovich’s heavy footsteps approached, he quickly turned, took off his glasses and looked into general’s eyes long and carefully. For a second Ivanovich tried to bypass the soldier, without looking at him. And even if he was confused for the first second, the next moment he was ready for a friendly smile of his favourite boss.

"These people don’t have soul" – thought Colonel - "tabula rasa, a clean plate!"

-What is the masquerade? - Ivanovich muttered. – Why are you silent?

They were slowly walking along the long, slightly bending corridor. Dux stopped and was hampered by a false wooden facing.

- I was dismissed.

- May I ask?

- Of course.

- Vasily Ivanovich, did you clean me up in the valley?

- Let's go to the smoking room.

The main smoking room was on the outside by the army parade ground. Fates of some people and sometimes countries often were solved there.

- It’s not a kindergarten here, - forced the general - I repeat, you and I are dismissed. Take a full holiday for three weeks, until everything settles down, do you understand? Then he said, more quietly:

- They are serious about it, forget it. I warn you, don’t interfere in this topic.

The conversation ended.

- Go to the cashier and be here in three weeks.

At the end of the general smiled.

- Whose school it is! And I'm really happy that you were able to get out.

"A swine" - thought Dux - "but, damn, he is so nice!”

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Colonel talked to people remembered the past, went to the cashier. To make sure, he entered his little office, where he had a half of the table, a chair, and a safe. There was living a strange green youth. As Dux was a typical scout in the field and hated the staff work in all forms, he easily gave his table to anybody, without any jealousy. He barely passed through the piles of others things opened his safe, took all the contents and destroyed carefully unnecessary things. The night was falling. In twenty minutes, he had to cross the board of the aquarium, because the office was closing.

"I’m merged" - thoughtfully thought Colonel - "to an indefinite leave."

There wasn’t any sense to do something here. Dux slowly walked along the Hodynka, walked aimlessly along familiar streets, remembering his reckless youth. He went to the Leningrad Prospect, passed two "taxi" cars, caught the third one, then suddenly quickly crossed the street, caught the moonshiner driver by Moscovitch, passed one station and plunged into the subway. It was clean. A habit of a scout of many years, long ago entered the flesh and blood, and became the second breath.

At twilight, he met Shadow in the square next to the Profsouznaya. He prepared a passport and tickets Moscow to Bangkok for him. For reliability, Colonel played a happy family holiday on the Phuket. The couple named the Ivanovs even had a small child half a year.

- You did well, - Dux said Shadow.

Shadow and Colonel slightly smiled. People said that it was Shadows’ child, although it was only a version.

Shadow disappeared in the century lime trees of the brick seven-floor houses of fifties of good quality. At last, Colonel got his spare secret address. Dux entered the third entrance of the ground floor. The entrance met him with darkness, smell of cats, dirtiness. He suffered opening a shabby wooden door. A reinforced as a safe door called "the beast" was already glistening behind with expensive metal. The door opened quietly. Colonel pulled out off a small hiding place a dozen of banknotes in fifty hundred euros, checked two TT guns, turned on the TV on a channel where there was an dirtiness with Steven Seagal, undressed and went to the bathroom with pleasure. It passed just ten days since he left the hotel " Caesar’s Temple." The most awful thing was that he could not wash well. He remembered a cool story in Bishkek, there wasn’t time for the bathroom. And, in the forest hut, were only four big buckets each of them of twelve liters of ice water from the stream that was in the forest in half a mile from the cabin. "If there had been a bath" - thought Colonel about Shadow.

Dux rarely used his spacious apartment of the fifties of the last century for secret meetings. It was given to him by one of his friends, who once grew rich with the oil.

- I don’t need it, and you do - said Sergei, - you have a job as in a movie.

Colonel, as he could, strengthened the door, fixed candid mini cameras and put special frames with bulletproof glass by the brand SPbSN-4. With pleasure he stood under the tight ice shower jet. Suddenly, Dux heard an insistent impudent doorbell.

- Can I take a shower as others do? – thought Colonel. He put on a fluffy white bathrobe and went to the front door.

- Who’s that?

- This is a fire brigade.

He could see the silhouette of a big fellow in his prime.

- You don’t look like a fire brigade - he growled.

- But we are! - said the fellow not convincingly.

Dux turned on the mini-cameras. He saw other four silhouettes away from the door. Colonel rushed to the window. Commandos wearing masks got out of the dirty-green minibus. Delay might mean death. The doorbell again rang insistently.

- Open, it’s the police!

Colonel, putting on the trousers, shouted:

- Show your certificate!

They will break the door now.

Once upon a time, long ago, when we were boys, we were coached at Kubinka in dressing with the removal of gun’s safety device for thirty seconds.

- Thirty seconds! Thank good captain Klubov, may his memory live forever thought Colonel. Other thirty seconds to check the documents, money and bank cards and putting smoke shells at the door and an aperture. Just a minute. At the same time there were heard three powerful blasts and the members of riot squad started running from everywhere, shooting to kill. Again the death hissed unnaturally around him, death with a silencer. Dux threw a grenade into black puffs opening a steel hatch of his escape. At the last moment, gasping, he threw to the guys an ampule of the domestic intensified and instantaneous gaseous of fentanyl or as it was called in Moscow, “Fent”. It was used, a few years ago, by the directors of the famous sad musical. Already in the depths of the basement, he put on immediately a gas mask, put on an overall with a flash, closed on the inside, the heavy steel hatch with a stuck on a piece of linoleum and rushed into the black musty dust.

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- Look for holes, burry yourself and you will live – said captain Klubov.

In the far eighties, at the second term, Klubov firstly took him to the underground. A strange captain’s hobby kept Colonel from the fear, horror and smells. A group of such crazy people has always spent time with him. Wearing black overalls, and sometimes hydro-costumes on a naked body like “Tegor” or “Chaika”, with gray gas masks, they could walk along multi-leveled systems of Moscow and Moscow area, for hours. At the second and third course during the "practice" in Angola, he had to use this invaluable experience in business, caves of the underground rivers and secret communication of 4 million population in Luanda. Dux became gradually turning into an idol of the underground, handling the theory and practice of many world cities.

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He darted out into an opened basement, climbed through the narrow duct ventilation into a long pipe for sewage and withdrawal of spring waters, and in twenty paces got out of the sewer manhole, and he could escape from there.

But it was too late. Three men were waiting for him near the manhole and ran another seven people were running off the bus. There weren’t any way out.

- I'm sorry guys- thought Colonel.

Having knocked out the gun of young commando by two shots, he maimed boy’s both hands. The last yelled. The one who was far and another who was closer, instinctively jumped, looking for the rescue. There was enough a couple of seconds for Dux to partially cut down the injured. He grabbed him by the collar and rushed to the hatch, using the boy as a human shield, and the commandoes were confused. That was enough to get to the hatch. Suddenly the chief of this mad commando decided "Fire!" The swarm of nine-millimeter bullets Bison turned a young boy larded by them into some bloody mess from movies about Terminator.

- Their treatment to their people is cruel- thought pity Colonel, without removing the gas mask.

Sounding shrilly, the last bullets bounced off at the rebound of the hatch and scared the other two running away at incredible speed.

- Now, run very fast! – thought Colonel.

He jumped on all fours from sewage and piles, fired rare cameras of the sewage for warning for and went farther and farther along the great communications of the underground big city. He got out to the surface and in a dark alley of duct of some gloomy building like the UZPS, almost next at Profsouznaya. One could see through the bars an empty dark street. Dux took off an overall which ozonized badly and a gas mask, put them into special tight package, listened to the deceptive silence, carefully opened the hatch using the master key and walked along the footpaths of the multimillion city away from the epicenter of that drama. He slowly passed three quarters and sat on the back seat, having ordered Airport Vnukovo.

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Colonel wore black smoky glasses, pulled out the first-aid kit, as he was injured by bullets in two places and washed scratches. Changed his jacket and put some makeup. He was in a hurry before in all airports, railway stations and police stations will be hung his photos as a dangerous criminal. Dux paid the taxi driver and entered the airport. It was a completely different person.

"You can track me only by my smell," – thought Colonel - "so this is my job." Some touches of makeup, putting the balls into his mouth, handling the muscles in motion and you see an unrecognizable werewolf.

Rest of time he spent in the toilet treating scratches, finished reading Marion and dozing a little bit and at half past six AM, he met Anna Ivanova, as she introduced, with a nice boy named Kolya.

- Cool! – Colonel gave a broad smile. - Now I have to present you a bottle of red wine, my dear shadow.

Tall and slender, like a wild cat with black flowing taut hair with the tint, she seemed to handle all kinds of seduction, such as: manicure, pedicure and peeling. She is always well-groomed and washed, a mysterious oriental beauty from the book "Thousand and One Nights", she lived in some far crystal world. A charming girl was hiding behind the mask of inaccessibility from the real cruel world in which the maniacs were chasing round-the-clock.

She was groping the boy, asked to run to the information desk, suddenly wanted cappuccino, said that she didn’t like waiting and has been making make-up for half an hour.

- A crazy girl - decided Dux - this is a Schumacher!

The check-in was lasting. A huge Boeing was filled by holidaymakers to Phuket and Pattaya like sardines. Colonel was hiding from the cameras as he could, because they were everywhere, and tried hide in the crowd. There were few minutes left till the passport control. He said goodbye to his freedom, just in case, probably with life, being well aware of the cruelty of his obstinate homeland. Ivanova with a child passed easily and Colonel stayed quite alone, in front of naked truth, trying to think about something good. About five minutes the frontier was looking at him, typing on the computer. Intuition didn’t deceive her and she studied different flourishes, but did not find something to cavil at and at last, made a cheerful salutary click of freedom with indifference.

In Dux’s enjoy, he bought Anna a mascara and most expensive perfume in the free shop, and boy a car-transformer.

- Let's paint the town red- thought Colonel- although they can arrest me in the plane.

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He remembered how major Megera, who wanted to escape to Mozambique, then across freemasonry in South Africa and then to the United States, was arrested. The major used Dux, a twenty years old greenhorn corporal, as an interpreter, because Megera spoke only Russian, that’s why, no one could escape without him. His plan, as it turned out, was as follow.

Looking like revolutionaries from Mozambique to fly together with Russian transport worker AN-12, Ann, from the warehouse in city Bie, to be lost and surrendered to local separatists of the US intelligence services. Megera with a soldier was already on a board and the plane was taxing to the runway. And he, with joy, drank a glass of a straight whiskey, which he always carried in his jodhpurs. Then, he offered the corporal to drink, but, fortunately, he didn’t refused but he didn’t have time to agree, because Megera was arrested. Of course, the boy was arrested too, there were arrested six people. The investigation showed that the major Megera, a few days before the escape, had got deadly drunk and started inclining a senior lieutenant Yakovlev, a blond vigilant morally stable platoon leader, to drink with him and to betray his country. Yakovlev betrayed the major. He was tortured terribly at the warehouse near Luanda, and a couple of months later, he was shot as they said, somewhere near Izhevsk. His patron, a silent Colonel Kuznetsov, also left the contingent, Colonel Aristov and even someone else were sent with their families in the twenty-four hours to their native land. The corporal was also arrested and he has been also tortured in Luanda for two weeks. He was saved because he had met with Megher, and the last took him as an interpreter right before the flight, but there was another guy who had to fly, he was a little bit elder, a stuck demobilized man from the philological faculty of the Leningrad State University.

Dux was knocked out four teeth, was broken two ribs, was bet kidneys, was tortured by lack of sleep, hunger, thirst, tying up with ropes in a pit with flies and shooting simulation. They made him the most terrible torture called "a drip". A potential traitor was firmly tied to a chair in a way he couldn’t move, and they were dripping water from above on his Skull every two seconds for Dux to die in painful torment. Fortunately, he had to spend under the drip not so long, about four hours. It was wonder, that the corporal endured stoically all the tortures. Even the deputy chief of Zaitsev commandant's office, who was previously demoted from captain to the senior lieutenant for the sadistic leaning, said: "he is patient." That person was told about that he, beside himself with rage, cut off two phalanxes of the soldier’s fingers, having quickly closed the tank hatch and after that, he was sent as a staff executioner.

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- Yes, - thought Colonel- I can’t relax yet but there is no time for being sad.

Anna lit up with incredible play from unexpected pleasant gifts and desires and he suddenly felt fireworks of young sparks and crazy languor. For a moment, she looked at him with a long gentle look and he felt a moment of delusion. However, as soon as Colonel tried to approach the beautiful girl, she abruptly looked at him coldly. While the crowd was passing the holding room, tunnel-like room and sitting in a standard Jumbo Jet, Boeing 747, Dux established good relations with Kolya for the last not cry, and, just in case, returned to his usual black and white life.

The plane roared as a dragon and took off into the high morning blue with white downy clouds. Moscow was squinting with the early morning, full of the sun and memory of hundreds corners of this magnificent city, where they love and kill.

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The first couple of hours everything was, as usually, there were served the first breakfast. Kolya slept soundly. Colonel took out off his bag a small laptop.

- Show the photos - she said.

- Sit down, - he said, indefinitely inviting her with his hand.

She carefully carried a sleeping baby and sat next to him. Anna almost didn’t watch the photos, she looked them through. He went hot and cold all over and he began plunging into some awkward stupor. When he tried to approach the forbidden border, she made the Titanic with icebergs, killing any his wish. However, as soon Dux confusing trying to leave a new sudden captivity, deliberately and indifferently looking at white passing clouds and dark foggy contours of the land, at that moment she turned into a soft, weak and beloved girl with an attractive favourable look. And he again was next to her exiting eternity that was at the same time the inaccessibility and proximity, going mad from accidental touches of suffocating madness. In the end, he was saved by Kolya who woke up and cried. The second mini lunch was served and Colonel returned to reality.

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They were met by an ultramodern Airport Suvarnabhumi, with unimaginable shops everywhere, dragons with waves of hot air full of Thailand special spices smell that, probably, weren’t anywhere else. The crowd passed in the opposite direction: visa, passport office, invisible customs, luggage, money exchange and transfer. He could gave her a lot of gifts: a sprig of white orchids, a blouse, white shoes with ultra platform, which she immediately put on and became completely inaccessible with her divine beauty.

"Why me," – thought Colonel, - "I have to escape. I’ll take to the hotel and disappear. Otherwise, I either will be killed by Shadow or by someone else. Actually, I did not ask if she was married, and whose baby it is. And actually, it's not my business! "

Out of the corner of one's eye, a big city was moving across the high trestle, avoiding with forks random giant skyscrapers, driving down into the average life standard, where ruled scooters called "tuk-tuk" and countless colorful mopeds. From the height, one could see a lower life standard similar to the penultimate Dante’s circle.

There was connected by patches the unconnected. Somewhere were gleaming dark dull channels, tricycles of the street traids men and the Thai boat-longtetsly were everywhere.

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Finally, a minibus to Bangkok-Pattaya, with cheerful anarchist posters, drove on the route. With curiosity the travelers were observing passing funny houses with bright Buddhist incense, and suddenly she said:

- You won’t go anyway!

He looked at her a little bit dumbfounded.

- Won’t go anyway!

He spontaneously approached her being taken up.

- Why are you looking at?

- Where should I look, - Colonel stupidly muttered, - it’s not provided? And where will I live?

- I like sleeping alone.

- Why? - he said indifferently.

- I hate when somebody hindering me.

- Ah – indefinitely waved Dux. He suddenly realized that she was stronger than he.

"To snatch a couple of days before the conference. Let the world rest a little bit from me "- Colonel joked dispiritedly -" all the more it’s necessary to prepare for the event I’m going to visit".

Sheraton, one of the most luxurious and expensive hotels in the center of Pattaya, met them with a large territory, luxurious rooms, numerous swimming pools, a private cozy beach and a nice garden of incredible beauty, a real art of landscape. She was dumb-founded, having seen it. While Kolya was running around the room of the top luxury and drinking baby milk, she went to the bathroom for a long time. Forty minutes later, she finally went out, wrapped up in a short towel. He hardly fell from the chair having seen her luxurious look. Anna demanded a white bathrobe and slippers. They examined the room and it turned out that they didn’t have it in the room. And somewhere, probably, at the Marriott hotel there were packed white slippers and a fluffy sterile bathrobe. Colonel believed it and began calling the reception, demanding a bathrobe for a woman and the voice on the other side was a little bit confused, but didn’t refuse the request. But the bathrobe wasn’t there. Nick began playing with toys, and she still started making pedicure, advanced her beautiful legs and to, tell the truth, Colonel melted with it. And he risked, having rushed over a bedside table and between the beds as on the redoubt . During the short fierce battle it was not clear who defended, but at the end she inflexibly sent it to his territory. He hardly recovered his breath and tried to finish the last page of Marion, but then, suddenly, he realized that there would be not an ordinary intrigue. They brought a white short fluffy sterile bathrobe and crying Kolya. She was happy and allowed him to hug her for a moment and to pat her wonderful manicured fingers, and even kiss her cheek, when she was mascara her long eyelashes.

-So, we are going for shopping - she said peremptorily - I need a dress, golden earrings and a bag, I do not want to look like in Russia. Sneakers for Kolya. And a shirt. I won’t sleep naked.

For a long time, Dux has been thinking and wanted to ask her why she said it but he did not want to risk and agreed, just in case. As soon as they left the room, Colonel immediately estimated her two-hour preparation. The hotel started. Masun, a cleaner, stopped, returned and dropped the bucket and brush. Passers-by not just looked at her, they turned twice or thrice with some painful feeling. Receptionists, who were always busy, looked at long-legged beautiful girl with pleasure and a maitre d' at the entrance tried to present a young woman a small souvenir, though it was prohibited by the rules. Dux cheered up. Those feelings were new for him. She was looked like at a miracle and some passers-by specially sneaked up on the crossroads to stare at her. In the end, she hardly crashed into a telegraph pole.

Then, there was a crazy shopping and in the evening pacified she was teaching Colonel belly dance, dying laughing. When Kolya was peacefully sleeping, he crossed the trench. She has been struggling with carnal desires for a long, but in the end, the tight double curtain was drawn and till the morning they were giving themselves to love. Having got lost in endless nirvana, he whispered:

"Stop the moment, you're beautiful!"

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- Why are you sleeping so long – Anna began nervously waking him up.

Bright light of the hot south day was already struggling through the gap between the dense curtains. Firstly, Kolya tried to wake him up, jumping on Dux and even periodically crying. They realized that the tale has ended. She was upset.

- Good morning! - He smiled.

- He promised to call in the morning but he didn’t.

- No problem, we'll solve it.

- Can you do it quickly?

- Ok!

However, Colonel slowly brushed his teeth, took a cold shower and only after that dialed the number using the double code with such text:

"Brother, why are you torturing the girl? She is about to about to cry! ".

By that time, she has cheered up and went to the bathroom and Dux played with Kolya. And the buzzer squeaked. It was squeaking insistently, louder and stronger. It was heard the alert. Vasily Ivanovich could send him such signs. However, under obvious reasons, it wasn’t him. Another person could be Shadow.

- We got – thought Colonel. Through the gap between the curtains he saw as two typical black jeeps arriving to the hall.

- Listen carefully, girl! Bad men will arrive now. Play dumb, do not say anything. I will leave, don’t be sad.

He waited a little bit. Then he said:

- You know, I will definitely come back to you!

- I will deal with these freaks by myself, - she said.

It's time to say goodbye. She said quietly:

- Close your eyes!

She kissed him on his lips sweetly and tenderly, without turning back she disappeared in the doorway.

Colonel ran to an emergency exit and watched as a couple of jerks in dark perfect costumes came to the room. Eight minutes later, he saw the smaller one, darted out as if scalded. Then he again saw her. She was like Erin. Firstly, the higher one she said everything she thought about him and then hit him between the legs. As a result, they slightly limping quickly withdrew.

- Our man - smiled Dux.

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... Three hours on a stone of the bay Tai. There on the island Hong Kong were coming to end. Colonel filled his hand with the fine reddish sand, squeezed it and it crunched. He scattered the sand and quickly went upstairs to the mountain. He was again ready to fight ...

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- We made noise for everybody! – Mari shone with her incredible sparkling humor and energy – tell have you preparing the bomb for a long time?

Thomas was sitting a bit confused. He began realizing what glory is. The break was coming to an end and, in a spacious café there were dozens of people during this time. Some of them were curiously gingerly looking around, some were frankly examining this couple, and others were specially coming to talk and get to know. By the end of the break-time some journalist with a cameraman attached them.

- Later, later! – at a high speed the Elshtein’s went crossed the hall.

There was left the last performance of a sixty-four, a very intelligent doctor Falco from the University of Dortmund. His theory of aging was quite old. Some of the scientists were going to hiss him in advance because he was based on the SET, the synthetic evolution theory. Dr. Falco was not only professionally aware of the latest research and theories, but was always the first with the criticism and refutations. A fan of the universe origin theory following the Big Bang about four billion years ago and a classic evolutionist, he has never betrayed the canonical representations, and like Haldane, Jr., he wasn’t just a Darwinist, but even a Marxist in some way.

According to Falco, like most natural scientists affirmed, the origin of life was about three billion years ago, and during the Proterozoic ie, during the first billion years, there was a great event, namely, the transition from the primitive prokaryotes to the evolved eukaryotes. The feature of his theory was that the moment of transition from the prokaryotes to the eukaryotes was not full and perfect. Billion years later there appeared multi-cellular organisms, cells began to differentiate and the moment of the imperfection was clearer. After the differentiation some human body’s cells are capable of eternal rejuvenation. In particular, fresh young blood daily creates in a body, without any problems. Two hundred million red blood cells of the human body with the life duration in one hundred and twenty days could be the forerunner of the immortal organism like Turritopsis Nutricula, a jellyfish of four millimeters, which can rejuvenate itself. The upper layers of the skin are more interesting, they are an evident proof of the infinitely long life of this exoderm part. Falco thought that, in general, the cells and the organism were the superimposition of different substances, and the mission of this scientist was in a thorough inventory and detail of the body to assist intelligently human evolution in the right direction. According to Falco, aging may be prolonged up to 120-150 years because certain cells, which are not able to regenerate, are responsible for the deterioration of that biological taxon. Nerve cells, muscle, connective tissue will be part of the main object of the intent research of the whole powerful modern medical arsenal and a forerunner of the proper body care. So, in many developed countries, suggest that a man is just a link of evolution, which consistently leads to the new qualitative man’s state.

There was boredom in the hall. As a matter of form a couple of hawks pecked those old as the world, the theories: the neo-Darwinism of the nineties of the nineteenth Weismann’s century, the synthetic theory of evolution with Fischer’s works, Huxley, Haldane and Wright, later by Dobzhansky.

- With all respect to your fine highest authoritative works, although we were lucky to hear your deep and interesting thoughts, we would like to inquire. We heard that you had tried to find connection between a simple model Lisi. And you use the principles of extropianism. Is n’t it an incompatible seasoning?

- This is a very interesting question. Evertizm is still the most consistent description of the universe. Lisi theory impresses by the fact that it is built on the reversibility. It gives the principal opportunity of both ascending and entropy lines of the world existing. Moreover, it seems to me that it gives the highest internal symmetry. It allows the evolution development, in all senses, such as the rapid rise of the computer age and the Internet. We see an incredibly rapid rise of the genetic engineering. As soon as the first genes were completely decrypted, the world has changed. We are about to see how the kids will play at home with the new toys called new species. A natural distance between species will be broken, and it will be just the question of the ethics. The man’s condition will be online determined by the sets of drugs. It will give the potential immortality because a man will postpone it to his own reasonable bounds. Imagine for a moment that you are again young. You are again young and full of energy. Do you think you refuse voluntarily your life?

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A well-known critic of transhumanism, Professor Fukuyama darted out of the audience.

- Many times, in different classrooms I repeated and will do it once more, your thoughts, you make public with relish, these are the most dangerous ideas in the world. I am an active participant of creation of the multi-level filter world against dangerous heresies. It consists of a practical part of transhumanism, ethical criterion Extropianism, a part of cloning, eugenics restrictions and other. This future powerful filter would give full consensus to the whole community, including the representatives of main world religions. Otherwise, it will be too late. Pandora's box will be opened, a prelude of the world’s end, the World War II, will be repeated in the new turn of the twenty-first century, which will lead to disappearance of the modern civilization.

A lot of listeners immediately began protesting because it touched them a raw nerve.

- You don’t perform just as a reactionary, but in this case, I'm sorry, as an obscurantist. We saw how, in different countries, they progressively, throughout the ages, tried to tie the science hand and foot and it has always led to a negative result. In the best, it led to the stagnant fenomena or to the shortage of the modern developing technologies. In many countries, such as India they are trying to slow down artificially the development of civilization. You will see spoiling environmental conditions and littered ecosystem. It doesn’t look great. Dear Professor Fukuyama, how can you create some global bans chambers? Would not it lead to the new forms of inquisition or numerous violations of basic human rights? Our credo is Western liberal values of free people, freedom of thought, conscience and religion!

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A short old man with a white beard, who wasn’t previously seen, came to the tribune. He energetically raised his hand and said in a steady voice the speech of a preacher, so, everybody was quiet for a while.

- Dear, ladies and gentlemen! Look attentively at this motley crowd. You can see the contradictions built on these people’s antagonistic interests or on other bases, but not the pure science, without the proper moral imperative, it is also based on false interests, ambitions, power, fame, on the corporate wrong thinking, greed, money and their combinations.

A strangled laugh rolled around the auditorium.

- Unfortunately, we do not see the representatives of the completely different class once existed and called the priesthood and was the bearer of the ancient knowledge passed on generation to generation.

If you say that the modern priesthood does not exist, you are deeply mistaken. Yes, your modern civilization has reached weak attempts to make a unified field of the interaction and it confuses in decoding the genomes. But your modern science is not close to such things as the forms theory or mind comprehension with seven thin essences. Understanding the newly-born reason as an object. Unmanifested divine spirit with six signs, namely, omniscience, satisfaction, unlimited of understanding, independence, eternal insomnia and omnipotence. Someday you'll be able to quantize new essences for you. And you will be able to approach the transcendental comprehension. But we are just savages and barbarians, sand in the ocean, who think that they are the ocean.

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Almost all the participants whistled and began to make noise disapprovingly and loudly. Pushing with elbows those who wanted to pursue the dispute, a temporary presiding forced to the tribune to calm down the speakers.

- Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you not to deviate from the theme.

The old man was dragged deep into the hall. Instead of him, there appeared a stately famous theologian, in a perfect suit, who cried out angrily:

- Please, ladies and gentlemen! This is just a scientific conference. Why are you trying to pull out my microphone.

The theologian really felt like someone's greasy fingers on the quiet, aggressively and persistently tried to tear the microphone off his dry long aristocratic fingers. A chairman raised his voice:

- Please, it should be discussed in a different auditorium and with a different agenda!

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Mari and Thomas enjoyed that unexpected respite. A famous couple, namely, a journalist and a cameraman were approaching them in small zigzags.

- Jorge they are real archanthropines, goner people. They are interesting people.

It is not known how long that bedlam has been lasting but, having seen as a journalist with a microphone and a cameraman with a big camera were preparing for work, militant speakers were depleted. There was a silence. In soft insinuating short steps, media was steadily approaching the place where the Elshteins were sitting. The stage lights lit up and shooting began.

It wasn’t known why, but the audience did not dispersed, but they silently waited for the final preparations, and many of them pulled out winding mobile phones or cameras.

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- The newspaper "Apple Daily". We all know a lot of famous symposiums, conferences and exhibitions formed on the important issue of humanity, the extension people’s life. What's new about your first conference “Eternal Health 2015”?

- First of all, we want to thank the organizers for that they managed to create a quite respectable number on longevity, expand the topic not only geographically, but also having brought the novelty, a range of absolutely fresh topics which could outline new contours of the future.

- Do you think a sharp increase in human life duration in the nearest future is possible?

- I think it is not possible today, but in the twenty-first century there will be first real results.

- How do you feel about the immortality issue?

- From the point of the science I think that it is impossible. But the duration of the full life in 120-150 years will be possible.

- Could you outline briefly for our readers, in simple words, the meaning of your works.

- We are talking about two directions of our group. The first is already well established. These are various ways of the visualizing by the famous method of the nuclear magnetic resonance (NMR) that gives good results in early diagnosis of changes in the body. The second direction is at its early stage and is headed by me and our employee - he picturesquely asked Mari stand up, emphasizing the word "our". It was unexpectedly for her, she made a curtsy with a fascinating charm and bowed, - we called this method "Rejuvenation of organs by the Elshteins way." Despite of this pretentious title, everything, we dispose of, is a number of different experiments and a theoretical justification, which could be discussed by the scientific community.

- The name of your method tastes as a sensational discovery, continue please.

- Really, we managed to find a new way based on the basis of daily time fountains, self-rejuvenating cells of the outer exoderm, by the penetration of thin fibrils into the worn or damaged organs.

- Exoderm is a human skin?

- Yes, it's a thin layer of about fifty micrometers of a young outer skin.

- And what is the "daily short-term fountains of time”?

- A small digression. Any cell, partially or completely, can regenerate. After the work in 1999 of Gould, Gross, Gage, and Eriksson it was finally confirmed that even the nerve cells in the hippocampus and deep temporal lobes had the capacity of self-rejuvenation throughout the whole person's life, regardless of age. There is a stock, in the body, of differentiated cells and also undifferentiated ones in stem cells. However, mitosis apart, it is known well, that there is a constant cells self-rejuvenation.

- Without mitosis?

- Yes, without mitosis, for example without complete division of eukaryotic cells. The most known ones are highly differentiated cells such as neurons and muscles’ fibers exist throughout the whole life without dividing. Despite of the fact that the cell study has been continuing for about two hundred years, there is still a lot of unsolved in this issue. For example, the time of the management of cells metabolism (metabolism) or getting a dozen different types of energy in cells, the most famous of which is ATP adenosinetriphosphatase. We think that all these types of energy is not enough for the cells rejuvenation and according to our estimates, this is not enough very much. So, if you attentively sum up all known types of traditional cells energy, such as the Krebs cycle, electron transport, degradation of lipids and so on, you will see that these energies are hardly enough for the rest cells. In other words, the entropy organism can live no more than a day, according to the concept of the thermal death by Clausius. In this sense, "daily short-term fountains of time” are a fundamental change in view of the cell life. According to our data, confirmed by numerous experiments, there daily occurs the phenomenon of the daily time fountain in any cell. We are trying to explain how we represent it. Every molecule and every atom returned to the initial condition for the next day, like the matrix in the computer. However, the next time fountain, anticipates the next assembly. At this moment, there is a huge release of energy. But this energy is quite different: it is a smart energy of living of up to ninety-seven percent. Once, Schroedinger called this energy anti-entropy, Quinean ectropy and Brillouin Brillouin invented the term "negentropy". This living system constantly imports negentropy for its existence. Otherwise, all living constantly exports entropy to maintain its own entropy at a low level.

- Where does the negentropy come from?

- This is the most interesting question. The body consumes the energy about 2500 calories or 10,000 kilojoules per day. Isolation of human energy compared with incandescence of the lamp in hundred watts! As once Blumenfeld said, a living organism is no different from a piece of rock of the same weight. If freeze living organism immediately, it can be compared to the ordering of the dead body or a piece of rock. But if you have been measuring two substances of a living organism and stone for a long time, and calculating the amount of information and energy needed for it, you will see an incredibly huge energy between a living and nonliving. Just try to calculate the energy to make the workplace, and see how low efficiency is it? There are various estimates of the biosphere’s energy of the whole period of its existence. So, the energy equivalent of maintaining space-time ordering of the biosphere living matter, shown by the power output about eight orders higher the sun energy and twenty orders higher the energy received by the Earth's biosphere (about hundred terawatts, or both hundred lightning). So, energy deficit is about thirty millions suns like ours!

- This is incredible!?

- That's why we accidentally found a completely different source of energy of open-ordered information systems in form “daily short-term fountains of time” with great energy.

- What about the cell is not it destroyed under these sizzling energies?

- You see, if the nuclear explosion or the explosion of a hydrogen bomb destroys all life, the incredible energy of live creation close to one of the useful efficiency, gives thoughts about the living smart cosmos. Our numerous experiments showed that the daily time fountains are the work of the complex living system ordering. Imagine that the cells consist of tens millions trillions of atoms, programmed for one day and space. The simplest estimate of the control information can be used basing uncertainty principle, also known as Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. Where does this huge energy equivalent?

- We are also interested in it!

- We are coming to the most interesting. With a huge long-standing practice in the field of NMR in various local places of living organisms with long exposure time, sometimes we saw in vitro, that for some time, local pictures lubricated and turned into white noise. We thought it was annoying intermittent hardware noise, and it didn’t interfere with shooting. However, when there appeared the high-power and high-resolution digital scanners, we were surprised to find that the noise had almost disappeared.

Having armed with our original "NMR microscope," we saw something incredible. The noise, which we are adjusted to, was not noisy but "daily short-term fountains of time” of a single cell.

- As we understand is it a new concept?

- It's just our working title. Our nature invented the way to continuously update the program of the cell’s life, at least, per a day. It is very similar to a software update, and the matrix should be stored somewhere separately. However, to start one cell for a day, one needs an instant energy comparable to the hydrogen bomb. These moments look like absolute chaos. As if all the molecules at the same time, mad, left their orbits, any resonances are discordantly as in quantum mechanics jump like Barabashka, and one can hear a strange sound. The time can turn the opposite direction! In some time the system settles down. But this is an updated young cell.

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The hall began slowly bursting. Many people unkindly maliciously smiled. Some felt that they were wasting their time.

- Evidence! – they shouted from the audience, it seemed to be Mr. Falco.

- The evidence is more than enough - evilly yelled crimson Thomas. - But I'm ready to debate!

However, an experienced well-known journalist professionally calmed down the audience, using a microphone.

- But how this method can rejuvenate the decrepit or diseased organ?

- The idea was very simple. Our experiments have shown that the energy and time duration fountains are several times greater in the upper layers of the epithelium. Close by its efficiency can be only erythrocytes. After repeated trials and errors, we were able to learn carrying epithelium of diseased organs in sufficient quantity so that the epithelium began to recover. The first experiments were carried out surgically. Later, we began to use the finest threads of the epithelium and avoid surgery.

- It’s amazing! But imagine a very old man, where he can get the young skin?

Thomas's voice became less distinct and he muttered something incomprehensible.

- Really, the process of the elderly rejuvenation is gradually slowed down and the time fountains are less energetic.

He looked around the silent quizzical audience. Next to him there was sitting a man in a black felt hat, which he never took off, and who looked at him with a piercing burning look.

- But one can use the skin of young people for it!

There was a long painful silence in the auditorium. A black felt hat rocked slightly. Von Neumann silently whispered with his lips:

- It went crazy. He is the deceased!

\*

Mari read these words on his lips and shuddered. She suddenly felt scared. She remembered as in the underpass a maniac went for her. She was studying in the tenth form then and was entering the university. She broke away by a miracle and the feeling of unbearable sticky horror has been haunting her for a long time.

- Sensational!

A journalist named Max, caught that he was lucky. He felt a pleasant shiver in his hands. If I can perform everything well, it will be a sensation.

Now, it is important, that there were references on his articles everywhere! Max looked at the professor attentively, at his glossy plump face as a young pig has, with thick thorough glasses, at his short strong hands, which have beginner sailors and thought that he might try to join the Elshteins. For a moment his mouth watered. He imagined himself as a star, a rich man, known to everybody. We must take the bull by the horns!

- It’s enough for today!

The journalist and a cameraman helped the Elshteins to fight off the attacks of brutal scientists, having created a lively square.

Like an icebreaker, Max moved a little faster. The mighty cameraman named Eric-enabled camera was at the end. The journalist had a lively conversation with Thomas and Marie at making eyes at everybody. The cavalcade passed quickly through the maze of club’s corridors and hid in some restaurant. Max promised that the article will be released in the morning. He will assist till the end of the conference. Why not longer?

\*

It was their triumph. They passed one quarter of the city, filled with shops, sparkling with multicolored lights, with a lot of people everywhere. Thomas walked slightly ahead and turned to her. When Mari saw this amazing view on the beach, he having seen her sparkling enthusiastic eyes, hugged her and kissed hard and passionately.

Half an hour later they climbed the stylized old pirate ship named "Captain Hook". Ships sailed chaotically along the darkening Strait.

And backstay freshed with strong gusty night breeze, a helmsman made a sharp turn to the opposite by the wind, the mainmast creaked hard and roared with thousands of whistles of fluting black sails. She stared at the blackness of the water at the edge of the stem, delightfully absorbed that pirate subsistence and listened to the universal music of the laser show.

\*

A produced Gerhard Brenner, for the whole day, has been drawing with slim small numbers different arrows, circles and ovals. Between them he drew terrible men, whom he called "gallows". The first day of the conference was much more interesting than he had expected. Mr. Brenner smelled trouble. Sometimes, he looked at Helmut von Neumann, seeking support. But his black felt hat was never turned to him.

"Now, I understand why he's so arrogant" - flashed in Gerhard’s head. - " I' m a boy with these hundred million dollars."

By different ways, he tried to estimate von Neumann’s capitalization, and he got the sums of two to three billion dollars.

"Where did this goblin got this money?" - Thought Brenner.

Gerhard got into the exhibition business by accident. As a creative producer, he once received an order to develop a special design and accommodation of new slot machines in Las Vegas. He needed to have the atmosphere in the casino like on the mystical television channels. Gerhard spent a couple of weeks in the Shaolin Temple. It seemed that he found what he wanted, namely, something incredibly scary, artistic and emotional. He was generous. Then he met professor from Beijing. The first sample machine he bought for seven hundred thousand dollars and took it to the just built a small casino called "Eternity". The customers fainted, but the result exceeded all expectations. Then he decided to invest in this strange exhibition. Having spent about fifteen million dollars, for a year, he had about one million profit. It was little, and troublesome. But once it dawned upon him. Gerhard realized that most of the money lies in another plane. And then he began seeking a meeting with von Neumann. He was not alone. And von Neumann as a competitor didn’t want to meet him.

But that morning, after a lousy cop came twice to Neumann and asked him stupid questions, he agreed to meet Brenner.

"Of course," - Gerhard remembered - "instead of the normal full dinner with mandatory boiled Viennese sausages and mug of fresh beer to get into the police station, where he has been tortured for an hour!"

He had the feeling that these young cops tried to make him a murder, to which he has no relationship. Questions, of course, were unpleasant. For example, the origin of the contents of these boxes, how the killer entered the supply room, why he made a terrible bloody carnage and, most importantly, what happened to one of the eighteen samples, each of which was insured for five hundred thousand dollars. Gerhard tried to rebel.

- You have to find this sample. It is a highlight of the exhibition - he was cunning. - The day after tomorrow at ten o'clock hall for conferences will be opened for debate, please, find!

He even made a false screamed which resonanced, like that in empty rooms, such as baths, where there are large tin basins. But it didn’t effect the police. Brenner calmed down, having said that he would testify only with a lawyer.

- It is your right, - said the tall cop - We let you go - and then added. - Bye!

This “good-bye" has been echoing in his mind for a long time. The conference dragged on a bit and as soon as the Elshteins emotional talk with journalists ended, Gerhard hastily darted out of the stuffy room into the fresh air. It was already evening and it breathed with the fresh sea air from the gulf. He was lack of time he arranged a meeting with Neumann at nine o'clock in the evening. He decided not to risk, went down to the great Hong Kong subway, had a good supper in a small restaurant "La Bagette" "and hardly arrived to the appointed time.

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A car met him. There was a white two-store building in the darkness. Edged with white frames, two big windows, with dark venetian blinds, didn’t let the light in. Above the black door there was a simple doorplate in English and Chinese with an inscription “Kennedy Road, 1” and a compasses and a triangle above it. Brenner waited a little bit and without seen any bell pushed a heavy door. It opened silently. A simple corridor was like a chamber at the university library. On the right side there was opened a simple steel door. Gerhard, to the touch, hardly could see everything, walked along the winding dark maze and suddenly ran into a tall big grey-headed man in a bright livery. The last said pompously and in a grand manner: von Trapp, Gerhard Brenner. He said unclearly his surname Brenner having drawled the first letter “r” like an English word “skirt”. A Master of Ceremonies helped me put on quickly the white leather sheep apron, attached to it the icon pentalpha. Gerhard shivered and entered the big bright doorway.

There was a beautiful worthy solemn atmosphere. A solemn music was hardly heard.

“Probably it’s Handel?” – he thought. Each hall line was full of strong and valuable symbolism of the white and black leading to reflection and contemplation. A big prominent endless chessboard was emphasized by big candelabrums and bright shining stained-glass windows with symbols.

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He remembered his far childhood’s cozy spacious apartment of good quality with the view on the St. Stephen's Cathedral, his mother, Mutti, smoking ling slim cigarettes and a severe silent pale governess named Louisa, different walking people in the living room, unfinished caps with tea, a wide table, a snowy tablecloth, a big fuming ashtray, flowers, windows under which there were little twisted balconies.

A calm silent boy was always under mother’s vigilant supervision, he studied and behaved well, he was a positive stable middling person. Once when he was eleven the school head called Mutti and told that Gerdi was caught in the act of sadism near the school: he was carefully dismembering green frogs, there were from thirty to fifty of them. The organs of the poor Rana Lessonae were put in long rows like infantry soldier lines like in the anatomy theatre. Evgelina together with the school head named Valter Riggle has been discussing this topic for a long time. They drank tea and he permitted her to smoke in his office. He advised to send the boy to the biological circle. When he was fifteen, Gerdi started passing time with his neighbor, from the parallel form, named Gerthruda, a tall awkward freckled girl with straw-coloured hair. However, she ignored him and when she had a boyfriend, a seventeen years old wide-shouldered handsome Basil, Gerdi became melancholy. He made circles in the neighbor court, traced her favourite cat named Betty and injured her paws. A cat not only shouted at the top of its voice it also scratched his hands and clothes. The neighbors decided that there was a maniac in their quarter. Gerdi with bandaged hands saw through the curtains Gerthruda passed in tears and he enjoyed his cruel foul action. Probably, mother Angelina was sure that it was Gerdi but she was silent. The cat stayed alive this miserable cat, for a long time, has been remembering about that awful crime.

At that time, uncle Fabian often visited them. His mother and Fabian could sit in the living room speaking about everything for hours. Generally, uncle Fabian was their distant relative of his late father. As it seemed to him uncle’s Fabian and mother’s relations were seemly. Once, uncle Fabian suddenly told Gerdi about the way and destination.

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He explained that the young boy was in his school years. Every person has his own age of school years. For some it ends quickly for others it can last long. A pupil can do everything, earn money, try to reach the power, be in search of fairy kingdom or create mad theories but the main thing for him must be education. Otherwise, a pupil can lose his way and not to reach the next level and won’t be able completely return to his education he will surely move up to job. And this jib will be the highest prevailing line and a main goal. Moreover, just in his job he will be able to use in full measure his knowledge he got during his education. This job can be different: long and boring and even uninteresting. But as in the previous period, being in a work condition, a man can also try to get the Kingdom of Heaven, look for love, create family, bring up children or be keen on fantastic ideas but he can’t confuse his main line, having got, through ignorance, the realm of his seduction. Otherwise, you will leave your life. When a man completely fulfilled himself in his job, earlier in his education, he will find the third circle. He can continue his job and not to forget the school years but his main and major preferable super line must be release from the material chains for the sake of contraction of his philosophical way.

It was interesting for the seventeen years old boy.

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During long conversations they talked about different topics sometimes arguing hoarse. Constant discussions gave Gerhard a special insatiability in getting different species of education. He could be seen in Alsergrund where he has been studying for two years, medicine, protestant theology, psychology. He visited numerous faculties of the Alma Mater Rudolphina Hauptuni and devoured medley of the sciences.

When he was twenty four years he got the master’s degree in economics and uncle Fabian started again speaking about his destiny.

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Two years later, uncle Fabian brought Gerdi, Gerhard Brenner von Trapp in the Vienna stonemasons' lodge like a man of the world. The heart of the young man was beating facing unknown knowledge. Having entered the mystery circle of chosen people, he felt as if a big dense curtain of a performance about the mystery universe knowledge opened in front of him. Moreover he remembered a chamber of reflections, a white bind and speeches which he has forever remembered with enthusiasm.

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Man’s life is too short to see some fragments of the universe. A person sees just these thin layers. People’s vain attempts are amusing. The history of mankind is a fire which reaches the absolute peoples amnesia. You can find dead cities left by previous lives and there were left only beautifully arranged stones.

The universe by the masons’ bodies is fruitless as monuments of the power. Moreover, the masons’ orders thoroughly preserve the most important thing the beginning and the sense of your own destiny.

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The obligatory Messa has started. Gerhard was on the left among the middle rows like an apprentice. The Master told in so sincere way that Gerhard felt confessed, having dropped his head. The words were repeated on the canton by the other respectable Master with a Chinese look. Gerhard saw laymen in the auditorium. The Master turned to the tribune.

- None of you can reach the truth and just with the help of everybody little by little, from the forefather Adam to our time there will be built the temple which will be a deserving house for the great God, - said the Master and closed his eyes. – We are the vessels which are filled with those who managed to see the building of the second Temple, the keeper of the purest Zerubbabel.

Of thousands of our comrades there has been building a branch of an acacia and a blackthorn for getting the new second temple by the donation of the great light of knowledge and let our hearts open the purity of thoughts by the ebony tree box, a chalk, a coal and a clay.

There was a blessed pause and one didn’t want to break this silence. At last, the master raised his hands and said calmly:

- Kodech la Adonai!

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Some of those present covered black masquerade masks. On the right side, like on the chessboard, there were dozens of impassive men in black suits. A short typical known to us person in a felt hat passed through the phalanx of those brawny fellows. Von Neumann smiled frenzied and bowed to the present. With a terrible fixed smile on his face he opened a black high door as if welcoming there all corners. Some dozens of people entered the dark spacious exposition hall having disappeared there.

Brenner was one of the last who entered the hall. He knowingly nodded Mr. von Neumann, quickly looked over the exposition, having estimated that the level of the works was above praise and was the first one who left the hall. There were two reasons for it. The first one was professional. Gerhard admired looking as, just after viewing people were leaving with wide-open from fear eyes, full of pain and inner ban on what was going. Studying the level of people’s excitement, Brenner proved this profitable business value.

The second reason was something unprecedentedly important for him. Gerhard tried to announce Neumann something very important using all kinds of mimic: wide-opened eyes, puffed up cheeks and rising up eyebrows. However, Neumann ignored him. He was rolling up his eyes, meeting with servility dumbfounded spectators of his awful theatre as if sharing some mystery with them. Some of them said strange phrases or wrote short commentaries in a thick decorated book beginning with a “super” and ending with “you should be killed”!

Gerhard understood that Helmut would be taken up with for a couple of hours. It was obvious that Neumann has been suffering from the disease of applauses for a long time. All the more, that all leaving spectators were one of the most powerful people of the South-East region.

Gerhard asked the Master of Ceremonies who looked impassively but showed him his place to help him take off again the apron and the icon pentalpha.

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Brenner had one hour left. He could value big cities and treated to them like to the top-model. Gerhard was walking along winding streets going up and found a station, a cog railway which brings tourists to the top of the Victoria Peak. Nice coaches were full of those who wanted enjoy night fairy views on Hong Kong.

Gerhard bought a ticket there and back, hardly got through many Chinese with the cameras into the coach, nearly lost his glasses. Fifteen minutes later the cog railway slowly brought them to the top. He went up to the observation point with the crowd which partially dispersed in restaurants. Hong Kong had a fantastic view at the foot of the Peak. By impulse hundred people took their cameras wanting to take a picture of it. An incomprehensible Euterpe appeared in the air and from the numerous shining toy skyscrapers started the incredible music of laser spectacular sights, fireworks and shining balls. Having an advantage six foot two inches contrary to many short Chinese, Gerhard was taking photos without stopping. Then he decided to leave behind the whole crowd and went to the opposite side to the railing on the south side. Several people were walking with him.

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He was making panoramic pictures when some tall massive figure shielded him. Gerhard tried to avoid it but no. Then he friendly patted the giant on his back having said “sorry”. The giant slowly made a 180-degree turn. A big hood didn’t allow seeing the face. Gerdi got a terrible fright. A silent giant was keeping silent. Brenner wanted to leave but the hand of the terrible man put with death grip on his shoulder didn’t make it possible. Deep breath of that giant was like sea peals after the storm. Gerhard convulsively looked around. There was a couple of Chinese next to him others were closer to the performance actually back to him. He had a strange feeling of hopelessness. Nevertheless, he tried to cry “help!” but, for some reason, a weak falsetto escaped him. A strong punch in breast concurred with the cry. Seconds dragged on to infinity. He saw as the firework, lighting up the whole plate of the Peak, has been opening for a long time, coming people, as a woman cried scared and he felt another strong punch. A moment of unconsciousness, feeling of flying to nowhere, the extremely tall parting jungles of unknown trees. And he tries to remember the leaves clearly printed close-up which didn’t exist on the Earth.

And, finally, there was the last awful black punch of that night.

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The alarm-clock rang at seven thirty May 22, 2015. She unwillingly got out of the bed in her room with an air-conditioner, opened the curtains and the south morning appeared in front of her. For a moment she climbed the high niche behind the curtains observing noisy quarters like a big market. Thomas was lowly regaining consciousness. Slight hangover from the old good Burgundy wine was the reminder about the amazing previous rich day. He remembered the night when they tired and happy came to the hotel, and hardly tumbled into bed as they noticed that somebody bulkily rummaged in their room. But the clothes, things and other small things stayed intact. Probably, the thieves had other goals.

- Thomy, look here, go quickly to the reception. Check the tickets, passports and terabytes.

Thomas went down to the hall. Fortunately, the hotel was quite conservative and the most important things were keeping in the reception boxes.

- So? – she was getting at him like his cell-phone.

- Everything is ok, - said Thomas.

- Go to your room.

She tumbled into bed. But Thomas as a real male thought and wrote, just in case, a statement about the forced room, to the management of the hotel. Having remembered the occurred situation, Thomas was finally woken up, he got out of the bed and, just in case, checked both laptops, her and his ones.

After the old theft of the information, the Elshteins were quite attended to it. Specially coded tools became the main defense of the information. In the box on the reception, there was a terabyte of the hard disk for keeping secret information from Buffalo with the backup of the 265 byte coding. Both laptops were also protected by the scan of the retina and demanded being launched by the way of MC-DOC. Trying to start the system direct using Windows, the whole information was deleted and the message on the crack attempt was sent to the owner smartphone. Trying to withdrawing the hard disk from the laptop the last exploded. Good Thomas’ and Mari’s smartphones also had its own operating system, protecting them from the unauthorized access. Breaching the order of certain actions OS considered the situation as an attempt of hard disk withdrawing or cracking and deleted the whole data. The whole daily work outlines and the Elshteins’ ideas were daily duplicated with the German pedantry. Thomas said complacently:

- An elephant on four paws! – meaning the information.

Fortunately, both laptops were safe and sound next to the bed. Thomas’ mood improved. Washing and dressing up he was singing:

- Oh, you dear Augustin…

A naked Mari showed herself from behind the curtain and also cried in English: - Oh, my lovely Augustin, it's a disaster…

As a result, this couple seems to be late. In a jumble in different languages, crying with loud convulsive gasping, nipping and scratching each other they disappeared in a madness of half an hour's duration, settling down. Other five minutes in silence having joined together they lay unconscious.

- We are already late , - Mari whispered silently.

Ten minutes later, Thomas like a tin soldier was dressed up and under its own inertia darted out into the corridor hardly knocked the unknown in shorts down. After that he began a bit howling. Having opened the door, he hopelessly saw through the chink that she was still in the bathroom. To make sure, it wasn’t known for whom, he cried into the darkness:

- Faste! Faste!

Having seized his head and screeching he began chaotically walk along the corridor. His perfect brain estimated the minutes of being late and potential losses continuing groaning quietly. In such moments, the Elshteins could tell each other such rude foul things that they had a mutual wish to live far in the different oceans. For example, he could call her with a terrible word “Osti”. She was always more inventive exposing his inner endless mean Faust’ nature.

As a result they were running at high speed over the flight of stairs from the seventh floor, somewhat stopped near the reception unnaturally smiling and breathed out on the receptionist:

- Taxi!

They were late just for ten minutes but Thomas behaved as if he was brought for a shooting. The Elshteins were almost running across the hall.

They didn’t notice as the workers of the organizers office were pushing each other with elbows without being noticed and, finally, the couple entered the spacious auditorium feeling embarrassed. Thousand of pairs of eyes stared at them candidly observing the Elshteins. They were modestly hiding somewhere in the middle of the auditorium.

- Look here, I feel like an animal in the zoo, - Mari forced to speak. – Why are they staring?

Really, looking around the auditorium, she saw everybody candidly staring at her. But, in the end, they gradually were geared up for a professional mode.

\*

In each area of human activity, there is a Guru, who sees farther and knows more. And any of them can be a thinker. Dr. Aubrey de Grey was such man: with a long beard, intolerance and faith close to fanaticism. They opened their laptops. Thomas covered the whole screen with written calligraphic letters and Mari said:

- I’m amazed!

Great Dr.’s Aubrey de Grey personality casted away the remains of the previous day and covered like a fresh unknown cocktail. In the foyer the Elshteins were close to the first meeting with the Guru when professor Vand sadly mumbled from behind. They didn’t really understand what was happening:

- Condolences!

- What has happened? – Thomas and Mari breathed out simultaneously.

- Don’t you know?

Some people came up to them.

- This break news is on all channels. Yesterday's journalist died in the road accident.

Pause.

- Stop. And what about the cameraman? – Mari said in changed voice.

- I think they both died.

They were shocked. As if being threw cold water they returned from the warm fairy to the cold cruel reality. They went to the foyer. Mari unreasonably began seeking in the crowd for a figure of the black felt hat. But he wasn’t anywhere.

\*

The whole day, Colonel was walking around the closet to the Victoria Peak hill. It was encircled with a narrow road with hoopers, rare branches, bars, and the security cabins of the prestigious residences. In the evening he had studied all accessible references and maps in the Internet but the public data were quite scant. Dux depicted a runner, dropping into all dead-ends noticing the approaches to the object. It should happen in this way. The guard of billioners isn’t often inferior to the president’s one and sometimes is more refined. A considerable territory of about twenty five acres and with the perimeter of about three hundred yards was enclosed with a modern openworked fence and twisted like a snake along virgin burs covered with mini cameras. The residence wasn’t practically seen anywhere. Colonel hardly found the only short road which was hiding in the Shade of trees. He carefully, quickly and secretly fixed along the road several mini cameras which one could hardly find and which were turned on just when someone moved. He ran out of the bushes on the circle road to that the potential observers calm down and hid behind the hill.

- Shade, Shade, - he remembered painfully about his kind magician. The worst flashed by the momentary weak but he got rid those thoughts.

- He will appear without fail. As always! - Colonel got ready for the optimistic mood.

As his teacher said the weak spot of any object has always been subterranean passages and back doors. One can appoint the whole army defending the façade but several subversives can easily enter the back door. Dux took out of the hiding place, like a den, a bag he had put before run around the residence. He put on an orange anorak of an electrician and stuck Chinese eyebrows like two arcs. Dux looked into the mirror.

- A real super Chinese! – he cheered up.

He ran around the hill trying to depict a local runner. Dux was sure that he was taking him for their own forces.

- Probably, great grandmother’s heredity from Tibet affected, - he thought.

Having come closer to the object, he saw a sewer pipe. Colonel chose the most comfortable place for the reconnaissance and started his occupational boring work. A black mat suitcase he was proud of and which cost a couple of millions dollars looked like a laptop but was thicker and more solid. The Shade affirmed that there were only four such devices in the world. He made of the padding a long handle with the head like a palm and on the sides came out long elastic stems, as a result, he got something like an ominous scorpion and a phalanx. Fascinating crawling on the ground, Colonel was like a pediatrician listening to the sick but a very big one. The main function of the equipment was scanning by the powerful impulse the 3D underground communications with a depth from ten to thirty metres in real time. Other passive and active sensors were shooting thermal, radiation data and also combined the linkage from the satellites by the GPS navigation with the rapid dynamic laser raster. Feeling like Sherlock Holmes he was crawling to the interstices, cable and electric laying, water supply systems and the sewage. Having found an unknown interesting object like a missile warhead, he stopped for a couple of minutes. As a result he was hampered by the fence of the object and a security with a gun in his hands and wide-opened eyes hung over him. The guard had to push quite perceptibly Colonel with the gun to the last come to himself.

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Dux madly looked at him, closed the suitcase, quickly and disgracefully went away under the guard’s vigilant furious look. Having cried something no distinct, the security chased after him wanting to take the unknown object of this strange man. But that type with a smile was running quickly and quickly adroitly avoiding and foolishly waving that scolopendra and said with an awful accent:

- Jo ncho dioniuon, Jo ncho dioniuon,- as one could translate “checking of the power supply” and didn’t allow the guard to get that he wanted.

Then, the security, having breathed out with the third breath ball dzen threw his hand out like a flying arrow of the furious snow leopard and caught the handle of the equipment having quickly punched him with the “tcaili-fo” punch and hurt the opponent’s nose. The equipment dropped out of Colonel’s hand, having made an arc and flopped down on the grass. That was too much! Observing with one eye the opened guard’s holster he continued depicting without consciousness, Dux estimated the situation. Having noticed not far an approaching car, he caught the opponent by the sleeve and pretended to gasp. Having calculated the car’s trajectory, he slightly pushed the guard and in an incredible jump he caught the scanner and ran to intercept the car. An awful squeal of brakes and a long signal regained the guard’s consciousness. Helplessly the fighter was catching the holster , depicted fury and walked away. A driver in the car was swinging his arms, swearing and Colonel said quietly:

- “Paopao” is it just a name? I feel instinctively that no!

Unfortunately, his favourite way malfunctioned. No, no, he tried to climb somewhere but it wasn’t so easy as he thought. Of course, he could enter the object for two days. But he had lack of time.

\*

Dux ran around the forest along the winding roads and returned to his hole. The sun already caught the furry green hills shining through the trees and lighting up with bright white light. Colonel rummaged in his bag and as a magician took out a heavy tin with the inscription “Grimm” and at the bottom there was written “Made in the USSR” and lower the number of the State Standard. That box Dux found at the factory in Khlebnikovo when he was a student. Having fixed a mirror near the stone, he began changing his appearance. He used invisible sticky braces, sticky eyelashes and eyebrows, gumming, coating and painted whitish age bristle. When he had time he could make real masterpieces. About the twilights, a stooped old man full of dignity with a wallet on his back and a long black staff passed across the hill. It was quickly got dark as it is on the south.

Colonel waited passionately. The cameras which he put in the morning automatically fixed an exit and an entrance of the residence. He paid attention at a big charter car. Probably, that worker was driving there and back in household affairs. At the turn with a high slope the car had to stop.

An old man blended with a tree. Suddenly, the evening breeze roared and thick trees echoed with the crunch, a mandarin duck quacked golden monkeys cried out something and an unknown to a man night life, lit up with the multi colored sky of the big city, started.

During rare moments of silence he felt weak but thinking reed, as said Descartes. His strange terrible job completely shielded his own ego. And during the rare moments of freedom he enjoyed staying alone. Under the load of remembers he saw rivers which had the beginning and the end but he also saw another river which didn’t have the beginning. He saw a blue sky with an endless horizon and an amazing princess leaving the night from behind the mountains. And a remembering of the numerous Syberian hard labours and exiles, some of them could be his parents, a brother or a sister. And he has to live to this remembering not to be suppressed and not to sink into oblivion. And let the personality with inherent knowledge of the truth, who can face the lie, humiliation in tortures to crush a man even if there are few such people, return like a chaste baby.

\*

Finally, the truck "Dina" has rumbled. For a top- subversive the knowledge of any car bottom is like passing the rules of traffic. One thoroughly study all the surfaces, chinks, potential hiding places and wires. The wires, for example, can be cut to the car not to leave or put there a plastid and blow the car up at the time of switching on the ignition. One can push into it microphones or make the car stop at inappropriate time, having planted discrediting evidence or drugs. A special chick since Smersh was the ability to stay under the horse's belly or to clutch at the bottom of the truck.

Nevertheless, Colonel had to feel some unpleasant seconds, dangling under the bottom of the low Toyota and scratching on the gravel and the asphalt.

- I’m getting old - thought Dux.

The truck drove up a couple of hundred yards and stopped in front of the gate. With a keen ear Colonel heard the guards have been talking for a long time in Mandarin and finally the huge powerful gates of the object were slowly opened. Having risen at the thirty yards, the truck stopped. During the last rise, he could clearly see two pairs of feet in the black army shoes. And he was already seeing several dozens of pairs from all sides and under the bottom of the car appeared several guns aimed at him.

- This is a failure! – thought Colonel.

- Slowly luggage put your gun down, amigo - said in a sweet singing voice in English a short Mandarin man with the mustache, probably, the chief of the guard. Next to him, if one can say so, there was happily shining the guard’s face who couldn’t to catch this impudent saboteur in the morning.

Colonel was pushed out of under the car by the strongest punches and instantly the square closed in a moment. They were beating silently, strongly with boots, butts, palms and feet. The first punches he could control, but some strong professional uppercuts knockout Dux, turning him into a cutlet.

\*

Consciousness was slowly regaining to him. He slowly tried to see something through the eyelashes chinks, but he saw only black and violet darkness. The only thing he could understand is that he was still alive. Suddenly, someone said briefly something incomprehensible and Dux was thrown cold water over. I was foolishly to pretend. He lay naked with wounds and bruises on the parade ground stones.

- Stand up, amigo , - sadly said that sugary voice – stand up, amigo!

Colonel slowly stood up. Four carbines were aimed at chest. Then he straightened his shoulders, took heart, smiled proudly with his broken lips mockingly looked over cold guards’ eyes, and looked at the sky. The officer read something unintelligible.

- Probably, there won’t be the last word - he thought – it’s for better!

As a professional, he was already ready for such end. A sugary man croaked:

- Be ready!

One part of his soul, rejoicing at the unthinkable fear and infantile purity, has already lit up by the incredible rising up light. Another part, with its strong affections, with his wounded aching body, was keeping by the spirit of a fighter.

- Fire!

\*

It’s nice to be such a pre-war Berlin professor, to give lectures to the preoccupied young people, to extemporize many not very clear syllogisms, designate maxims, to teach or to make the audience laugh, sometimes feeling like a god. To try not to be late, to cook an omelette with the bacon and tomatoes in time in the morning, not to miss workouts. For the last seven years of their common life, Thomas has been a real half, reliable like a university campus. A harmonized professorial couple sometimes seemed to be inseparable. She called him "bunny", and he called her "my treasure." When he left for a short while, the cell phone became a melodic continuation of their conversations, and during the lectures and seminars they were constantly exchanging messages.

That’s why, when he suddenly disappeared somewhere, she was nervous a little bit. They have just been together in the hall, and he ran to buy some sandwiches, and she sat at the table. Ten minutes later, the next announced performance was about to start. She began to go quickly round the thinning out hall.

- Great - she thought, - he stuck in the toilet.

She came to the men's room in the bounds of decency, but instead of Thomas a lanky person wearing spectacles darted out of there and then there was again the silence. She ran to the auditorium just for a formality and got back. The worst thing was that the cell phone answered her with long beeps.

She was rushing round the infinite cube Club de Hong Kong, touching people who seemed to be like sleepy flies. Suddenly she saw policemen and men in the civilian clothes. There were four black boxes on the floor. Some of them were marked with chalk. There was a photographer with a tripod next to her. She was about to start hysteria. As if she was involved into a bad vaudeville, burning with a chain of external forces. Slowly she began to run around flights of stairs span and club corridors.

Near some dark stairs she heard a heavy groaning breathing and someone grabbed firmly and pushed her powerfully. The unbearable pain coincided with her hysterical shout. She hit professionally the rapist in the groin, and weakened his grip and ran down the stairs with a heartrending squeal. But a big grey hood was approaching faster and faster.

\*

In any severe deep belief system of views one can see the God at the bottom. With the birth a baby has the immortal restless soul. In the infancy, it rejoices and cries and draws his childhood with bright rich colors, which stays in the memory of the mortal the main support till the end of life. A classical European philosophy recognizes by force de facto existing in the child a priori a ready system of knowledge with its own ego. Ancient books are coincided in the concept of a newborn Mahat, the powerful baby easily creating new worlds. It isn’t clear where the unconscious comes from, the memory of ancestors and where it is. The conception of spirit, absolute spirit and the Holy Spirit is more incomprehensible.

Ancient books claim that this body like a finger is in the solar plexus and consists of another subtle substance than the soul. Many sages unite the codes of isolated human lives with the multilevel records of the absolute ideal spirit and world soul. A man goes to different endless gods, spirits and spices, and that’s why he can not establish firm external for him basics. The only which he can build is his own system of views. But it also can’t stand the criticism. Even Kant’s one. That’s why the only compass for the individual is a moral categorical imperative, the tunnel of his inner ego and external fuzzy world.

And how wise and strong man you are, you will be distressed and will burst into tears when this moment comes, all your bases and habits will go to rack and ruin and you will jump naked into eternity with the last leap, breaking all your affections.

\*

- Fire!

He has been waiting for it endlessly, but emancipation didn’t come. Instead of it, Colonel was again poured with water from a hose and then he was thrown used faded khaki briefs, wide trousers and the same color kimono.

- Wow, flowers! - thought Dux – there will be berries. Here will be cooler than in Angola!

For a warning the guard again kicked him in his kidneys, closed the square headed by a sugar officer and brought him up the winding, well-lit, wide pedestrian pavement. Rich, powerful multi-colored lasers were playing along the sky with amazing fountains, fireworks and fans. A sad solemn slow music, which was felt in bones, played everywhere.

- This music is a congenial soul…

With the last chord he was brought out on the spacious terrace. In the middle of the terrace there was a big armchair, like a throne. A man sitting on that throne seemed to serenely sleep. He was wearing a dense shirt with false shoulder straps of spotted greenish-grey color, looked like a service jacket, white trousers and massive brown sandals. His big bald head with black whiskers looked disproportionately. His hairy eyebrows reminded the lines of a predatory bird of the prey lines, harmonizing with the long thin sensual lips and an oblong chin with a vertical well-groomed beard. Separately, there was a loose aquiline nose. Skull was thinking or meditating. The guard’s pentagram froze in a deep respect, having bowed heads. Finally, he waved his plump fourth finger a black square seal ring and the guard continued stooping, retired bowing up to the ground.

Skull springy and easily jumped up in some zigzags and came to Colonel at an uneven speed. His black like fiery coals eyes stared straight into the soul of the soldier. They have been looking at each other for a long time.

- What are you looking for? – the last finally said in almost inaudible, distant voice, like a growl.

- For the truth.

- You're already a deadman.

Dux grinned and nodded indefinitely, as the Indians do.

Skull seemed to read all the secret thoughts of Colonel with the power of the thought, like Solaris do.

- A hired professional soldier who had a nose in the air, meat, mentally ill, poor, with the complexes who grudged dieing - thought Maher.

For a moment Colonel saw a vivid picture of how nations transform into food for such Skull, holding perfectly the power of people manipulation.

- Where do you know it from?

- From Tibet.

- It’s late. It's high time.

Skull began leaving in a winding way. Then he added faintly:

- You will get her. There.

- Whose music is this?

Having turned, Skull stopped:

- It’s mine.

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.. “I can announce that this year German cities, harbors and the centers of the military industry went through such a big continuous and severe test, which hadn’t been experienced by any country. The most powerful was the bombing of Hamburg. The last week of July, in nineteen forty three there were committed six raids at the city at night and two in the afternoon. There were dropped seven million kilograms of bombs on the city. As it said in the report of the Management of the analysis of the strategic bombing results, the city was destroyed for sixty percent, and eighty percent of the damage were caused by fires. The area of the in twelve square miles city was completely burned down; on the area of thirty square miles there were damaged buildings, eighty thousand people died; there were destroyed three hundred thousand apartments. Seven hundred and fifty thousand people left without home. When the flames burst through the roofs of many buildings there was a column of hot air. It rose up to more than two and a half miles and was half miles diameter, as was assessed in the plane which flew over Hamburg. This air column was crazy; it was fed by the rapid tributary of the cooler air at the bottom.

Half-mile away from the fire the air draught forced the wind power to twenty miles per hour. Near the border of the square covered with the fire, probably, the air speed was even more because there were uprooted trees of three feet diameter. The temperature quickly reached the point of any combustibles ignition and the whole area was burning. Everything completely burned down. There weren’t any trace left of anything that could burn. Only two days later it was possible to approach the fire area. Then Churchill appointed Arthur Harris the head of the bombers. The chief Churchill's advisor was Professor Frederick Lindemann (Lord Cherwell), a physicist from Baden-Baden. On the thirtieth of May in nineteen forty-two Lindemann presented Churchill the plan "to deprive of homes" the residents of fifty-eight German cities with the population of more than one hundred thousand people. According to that plan, about twenty-two million people must be deprived of their home and nine hundred thousand of people must die.

As always, the question was about that the destruction of German cities responded the economic principles of the balanced costs and benefits. An English mathematician Freeman Dyson has been working as an analyst under the British bombers troop during the Second World War. He announces that he has been carefully calculating "till the very end, how one can kill other hundreds of thousand people using fewer costs". Comparing himself to the SS, who planned the extermination of Jews. As he said, they were also sitting in their offices and doing calculations how to kill people more efficiently- "as I did. A significant difference was in that they were imprisoned or hung, while I stayed at large. "

An effective method of destruction, found in the end, was like this: firstly, the reset air mines (high-explosive bombs), the blast wave of which tears away the roofs, knocks out the windows and brings firewalls down; then they drop into the open on the top houses incendiary and phosphorous bombs, the flame covers wooden overhead covers, doors, furniture, curtains, carpets, handrail and air draught turns each hotbed of fire into an enormous fire; and finally, with the help of fougasse and fragmentation bombs, partly of a delayed action, there appear shell holes in the streets on places of their dropping, water pipes are broken, to prevent the action of the fire brigade and to allow some countless fires freely merge into a single firestorm, in which all people die, having stayed in the bombarded area burning out in the fire or suffocate with the smoke, independently of whether they are in basements or trying to escape under the open sky.

Charles Portal explained: "I think it is clear that the aims should be residential areas, but not shipyards or aircraft factories.””

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Pain again began covering his brain. Unbearable suffering passed along his crippled in his childhood skin. His right hand powerlessly and convulsively began moving searching for endorphins, scattered in his trousers pocket. He saw again that terrible ghost in the old hotel not far from the Hyde Park, which has been walking along wooden stairs, for the whole night, when he was a student. The show was coming to an end, von Neumann continued smiling to the last clients, but in the last moment his face was warped from a terrible pain. His hat rocked, he was walking without seeing anything. Fifty silent men closed the black square, and he plunged into absolute darkness. Panting, he cried out:

- Olivia!

- I'm with you!

Having cuddled up to him, she took his hat off.

- You are still alive !?

- Yes, both of them!

A street lamp was slowly going on with the dimmed yellow color.

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- Frankly speaking, Skull impressed very much- thought Colonel – that one who was reading thoughts. There is something serious to be started. I seemed to manage to get on the trail! How can I break away? Probably, they just shoot me down or torture me before it.

Both Dux’ hands were firmly chained to two guards there were other two behind him who were pushing him painfully and constantly in his back with carbines. The smiling one was going ahead, constantly turning back and humming rhythmic Chinese song. The square moved slowly along the winding paths to the big massive building with a hovering weightless roof, in a Chinese style with the Spring and Autumn Annals. The cavalcade barged funny into a vast gym. The security was training themselves on the sports apparatus, doing different martial arts, and in the middle of the gym on the boxing ring two men were working each other in boxing over without any regulations. Some sullen spectators were stacking on. A smiling one with the mustache removed the handcuffs.

Forty pairs of guards’ eyes stared at Colonel. The smiling one exchanged glances with some man in a jacket and gave him a sign. Probably, his was so high and the last pushed Colonel out to the center of the gym. The gorillas formed a large circle in the middle. They were happily rubbing their hands and stacking on. Dux massaged swelled wrists.

- How long I haven’t been training, - thought Colonel.

Adrenaline added the pungency. Frankly speaking, the fight to the death was always for him the brightest sensation, comparable only with passionate lovemaking.

He was absolutely calm, observing with removal the final preparations of this eternal game.

\*

"War is the father of all and king of all, who manifested some as gods and some as men, who made some slaves and some freemen. The hostile thing is in agreement with oneself. This space, the one for everyone, which wasn’t created by none of the gods, no man, but it has always existed, exists and will exist as the forever live fire, even igniting and even fading ".

Having braced himself, he tried, by all means, to curb his usual human passions to be ready for the most important meeting. The gorillas noised a little bit and pushed into the middle of the circle a very frightening giant.

- Where do such people come from? – thought Colonel.

It was a thundering cocktail called "Mother Earth." There was a Spanish beard on his swarthy face. He had a crooked aquiline nose, and lackluster brown Asian eyes, which were throwing angry glances. Relief biceps were bigger than Dux’ legs and from behind his figure was slim and chiseled as the best representatives of the black continent have.

He remembered the captain’s Klubov words.

- Do you think the war will never happen? You're wrong. The war is always and everywhere.

At training, at the firing ground the boys were given wooden imitation of knives and guns. The instructor captain Klubov, bypassing the strict instructions gave military knives, guns with live cartridges and ready for shooting and the AK-47. The modern war is too transient. You either already dead or you survived and killed everyone. How you did it, it is not very interesting. Of course, the constant training on the firing ground is very important but it is for the second time. To survive and to win the battle, you have to have something else.

The self-styled referee brought together the opponents, but they didn’t shake their hands. The battle began.

Frankly speaking, Colonel didn’t even know what was waiting for him. That’s why, just in case, he was jumping around the enemy at a short distance, waving his fists for appearances' sake. A moment later, the Terminator turned Dux left, leaving behind him. Colonel jumped from that mad monster.

- Ooty, Ooty, a dog! - whispered Dux.

However, his nose was already broken and blood was spread on his face. The gorillas happily buzzed and enjoyed it.

- Maybe he's twice champion in some kind of Aikido? I couldn’t even understand how he punched me strongly in the nose. I was lucky to break away! Colonel went on funny jumping back, but with any approach that monster painfully pinching and punching with three long fingers in the opponent's body, who was screaming of pain, to the joyful fans pleasure.

- Other such pinches, and I will be dead - he thought.

All enemy’s movements were perfected to the highest level. The place this type had touched was already pulsed with blood.

But he couldn’t understand some thin thread.

Something was wrong, and he felt bad. Maybe these devastating strange eyes? This machine of death can kill me without pathos just as a recycle machine does its job.

- I stake everything - he thought - A la guerre, comme a la guerre. They obviously want this?

He remembered once fighting with the master of Judo. Then he was told that the judoist was very angry because he couldn’t understand how he had lost. Colonel cared a straw. He allowed the freak to snatch at his shoulder, trying not to hurt his throat and gave him, as a leech, the opportunity to snatch at the body. The monster lost a bit freedom. It was enough for Colonel to turn his program of death on. With terrible punches in the groin, throat and neck, he tried to turn off the enemy. But the last compressed Dux’ head with a superhuman force. His face turned into a blood mask. Then Colonel moved slightly to the side and with the final punch crushed his Adam's apple, breaking his cervical vertebra.

The spectators darkened. Their furious evil eyes were very expressive. Each of spectators wanted to roast Colonel for a breaded cutlet.

Dux, covered with blood, intuitively felt the glances of the silent crowd. He looked the gym around and saw black shiny eyes of Skull, who was surrounded by dozen of bodyguards.

Colonel’s fate of the life and death was at stake at that moment.

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Shadow was sitting on a stone bench of two feet length. A capital building, closed up with the metal sheet with small holes for air and a grating was depicted by the window. The walls of one meter wide, mixed on the raw eggs, built by great ancestors, didn’t allow blowing them up even with strong howitzers. There was a stinking close-stool and a wash basin from the all facilities. It was forbidden to lie down.

For the whole week, Shadow has been sitting in the pre-trial prison of the Federal Budget Institution of the Correctional Facility No. 90 seven kilometers away from Rybinsk. Surprisingly, that he took part of his life, as the inevitable and did not suffer. He imbibed the sounds of the prison with his mother's milk because he was born in a prison in Siblag in nineteen forty-seven. He has been dreaming for the whole his adult life to get his maternity hospital-prison somewhere in the Narym region, but he was afraid. He remembered as his mother has been crying a lot for the last days, and then she was taken away somewhere forever. Shadow has always treated to his compatriot with some merry sarcasm and a peppercorn, especially to those in the uniform. Life in orphanages in vast Sibera, army for two years in the construction battalion comparable by savageness to hard labor. When he entered the Bauman Moscow State Technical University he hardly fit into the life of those Moscow pupils. Shadow looked a bit older. But inside he felt thousand years old. He knew what the Motherland was and if you were under distribution, you could be saved only by case or something else, but not logic or reason. The perfected system easily reduced million human lives and turned them into camp dust, and again confirming the phrase "do not believe, do not fear, do not ask." So Shadow, finally, decided to have a rest. He was falling into drowsiness between exhausting interrogations, trying to sleep. And when he had some powers and pain, fear and worries about his strange unsettled life left him, he began thinking.

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A black Siberian night was full of countless stars from the Milky Way in the form of the Delta, he peered into the infinite, trying to penetrate into the depths of the world. Sitting on the stove in the village house, a school and a village library, in the Golitsins’ underground, where were hidden French original manuscripts, he avidly read hundreds of books, swallowed piles of German books in the storeroom at Aunt Rose, trying to establish contact with the Universe. He intuitively felt that infinite space wasn’t empty, but it was alive, full of inexhaustible life.

Once, when he was fourteen, he came closely the discovering of the global triad: Space, Light and Darkness. It was winter, it was minus forty-two degrees of Celsius outdoor. The village sighed and creaked with the sharp frost. That night, the dogs, one by one were barking and he had no place to spend the night. He got into the depths of odorous stack, so only his head was sticking out of it. He remembered it was two am. There was no moon, the air was clean, as it was in the Siberian foothill areas. Shadow was observing thousands of stars and suddenly a compound winded basis of the universe triad came to his mind, it was hovering above him, and his heart trembled and paralysed with terror, unknown to mortals.

At four AM the inspiration, eventually released him. All his rest life was a semblance of enlightenment. Once, having got into the academic environment of the Institute, Shadow plunged into the science, sat in the libraries searching the same free-thinkers like Diogenes. Surprisingly, most of people were suppressed by the dead truths. They got into a very musty atmosphere, cramped by the petrified ideas fetters, like drying coral islands. Searching for the philosopher's stone, he shoveled the libraries. His friends were Henri de Régnier, Montaigne and Goethe. Unexpected meetings with teachers were an outlet for him. At night, he ate raw potatoes at the neighbors in the dormitory and at three AM he was telling strange truth to the lonely smart students who left their rooms just to hear him.

Firstly, the foundation of the world of the science seemed to be unshakable. Golden volumes of the truths were in neat rows. The years, Shadow spent in dust libraries and laboratories, were gradually entering the contradiction with previous truths with the pain. The universe has got into disordered non-equilibrium chaos with the short-term order. Searching for the kingdom of heaven was temporarily postponed. The Teacher said:

- When it is necessary, they will call you.

His world began going to small pieces. Instead of the entire and beautiful world, he was offered some small worlds. Each of them had its own short-term order, limited by the developed turbulence. He worked day and night, clutching up the empty breathful pulsating world, the tissue of life, incomprehensible for us.

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An honest scientist, regardless of his own moral and ethical prohibitions should, either go mad, or die, or to stop somewhere, earning his living.

Armed with lasers, powerful optics, microscopes, cameras, Shadow could spend hours peering at flickering microcosm that was just an annoying hardware error for some specialists. In due course, it turned into a meaningful attempt to feel the zephyr’ whiff, a mystical sense of the propinquity of the abstract Creator who created disturbing breeze with endlessly amazing reading luminous pictures of the universe.

The years passed. Enriched with knowledge and wisdom, he gradually returned to his controversial naivety, some elementary phenomena of the world turned out to be absolutely incomprehensible. He saw everywhere schools of scientists, hinging on the left unsaid.

There was a deadlock in many issues. In any office, especially in a large one, there appear numerous mainstreams. Sooner or later it some school begins to dominate. The battle is to life and death. But it happens that the global is not optimal and leads to rotten stagnation, where everything creative dies. Even the brightest thinkers fall into a grey mass. They do not have names, they depict the virtual barracks.

This is the world. Always some guru is a person from the light forces or vice versa, he is gradually turning into a general or worse, into a grey cardinal, covering with himself freedom of love. A man is only a flat mould, misty fuzzy indistinct something that is not an absolute reality but the reflection of its own feelings, mind and subconscious. That’s why people understand each other only with a small probability. Each of them creates a confused image of objective reality. Most unshakable priori since the school have been putting into people’s consciousness with the criterion of the probability of "truth and lies." Even phenomenologists try not to exceed the boundaries of their phenomenological experience and afraid to look into the abyss. They are overcautious facing obvious things and reproduce child’s confidence of explanation.

The nature of the lightning, the birth of a cyclone, self-organization of coral islands, the transition from night to morning, the division of eukaryotes, man’s origin and not truthful Newton's law? Where is hiding the truth? Maybe in the fire of Ancient Library of Alexandria?

\*

The questioning ended till twenty PM yesterday evening. They taunted not very much mostly scared. Shadow knew by heart the list of the intimidations. The most important was that, he was given a soup, some bread, tea, and an opportunity to sleep. It was the most valuable. He was sleeping in the kingdom of heaven, where he was by himself, where were his friends, where he was loved and treated by the divine doctors.

The morning was beautiful. The pain from beatings calmed down. Shadow was painting the universe with colored inks. He imagined himself observing our Earth through the SpaceShipOne porthole at hundreds of kilometers altitude. He felt like a cosmic dust, a thin trifling film between the ground and the atmosphere, where there is the Biosphere and the Noosphere, which is not able to get out of this soap bubble, inclined to the self-destruction. He thought that the geocentric model of the world with the Ptolemy's epicycles had the same right as the Copernicus’ system.

\*

For a few hours Shade has been thinking with pleasure. He was lack of a pen or a computer, but he managed to his own limitless memory. He walked round the chamber, sometimes sitting on a stone bench. When he was brought the soup, he thought, and even didn’t have time to finish his second course. He was happy. With a pure tenor voice, given to him by God, he sang a serenade: "... you were brighter than everyone, more gentle and more charming, not swear me, not swear, my train goes like a gypsy song, like those irrevocable days ...".

\*

Mari stopped yelling. The grey dull hood was catching her up and she, like a lynx, got ready to jump. She climbed the banisters, her eyes flashed with a fierce brilliance.

- Wait, - she whispered.

The hood was quickly climbing to her with his big grey hairy hand, but far from it. She managed to tucked and jumped back. Her immediate reaction had developed, when she was at school, with the long-term fencing lessons, where she has reached the candidate level.

The picture seemed to be a scary thriller with the kidnapping of Zabava with the Dragon’s clawed paws. Despite of a big size, the giant was very clever. He was descending lower and lower, running round on the landing, waved big long legs and breathed heavily. A terrible thing was in that there was a dead-end at the bottom, lit up with the sign "emergency exit" with closed doors. She tried to jump over it on the top ladder, but he grabbed her foot and pulled her to him. She saw his unnaturally empty eyes. She was shivering.

- This is not a man! – it suddenly seemed to her.

With a free foot she kicked him in his face. The hit was terrible and for a moment Goliath weakened his grip and she fell on the stone steps. Colossus was growling fiercely, breaking everything, breaking the banisters, gripping her into a dark dead end.

- Oh, oh! – she was cried in a incredibly loud heartrending voice. The death was close and she could feel the iron grip of its death jaws.

- Oh, Mom! – she thought.

\*

- Leave her!- Colonel cried out in a bossy police voice. Covered with blood he was frightening. But it was late. The giant began gripping her. One more moment and she will turn into a beef steak!

Dux, as he could, with a shout “ouch!” ran into the hood’s back. Due to this push the last weakened finishing of the steel pincers kinematics. But an enormous opponents muzzle approached Mari. She immediately snatched with his teeth at a titan’s awful uneven nose. Knowing another time, the club de Hong Kong shuddered. The Cyclop’s groan was heard on the shore and repeated with the leitmotif of the words “I will kill”.

Mari broke away of the death paws, went up the stairs at a safe distance observing with curiosity what will happen further. Here the thing has happened. That picture remembered the fight between a big herbivorous and a tyrannosaur. Dux, having estimated the bit of that blond bitch began biting the hood in different places. As a result, the police came everywhere. The giant realized that he had to go away, he broke the door and ran at a high speed.

\*

Colonel smiled, having looked at sparkling eyes more that it is accepted. She was talking in a strong tender voice with a good inner English humour.

- Come on! – cried Colonel, looking like a recidivist who had just escaped the prison. The gendarmes and different guard were going out from everywhere, one could hear the car horns of the police cars but they were walking along twisting streets of the Tsim Sha Tsui if they hadn’t to clarify the situation with an enormous millennial term.

Some time later, she began calling him, firstly, an “Oberst”, then, for some reason, with a literary word “Chicken” meaning the word “Colonel” in some foul slang.

- Better a small fish than an empty dish, - she thought. Having scanned him, she felt that she believed him, for some reason.

He, being hypnotized with the white cloud of her aura, was living in pleasure of an amazing phantom, feeling like a different person, an important one, who touched the mystery, answering the great miracle strings. The police was already coming, Mari had formulated her wishes to the “Oberst-Chicken” had to save Thomas.

Colonel realized that he would save this couple till the end of his life, having got the forever deadly prick of the milady.

- Will you do it?

- Who is he? And how does he look like?

- Come on, tell!

- So, let’s run, - he ordered irresolutely.

- So?

He minced a little bit and muttered:

- OK.

At a high speed he ran away in an unknown direction. A lot of policemen ran after him and the rest policemen surrounded her, having aimed the guns straight at her, having read her rights. It was obvious that she didn’t have a gun but a big policeman spiteful with slanting eyes fastened Mari with the handcuffs and sent her to the police station. Her hand hurt a lot. “Probably, that was displacement she got from the villain-rapist”, - she thought. It was beneath her dignity to explain the oaf that Thomas had lost. Enraged, she didn’t speak to the police. She seemed to be forgotten about.

\*

The police and people in detention crowded in the corner with the turned on TV. Being near-unconscious, she was observing some motley mad pictures: “The USA attack”, “An attempt to seizure the TV centre in Atlanta”, “The nuclear center attack in Alabama”. People were running somewhere. The police was silently watching those mad pictures, a number of men became more. She went round the policemen and hid in the toilet. She was afraid. She spastically dialed a number of the phone in Edison, New Jersey but no one answered her and the Nicholas’ cell-phone, her nine years old son was not available. Usually she took her son with her but that time she hoped on the grandmother who specially came from Vilnius. It's a real nightmare! She hardly tried to escape quietly the police station, sidled to the door, leading to the freedom and she has almost done it but there were CNN interferences and the policemen noticed her, took away the cell-phone and put her behind bars with the gang of terrible street prostitutes. Feeling being crushed, she began calming down.

- Everything will be OK, they can imprisoned her not more than four hours, - as her neighbors in the chamber said. Sometimes, the Chinese women, stealthily talking in an unknown for her Canton, staring at her like at a miracle. Thin, aging, but having good forms, high for a Chinese woman an alpha female, was joking with her friends, and trying not to keep her hands to oneself. Mari shuddered, jerked back, and looked with a long continuously at those “girls” icy with her blue eyes, and they confused, hid in a corner like a dog pack.

Tiring hours have been lasting slowly. The police station was filled up with the tread of nervous sweaty policemen, and then it calmed down in the vast silence. Someone of doodahs began nervously knocking on a grid with her shoes. A few minutes other prisoners joined her. Half an hour later, a faceless policeman without any particular signs, thinking painfully what to do with that bedlam, came to the chamber.

Mari read merrily the bill of human rights. She was let go after a half an hour of tiring records of evidence and humiliating statements.

She waved enthusiastically to the prostitutes and they responded her enthusiastically like the best friends.

\*

She was walking along Hong Kong, enjoying her freedom, having become oblivious for a moment, and dialing the number of Thomas’ cell-phone. Alas, he did not answer. Frightened, she convinced that her son’s phone, home and mobile phones didn’t also answer. She began calling her neighbor Chali in panic, then all her university employees, the dean's office and even the police. The whole America wasn’t available. She felt relieved. In the end, she called her old friend Minka, who has been living in Marseilles for a long time.

- Min, do you know whom you're talking to?

- Hey, Mari, where are you from?

- I'm in Hong Kong, what is happening?

- What do you mean? I'm here in the Alps.

- What are you doing there?

- Paragliding.

- Cool. Can you call America, here is a number and say something.

- To whom?

- It does not matter, I will explain later.

She saw a bar with a TV and a crowd of spectators. Most of them were suppressed, others grinning gloatingly. A few minutes later Minka answered.

- Not available. What is happening there?

She clearly heard the howling and whistling.

- Are you flying?

- Oh, I had sat down.

- OK, bye. As soon as you finish flying, watch the TV. I'll call you.

\*

Together with shocked spectators she was looking at incredible pictures. Embarrassed journalists’ voices, violence, a dead skyscraper, victims. Terrorists didn’t make any demands. It wasn’t the hostage-taking. Some of people are taken away somewhere, some are killed. There was a real war in the Pentagon. Planes destroy the aims. Nobody knew who hit but there were loses in American troops. There were many victims among the civil inhabitants.

Unexpectedly, in the live transmission they shown the CNN centre in Atlanta seizure, which she had visited many times in business. One of the sadist fighter kills is a famous journalist. There were frightened workers of the center, shooting, cries for help. Then bands, interferences. Probably, the terrorists can’t shut down the channel and it works all around the world. Someone’s heavy groan, deep heavy breath slowed down the voice as if from the underworld. Suddenly she realized that she has already heard that groan somewhere. How horrible.

\*

Mari was walking along the shore. The sirens were howling. There appeared the soldiers, the military. Early dawn started. Hundred of people were coming to see the performance in Hong Kong. She found a nook on the benches for the spectators and took out of her bag and pockets all the things. Fifteen minutes later, she found a small crumpled piece of paper. It was the number of that strange rescuer whom she called Oberst-Chicken. She dialed his number. Her hands were shimmering a little bit. Having heard her, his army jerky voice began turning quickly into a warm bleating voice of a lamb.

- Oh. Hi, an expert in rapier.

She became soft.

- Do you know, I am bringing you your Thomas.

She didn’t know what to say.

- How… is he alive?

- Of course! We are going to come now. Where are you?

- Near the docks.

- Be near the old Lighthouse.

Like an ancient witch, she was making circles around that old building. She was observing as dozens of Chinese wedding couples chaotically ran into each other.

- Is it a hornets' nest there? – she thought.

Mari’s head was in a whirl. Somebody put his arms round her waist. She hardly stroke him a swinging blow and Colonel could hardly evaded the blow. Having smiled happily, he said:

- You have such reaction, mademoiselle.

- A numskull. Oh, sorry!

She secretly escaped from his clutches. While they were going to the car, Dux asked something about fencing, and Mari told the encyclopedic knowledge on that subject.

- She is a real Professor, - he thought.

Finally, they reached the black lacquered Toyota, and she flitted to Thomas. Colonel happened to notice as she kissed him. He moved away from the car, observing the ocean of neon colors ads in the late evening, and even had time to see a star named Cheonlangseond. He was sad. Having spoken in a sugary voice, they got out from the back seat, and her eyes glistened with a desire and madness of the black covering warm night.

- Where are we going? – he asked in a dry simulated voice he asked.

Their eyes met. Her full vivid lips smiled with the delicate shades of smiles, sarcasm, drive and desire.

- In America! Do you know everything?

Mari shrugged her shoulders when there weren’t variants.

She was sitting on the front seat. Half an hour later, she entered the reception of the hotel, took the passports, insurance and coded code of their cyber science. Colonel was sitting in a dark alley with a good hotel overview, and Thomas was lying motionless on the floor of the back seat.

- Let's go? - asked Dux.

- And what about the suitcases?

- Probably spit?

Thomas, who didn’t utter a single sound, shook his head. Probably, his bags were very expensive.

- Then sit quietly.

Ten minutes later, the Elshteins heard a heartrending scream and something fell with a crash. They suggested that it was a body. After looking through the windshield, they saw the bloodied man on the pavement. The first idlers began coming. The security in black sunglasses was running along the main entrance to the hotel. Dux also in black sunglasses, waving with two trunks, impudently rushed. A black porter like a big rectangle with golden galloons was chasing him. Colonel beating a clear rhythm of a tap dance and holding the trunks shed, like heavy engines under the wing of a Boeing airplane, ran into the crowd of the idlers, reeling from side to side. For a moment the porter lost the aim and began turning with his head like with a radar. Dux, took a breath, found in his pocket a whistle, which was lost somewhere in his pants and whistled with all his heart into the black night, showing the security the right direction.

Having held their breath, the Elstheins were amazed looking at that strange show.

- We have to run quickly, - said Mari aloud.

A minute later an Indian came out from behind the car. He put the trucks into his trunk and croaked:

- An episode with two suitcases!

The truth of his thoughts was affirmed by the sirens of the coming police cars and ambulances.

\*

A dark grey Toyota slowly left the place of the terrible accident in an unknown direction. Having roamed along the big city, past the Nina Tower, the Toyota broke away to freedom.

Thomas, having checked the suitcases, calmed down and after his experience he began nodding and then he dozed off.

- Go! – she said in a happily deep voice of the sky realm.

A triumphing warm violet Hong Kong night covered the sleeping passengers. The light torn out from the darkness the fragments of red sand with the grass, pieces of the modern top-civilization, a hut of the north territories.

Thomas, who hardly aslept, for a moment opened his eyes at the turn and clearly saw as a hairy hand of that special squad soldier was getting into that place where should be his lovely half. Having left invisible holes, he, without believing to himself, finally woke up. Some time later, he hardly passed out. It seemed to him that she began groaning quietly. A half hour later there was a feeling that those three breathed heavily and unevenly. The car finally reached the bar with the cabin.

- Keep silent!

She lost her senses.

While Colonel was disappearing in the military warehouse she lay on the back seat, put her beautiful legs on the seat back and having undressed Thomas she put out to him in full long amentia.

Colonel saw them naked, on the back seat, having cuddling up to each other. They were arguing.

- Why didn’t you stop me? – a long pause.

- I’m a woman. I was caught in the act.

The silence.

- There weren’t anything.

Being red, he cried out something.

- I saw everything.

Although, it was partly a lie.

- You know it isn’t typical for me.

Again the silence.

- Why are you silent? A dunce!

Colonel intelligently knocked the toyota’s window, said indistinctly “it’s high time”, moved away from the car, listening to the oriental music of cicadas and smiled something his own thing. When she began looking for her lace panties which were somewhere between the front seats mats, Thomas flush with anger and punches her on her back dieing from jealousy, hatred and love.

Colonel began ordering in a military voice.

- Leave only the necessary things.

A military jeep took the three out of the warehouse accompanying with two carabineers and a driver. The trio was passed to a military boat which took them across to the reserved military territory of the airport.

- Prepare your passports, - said Colonel.

A small khaki bus took them to their separate VIP-entrance of the flight from Hong Kong to New York. An hour later there were quite a few people in the holding room. Colonel looked with the professional look that the Boeing-747 would be almost full. The Chek Lap Kok Airport was like anxious anthill. A lot of flights from America were late or delayed to both sides. The passengers and the meeting people were walking in the airport, were listening avidly the news most of them were unhappy. There appeared separate queues of those who refused fly to the USA. Most of them were in tears. Tall rescues in bright-orange special suits and also the military were walking at the airport.

\*

It was always. Most of people don’t go deep into what is going on. They are in a hurry on their affairs. Several times in one’s life, a man meets the insuperable conditions. It can be the war, victimizations, accidents, earthquakes, a tsunami, a tornado, locusts’ attacks or wholesale deaths from the plague. To tell the truth, the probability of death from this event is very high about six percent, one person from fifteen.

However, sometimes people start killing each other, for example, during the world wars. There was time when people set the fire of sacrificing, killing, with unparalleled cruelty, ten thousand of young people per day.

A terrible truth was that even in such days the world didn’t shuddered. Wars statistically and stubbornly increased the mortality in the fight countries to several percents. Moreover, the wars were always local that led to decrease of that probability in many times. So, in this sense, the world was always relatively safe.

In the twentieth century, the appearance of the dynamite, guns, tanks and planes led to the total wars, killing generations. Everybody knew the innumerable victims born in nineteen twenty-three, mass repressions of Pol Pot during which there were cruelly killed more than a third of the ten million population of Kampuchea or the Holocaust where were killed about five million Jews. Nevertheless, statistically, it doesn’t change the whole picture.

There is misfortune and evil and we got used to that it is normal. Somewhere, a bus fall into the abyss, the doctors in white smocks struggle for life of the ebola serious cases and there the houses disappear from the destructive earthquakes and tsunamis. Here the disaster brought down on America and the whole Earth, without moving a muscle.

\*

They three were sitting listening to the radio. Thomas became absorbed into reading of a weighty magazine called “Genome Research” the article of Hough with the co-authors about creation of the mobile elements. Sometimes, having become thoughtful, he was absently observing the passengers. Mari, having sat between those two males, was talking vividly in three languages with them and each of them was thinking about his own and was looking at her with a tender look. In the drowsiness, Colonel was enjoying her heavenly highly explosive aura having time to observe attentively the potential enemies through his crafty spy glasses with the rear-view mirror, a special reflective covering and which allowed seeing at three hundred sixty degrees.

- Tell me Thomas, - Colonel nagged in a muffled voice, - how were you kidnapped? Thomas turned grey and frowned. Obviously, remembers about it didn’t make him happy. He renewed as he left on the bar his laptop and while he was paying for tea and sandwiches somebody called him. The voice was unknown and obscure.

- Have you lost something?

He shuddered.

- A laptop?

He realized with bitterness that he had left it opened for any stranger, with all his research of many years. That was the thing he was afraid of.

One could hear car horns wind noise and muffled creak in the cell-phone .

- Go to Sheektongtsoi, there is also a Mamotofu.

There were some strange sounds, then a long beep. Feeling like an idiot, he ran headlong across the quarter, wet with sweat, calling himself a fool. Passers shied away from his throat "mamotofu" like from the plague. He began to lose hope and then there appeared a bright checked type from the miracles field. Smiling dimly with a strange expression, he said:

- You go right - pointing at something. They crossed the street and sat at a table in the dark local roadside café. The menu was in Chinese. Probably, it was “mamotofu”.

- Thank you for finding it. - Thomas forced a smile and showed four banknote in fifty.

- Ce-lo, lo-lo.

They were brought tea in a large white jug. Continuing to curry favor, a checkered type said something unintelligible and left.

Thomas tried to call Mari, but as ill luck would have it her cell-phone was busy. He was drinking a yellowish-green sharp tea with a befuddle smell, he remembered well as he spoke with a short kind guy who was asking about the pin-number an he had a laptop in his hands.

Thomas unsuccessfully tries to get up and leave, but he had an awful headache, there appear lapse of memory. He finds himself in a taxi, strong guys say something like that:

- We will help!

There is an empty shabby apartment, the couple of bodyguards and an inexpressive woman who brings him a tray with a couple of tortillas, a plate with Chinese spices and tea. Thomas shudders and politely refuses, saying:

- Thank you for tea!

By the end of the story, Colonel and Mari could not keep giggling. And when Tom with a serious tragic look began seriously offended, they began laughing. Colonel, not to go too far, good-kindly smiled Thomas and thought:

"Let it is not clear who these people are, from which service. It is clear that they are powerful and strong, if they made such unprecedented chaos in the New World"

Dux sat more comfortably.

All of those days there was something subtle in his head. After a powerful meditation, he realized what it was. He shuddered and turned, having taken off the glasses.

- And what if it is like this? - he automatically began calling Shadow. But he was not available. Dux was in some half-drunken state, as if he had been hit on the head. The Elshteins surprisingly were observing Colonel, with his unseeing eyes and moving lips. Mari thought he was contused. However, the crowd of passengers had already lined up to the holding room check-in counter. The Elshteins shook and woke up a crazy man with his open eyes of the "Oberst-Chiken". He guilty disappeared somewhere, making excuses.

\*

One could see special precautions. The airport staff was trebled. There were policemen everywhere. For a warning, not far, there was a very big live terminator in dark glasses, probably symbolizing the USA. However, this complete security system could become powerless against the new unexpected way of an attack.

Colonel started. He scanned the crowd and could not determine who was the enemy. And Colonel staked everything. In a rudely familiar way, in a half-drunk pirate Depp’s walk he crashed into a rigidly tall strong man in black glasses. Dux guiltily apologized to the gentleman, but the last was dispassionately quietly aloof silent. Colonel justified himself by the fact that he alleged sprained his ankle and pacificatory held out his hand. The passenger fiercely gritted his teeth and didn’t hold out his hand in answer, but forced something incoherent.

Dux started. The voice was as if out of the underground, with long pauses.

\*

- Where have you gone? – asked Mari, having called Colonel, for some reason, "a Doggy". Incredibly, he was pleased by this name. In the plane, he was listening to a cheerful chirp of the Elshteins, observing through the window night stars and supervising a strange guy.

- There will be dinner and there will be a water closet - he thought - the main thing is not to miss the show.

When, after the lunch, most of the passengers slept deep, the boy in glasses began going to the toilet. Dux gently got through the sleeping Elshteins’ knees, trying not to wake them up. There were standing passengers in the queue. Colonel felt that the guy had strained.

The time was going quietly. The night from a black blue with big sparkling stars was twitching with the first milky colors.

And he heard the typical gurgle of the broadband bug glasses-headphones, which he stuck with the chewing gum. He strained his ears and hardly heard the words "Go ... phase".

The guy turned and stared at Colonel with the fierce hatred and offered him to enter the toilet the first. Dux widely and kindly smiled, having accidentally touched the breast of some girl and entered the toilet. But he didn’t have time to close the door.

\*

A terrible punch in the solar plexus tossed Colonel up, crashing the toilet overlap. Two professional punches broke the crafty glasses and his nose, and the third punch was aimed to end with him.

At the same moment he heard the alarm sound. A blond stewardess ran to the fighters. Probably, she saved Colonel with it, because he was shut down a few seconds later.

As if in a nightmare, he sees, through a black and white veil, a lying bloodied stewardess, rocking he gropes her carotid artery and diagnoses. A tall steward ran intercept the terrorists and died before everybody’s eyes. Blood is gushing from his throat, the passengers scream in fear. A thriller goes toward the bow. Colonel tries to catch up the rapidly retiring enemy.

At that moment, Marie Elshtein secretly advanced her leg. The villain loses his balance for a moment. He sees again a remaining Dux.

- Well, - thought Colonel, - we will see who is stronger.

A fierce battle of the top killers was terrible. Both enemies used a variety of materials at hand: laptops and game consoles, but mainly, making a terrible commotion, they were scattering the passengers in different directions. Some men tried to separate the fighters and it was terrible, worth each other opponents were scattering these people, like the ancient Olympic athletes throw the discus, they were acrobatically jumping on chairs, shutting down the stewards and stewardesses, tearing to chairs’ trimming and cried out frightened mutual triumphal screams . To this terrible howl there was added the trouble with the light, the plane began shaking in disorder and then he began quickly falling down. The apotheosis of the whole idiocy were the left stewardess unexpected words.

- The pilot ordered to fasten your seat belts. The aircraft is in the bumpy air. We ask the passengers to keep their seats.

In addition, Mari Elshtein whistled in an incredibly nasty shrill whistle next to Dux. She pulled out the life jacket of the automatic box. She also flung a fire extinguisher at the enemy. Unfortunately, the terrorist easily caught a piece of iron and threw it into the cabin. The passengers were doomed howling, crying and praying.

\*

The plane made a crazy trajectory. Without weakening his attention, and supervising the enemy, Colonel saw through the window, as the morning dawn shone. Nearby, there were huge black cliffs, white sparkling rocky mountains, long tongues of glaciers on the background of scarlet dawn. Colonel knew that it was the Cape Farewell, the southern entity of Greenland. Randomly flying the plane ran into the fjords huge mountain island, almost touching pointed slopes. Domelike glaciers approached with curved lines the fatal horizon.

- Hey, girl, - said Colonel Mari, who was next to him, helping the villain to fight – can you open the emergency exit? Open and wait for me.

Yielding to the enemy Dux missed a couple of fierce punches, so there appeared a villain happy smile of the winner on the evil’s face. Colonel, as if pressing himself to the half-opened hatch.

- Bye! - ominously croaked Dux.

Having taken the breath, he took the door and began punching the enemy with that very heavy and blunt object.

- I again play chess - sadly said Colonel.

\*

In the life of a special agent of the foreign military intelligence, there are some little differences, especially if you always depend on the sharp conflict: a coup, a war, political assassination, destruction of traitors, than the existence of the ordinary citizen. One and another sometimes sadly thinks about the death and calculates his unexpected death.

Both try to settle down successfully, to breathe the air, to drink clean water, to eat well, to have a means and to love. Both see the perspective, find moments of happiness, ravishingly enjoy their significance.

The difference is that the special agent dies many times per day. He again and again he swims across the river Charon and again finds his way. He knows that an inexplicably beautiful happy light and those who really loves you wait for you behind the black tunnel. And he knows the value of his earthly life. So, returned to it intelligently.

For a man death seems to be something very distant. It's not for him he feels an untouched young pig for which they sharpen knife to make barbecue from it. In this sense, the first experience of death for him is an incredible experience. He feels the ancient inhabitants of Larnaca, who had returned from the next world and didn’t smile till the end of his days.

\*

Properly hit the criminal ten times on the head with the aviation hatch, Colonel got ready for the last act of the drama, namely, grabbed him by the collar and started to push him out the door of the aircraft, where there was attractively sparkling white beautiful snow glittering world of Greenland. Mari, having held her breath, enjoyed how the Oberst throws out the hateful chicken cutlet with.

- Everything will be, but not right away - she thought.

But that fascist quickly punched Dux in the face, took the initiative, tore the door and began hitting the opponent. The situation turned quite the opposite. Some passengers began to quietly going mad with despair, fear and icy cold. - Again to the cold, - whispered Mari. - I do not like it since childhood.

She took out the biggest fire extinguisher from the kitchen bay, prepared ahead, and squeezed a nasty dirty foam spray directly into the eyes of the enemy.

- Wow! - she cried. - Ki-Ia!

Suddenly, two men somehow pushed this filibuster to the hatch. He did not want to die, but a few painful punches with the fire extinguisher on the most sensitive places brought the matter to its logical conclusion.

\*

Strong twisted villain fingers tightly clutched at the oval Boeing jamb, and his body was outside at the natural angle at a speed of two hundred and fifty meters per second. Colonel remembered his childhood, as once in his village in the snow-covered Siberia there was a terrible storm and seven people not reached the dressing room immediately froze to death.

Mari was trying to bite off his fingers, like a wolf, but it was too late. She saw with horror as his fingers became white as snow, and in the end, the villain has sunk into oblivion, disappearing in the eternal blue shining beautiful world.

\*

They took a breath. Freezing, people were loosing all hope waiting for the inexorable catastrophe. Someone was praying, others whined in a constrained voice and some lived the last moments, waiting for their death with its head up.

The eastern white-shelled high ridges were rapidly approaching in the window.

- Mari, please, close the hatch, it is cold!

- Yes, Houston, we have problems - she giggled.

Colonel quickly went to the bow of the plane.

Business class looked like a crazy battle after the fight of those who tried to resist. Holding a large fire extinguisher in his hands as a weapon, Dux slowly entered the cockpit.

Colonel’s forehead covered with perspiration from fear.

The second foul, similar to the previous one, was deliriously sitting at the control column of the Boeing wildly uttering muffled wheezes of pleasure, like a boy, who was allowed to drive a scooter or to play the computer. He pressed the various buttons, made turns, took the bad power of the engine turbine, mocked at strained worried voices of the traffic controllers.

A crazy man decided to fly on a Boeing instead of a simulator, and even began making some progress. Having taken breath Dux looked like a new pilot made a maximum list to avoid a collision with the ridge.

- Bravissimo! - Dux clapped his hands. - Monsieur is making progress.

However, he did not risk. Having hit the self-styled pilot several times on the head with a fire extinguisher, Dux sent him to the business class.

\*

There were several seconds left. Boeing flew at a maximum speed. Dux had time to react and retract the flaps, having turned a little to the left. In the end, the Boeing miraculously flew through the cavity between the ridges.

- How beautiful - whispered Colonel - If you survive, I will go to Greenland as a good-natured tourists, drink beer with sailors in a local tavern and eat fish.

He croaked into the microphone:

- I'm a passenger, our plane is seizes, the pilots are dead.

He looked around. On the right seat there was sleeping the captain of the Boeing in a perpetual sleep. He turned on the autopilot.

- And where is the co-pilot - thought Dux. - C-ts-ts, there is no any flugelhorn in that ensemble.

He had a bad feeling. Colonel passed sideways, feeling as a gun shot had burnt his chest. The third villain shot at him. And again his life as much as possible shrunk to 0.17 seconds of an average person into who flies a bullet from a gun. And nobody knows why there are people called "charmed." There are legends, stories of witnesses and documents, according to which a man was sent a lot of bullets, and he stayed alive. In this sense, a man can not be killed. Because, before he dies, he must fulfill his destiny.

Having powerfully kicked the terrorist with the left foot Mari aimed between his legs and he screamed loudly, and shot the whole charger at the ceiling. Then Dux, came with red wild eyes, and brutally killed another werewolf.

Mari was surprised to see as Colonel turned from the monster into an ordinary, kind, softly smiling boy. He managed to focus the look, forced a martyr's smile and said humbly:

- Thank you. – and, for some reason, he added - ... My lady!

\*

The Boeing-737, lit up from the east, was flying across the Atlantic. On the right side there were vast indented bays, streams and lakes of northern Canada. Having covered the left blind of the cabin from the unbearably bright light, Colonel and Mari hardly carried a heavy captain’s body to the first row of the business class, turned a back and fastened seatbelts on him.

- Sleep well, captain! - whispered Colonel. They stood together in silence, saluting for the last time.

- Mari – purred Dux, - look for someone from the crew, maybe a flight attendant, or we will be shot down by mistake. And, look then after the co-pilot. I can’t find him.

Like a queen, Mari passed the economy class, giving a beautiful smile, peace and dignity, and with this look she encouraged the crushed and confused passengers. In the tail of the plane, from behind the berth curtain, she dragged out a scratched stewardess who had hid like a cat, squealing and howling behind the wall.

- Calm down. - whispered Mari. The girl cuddled up to her. Mari felt that the girl was trembling, like a transformer for three thousand volts. Suddenly she cried piercingly:

- And who are you !?

Mari said in English something that could be translated:

- A horse in the coat!

Mari led the girl along the aisles feeling like an SS woman who caught a partisan who had to be hung for the act.

- The captain is dead, the co-pilot seems to be dead too. Most of flight attendants were killed. There are victims among the passengers, - Colonel reported to the controller's office- three terrorists are killed.

He could hear from headphones something mad. Somewhere far off flew the F-16 fighter. Colonel realized that at that time there was deciding the fate of the flight and he dripped with cold sweat.

He gave the microphone to the stewardess.

- Mari, we can be shot down. Did you see a famous guy on to the left?

They passed the ranks of the economy class, and really found an elderly senator, probably from New Hampshire. He, in advance, left the business class where the horror began, and disappeared among people. He first pretended not to understand the question, but to speed up the process Dux seized with death grip senator's elbow, and Mari could raise a stiffened senator’s smile. Everybody quickly returned to the cockpit.

- You see, the senator Greg.

Colonel asked to turn on the speakerphone.

- We have the wounded and the dead.

- Ask Russians if they can lend the Jumbo?

Dux felt relieved. Recently, the senator was often shown on TV. If it wasn’t for that, the CIA agents would immediately shoot down the plane. Especially it has smack of the Russians.

- They say that they can.

Suddenly, a flight attendant, who was in a near-unconscious condition, grabbed the sleeve of Mari and yelled:

- I need go to the toilet!

She pushed Mari and convulsively grabbed the handle of the toilet cabin. The co-pilot fell out of there. Having hugged him, she lost unconscious. Mari saw as the Senator’s jaw dropped in astonishment. To his respect, he continued negotiations with the controller's office in unwavering voice.

- We will lend you in the reserve aerodrome.

- How much time do we have left? – Colonel asked by the senator.

- Forty minutes left. Check the sensors. We will instruct you.

\*

Suddenly Colonel’s hair stood on end. The second dead pilot stood up. He became unnaturally rolling his eyes on the ceiling, and stopped at Dux with intent mad look and stared straight at Mari’s eyes. She was struck dumb with horror.

- Lieutenant, - he said quietly, - are you okay?

It was scary. With the naked eye it was clear that all movements of the co-pilot were incompatible with life. Right out of the spine there was sticking out a long silver thread, which twisted like a snake, getting into the pilot’s back.

- Is it just that very case - breathed Dux. – probably, I dreamt. Colonel did not even have time to pull out a gun, lying in the pocket of his trousers. The stewardess was literally torn to pieces. The senator wanted to jump out of the window on the ground. Mari screamed as loud as ever, running to the business class at an incredible speed. Colonel realized that he was confronted with something really extraordinary. For a long terrible time, Dux had prepared a gun and had found that he had five cartridges left.

\*

Then he also had five cartridges left, when a bear suddenly jumped out from the forest . The boy was nine years old. That year, it was September, there was some disturbance in nature, bears walked in the village, hid behind the village toilets and frightened people at night. The boy asked grandfather Potryasok, who usually mumbled and shook his head, for the old revolver with five bullets. A huge bear was running to him at forty kilometers per hour. Being shocked, the boy shot and killed the bear and when the locals skinned the animal, they were surprised that all the bullets were right in the eye.

In the village, many people hunted squirrels. In the store office they took only the skins of killed animals straight in the eye, for the goods not to be spoiled. After that, for his accuracy, the boy was taken to trade and his uncle Potryasok presented the boy a personal revolver he had got from his ancestor since the civil war.

\*

With a superhuman force, like a wounded animal, the werewolf rushed to Colonel, hardly touched him. But it was too late. All the bullets were straight in the werewolf’s eye. By inertia the last broke a half of the panel, hurt the senator with his claws and calmed down. There was a painful silence in the plane. Screeching from pain, the senator was squeaking and the portable radio transmitter was broadcasting something in an unintelligible metallic voice.

- Talk to people. Don’t whining. We have twenty minutes left.

Dux, being slightly stunned, went looking for Mari. He found the Elshtains in the economy class. For some time the three were sitting in silence.

- Tell me – having turned to Thomas, croaked Colonel - what is it?

He pulled out of his pocket something like a syringe and gave him. Thomas began examining the device with a genuine interest:

- And was there something else?

- A silver thread.

Colonel remembered in horror as that snake was digging its fangs into the back of lieutenant. Thomas thought for a long time:

- They seemed to create a concentrated well-run “time fountain”.

Wordily and clearly Thomas explained how that strange long thread can return human’s life.

- It’s a load of rubbish - thought Colonel.

- And if they come to life again? - he cried loud into the ears of the Elshteins.

- Theoretically, it is possible - Thomas frowned.

- Maybe to throw everybody? - Mari asked him.

- I got it. Come on, it's time to land. Can you help?

- Do you know how?

- We will learn at the same time.

The trio moved toward the cockpit. Some of the passengers looked at them with horror, some with inevitably, and others with hope.

- Thomas, you have to look attentively at the dead. If they move, throw them in the hatch.

Colonel noticed that Thomas’ hands were slightly trembling, but he did not pretend.

- A fighter - he thought.

Dux’ mood quickly improved.

"A real life is a takeoff and landing," - he smiled.

\*

- I can allow landing only you.

- Are you kidding?

- Yeah, actually I understand only forty percent of what they say in English. Do everything by the instruction. So come on. Do not worry and obey the senator.

The autopilot has been successfully coping with the Boeing. The self-styled crew saw that the white arrow which was shaking on the figure of two hundred before, now slowly started down to a hundred and twenty. Obviously it was nodes. Mentally Colonel imagined as the manager calls a lot of his bosses, as they, drinking hot coffee, decide how to help them. The plane began descending. They were giving a lot of instructions on the radio. Mari listened attentively to their voices, set the slats in motion, using the buttons, toggle switches and rods which were thrust in front of the control rod.

- You are talented and beautiful! - said Colonel.

Mari read attentively a long instruction of the aircraft data on a special plate. She, by herself, found the handle of the chassis mechanism, which was on the right of the center console on the front dashboard, above the left knee of the co- pilot.

It was a drive! The plane shuddered and creaked, buttons showed a successful chassis emission. The autopilot made the plane land. The weather was beautiful and sunny. Colonel sadly remembered the last time he flew from New York a few years ago. The weather was also gorgeous and he stared at the greatest city of his dreams.

The autopilot disconnected. The plane flew to the glide path. Mari was observing attentively the device of the wind speed, which showed that all was in the green range, but strained to the limit.

- It will be funny! – said Mari.

- It will be difficult! – echoed the controller's office. – A side wind with a sharp gusts up to fifteen miles per second.

- What to push and where to pull? - Asked Mari.

But it turned out that everything wasn’t so bad. Listening to the manager’s prayer, she properly advanced her left leg, which was taken-off. It was courage. Ruling the pedals, she managed to keep the plane strictly in an alignment of the axis at the right angle. The altimeter squeaked "hundred", "two hundred and seventy."

One hundred trillion of body cells cheered up with the incredible pleasure. She felt the power of a huge plane, approaching the earth, and her eyes sparkled with inconceivable brilliance. Mari remembered her school. She won the regional competitions on surfing in the Baltic Sea and was one of the first who made several flights in kitesurf, till they were closed by the militia.

Without listening to the manager’s phrases, such as "giving your feet on the bow," she reduced the rod. Carefully, little by little, she pressed the right one, gave the control column and landed the plane exactly on the axis.

- Bravo! - Cried out in the controller's office. - Brake, but not strongly!

The senator, who previously was rather pale, stretched his neck proudly, showing his importance and said:

- This is incredible! Thank you!

She heard the prolonged applauses of the economy class. Thomas was not busy with other things for the corps’ guardening, He rushed to his beloved woman to kiss her with a deep-drawn kiss. Colonel pretended to be indifferent, and began observing the life frailty through a thick dusty window: the fire and airfield equipment, police cars, black lacquered FBI car with a flasher.

\*

With a sixth sense, he understood that it enveloped him and took the both at the astral sky. Dux understood that he had faced with something he couldn’t forget and avoid. Mari wouldn’t be near. Sometimes she would come closer to him, and then his voice would be anxiously broken away. And he would say something not typical for him, and his maimed charisma would renew, and his eyes would shine with happiness.

- Stop the car! - said Mari.

- Thomas, what do you think who could hold it, - asked Thomas Colonel.

- In what sense?

- What do you mean ...? - Thomas blushed.

A couple of minutes later there was driven up a ladder and a lot of policemen, firemen, detectives and all others staff specialists began to bustle .

Colonel subdued whispered Mari:

- I will be arrested now. I will call you. You will be tortured and released. Find a place the dry cargo ship was moored up.

- Of course!

He looked attentively at her radiant eyes.

- I hate pathos, but there will decide the fate of the USA.

He wrote on a piece of paper the name of the cargo ship. She remembered everything. Colonel took the piece of the bible druck paper, chewed and swallowed it.

- A madhouse - she thought.

- Never tell the name of the cargo ship to no one , and you will okay!

The police was seen everywhere. Thomas suddenly unclenched his hand and showed Colonel something. It was a twisted silver thread. Colonel warmly smiled, looked at Thomas and said:

- Thank you!

\*

When the quartet, including the senator, left the cockpit, the passengers of the economy class gave applauses again. They were greeted as heroes on the leader. Endless camera flashes, tears for the victims and the incredible joy of the saved ones. The journalists made an improvised press conference. The senator felt ill at ease, talked a lot and automatically calculated his rating. Mari felt like a rising star. She shone, rejuvenated and bathed in glory, holding the hand of a solid Thomas. The role of the heroine suited to her.

Only Colonel hid behind their backs, trying to keep a low profile.

- Here's another fine mess I've got myself in- he thought. – In the place where he was taught, the main principle was the slogan, "Keep a low profile!".

When Mari turned to Colonel, he blinked in fright, shaking his head. However, the senator and Mari pushed him to the public. He felt naked. He imagined as Vasily Ivanovich grining, as Kuzma with his friends laughs at this funny show in his quiet office. The worst is that these pictures are shown in the news.

And Skull will see it.

Dux started. Instinctively, he, having rolled his eyes and screwed up, pushed his jaw forward, stretched out in his wide monkey smile, moved his ears and let them bulged.

- Probably they will not know - he thought.

Slowly Dux tried to disappear in the crowd, but far from it. A tall forty years old typical man in a perfect suit was already next to him. A man, with a dark sleek hair with brilliant tint, wore dark glasses. He was sarcastically smiling and offered him a lift.

- Maybe you show your certificate?

Smiling and expressing real happiness, a guy took out a purse with big magical letters: FBI, Federal Bureau of Investigation. Colonel was pushed into a powerful “Gta 4 Cavalcade”, thoroughly searched and put the handcuffs on him, joining his right hand with the left agent’s hand.

\*

A sophisticated jeep passed the military warehouse and drove at the eighty-seventh street.

"Probably, this is Stewart. In New York we will be driving for two hours. There is a time to think. " The road was set off with a beautiful forest.

- Hello, friend, - laughed the FBI agent- you are at home, my friend! What purpose did you come for?

Colonel also caught a playful tone.

- Save you.

All four agents laughed merrily. The eldest of them, just enjoyed it. He knew that he was taking a very big fish. Such figures were rarely caught in his grey everyday life.

"We have to get away somehow from here," - thought Colonel.

When the car went on the road two hundred eighty-seven, Colonel said:

- I forgot to go to the toilet.

- Do not even try, - the head said in a cheerful sounded shrill voice.

Having stopped at a gas station, they went dejectedly to the closet. One of them was near the toilet door, others looked at the window, and the third one forced repeated Dux’ movements.

- Will you remove the handcuffs?

- Of course not.

Colonel took out his "device" and with a calm face splashed all around. The agent had to endure it dispassionately.

"Real cops" - thought Dux.

Leaving the closet, he realized that it was impossible to escape. He , of course, could risk and get into the tank with the gasoline. The agent will surely quickly suffocate. The trick with the tank had success in Afghanistan. The trick was in that, regularly training, he could hold his breath for three or four minutes. But one can’t through unscathed or the gasoline and not everything can result in a failure.

- We do not play - thought Colonel. Especially, there was another car nearby, with the clone of the FBI four agents, who got out to breathe fresh air and to talk to the driver of the first car.

Bushy hilly forests glades were quickly passed as in the picture, and then there appeared the Empire State Building over the forest haze. This amazing city has always attracted him since his childhood and has never disappointed. The interchanges passed like in a kaleidoscope. In the New Jersey district from the seventeenth interchange there flickered city panoramas and fifteen minutes later cavalcade briskly drove into New York over the Bridge George Washington. Probably, he was taken to the federal area of Manhattan, near the quarter of Chinatown, and there he will be imprisoned before a trial by the FBI. It would be better if he is charged for one hundred and twenty years. The worse if he is sent to the electric chair.

\*

While the car was driving through the traffic and drove into the Harlem embankment, with the junkyard and garbage, Dux was sad. He did not have to be imprisoned till the end of his days at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. No, he will be drugged, suck out with everything, and taken to the junkyard, where he will be rolled up into the concrete. Although, modern methods of undesirable people extinction allow not to leave any traces. For those and for these ones. He will be spread on the wall, like porridge in the cold Hudson or burned and his ashes will be dispersed over the Atlantic Ocean.

The statistics is an implacable thing. In New York, there are ten million people, and twenty million ones including the suburbs. That’s why, the column titled "incidents and crime," is never empty. He was sad.

\*

In the eastern region of the one hundred and thirty-eighth street there was a traffic jam. The traffic was 10 miles per hour, and some time later he saw a police car, which prevented the traffic. And then Colonel started. He immediately recognized them by the subtle features. They were coming from the small park in Harlem. They indifferently crossed the highway Harlem River, close to the hundred and thirty fifth street, going somewhere to the Madison Avenue. He counted at least ten to fifteen of them. Next to the police car there were two dead cops. Drivers with staring in fear at them, left quickly. And no wonder, because Harlem was always a scary place. Probably, nobody called the police.

- Quickly, ask what has happened? - ordered a brunette inexpressive type, who was standing then at the window of the toilet. The expressionless one reported the incident to the police and to the authorities, got out of the car, felt his pulse, and the cops found a witness who saw everything.

- They are going somewhere, as if they are pricked all around, they ignore cars, they punched my car, but then the police came, and ...

- Oh, again, - a man got terribly pale, pointing to the walking man.

The expressionless one went intercept to the strange traveler, theatrically took out the certificate of the FBI agent and tried to stop him. But a passerby slowly turned to the agent, and with a terrible dull roar literally tore him to pieces. At some point, everyone was dumbfounded. The dark-haired and the driver took out the guns zero forty- Smith & Wesson.

- Do not shoot! - shouted Colonel.

But it was too late. The driver got out of the car and began firing into the killer, and the dark-haired, having taken the gun out of the window, also began shooting. Perhaps the first bullets hit the criminal, but he had covered the corpse of the policeman and quickly grabbed the driver. Seven seconds later, riddled with bullets and bleeding, the monster lifted up the driver.

Having frightened, the black man who was guarding Colonel, convulsively removed the handcuffs and rushed to the trunk and took out of it a semi-automatic carbine 0223 Ruger Mini-14, with a thirty charger and a folding stock. Colonel saw behind him a man and a woman approaching to him . They spoke in low dull voices, as if from the underground. Colonel’s hair stirred with horror. They approached the black agent who threateningly advanced the carbine, and began quickly and foolishly saying Miranda’s rights:

- You have the right to keep silent. Anything you say ... - as if this speech could protect him. The couple exchanged the looks full of importance, like in a thriller of the Texas movie, and both began impudently pulling out the carbine. The agent fired several times at random, probably, having injured a man. It was a terrible mistake. Dux managed to see, through the back window, a woman's eyes filled with tears, weakness and fury, and sat on the back seat, having generously bowed the dark-haired man. In its own way, this nice couple broke the agent to pieces, and then shot all ammunition at Gta 4 Cavalcade and many cars.

\*

There was an ominous silence. One could hear a heartbeat of the dark-haired which had advanced the gun Smith & Wesson.

- Do not shoot! - croaked Colonel.

The dark-haired mumbled something awkward.

- Listen to me and do not diddle. Throw out the gun.

Colonel took out something wrapped in a plastic bag. It was an awful thin silver thread. Having thought a little bit, Dux stuck one end of the thread into his hand.

- If you want to live - he whispered, - climb here.

Colonel stuck the other end into the palm of the brunette.

- Who are you?

- Shut up! We are sworn brother now. They are our friends.

Apart from these two there came some of such men. The wounded man opened the door of the cavalcade. The beast was about to pull the trigger and pull the trigger of the Ruger gun and shoot Colonel and the brunette, to make the spinach of them. They were ready for death, to their last jump into the eternity, winding off the newsreels of their life. And then they heard a dull cry:

- Wait, the sergeant, step away – the voice of one who came squeaked. Contorted with anger, the wounded stopped dead. Probably, he was a former soldier. Dux and the brunette got out of the cavalcade and waved with restraint, as if to "theirs". Dozen of monsters surrounded two new commandos. They stared at them with suspicion with their empty schizophrenic eyes. Painful silence lasted no more than a minute. In a fear Colonel stuck the thread deeper and the brunette also did it.

"Did they recognize?" – thought Colonel.

They both clearly felt a savage force, which led them to this terrible gang. They were in the middle of it, feeling like the Kotovsky’s band from the Civil War, with instincts, brutality and the ghost of mad Breivik. They passed one hundred and thirty-fifth street and stopped in the quarter of the Malcolm boulevard and Fifth Avenue, crashing and destroying everything ob their way. They seemed to have meeting there. The number of monsters was growing.

- Let's go - quietly said Colonel.

A funny couple holding each other by the hand, like pioneers, passed a few quarters of the Malcolm boulevard and hid in the VIP sector of the small cafe Edmonds, in the hundred and twenty-fourth Street.

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For five minutes they have been recovering breath. Colonel, and the brunette, felt a terrible famine.

- I hope we will not be a couple of freaks further.

The brunette laughed.

- I felt the arrival of that string.

They both became laughing merrily. Yes, really, to suffer that horror was above the average. Dux asked the waitress, a red hood, to bring them a menu. He pulled out a thread from both hands. They observed in fascination as both ends of the silver horsehair were moving. Cautiously, Colonel twisted thread, as one twists a guitar string, and he got a circle. He impudently tore a file out of the menu, wrapped that mysterious strangeness and taped everything with a sticky tape which was in the pocket of his service jacket.

Dux chose a stewed chicken with yellow rice and Turkish bread and from the drinks he ordered a double scotch "Grouse" with Italian soda. And Gavin, a brunette, ordered a beef short ribs, then thought and added a bull tail with black eye peas and having risked added a bottle of wine with two exotic silkworm larvae. Colonel was observing the menu and Gavin with interest.

- We have a harmful job.

A few minutes later they were brought drinks.

Colonel’s heart felt a stream of warm air. Gavin also drank a glass of yellow drink.

- Give me to taste?

- Come on.

- It is sour! - started Colonel.

Gavin was sucking yellow cheap liquor, with ice cubes and fat silkworm larvae, and said testing:

- Maybe you give me this?

- What do you mean?

- That, string.

- For what?

- I'll give it to the boss.

Colonel took out of his service jacket pocket a package and, having made sure that the thread was in place, put it back. He kept silent.

\*

- Gavin - he could hardly say - you are far from reality. Me too.

- Who are they?

Colonel remembered with a shudder, as this thread crept into the back of the lieutenant of the Boeing.

- Don’t beat about the bush.

- I hate pathos. But their potential can make a lightning military coup in the USA. If you want, help me.

It was Gavin who had to continue. He thought for a while and delayed the activation of his cell phone for calling the authorities.

- And who are you? - Gavin stared at Colonel, studying him struggling. – Is it KGB’s task?

- No, - Dux looked up. – I'm an ordinary man now!

Gavin drank up the liqueur of the silkworm larvae with melted ice and muttered:

- Well?

- What is your rank?

- A major.

- Not high. Is the police subordinated the FBI major?

- Yes.

- Now listen, Gavin. The only way out is to destroy their control center. If they consolidate in the US military warehouses, it will be too late. Now come on.

\*

Colonel dialed Mari's number. She answered immediately and sent him a message with the address.

"Thank you." Then he thought for a moment. "Smiley. How are you?

"Well? Smiley. And how are you? "

"Everything is perfect."

"I will answer later. Smiley".

- Let's go!

A taxi passed by the dark red brick buildings of Harlem alone the empty Marcus Garvey Park, crossed the Harlem East River and moved on along the great Robert Kennedy freeway across the expressionless Triborough bridges. Dux suddenly remembered the words of the New York resident, Emma Lazarus, who wrote the words hidden in the Statue of Liberty.

"Give me your tired, your poor,

Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.

Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,

I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

It was incomprehensible, but Colonel clearly imagined himself in another aspect. As if two hundred years ago, he was already in the hold of a huge ship with many people lying on the straw, and full of rats. Finally, after weeks of painful transition, they got out on the deck and looked at the wooden pier of the New World. And they cried with happiness, breathing into pure raw sea air and the smell of freedom.

- What is it? - thought Colonel. - deja vu, a non-deleted memory film? Or an omen?

Gavin, who was quite relaxed, suddenly stirred up and screamed.

- What is the plan?

Colonel returned to the ground.

- I'll be on the ship. I have a question to you. You have to arrange everything for these ... not to leave the ship in Manhattan.

- What? Did you got it !?

- If I do not come in three hours or don’t send a message, blow up this ship in trash. Completely!

- And what about you?

- Yes, with me. Because I have already an asphalt disease!

Gavin looked at sempai with respect. Having passed the Wards Island and the iron Triborough Bridge, the taxi drove at Queens.

- We will come soon, - said coldly Colonel. He looked at Gavin. - I'll tell you a secret - he smiled - you wanted to give it to the authorities? You don’t have to look far for examples.

Colonel again took out the string. Another end he prudently tied in a strong double knot. Gavin looked at it like at a performance.

- If it climbs inside, weld on the bliss, guy.

- What? - Gavin's stared at him.

- Don’t you understand? To the bolts!

- That is a nonsense! - Gavin entered the intense-derformed state.

Gavin did not want to start the deed with such senior fellow. He wanted simply to disappear. But he drove off a sense of cowardice and weak spot. He realized that Colonel was just trying to laugh before the mortal combat.

The taxi driver, a middle-aged silent Puerto Rican, asked the way. Having left the Triborough, the taxi drove at the thirty-second Queens and having drove a little, slowly moved along the northern neighborhoods of Astoria.

\*

Colonel suddenly saw that the taxi was driving along the Steinway Street.

From the depths of his memory he got the name William Steinway. Through all associations, Dux suddenly remembered his Siberian childhood where in a deep storage, in dust, there was a piano "Steinway & Sons" with a gilded inscription and with the harp sign. It was the most mysterious thing at Aunt’s Rose place, as well as a huge Gospel of the genealogy from Adam and Eve.

Twenty years have passed. Colonel had to cross the border to the north of Magdeburg, where he, for half a year, has been naturalizing in BRD with the forged passport of the Hanover university student majoring on "development". Then he accidentally found a town Seesen with beautiful sad fields of Lower Saxony. And local grateful residents touchingly told him, as in 1822, there was created the first piano of Heinrich Steinweg, in the kitchen of his modest house.

And as in 1853 at the age of fifty three years, the future multimillionaire with five sons has emigrated to the USA, where he made a piano Steinway number four hundred eighty three, having changed in the word.

\*

The driver touched Dux, who had dozed off.

- Here we are! – Colonel paid the taxi driver.

- Well?

- Come on.

Probably, there had never been such ill-assorted super spies in the world. Gavin, a young-looking boy, very tall, with a slim antique profile and intelligence, shuddered from that awful monster. Colonel, plain, short, wide-shouldered with cold piercing blue eyes, scars, with a sailor walk, was walking along the night porter, looked at Gavin, as at a dancer. Gavin till today hadn’t to kill a man. In the evenings, he, at least twice a week, went to Broadway to listen classical music of the Juilliard School graduate students, the ballet at the Metropolitan Opera or corporative parties. Colonel, who always had to do his troublesome gloomy hard work, during his spare time, went to the park, to the forest or to the mountains where he thought and cognized the truth. Gavin enjoyed pleasant conversation, and when he was alone, he listened to music in big headphones, watched TV or played Stalker. At job, he always worked with someone, all the more, in the USA is not accepted to walk alone. Colonel liked movement, the sound of wind, sun changing images of the world, the taste of ice-clear water, woman warm and smells of the city. And worked alone, having clenched his teeth at his hated job.

\*

Moving small bounds, detectives approached the sinister huge red multipurpose cargo ship "Handicaps." Firstly, Colonel offered to climb a huge striped construction which consisted of four awful pipes, promising a minimal comfort. But looking at neat Gavin, he spat, all the more, that started vile little rain. They were hiding on the docks until they found a suitable port building, where they caught into by the fire escape to the attic with the acoustic window. The view was incredibly comfortable. The ship was clearly visible.

Both spies took out spy gadgets. Colonel had a multifunctional pen. He took off his cap, made it twice longer, like a telescope with the zoom in six times, and looked at the ship. There was written on it "UD MIGONETL".

Gavin with a slight contempt took out the new secret gadget, which didn’t, probably, have the CIA chief. Piece goods. It looked like stylish dark smooth glasses. But instead of glass, they were made of silicon optical fibers managed by mini lasers, and intellectually managed by the film of the latest metaflex. The development was called "ultra-high resolution Visual System", funded by the US defense department DAPRA.

- Let me see.

Gavin looked at Colonel with suspicion and disgust. "He can steal," - he thought.

- Do not be afraid.

Colonel put on super glasses.

- Wow!

Visibility, color and contrast of the glasses were incredible. As if he was in the new fashionable "five d". He stared with wild enthusiasm at ships, docks, gorgeous, loosing in a green Steinway house, a picturesque La Guardia Airport with thousands of multicolored cars, a long strip of the bridge of a sad tiny island Rikers with ten prisons. Gavin's face was not just huge. One could see all its pores as in a microscope with a rich color.

- Wow! - Dux began to press multiple buttons on the left inner arc. As a result, something squeaked, the eyes were hurt, pictures began to jump like in a horror movie. Gavin snatched out with hate the glasses, swearing using a New York indecent word. He regretted about it very much. The instructions forbade showing the secret tricks to anybody. Especially to the Russians. Espionage is a dangerous business.

\*

A giant ship of one hundred fifty meters was silently standing without any movement, like the sphinx, without giving any sign of life. They patiently and attentively examined all around. The gusty wind was blowing on the pier, unsuccessfully tried to roll a giant cargo ship, knocked on the docks and lifted small Atlantic raindrops. Both slightly shuddered. Finally, they saw some movement. A dozen of men were slowly coming down the ladder.

- Okay, I will go.

Gavin’s hands began twitching a little bit.

- Are you nervous? If you want, let's go together.

He grunted.

- I'm kidding - said Colonel.

To tell in respect, Gavin had coped with excitement.

- Remember. Give me three hours. And then blow everything up! - repeated Dux.

Colonel undressed and with fast learnt movements, he put on a warm suit "Psychofreak”. He put everything into his waterproof bag, put there another handful of the spare chargers, waved Gavin and disappeared in the setting dawn.

- Maybe I had to shoot him - thought Gavin. He thought with a shudder that it may be a double or a triple agent.

- And what if he is the leader of this whole gang - he suddenly felt scared. - Then he will be declared an accomplice of terrorism, he will be shown on TV and he will be arrested, shot during his escape, or sent him to the electric chair.

Finally, he calmed down.

- Anyway, he will be killed, he will not leave from this big doomed tub - he thought.

In an excited voice he told his supervisor about his adventures and asked to give the army and helicopters to destroy the enemy.

\*

Colonel sailed along cold Hudson. He was nicely tickled by the icy may Atlantic seawater.

- I wonder can I ever just swim with friends and go fishing for sheatfish or pike? Sail to another planet!

He rounded the huge ship, caught for the halyard and climbed up the side of the stern. The ship seemed to be deserted. However, all was not so easy. He saw powerful marine cameras. He hid under the covered container and changed the clothes, having thought, pushed the end of a knotted silver thread into his wrist. But he couldn’t hide the scuba into his bag. Two powerful huge "men" punched Colonel strongly, and led him to the hold by hands. As material evidence, they pulled out of the bag the gun and a hydro-suit. They spoke in some mixture of Spanish and English, it was not clear, and their detached view of a faceless and voiceless voice did not promise anything good. Colonel was hurt. He felt like a boy who had to play with the Grand Master, who always wins.

The bodyguards and the prisoner went down and passed a few floors. Colonel heard clearly powerful engines at the bottom. "There' isn’t any way under the curb" - he thought. He was led down along a long steel corridor and pushed him into a large cabin. Dux looked around. The cabin looked like a respectable office with stylish sofas, a table for negotiations and a huge aquarium. Several striped cat sharks were driving a run of fish "wasp" away.

At the end of the table was sitting a chief in an elegant armchair "Redo Studio" with the speakers. In one hand he held a laptop, and in another one he held a winded cell phone, talking something in Spanish. Three weirdos were sitting on the couch, grinning and looking with a listless look at Colonel, like at the roasted piece of meat. The chief calmly finished playing the crank and stared at Dux.

- Who are you?

- I’m your colleague.

The bodyguards threw the chief the material evidence. The large plasma TV showed Colonel’s set of crimes: here he is climbing a rope on the board, he examines the deck, crosses thievishly and hides behind a container, where he was caught.

"I wish I don’t amuse these narcomaniacs" - thought Dux.

- Search him! And then sent to the collegues.

They giggled. The chief sat back in his usual comfortable chair.

It is humiliating and they thoroughly searched Colonel. The gorilla gently took out, from under the strap on the wrist, a silver thread. The chief examined the trophy with a big interest. With a surprise he came closer to Dux, turned round and began punching the victim, like a punching bag.

- Who do you work at, a swine! - he shouted.

Probably, he would have killed Colonel. But then the screen broke out as if the celestial chariot flew over the sky. The “vampires” stared at the TV as if manna from heaven fell on them. A thundering voice said:

- Por qué no te callas? - that could be translated as, "Why not you to shut up!".

Dux hardly focused through a bloody shroud. He saw as the background was turned on, mini-footlights and dozens of different cameras began to move. Then they turned on pointed at him spotlight, which blinded Colonel.

\*

Half-naked, with bruises, and a fresh shiner under his eye, he straightened up and stared at the luxury camera lens. He was confident that Skull was looking into his eyes.

Endowed with genes of the Siberian coachmen, jackals-vagrants and runaways from prisons, Dux knew that his own view was terrifying. Before a cruel death with the last breath of freedom he was given special gift by the incest of the highest mountains in Tibet.

A fight has been lasting for five minutes, and it seemed to be endless. The entire universes touched with their edges, breaking pieces of their integral unity. Each of them tried to penetrate into a brain and every thought.

Till the end of existence, the universe of these two entities will visit each other, walk along strange corridors of thoughts forms, and catch each other. At that moment, they were indifferent to that, one of them was going to win immortality, and the other one had to die.

Men stood in some confusion and awe.

Finally, the fight of the thought and the will weakened, scattered with echoes on other spaces, like on a wooden fence, leaving only bitterness, fatigue and mouth.

As the thunder roll voice said:

- To the medical orderly, for three hours.

- Then to the sick?

- No.

- But where?

- There. For a "coffee break."

Everybody wasn’t happy with it. The TV was turned off. The chief said a very long phrase, in which the most innocuous words were "gilipollas carbon … Caramba!" punched several times on the face and ordered Colonel to send him to the medics.

The adversaries led him through the steel corridor and pushed into the underworld.

\*

A spacious room looked dull, with a yellowish death dim light. There were dark beams like gallows, which supported the high ceiling. On the floor there were different sinister torture devices. There was a two-handled saw, the janitor's daughter, a mask for pouring the lead into one’s mouth, the Spanish boot and a chinch box, the Nuremberg virgin, and vigils, and a scourge with a hammer, and the cat's paw, and even garotta.

Colonel tried not to look at those terrible inventions of human hands. Embittered guards threw the handcuffs to a ring block and pulled the Dux’ body so that he hardly touched the floor with his feet, legs were tied to iron rings, for them not to move. They turned off the light and left but before a couple punched the victim several times.

The time stopped. The only sound was the subtle measured rocking of a huge vessel at a high power of one hundred thousand horsepower and creaking of ropes and pulleys which Colonel unsuccessfully tried to roll. At the slightest movement of the rings iron spikes painfully stuck into his ankles. A long time later, two orderlies in white smocks came. One of them loosened the rings and the rope and said:

- Anyway, you will die. However, if you work with us, we guarantee you an easy death. There is an insignificant chance to stay alive, own up. We have no time for you.

- Give me a cigarette.

The second nurse in response suddenly began whipping him with a lash so Dux yelled like a crazy man:

- You do not smoke. Communication, passwords, presence. Keep silent. Look at the second lash. It is called "the scourge of the Inquisition."

The ordinary whipped Dux with it and his whole body was in bloody wales, because there were thin metal shavings in the lash.

\*

Colonel horrified waited for the next blow. But instead nurses tightened again the rope turned off the lights went out, and left eternity. Consciousness began fading. Dux said to himself with a difficulty with a smile: "Do not sleep you’ll freeze. The delirium tremens seems to begin!". The walls began weren’t yellow, and turned into a subtle swaying blanket developing by the breath of breeze. In black outlines of shadows there were grenadiers, who tried to grab him. Wind flew over the night sky, changing the vector attraction. And as if from somewhere incomprehensible warm waves of light ether were appearing.

Colonel closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he saw her.

She was tall, and her body was perfect. There was an angel in front of him. She was incomprehensibly dancing, he had never seen this dance. She seemed to be shadow, hid behind thin transparent veils. Armida was saying by her body that was impossible to say in words. Her dark brown eyes looked at him continuously and derisively and he gradually began to fascinate the senses of the unknown. Pain, cold, injuries and close death were at the background for Dux. He began to plunge into the unreal world and each of his mikro organels began to answer her divine dance music. His frozen gaze went to infinity. Distant detached trembling turned out the sound and a voice. She laughed merrily and waved her hand in front of his eyes:

- By the way, there is a young beautiful girl, in front of you!

\*

He did not want to return to reality. He spoke in an incomprehensible language. With her gentle fingers she untied the rope and tormented hoops. Colonel was speechless, he began reeling and falling down on the floor. A young dancer hugged him with all her perfect body, flushed with a furious dance.

- You soiled my bodice – she hardly cried . - It's kind of dirt?

- It is blood - muttered Dux.

- Ouch! - She cried. She slapped him and took to the bathroom.

- Do not look - she cried.

Dux’ head began to swim. She put on a white towel, not to tempt. She washed the bodice and said:

- Wash up. Yes! Yes! Yes!

He went to the shower. He couldn’t contain, touched her for a moment and clanged to her. She paused for a moment, laughed and pushed him away.

- Are you a maniac? - She laughed. - Wash up!

He turned to the shower, tight and warm streams which washed off him the hell of the day: parched brown blood wales and sweat. When he turned round, he saw her.

- Let’s take off? Get in the Jacuzzi.

She turned off the light, lit the fragrant oriental candles. He, having forgotten about everything, plunged into the warm bubbling Jacuzzi. Dux closed his eyes. She put the tray with a red open wine Screaming Eagle, two glasses and expensive chocolates Patch then undressed and flopped down there too.

- Wash me - she said.

She gave him a piece of scented soap with a silk-adhesive of chitosan and silver of the company "Plank".

- Drink, - she said.

Colonel laughed internally.

- Die - he whispered - but not now.

They took two glasses and clinked glasses, the crystal divinely rang.

She did not quite understand what her body was doing. The two joined together and then he took her to the silk bedroom. They lay in the warm languor, like two freshly baked pies, sometimes limply kissing. But suddenly the dark was lit up with a bright flash, countless candles blown up the darkness and their hearts began beating. And caress air created thousands of luxury waves around them and again a delicious languor pierced again their senses, like footsteps on the hot sand.

Pain was leaving the wounded body, air was covered with a light luminous celestial ether. And there were no ice deadly cold gusts, no dry bitter thirst, no the cacophony of the human chaos, and instead of it there was music of the sky and the touch transformed into excess like thrown off clothes. There was only incredibly strong, pure desire left, which could be felt only by the limpid bright white angels and gods creating the universes energy, eating flowers and invisible victims of eternal nectar.

And hoarse convulsive groans of love, which can not be confused with anything broke through multi-ton iron walls of the tanker, the villain team, dull bay surf of the eternal ocean, scant vegetation, warehouses, docks, ordinary offices.

In this vision, there rolled the huge endless winding gold tower, tangled clean lines of destinies, passion, love with divine lights with spheres.

Slowly and steadily the Jupiters began to fade and the audience, spirits and angels were gradually leaving.

\*

The fall from the first celestial sphere was terrible, with the smell of mothballs, poverty, hopeless old age, like a moth curtain. Unbearable pain pierced his whole body. Instead of love and pleasure he saw the torture iron cabin. In one corner there was a sailor's double-deck bed, covered with not fresh dense ball color sackcloth.

A dancer was over thirty, she was smoking a slim expensive cigarette Sobranie Cocktail. Her nails and lips in dark were somehow orange like a soldering iron.

- Get up, dyed bitch - she yelled.

- Do you speak Russian?

- Nope!

He laughed.

"Here's another fine mess I've got myself in!" - he thought. "These snakes have smeared me, probably, with some powerful drug."

- Who are you, dear?

- Get up, you iron bastard!

"We have to change tactics" - thought Dux.

Suddenly she screamed frantically:

- Gycha-ah!

He started to remember something.

- Listen, do you know Verka Maeva?

Firstly, she looked at him indifferently then suddenly in her dull eyes appeared a warm spark. The lady suddenly remembered his first quarantine. It has been lasting three months. The teacher lowers her voice, her painted lips curved in a smile that turns into a wicked grin.

"You must learn to look pointedly and sexy, playing the role of a sex bomb. You should be able to cover the pen with the poison, inject through the windshield eraser some potion, rouse for an hour a vomitive reflex at the sentenced and squeeze out the enemy's eyes. Be able to jump like a monkey picking fruit, fall like a swallow, drinking water, and be able to defend yourself, like a virgin. "

- Are where you from here?

- I had an affair.

- How is she?

- Best of all.

- Does she work?

- No, she has two children, an oligarch.

- Well?

He looked at her testing. "I lose nothing by it," - he thought.

- Then say hello to Vasily Ivanovich.

Her jaw dropped. She paused for a moment, then dumped asked:

- Well. What do you want?

They spoke Russian.

- You seem to be Olivia?

- Nope.

- Help me to get out of here.

- It is unreal. You were filmed. You told everything. You were pumped with kilograms of cannabis extract.

- I thought so.

- I watched it. Alone.

- Skull?

- Yes. You are a completely perfect material.

- Are there other options?

- No. Usually, everybody is sent in the same direction.

- What, right here?

- Yes.

- So, don’t send me there.

- I can not. Of course, I would do it with pleasure. But you have already passed your door. Sorry Colonel!

Here she is again, grinned wildly, she screamed hysterically:

- Gyyyyyycha!

"A dolt" - he thought.

\*

Colonel was the golden rule. Do not hurt, do not hit, and certainly not to kill women.

- Do not yell - he cried, as if he was cut, and jumped like a Minotaur, searching a way, absolutely naked and unarmed. She observed his senseless legwork with interest. One of the doors opened. And Dux rushed there.

After a while, he realized it was a trap. There weren’t other doors in that room, but in the depths there was a small structure, something similar to the ledge of the pool.

"Not that" - he breathed.

Colonel turned to the entrance. But there were already two of those grinning ordinaries, and the Russian woman between them.

"The Russians, as soon as they go abroad, often begin to sink each other," - he thought sadly.

He had several options left. One ordinary carried a rubber police Taser, the other one that that whip and Olivia had a gun with which they tame and euthanize monkeys.

"Cool", - he thought. "It is better go to fathers than to these group."

Dux calmed down.

The barrier and to he had to do just two steps to the death. Colonel shivered and shuddered.

\*

He knew what would be the next. Black metal shutters will open. He was one of the few who knew the purpose of this terrible mechanism.

Dux remembered his reckless rural Siberian childhood. Once he with a gang of boys visited the far countryside with two dilapidated huts. The boys got into a big garden with a hole in the fence to play war games, throwing each other Ranetki, rotten tomatoes and unripe walnuts. They began to play, they used huge melons and pumpkins. Extremely loud double shot stopped their military action. The whole gang came to a stood still, having raised his hands having heard the shout, "Halt! Hands up. Angered hunched old man shook the shotgun and took the two boys to his hut. The rest ran away at a high speed. An old man for a long and tediously scolded children, calling them fascists, and then drank tea with honey, and gave them knapsacks with delicious plums. He told interesting stories: as, in 1912, being a boy, he had seen the Tzar and his string of carts, drank a century Crimean wine, became a big boss, probably, a military representative.

The boy sometimes visited the old man. From time to time the grandfather drank his own moonshine and told about the prison where he had been four times in sum thirty-four years. One boy asked the grandfather, for what he had been imprisoned, but he just kept silent. But once, having drunk three glasses of vodka, and probably felt the approach of his death, he told his story.

In the thirties, he was given the award for the newest effective long-dimensional invention. Molod said that for the night using that device one could destroy five hundred so-called enemies, and literally dissolve them in the dark Neva river. He showed a thick notebook with all sorts of schemes and explanations. A few days later the old man died.

The boy remembered these instructions. Then he was come with a search, he was asked about conversations with the old man. A beautiful security officer then said:

- Shut up or I strangle you!

It is surprising, that everything in this world resumes its normal course. Through the folds, he saw the outline of the niche, which he remembered from his childhood.

Colonel jumped.

The infernal machine droned, like a washing machine, and fifty seconds later it returned to the previous state. One of the ordinaries stood at the edge of this infernal machine with a philosophical look.

\*

And then suddenly a chink of folds opened. From there, like in nightmares, appeared a hairy hand. The orderly wildly shouted, having paled with fear, shoving the terrible hand aside, but it was too late. The orderly shouted a little bit, calmed down. The infernal machine was, probably, automatic. The second nurse and the girl being completely shocked, afraid to move, called for the reinforcements. At the same time the security came. The guards advanced the Colts. The last orderly and Olivia timidly hid behind them, having aimed the guns. There wasn’t heard any sound.

- Do not move! Don’t cross the restrictive line! - ordered the orderly.

There was a deathly silence.

With signs the nurse ordered one of the guards to lie down and to crawl, and took his legs firmly. The guard came to the clear space. He couldn’t contain himself and shot into the slot. The shots rang out with a bang in the dark. The guards began carefully pulling down the curtain, illuminating the torches. But the niche was empty. They breathed with relief.

Olivia, in tears, rose whip and gave it to the second orderly. That was the only thing left from the orderly. Everybody stood still in a minute of silence. The guards left. The orderly asked Olivia to bring rum.

But something bothered him. While Olivia went for rum, the orderly again lay in front of the white square, turned on the torch and opened alternately the folds. In the corner of one side there was a hole through which the killer of the first orderly and got. This technique is almost invisible, the hatch was necessary for repairing the infernal machine.

A blunted wolf yell ran around the room of death, through the open door of the room of torture, the butchers kitchen, reflected on the ship and calmed down.

\*

For a professional-digger a tanker is an easy to read empty pan. There are all delicious diggers’ spices, such as: an extensive ventilation, a sewage, air trunks, elevators, double walls for hidden electrical and telephone cables, fire escapes, lifeboats, utility rooms, hidden hatches, outlets for anchors and winches, a kitchen, a waste tank, decorative ceilings and big air holes for stability. With his experience Dux could live on such ships infinitely anywhere in the world, and any police couldn’t identify him, eating from the table of the captain. Having roamed about the tanker’s maze, driving rats away and covering with dust, he found a cabin with a common wall with the mesh ventilation. The cabin was a standard one, and if it necessary it two people could live there. A narrow bed with straps, a table with edging, a recess for bottles, a refrigerator, a TV at the ceiling.

One man slept on the bed. Another one walked in the cabin. Probably, he thought, having stared at the ceiling and moving his lips. From time to time he came to the bedside table, opening and closing the drawers. At that moment, in a tiny cabin one could hear a terrible thunder. Small plastic things rolled in the drawers such as: pens, buttons, pins, round balls of a not finished up gum, screws, cartridges from Luger and other rubbish.

The sleeping one opened his eyes. He said:

- I warned you. If you open the drawer again, I'll kill you!

His head slowly focused the consciousness. The situation didn’t promise anything good. However, the guy by inertia closed three drawers.

It was too much.

- I warned you!

He looked around the room looking for support. Gradually the lying man eyes filled with a furious crimson color. The thinking one returned to reality, but it was too late.

The great one became punching the guy.

- I warned you!

He wheezed and screamed, punching painfully the neighbor and shouting:

- Never open the drawer! And never squeeze the toothpaste on the side!

From a viewpoint it looked as if they were friends, but the head of the thin one was unnaturally trembling.

- Squeeze the toothpaste just from below!

- I’m beaten! - Bleated the spirit, darting out to the corridor.

Colonel heard heavy footsteps of big bare feet of the tall one, rapidly moving away, muttering with indecent words, a scream, short muffled sounds reminding cries of night birds.

Dux felt it was time to intervene. He crashed through a wall and tumbled to the fighters. Both were dumbfounded. In front of them there appeared a completely naked man with the signs of violence on his body and soiled with dust and dirt, as a chimney sweep, so that only cold bluish eyes were seen in the twilight. They cried out in one voice:

- Who are you?

- A rescuer.

Colonel heavily punched the tall one, dragged him back to the cabin and put on the same bed, where he slept five minutes earlier. Then Dux strapped him to the bed with tape. The hit one with great pleasure kicked the tall and cried out:

- The fool!

Colonel put on clothes of the tall one.

- And who are you?

Dux, ignoring the thin one, put on his boots, took Luger out of the drawer, loaded it with cartridges, waved a gun and ordered:

- Put on your boots.

The frail one quickly agreed for everything.

- Where are we going?

- To Karaganda! – Colonel evilly forced with the clenched teeth.

A tall one began moving and said with resentment,

- You will be killed!

Dux with a crash opened the drawers, found not fresh socks and stuffed them into that man’s mouth like a gag. He shook his head and mumbled. Colonel pulled out the gag.

- Is there something you want to say?

- You both FFF-freaks, FFF-freaks, I do FFF- I will kill you ....

- There is no any alternative! - Sadly thought Dux.

He listened to that the man said and again shoved a gag into his mouth, having taped it.

- Am I look he? - Pointing at the neighbor.

- You’re a copy.

Colonel realized that the frail had a sense of humor.

- You will go with me and you will tell stories, did you understand?

- Rentgenoelektrokardiographia!

- Once more!

- Rindfleischetikettierunguberwachungaufgabenubertragengesetz!

- Not bad!

He didn’t like this freak.

- Come on.

Brandishing, just in case, Luger, Dux forced the frail into a small hole and carefully closed the hatch. He illuminated the dusty cramped space ventilation.

- I have only ten minutes to talk. Speak softly, and on business. Where is Skull?

The thin one vaguely chuckled.

- I do not know. For us, it's like the president’s protection.

- When did you last see him?

- Yesterday. I didn’t se himself, they said that he was there.

- Did you come to the captain's cabin?

- No, it isn’t allowed.

- Never?

- Never.

He reverently looked up at the sky.

- Who did you were?

- I can not remember.

- Don’t you remember either your father or your mother?

He suddenly burst into tears.

- I know that they were.

- Where do you know languages from?

- They appear from somewhere. But then they can disappear.

- Do you see the future?

- I saw the flood. A tide is everywhere.

- Remember the city!

Dux raised his voice.

\*

The puny one had a stabbing pain. He grabbed his head, rocking. He knew that he had then an integral wonderful world. He met a girl. It was the first time she kissed him on the lips. They went to a cozy cafe.

He cried again with a squeal.

- I can not tie together the ends of the rope.

- Believe me. You are not alone.

Colonel frowned.

- Was there the asphalt near the cafe?

- No, there was the block pavement. Everywhere, there were photos on the pillars.

- How did you die?

- Well, my feet were cold. I've heard people behind the wall. They did not hear me. I felt bad.

- Okay. What did they do with you?

- Like in a hospital. The resuscitation.

- Did someone remove extra brain?

- Exactly.

- Come on, get up. Undress.

- What?

- Absolutely. I'm your doctor. Quickly.

Dux, armed with a second torch was studying recent bruises and scars. For some reason he thought that all these poor were did craniotomy.

No. The mad system was indifferent. She could revive the dead and fix the wounded up. And could bring the corpses back to life, but she had a time limit. Twenty minutes without deep freezing. And an unlimited storage in special refrigerated capsules.

- And what about the healthy ones?

- What?

- How they knock the brains out at the healthy ones? With a bat?

- Well, they hit strongly, don’t permit to sleep, give drugs. They are medics in the lock-up. As everywhere.

- Get dressed.

Colonel knew that the puny’s withdrawal pains may begin at any time. So he was on his guard.

- Come on, my friend. We have only fifteen minutes left.

\*

At the entrance to the lower deck there was a freak. Colonel moved his short stroke axis and the third cervical vertebra, so that the atlas was left without support. He gave a thin one trophy trunk.

- Try to shoot between the shoulder blades or in eyes.

- Always!

On the first deck there were already about five ghouls and reinforcements.

- Do not show yourself!

The battle began. Having shot down several of them, Dux rushed to the fray. The bullets flew at a terrible screech, bounced off the metal ricocheted, hissing with death, burned the body and the hair ends. He did not see that in the gun-port there was an automatic Colt there with the remaining enemy. But 0.4 seconds earlier the enemy’s Colt was struck with the gun bullet of the puny, and prevented Dux’ death.

Colonel and the thin one jumped from another hatch, shooting the whole arsenal. Fire onslaught was so devastating so the opposition was suppressed. Four minutes later it was all over.

- Double set-off !!

Dux rushed to the captain's cabin.

Luxury, he saw surpassed all his expectations. It was a small Hong Kong Palace of Skull in miniature. The cabin can be change into a huge display showing all kinds of Steve’s Jobs modern wonders of the technology. On the ceiling there was a moving celestial sphere, some small lives were buzzing, like big colorful fruit fly, and there were hung incredibly beautiful cuttles, streptocarpuses and clerodendrum on the walls. In the depths there was twisting duplicated shining plasma globe. One could see the tanker and moving people. On the table there was a cigar. Colonel came to the ashtray. It had a slight smell.

- Five minutes ago he was here!

He sniffed the cigar. It was the Cohiba humidor mesa Aniversario Robustos twenty-eight thousand dollars for a cigar.

- The rich also have their quirks.

There were six minutes left. Dux rushed to the bedroom. He had never seen such bed. Its seize surprised him. But the bed made incredible waves, like a calm sea. The ceiling, also seemed to move to the beat of the finest swaying curtains of the alcove, and the walls were like clear floating horizon clouds and summer lightning. Colonel’s jaw dropped.

In the center of the bed there was Olivia who aimed at Dux’ face.

Colonel widely smiled, and began to approach her, despite of the fact that she waved ominously elegant instructors little silver pistol.

- Where is Skull, amiga mia?

- I am instead of him! - She said.

- Do you have a task?

- Yeah, to kill you, dear!

The distance between them shortened. And she shot. If there weren’t tens of years of daily training, he certainly would have been killed. He was saved by the whole set of knowledge about the shooting to kill. The bullet hardly touched slid on his chest, tore the service jacket and burned his heart.

Dux pressed his body to the maid of honor, continuing foolishly smiling.

- Wonderful woman! Sorry, I have to search you.

He stopped for a moment in a madhouse smells and incredible pleasure of a well-groomed beautiful woman who knew her worth. And he again began to plunge into a spherical-moving cloud of the interwoven burning desire. The magic bed, responded with understanding.

However, he saw the monitors, which were everywhere, an immediate angry Skull’s gaze, people running, chatter of helicopters and gunfire. For a few seconds, Colonel could not break away from the wonderful moments.

- All my life I wanted to die on hands of the beloved woman - breathed Dux.

\*

He grabbed Olivia. There were two minutes left. And then Colonel saw something. From an invisible chink came out a little mechanical soldier of five inches, like a giraffe on wheels, with mini cameras instead of ears, a microphone, and his long neck was hampered by a mini gun muzzle, which immediately began to shot with the red-hot lead bullets. The couple miraculously managed to hide under the bed, and Dux unexpectedly shot the whole clip at the enemy.

- As in the dash! Cool, cool! – Colonel screamed with delight. He gave her the gun. They cuddled up to each other and went to the exit at a high speed. She had time to notice and prevent the next attack of the killer: a strange armored car, which aimed a laser pointer at the couple.

Then Olivia showed her military training, she not only shot at the enemy, but also, having caught up with him, she took the him by the "trunk" and blurred him on the wall. Dux laughed heartily.

- Probably, at school Skull attended the circle "skilful hands".

Having passed the fire, and a swarm of bullets, they were caught on long strong windscreen wipers and having contrived, they darted out on the roof of the captain's cabin.

There were only twenty seconds left. Fortunately, Colonel saw nearby a sad frail who was in depression, waving a gun. And having woken him up from the obsessive visions Dux took him by the collar and shouted:

- Jump by the parabola.

- But it is impossible! – everybody cried unanimously.

- It’s possible!

They ran and jumped into the cold waters of the Hudson from a height of one hundred and twenty feet, and at that moment the iron body of the supertanker was hit with cruise missiles.

An attempt of the lightning America’s seizure failed and turned out to be a terrible explosion in a huge white-red ball with the smell of roasted barbecue.

\*

Probably, only miracle and the depth saved them, because the fragments of the ship, like a shrapnel, could hurt them. The ship "UD MIGONETL" of three hundred million dollars was burning in hellfire, hissing, humming and tapping with falling of beams and multi-ton sheet metals, turning into a black skeleton of another little Fuehrer’s buried hopes. There was a fuming diverse ugly burnt plastic on the quay. There were the dead and the wounded. The policemen with fear and respect looked at that exterminatus, having aimed the guns at. In the clubs of black toxic smoke there flew helicopters, finishing off the enemy, and a bossy loud voice of the policeman called to surrender.

Wet, shivering from cold, happy that they had escaped, they were observing the agony of the ship which was going to pieces.

- And there will the most interesting thing! – Colonel said aloud.

As if by the order from under the fragments there began to wake up alive, the wounded, and seemed the dead ones. They were silent, and looked at the police cars with empty colorless eyes. The worst was the fact that in the ranks of vampires there were a lot of policemen, who had become a werewolf for this time. To kill policemen from your department that was too much and instant confusion covered the representatives of law enforcement.

Colonel and Olivia saw in horror as the puny sniffed uneven, and having blinked deserted, greyed eye, rushed awkwardly to the thick of the battle.

Dux found next to the dock a pile of thick vegetable sacks, they did a hole for this head, undressed and put on three sacks, having turned into a cool white ghost.

- Cool!

Olivia also undressed and dressed exactly the same clothes. They hid in some slot from the cold morning breeze and they were warm. They are silent, having cuddled up to each other.

- I will go, my dear, - he said hoarsely.

- And I?

- You're beautiful. Do you want billions and the power. Do you have a goal. Maybe you reach it.

- And what about you?

They observed that battle like at the cinema: furious screams and cacophony the gunfire, illuminated by the helicopters searchlights. The battle was fierce and fleeting. The police were not ready for that. Some of them were torn to shreds, others laid down their arms. But many of them turned into werewolves in the eyes. The crowd moved to the south-west, like a swarm of insects, sweeping away everything in its path.

- And I love people.

- Even those ones?

- I pity those people very much.

Olivia looked at him without enthusiasm.

- Ah?

- Since my childhood I saved alcoholics and prostitutes.

- And who will save me? - She smiled playfully.

- You have a lot of variants.

- Do you have something?

Dux imagined his life shabby rented apartment, his capital: twenty thousand dollars, a reserved passport and potassium cyanide pills, hidden in the chair leg, just in case.

- Nope.

- I hate the poor well-wishers. You didn’t find your woman. That’s why, you are unlucky.

- And how should she look?

- It should look after herself, to be very well-groomed. She must have some kinds of spirits mood. Her house must be very clean and comfortable and there shouldn’t be any unnecessary things. In the evenings, her husband will relax in the bath. There will burn scented candles.

- Thank you for this story. To tell the truth, sometimes it happens that it becomes a true story.

- Well?

She began kissing his amazing lips and he again began leaving to the invented white gentle delicate world. They could not tear themselves from each other.

- Well, go away.

- If it comes to the push, go to your friends. They will not leave you.

- I know.

The crowd of the curious was gathering together.

Colonel took of the sacking and jumped into the chilly Atlantic water.

\*

People were instinctively switching the entertainment channels. On the first page there were pert phrases like: "The collapse of America", "The End is coming to everybody", "The war between Foundry and Bredbasket," "The bombing of the US cities”. The dollar began to fall rapidly. For a one day, the US debt level reached thirty trillion dollars, so every American had one million dollars. In many countries, there were Internet irregularities, and in some countries it was even banned. No one knew where the US President. They said he was flying on a plane and the kerosene is about to coming to an end. A melting pot of a motley group of the US inhabitants seemed to be blown up. Earlier diluted ethnic groups suddenly began to appear: all these Dixie and the Yankees, Texans and Californians, Africans and Latin Americans, Lutherans and Mormons, Hawaiians, and Navajo. No one knew, there appeared new leaders and people had the feeling that they in advance had been waiting for their hour. The plague spread rapidly, and it seemed to be some chaotic plan conceived by someone. Ruthless armed immortelles everywhere blew up and burned gas stations and storages, called the heathen temple of the destroying cellular and Internet towers, looted the banks and organized bloody massacre and it was showed live on TV. They brutally tortured the employees of TV studios, and showed it to the whole world. Prisoners and patients from mental hospitals were released, having added the gunpowder of madness and chaos. The administrative buildings seemed to be a tough nut. Those who were the power used all possible ways to protect the objects. Around the citadels there were put the police cordons which used tear gas and water cannons. The snipers were on the roofs. One could see the armored vehicles, helicopters, and remote equipment without people who were running it by the space communications. There were everywhere the FBI agents, the CIA agents, and also marines in camouflage.

However, more and more terrible warriors of darkness, tearing to pieces the defenders, showing live the grimaces of violence and terror burst into the impregnable buildings. Special mockery was quite famous to a public.

America began to fall into a coma. Obviously, someone wanted to intimidate and to break the America’s spirit and the backbone.

At night, the US President declared a state of emergency and issued an unprecedented directive on protection of thousands of especially important objects of America. The Directive obliged to create a hemisphere of three kilometers and destroy over the border all life in every possible way. The list included prohibited weapons, such as bacteriological, chemical and nuclear ones. The special hope of the military was smart pointed nano bombs which for a second turned the enemy into the invisible molecular dust.

That dull morning all two hundred and fifty six leaders of the world's government assembled the ministers in their countries.

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Prime Minister of Japan Shinzō Abe entered the chambers of the Emperor at four twenty-nine AM on the twenty-third of May 2015 with the first sun rays. The eighty years old Emperor Akihito, who, usually, got up before the sunrise, looked from the balcony at the piece of the toy sunlit rice field. He looked at the fantastic small imperial garden and immense Tokyo skyscrapers, trying to guess the outlines of the sacred Mount Fuji.

Prime Minister Abe bowed deeply three times, and cried:

- Kami-goitidzin!

The Emperor brought the premiere to a small temple trough the terrace, guarded with guns. Probably, a huge door hadn’t been opened for a few hundred years. Just from the other side one could see a hardly visible path with the second solid entrance. The Prime Minister was nervous a little bit

- Before you hold the morning government conference, you have to see one thing.

The Homostu-den was prohibited for mere mortals. The door opened, and the Abe’s heart beat in an unimaginable ecstasy. In front of them there were the most important mysterious things which had created the soul of the Japanese.

- I must say - the Emperor’s voice with the heighten dome, was like a sacred oath.

- The final major battle had begun. All signs: a tsunami, an earthquake, destroying of the nuclear power plant and the last war are only the beginning. The mankind will be broken from the only last continuous dynasty to the sky. Did the immortals visit our city?

- Hi.

- Are they stronger than their soldiers?

- Sa-c-ah! - Abe breathed with his clenched teeth, and then exhaled noisily.

-Get ready to the great main war.

- Oss, reyukay!

- Today I'm going to go to the sacred source of the immortality. At noon, call the Itsunori Onodera and all kinds of self-defense.

- Itte kimas.

- Go away.

The one hundred and sixty-fourth Emperor was a direct descendant of the goddess Amaterasu, who inherited the Earth. Some time later she sent hier grandson Ninigi to rule the Japanese islands, created by her parents. When Ninigi was preparing to leave Heaven, she gave him three things which had to ease his way: a bronze mirror, a necklace of precious stones and a sword. Having descended from the Heaven to the top of the mountain Takatiko in Kyushu, the prince, in due course, gave the regalia to his grandson Dzimmu, the first earthly Emperor of Japan.

The legend also says that one day terrible warriors of Kimon will come from the east and the west and, having drunk from the source of immortality, will destroy the Empire. And then the last emperor will fall, and the earth will part with the heaven, and the world will collapse.

- Why have I to fight with immortals! - He exclaimed. - All my three hundred and sixty ancestors managed to avoid the last battle.

The Emperor walked through the hall with pictures of his predecessors and stared at the embroidered scroll of the Emperor Tenji. On his face one could see the stupefaction from a sudden invasion from Korea in the seventh century.

Then there has been laid future samurai values, the composition of Shinto and Zen Buddhism of the pure Earth of incredible joy. A secret meaning of that could save them from terrible disasters and invasion.

Pictures of the history painfully passed through the Emperor’s heart. A shattering epidemic of the tenth century. An attempt of the super powerful Mongol empire of the thirteenth century to seize the islands. The Great Famine of the nineteenth century. The Imperial temptation of the first half of the twentieth century which could end with a seizure of Hokkaido and Japan partitioning in nineteen forty-fifth. But it did not happen. Instead of it, two big cities were burned down in the ominous hellfire.

However, the ancient scrolls said that the last battle wouldn’t be due to the earthquake, giant tsunamis, bitter water and diseases, a giant fire and famine.

Emperor Akihito entered the small garden Fukiage.

- It happens that - he thought - the existence of the world passes through one man, even if he is an Emperor.

He enjoyed the smell of blossoming spring, birds chirps and quiet garden babble tiny brooks. He looked at the still Imperial guards, who had never before had to repel the palace attack.

- Let everything be like this! - cried the Emperor Akihito aloud.

Tokyo time was five o'clock fifty minutes.

\*

At that moment, Gerhard Brenner opened his eyes in the Hong Kong hospital. He had awful headache, but he was very glad, feeling completely alive. He carefully felt all his body then looked at the light reflector like a distorting mirror. He saw there a thin, unshaven sufferer with dark bruises under his eyes, some compassionate nerd with a strange motivation. Next to his bed there was a smart resuscitation equipment with wheels biphase lungs ventilation titled a volumeter. Nearby there were terrible stretchers which made express and an echokadiography and elektrokardiography like a support complex mini-decision. In the depths one could see: a combined MRI (magnetic resonance imaging), a CT - computer tomography, a SPECT (a single-photon emission computed tomography), a PET (a positron emission tomography), an ultrasound, an antiograd with the collar and LMIA, treating everything. But, Gerhard had only one equipment called DiaDENS to improve his digestion.

Gerhard slowly got up, stood up and setting his gown straight, took a few steps. His felt giddy a bit, he felt thirsty and hungry. Somewhere in a corner there pulsed an alarm waking the sleeping patients up. Gerhard carefully opened the door. Far away in a spacious lobby, despite of the early morning, there were people like in a disturbed anthill: doctors, nurses, ambulance drivers, technicians, a lot of patients and attendants. They silently stared at a square of four large flat TV screens. No one stopped Gerhard and he came up to the crowd.

There was a speech of the President of the China People's Republic Xi Jinping, being both the General Secretary of the Central Committee of the China Communist Party and the Chief of the China People's Liberation Army. A purposeful, balanced, pragmatic, farsighted and an excellent speaker was speaking calmly, weighing up every word.

"Chinese dream should realize a rich and a powerful state, national revival, people's happiness. It is a dream about peace, development, cooperation and mutually beneficial relations, it relates to the all people’s best dreams, including the American one. An important feature of the Chinese dream is that it does not reject others dreams and does not strive to show its superiority over them. The more China develops the more chances for the development of Asia and the world. The history tells us that the prospect and destiny of every man are closely related to the prospect and destiny of the state and nation. The state feels good, the nation feels good and then everybody will feel good. And, of course, the world will do ".

Once Xi Jinping "lived at the bottom" "his house was a cave, his bed was a thin blanket on bricks, and the bucket was his toilet. He had to endure for seven years the "fight against fleas, hard physical labor and constant loneliness". The greatest unity, Datong which had reached Xiaokang, a small well-being and when people got the basic conditions for life, happened recently.

This was the most dangerous for the Celestial Empire, so the Chairman Xi Jinping intuitively "crossed the river and felt the stones." "The Prince" with anti-corruption experience often warned the leaders that they had to put an end to red carpets and endless banquets: "There were enough four dishes and soup."

Gerhard looked around. The present were very serious. His Chinese language left much to be desired, but, to his delight, he found a local Englishman.

- What has happened? - Said Gerhard.

- This is a disaster!

He quickly translated Xi Jinping’s speech and every minute Gerhard’s mood was spoiling. The world has changed radically for those three days.

- Brothers and sisters! Employees of the North and the South village, the workers of factories, party leaders! Be extremely careful, be on the alert! A new invisible cruel enemy is ready to attack our villages and cities. The spirit of collectivization and mutual assistance is peculiar to our great nation. The enemy in different aspects can enter the kindergartens, schools, our houses, where may be children and the elderly. Keep together! If you see a stranger, immediately inform the competent authorities, take a picture of him.

The speech of the chairman Xi Jinping was intensifying , one could hear strict notes in his voice.

- Our army is the largest in the world, there are about two and a half million soldiers and officers. If it is necessary we can aim at two hundred million people. Our army has the most modern weapons on the land, at sea and in the sky.

The enemy will not pass!

\*

The Chairman Xi Jinping could deeply hide his emotions. He reached to the very top, became a powerful man, and only the most approximate to the Chairman could notice his excitement. An hour ago, he received a very disturbing message. The first attack was at the autonomous region, located in the mountains of Tibet, bringing everywhere death and destruction. They announced that the enemy worked in small groups, cutting communication from Shigatse to Shannan, avoiding Lhasa, moving to the north. People's Armed Police turned out to be almost powerless against the well-trained gangs of unknown thugs. Werewolves easily entered the protected administrative offices, which used to be the hall with the presidium, with a red corner Mao Zedong grabbed the leaders, taking them hostage. The worst thing was that many rural leaders joined gangs.

It could not happen because it could never happen. That’s why we set in motion aviation, helicopters, armored personnel carriers, tanks, infantry and the police. The enemy movements were taken from the space with a dozen drones, each of which was ready to drop a bomb. There were also included the heads of many secret services in China. - Our beautiful country with an ancient civilization can conquer any invader! Chinese dream is the quintessence of the centuries-old ideas and the Chinese people hopes on the construction of a fair society. We will build on the earth a harmonious world, and we will tell all our internal enemies, traitors and werewolves: "Death to Spies!"

\*

Gerhard stopped in his tracks. The world in which he was born, and which seemed to be unshakeable, turned out to be very different, cruel and incomprehensible. It was not clear what to do farther. "We need to go to Vienna?" - Pulsed an unformed thought. - "Where am I? Why I’m there there, on mine mutti! Gerhard howled, thinking, slightly hunched, as if the severity of a two-ton atmosphere was on him, he walked to a hospital bed.

And then he saw that he was expected. They were wearing identical black suits. In the doorway of the camber there were two men, and the third one, wearing dark glasses, looked around. He had a long gun in his hand. Brenner rushed to the side corridor, his heart was beating foreboding of the evil. He began moving faster along the corridor, but at some point he began running in a gallop, touching the nurses, patients and caregivers on his way. Seeing some imposing physician, Gerhard stopped and tried to hide in a pile of empty stretchers. "Probably, the danger will be over. They will not notice. Or call the police? Or scream, and tell this reputable doctor, and he will save me. Oh, wegen jammern…, oh! "

But then he felt on his forehead something very cold. Gerhard focused on a long reddish-black gun with a silencer.

It was modernized Chinese nine-millimetres-long pistol with eight bullets, the so-called "gun traitors."

- Do you have a cigarette? - It was so unexpectedly that Brenner was taken aback. Killer’s words were said with a strong Chinese accent.

- I do not smoke.

Gerhard’s stiff voice was such that it seemed to be in the center of the Globe.

Holding the gun, the man ordered to stand up and drove Brenner into the greenish wall. Gerhard strained felling the close inevitable death.

- According to the war law, according to the Criminal Code of the China People's Republic, the first section, Chapter One, Article Six, " crime on the territory of the China People's Republic", the second chapter, paragraph one Article Thirteen "all acts harming national sovereignty, territorial integrity and peace, aimed at splitting the state, the authority dissidence, undermining of people's democratic dictatorship", section two, article three hundred thirty-three and article three hundred and thirty-fourth...

"This is a theater of absurd. I need to wake up from a nightmare. It is impossible", - Gerhard howled. A strong Chinese man, with a deacon’s patter, stumbled for a moment and then continued bleating.

But Brenner’s voice came back and he, showing a good knowledge of the Chinese Criminal Code, confidently and proudly said something totally unexpected:

- But there is an article fifty, which states if the convict has repented, the death penalty can be changed for the life imprisonment.

The executioner stopped his melancholy speech, looked compassionately at that paltry man, and having thought a little bit, he said:

- Well, yes. But it is war time!

"Rigorous logic" - thought Gerhard.

- This is mistake. Do not kill! - he suddenly shouted.

Instead of it, the murderer was quickly finishing his speech, swallowing whole parts of the code:

- During the unrest, according to the article three hundred seventy eight ... and according to the article thirty, paragraph five (the death penalty).

This terrible word recalled in his ears many times with the repeated echoes.

- Bring the sentence immediately!

But a modified Chinese pistol instead of spit out quietly five grams of death to the frightened Gerhard, broke in the corridor two tiles, a lamp on the ceiling, because a shot in the executioner’s head shattered his Skull and wiped off his black sunglasses and spoiled his overall. Brenner fainted, but a strong hairy hand caught up him.

Gerhard thought that he had already seen that man somewhere. Really, it was Durmus Ekidzhe, a Turk who held that affair from the airport.

Having caught up Brenner, he ran through the corridors, frightening medical staff and patients. Any resistance on his way, either it was the guard, security services or armed doctor Durmus, he destroyed with two shots. The first shot could be from anywhere, the most important was to have time to shoot first. The second shot was Durmus Ekidzhe’s trademark. The last bullet always hit straight between eyes. If he couldn’t see the killed person’s face, it managed to come up to the conquered enemy, and put that terrible stamp.

Gerhard several times lost his consciousness with horror of what was happening. He saw some dull deep basements. Then someone opened the door, and the world filled up with sounds: with heavy firing of tommy guns, bullets whistling, cries of the wounded and the dead, sound of the saving helicopter’s screws which was flying away over the bay.

The whole life went in that morning. Gerhard looked at his watch. Hong Kong’s time was 6:02 o’clock.

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At that moment the clock at the residence of Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu showed 11:03 PM. That day was, as usual, extremely packed with meetings, conferences, negotiations, writing speeches. Being a very strong man, able to work for eighteen hours, he always felt like an aristocrat, feeling the taste of life. Being a young officer he had to participate in secret operations, in which the young state of Israel was rich, and his mentors taught him that impossible things are possible. He had always kept to that principle.

Maybe being a storm steering of a long narrow boat called Israel, where calm was only in dreams, somewhere in some corners of his mind there could appear not some regret, but a feeling that he could gain the truth, become very devout Hasid, tell wise and funny mays and exhort a poor uneducated Jew. Even on Saturdays he hadn’t time to read and to get ready for the pious way.

Here is, a modern warrior of the Promised Land, the Prime Minister of the seven million inhabitants of Eretz Israel, who always intuitively felt from the citizens a complicated tangle of the reciprocal threads and it was his forte. Insisting on the maximum manifestation of freedom and reducing the prohibitions, he was, in fact, more than a liberal American Jew, that lasted from his youth in Philadelphia.

Looking at the terrible America attack, he realized that his umbilical cord is cut. And he can be the captain of the ark without any fuel, surrounded by the enemy. He was sitting in a large twisting comfortable chair where he usually spent the meeting and replayed in his head a sixty years life: pieces of many read books, the scientists and the experts, who always crowded in his father’s office hallway, a prominent historian and a writer of the Jewish Encyclopedia. Inner faith in Zion, the heroic death of his elder brother, who was killed by the terrorists during the hostages liberation, his book about the roots and moral estimation of terrorism, his diplomatic career. Once he had to work in the UNO. He managed to meet one Rabbi from Lyubavichi, who was over 70. He had bright blue eyes like laser beams. He said: "Soon, you will enter the house of the eternal darkness. They just do what they lie. Remember that even in the darkest darkness, if you light one small candle of truth, it will be seen by the most distant spots. So light a candle of truth by the nation of Israel! "

In front of Benjamin Netanyahu there was a folder with many sheets of paper, which he was quickly and enthusiastically looking through. There were excerpts of reputable Israeli doctors about the latest unique operations of liver transplants, renewal of limbs, elimination of brain malfunction, the secret works of the competitors all around the world. Another uneven thick pile were quotes of the wisest ancient Talmudists about Sheol, the month Tammuz, when once Moses broke the tablets, and in Tammuz there was destroyed the second temple of Jerusalem. "I had a piece of Iyyar left and the whole Sivan. I have time. And maybe my people finally awaken from our modern spiritual impoverishment! "- mentally said Benjamin.

With a great interest he read a few pages of the conference in Philadelphia, on the life extension , in which were reflected, like in a drop of water, the achievements of the last decade. All the more, it was the city of his childhood. A Rabbi Neil Gillman from the Jewish Technology Center said that it was necessary to do everything possible to prolong life. "I'm ready to break the Sabbath and Yom Kippur, even if they are in one day, for the sake of life and delay, for some time, meeting with the Creator." smiled Benjamin.

Probably, in the history of modern times, there had never been done so much work in three days. Hundreds of analysts got access to the information about thousands of banks from two hundred countries of the world, including the Federal Reserve Bank of the United States, tracking transfers of fifty world’s offshore zones. There were caught thousands of ordinary letters and emails and records of telephone calls. Special headquarters in Tel Aviv got initial data from the informants and agents. Intelligence services worked at full stretch and that’s why dealt shortly during the investigation of such acts as surveillance, house-breaking and arrest of suspects. By the process of elimination there were eliminated dozens of states which could organize such an incredibly powerful attack, there were checked the rogue states and all traditional enemies of the USA. When it gradually became clear that the attack had been organized by some criminal group, there were separated thousands of different mafia groups. Some time later, in America, as it often happens, the capital with seven thousand US banks were under suspicion. Google helped very much with the new effective system of facial recognition.

One can say that a carefully well prepared conspiratorial plan of the America attack was disclosed.

"And let everybody speak again that Israel is a haven of thieves. But we did it! ".

Benjamin Netanyahu opened a thick grey folder. The Prime Minister, like a soldier on the front line, got used for many years for any events, but even he felt awfully. In that thick folder there were questionnaires of the military opponents who managed to resist America and start the fire of the war. Day and night, the Pentagon has been trying to identify the enemy. At the end of the folder there was a document with the classified information signed by the US Defense Secretary Chuck Hagel. On the paper there was written that the majority of the opponents were not identified.

At eleven forty PM, the Prime assembled the Committee leaders of the intelligence service "Varash". Each of those six powerful men had held the data with the prepared plan of action. Each of them was given no more than ten minutes to the report. Forty minutes later the plan code-named "A White Flower" was agreed.

- Will see? - the Prime invited everyone to see the first shots of the seizure operation the mansion in Hong Kong. There were brought tea and coffee. The shots showed in real-time as against the background of the morning there were sun four helicopters Stealth Hawk over the mansion. Two special cars in the area of the mansion muffled the whole communication. Elijah, the commander of the squadron, made the commandos a started sign inside the helicopter. Somehow, his shirt and camouflage fabric pattern "digital desert" trousers and his flask for water camelbak has been showing for a long time. Close up they show eighteen commandos armed with weapons of various calibers (favorite ones a sniper version of the mini - and micro ultrasound, assault gun Tavor Tar-21, a snipers gun the Tavor STAR 21, Sig Sauer R226 with a silencer, a tommy gun M4 and Heckler & Koch MP7). They jump on the roof, then an instant mopping-up of the mansion territory and the opening the gates, the fight in the main building and the calm after the shootout.

- Twelve minutes! – Tamir Pardo, the head of Mossad, satisfied with the work of their subordinates said with a Cheshire cat easy smile.

Spectators began leaving quickly. Of course, the involved person, who became recently known as "Maher" wasn’t in the mansion. It was clear that he would be an easy prey. But the seizure of that main warehouse was the half of the affair. With undisguised surprise, commandos found a huge library of the involved person.

But then there were new incredible shots like in Hollywood horror movies. Gentlemen stood still. Dozens of Maher’s people began getting out from some basements, like the Trojan trap. The commandos, having losses, retreated out of the gate, helicopters hit the building, but the terrorists are hiding and continue resist in an organized way. There was a pause on all screens. The Stealth Hawk starts heeling, swaying and twisting. Everyone cried with despair, when the helicopter falls into the firestorm of the burning mansion. Paled military men assembling at the Prime Minister’s place partially assume the responsibility for remote management of the battle, and trying not to lose people, to retreat in an organized way.

No one noticed that at the big table appeared the Chief Sephardic Rabbi Yosef Yitzchak. Netanyahu sat next to Isaac. They were silent, like two ancient sages. Netanyahu was touching his cell-phone, and Isaac was stroking his beard.

- It is not the first time when the paganism erects another golden calf - he said. The antidote to immortality exist, find it up and you will conquer people with it.

Benjamin has been silent for a long time. Then he asked Yosef:

- Rabi, don’t you object to the building of the Third Temple?

For a long time, they have been listening to the night and looked at their souls lights. Isaac didn’t say a single word. The time was two o’clock.

\*

Three hundred different clocks at the Buckingham Palace, watched by two servants during their working day, showed eleven PM sharply. Hearing the last subdued melodic sound of the bell, the Queen of Great Britain turned off the light. At eight o'clock in the morning she will wake up, during her breakfast she will read newspapers and will retire at her office for the paperwork at nine o'clock. She had to sign hundreds of documents.

For twenty-three thousand one hundred and eighty days, she has been doing her royal work beautifully, laboriously, regularly and reliably like the clocks of the palace.

Through the open window, a gust of wind brought the freshness of the spring night with the smell of blooming roses. Sounds seemed not to reach the big sleepy town. She suddenly remembered a moment when she was a little Lilibeth and went out to the spacious terrace in the courtyard of the palace. Being the spotlight of endless official ceremonies and receptions, the front pages of newspapers, paparazzi, television, internet and rumors, she, as always, carried her royal dignity with sincere charity, but she was closed for annoying thoughts of her millions patrials. The city seemed to asleep, and she enjoyed the freedom to be herself. Memory suddenly twisted the brightest beautiful pictures. Here she is very little, playing with ponies in the garden, her first love letter to her future husband when she was thirteen years. In 1945 she is with a happy millionth crowds in London on a Victory Day, incognito, exclaiming: "We want the King!". The wedding, the birth of her first child and her sacred coronation. Let noise of the outside material world full of passion, sometimes alien to her, where prime ministers change each other, wars begin and end, empires are collapsed and new countries appear on the world map, she has its own kingdom of the finest world. And in this world there is love, her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, sincere affection and sacrifice, without any calculation.

During the day several times from heaven Albion poured large cold raindrops. Many invitees were slowly entering the wonderful Royal Chelsea Flower Exhibition, adorning with the stylish bright big umbrellas. At three PM there appeared the royal retinue like aliens troops landed. Media beat with the drumbeat, switches and buttons, ready to hear snatches of conversation in "nous" language and being overjoyed, immediately pilfer them on citations. According to the program we were offered some special nominations: for the best small fountain, a mini-garden and a bouquet of original roses. They said that finally, there was created the purple rose and, probably, it will be a favorite of the how. Everyone was waiting for Chelsea Clinton to come, who was late, having stuck in a traffic jam.

Despite of the special security measures, by some incomprehensible way some anonymous entered the accompanying crowd. An awkward bumpkin, dressed an old sweater and without an umbrella, slowly zigzagging bumping clumsily and badly into the aristocrats, saying "Pardon me" instead of "Pardon" and, in the end, he seemed to touch the elbow of the duke of Edinburgh. The royal couple at the same time turned to the place where had to be Dickie Arbiter, but instead of him there was a lanky red-headed fellow, showing in all the ways his joy and happiness. For a split second two absolutely different worlds met with eyes. Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, said a witty phrase: "You probably came here recently, and you do not have a tummy."

At the same moment, the employees of the special services accurately made the stranger out of the suite. Incredibly, the young man hardly spoke English, he had no invitation, did not have any documents and other things, except a heavy pack of twenty pound notes in his pocket.

- I think he entered the back door - smiled one of the suite.

Night star flashed through the gap of the double heavy curtains. On the white pillows there was sleeping Emma, Linnet, Monty, the palace fell asleep and Queen's Guards quietly changed each other.

Only the window of the Royal Guard chief Sapta Boyle was anxiously lighting for the whole night. He missed dinner, he was hungry and angry. The incident at the show could cost him his career. Dozens of times he mentally voiced version of that happened. The truth was so terrible and helpless that, as Sir Winston Churchill said, she had to be protected by the lie squads. He looked once more at the report of the offender’s interrogation, he remembered a categorical, slightly seeded look, and his strange behavior. Firstly, he wanted to let the foreigner go, to give the guards the blast and to hush up another funny incident. But at the end of the interrogation, when the offender asked a cigarette, everything started.

- I could not, I could not, I could not! - He shouted in madness. - It is stronger, it is stronger - his hands began to tremble, pupils widened. - I'm not a Bluebeard! That's why I could not.

Then he said something unintelligible, sometimes shouting the phrase "Yellow Submarine" and "Save the Queen."

Several minutes Sapte Boyle, having closed his eyes, has been sitting on a chair, nervously tapping his knuckles on the table. Then he opened the door of the refrigerator and poured a half of jill Irish whiskey Cooley Distillery with a label St. Patrick. "It would be better to shoot him at the attempt to escape" - Guard mentally complained about his fate and called "John," Sir Robert Sawyer, the Head of MI6, Secret Intelligence Service.

- John.

- Is it you?

- Yes. Just on business. It seems to me that this is one of those you are looking for.

- Do you mean the incident at the fair of flowers?

- Exactly!

- For some reason, I thought so. Tell me.

- I interviewed him. Come here.

Ten minutes later, Robert Sawyer, quietly left his bed, he was going to the Palace, where he met and instructed staffers from Vauxhall Cross 85. They arrived to the entrance of the Palace, where they were already waiting Sapte Boyle.

- Please, let my gentlemen come in. There can be complications, said Robert.

Two minutes later, the men were next to the small police station of the Palace. The door was opened for some reason. Sapta felt unpleasant chill. In the closet, where used to sit a constable, was empty. On the table there was a warm cup of strong tea. Detectives rushed to the iron cage. A heavy prison door opened. Another policeman was cooling and unnaturally sitting on the iron bed surprised looked with unseeing eyes at the infinity.

Suddenly, it dawned upon Sapta that the day became the base for the second life of the Kingdom, and the spark of hope filled with warmth, goodwill and the future.

- Let him go - suddenly he said aloofly without addressing anybody.

\*

The storm covered the half of the Atlantic. The plane was carefully avoiding grandiose storm clouds. Through the window, in rays of light, one could see bright sparks of the infinite blue ocean. They were changing, huge whitecaps which disappeared in ten minutes without a trace.

The history of mankind passed like those huge shafts. Every ten years there appeared a shaft gaining its highest level, and like a strong terrible storm the tops turned into the violent white foam, to make some noise and to turn into calm waters.

The entire human race can be placed in a one big city. Influence of the Adam sons alike an insignificant thin layer of the almost invisible the surface over of the globe. It will always happen and a man will never be able to leave that wave, the finest plane compressed between the truth and the lie, wealth and poverty, power and goodness, and birth and murder of demons and angels. They give incredible strength, stars energy, love, and the first cries of a newborn for the creation of this fragile sphere contradicting the whole mental shalmeser to the chaos, famine and death to a man could say the key word between the heaven and the earth. And when you assume that does not yours, simplify more complex and moral beings, measuring everybody against your own yardstick, this finest sphere becomes thin, simpler, there emerge moral holes, leading to degradation, mass drunkenness and vices. And only return yourself to the inner moral imperative, moral idealism, cleansing yourselves of the internal crimes can recover and stop the destruction of the thinnest life layer.

"Do not kill" - thought Colonel. "The death, having punished itself cruelly kills pity and punishes beautiful earthly creatures sophisticatedly and ruthlessly. The human mass murders or emasculation of the multi-structural life always leads to irreversible consequences which can not be restored even by the gods. You can not be the only element, and build the universe with it. The world is built on many multi-level components. An attempt to get the death is alike a feeble effort to privatize the power of the world. It always leads to the bitter futility.

**Part 2**

Already in the afternoon, together with Thomas they reached Wurzburg. Having driven for an hour by taxi along the highway, they found a neat house of Uncle Rosenberg. Colonel rang the bell. There was silence.

- How old is he? - Asked Thomas.

- Ninety-six - muttered Dux.

- Du bist Schwanz - angrily muttered Thomas. - Come on.

- Wait a minute.

They have been sitting for ten minutes on the porch, swinging their legs. The silence was finally interrupted by a click and a hoarse cough. A senile cracking voice drawled with "o" said:

- Rosenberg.

- It's neighbor from the street in Kirov - bleated Colonel in a youthful voice in Russian. - I'm from countryside.

- I told you, you are Schwanz – Dux turned to Thomas with the widest happy smile.

Finally, from the darkened corridor came Uncle Rosenberg.

- Rona!

Dux in his joy hugged Uncle Rosenberg so strong, that something cracked at the last and he struggled for breath.

- Rona, you've always been an asshole.

Colonel realized that Uncle Rosenberg, firstly, didn’t see anything and secondly, that his only identification was Rona. That’s why Dux decided not to dispel allusions. In a childhood, Rona was a lucid mind, with a sense of humor, creative. He was the first in the village, who began eating ground squirrels’ meat living in his garden. Rona extirpated the rodents feeding the neighbors. Once, late at night he came covered in blood. Lilka, having seen him in the moonlight, stood still:

- I killed a man - said Rona.

She fainted away.

Neighbors came. It turned out that Rona smeared with the chicken blood. The neighbor Uncle Rosenberg then made a demonstration of the corporal punishment.

Men sat in the kitchen. Uncle Rosenberg hardly put a kettle in the curtained off darkened kitchen.

- And how is Sasha Steinbrecher?

- He put on weight.

- And what about Webers?

- These two died.

- Is it true that Kock got so drunk at the final rehearsal that the whole village went almost mad, listening for the whole night a speech of the famous Bulgakov's plays?

- Yes, it’s true!

- Uncle Rosenberg, I'm on business.

The old man poured everybody tea and took put of the pack some tasty pretzels with saffron.

- Do you have the relative in Germany who knows a lot about Nibiru. Help me to meet him.

Uncle Rosenberg's changed countenance, kept silent for a long time, and then crackling giggled.

- It's a fairy tale.

- Okay, we'll go.

Uncle Rosenberg took out thick round glasses and suddenly became serious. He began to observe attentively those kids.

- And you're not Rona.

- I’m a friend of Rona.

- Are you Russian?

- I’m a Chinese man!

Uncle Rosenberg giggled.

- Who is that?

- Thomas - sadly muttered Dux.

- Why is he silent?

- He is a German from Munich.

- Schwanzverlenger – coughed the skeleton.

The Germans started speaking on their native impossible Munich dialect, having begun to guff and hissing the sounds "ich" and "isch".

- Well, let's go!

Friends bowed and went out to the porch. Acacia was heady blooming and bumblebees flew slowly like thick kiddies. They hardly began to close the small art history gate, when suddenly they heard the unique voice of Uncle Rosenberg, like the old violin with one string. They both plunged into darkness, where smelled blue pots of aloe vera from pain.

- I'll help you.

\*

Colonel and Thomas began telling their ideas. Thomas was saying long words, such as “Herzkreislaufwiederbelebung” and Colonel tried to simplify in vain his speech with the people's fragmentary German.

- Yes, I don’t, actually, understand the science - said Uncle Rosenberg. - Come on.

They proceeded to the dark bedroom. There was only an iron bed, and there was nothing on the walls except the big ancient embroidery. There was a plan with a Gothic inscription on it: “die Kolonie Schaffhausen”. Uncle Rosenberg took out from under the bed a suitcase "Samsonite" a solid dark blue American trunk of the last century. He began taking out of it different things, like a fakir, and he seemed to forget about the visitors. Uncle Rosenberg took out, for example, a brown leather hat with a wide brim and with rhinestones, a bag with a 9-mm cartridges, a Mauser 712, with the monogram "Schwarz" on the handle, the bonds of the USSR of 1952, 1954 and 1956 of 25 rubles. Colonel and Thomas with great interest were looking at that. Finally, Uncle Rosenberg took out a yellowed parchment with water marks. Probably, it was an address.

- Let's go!

\*

The night was falling. Taxi was driving around Würzburg and drove at the highway seven. A Mercedes nestled up to the ideal concrete, like a cumulative projectile. German iron soul opened than the conceivable limits of man and car at a speed of two hundred and forty kilometers per hour. And only on turns our ears were slightly blocked, flashed lights, villages and cities. We drove in silence, and only Uncle Rosenberg, who was sitting on the passenger’s front seat, sometimes spoke about everything with the driver. At night the car left the motorway to Augsburg to the eighth and began dodging along the fabulous copses of Swabia, lit by the large full moon.

- Here we are, - Uncle Rosenberg said in a low bass.

Uncle’s relative’s house near the forest was extremely impressive, with a narrow road, numerous buildings, with an enclosure for horses. Such big houses exist on the homesteads of the respected Bauers. But the luxury facade with ancient mosaics showed the outlines of a small palace. The alley of strong marble gnarly planes was phosphoresced by the mysterious moon gleam.

Rosenberg pressed the button, on which there was a sign: Ohsenkocklinekeweg 1, Augsburg and at the bottom Gustav Jost von Rosenberg.

- Probably another Old Testament Rosenberg - Thomas quietly said through his clenched teeth.

A few minutes later came the porter with the galoons.

- Great! - two young men exchanged glances.

They moved on down the avenue. The moon illuminated by the deathly pale light seemed to be ready to move from the Earth's orbit to leave forever to the endless space. Silhouettes of common pipistrelles were coming out of the dark and the trio instinctively went faster.

\*

They placed in a spacious lobby. Soon, there came the host. His thin, pale refined aristocratic noble appearance was quite rare on this earth. His tired blue shining cold eyes seemed to penetrate into the interlocutor’s soul, examining the triad with cautious curiosity. He reservedly smiled the distant east-relative.

- What do I owe your visit to, gentlemen?

The three conspirators spoke unanimously, sometimes interrupting each other.

Thomas angrily told about his invention in Colorado, the computer stealing, and how his work came to bad people. He raised his voice, often correcting glasses and his face darkened.

Colonel shouted that he was ready to catch the villain, but he needed help. His impenetrable look did not promise anything good. It was a dangerous mix of Genghis Khan’s descendants, spontaneous Cossacks, farmers, with a touch of royal blood. With a terrible accent, confusing German synthesis and words, he was pathetically telling the legend about Kolchak’s White Guardist, who had reached the country Belovode, about immortality secret developments in Tibet, about the dark planet and the woman in a sorrow-pyramid.

Uncle Rosenberg with an understanding look widened his eyes and openly mocked at those bachelors. Then he darkened and asked his second cousin, where was the refrigerator. In the village he was called Victor Bloom. His long, lean legs turned in battle into a deadly scissors, and his cold blue eyes popped out to madness. At that moment he felt no pain, no suffering, turning into an obvious berserk. He was a representative of the German community Povolozhye. Many of his relatives were killed by short crowbars in head and put into the ice hole of reddened Volga because there was an order not to waste bullets on the Germans. He went through a mournful wandering in concentration camps of Irkutsk and settling in the village in autumn 1944. Then local residents with surprise discovered that the Germans did not have horns. That winter, at night, they dug up and ate frozen potatoes in the vegetable gardens. Injustice and fights guaranteed him an eternal prison. Probably, he was saved by the incredible cruelty and merry cynical humor, which has been respected in Russia long since the Tartar yoke.

Uncle Witold Rosenberg brought everybody aromatic tea and delicious sweet German knot-shaped biscuits. There was late night.

\*

Gustav’s Jost von Rosenberg speech was incredible. They found out the secret of good and evil. And they got knowledge which mere mortals don’t have.

Already early in the twilight, they went out to the porch. Birds woke up, a pair of grey frightened rabbits was rapidly running away from bizarre plane trees, young fresh air breathed out and rustled in the woods. Amazing, forever beautiful Germany played with the first sun rays.

Gustav listened inattentively to the chatter of the boys. He knew in advance what they would say and about would ask. He saw as young men has been peering, for the whole night, into the darkened spacious library, where gleamed tomes of ancient manuscripts. Those modern barbarians, existing in quickening civilization can not physically get the life-giving flickering spirit, unable to separate and to understand the dust of the old knowledge closets. In a moment they seemed not to be people. Thomas looked like a smart rabbit. Colonel looked like a primitive anxious beta macho. And his wonderful second cousin Witold Elpidiforovich looked like unreal Animation, internal skeleton- cuticula ready for everything.

Second cousins Rosenbergs were not similar, but at the same time they were united. They were invisible smiling curious sages. The representatives of the wonderful people whom simultaneously suited Wagner cap, a German uniform, colored tattoos on the nose, wood carving crèche for Christmas and sniper shooting at cameras at the highway.

\*

The truth swayed like a glass of pure sparkling wandering wine on the ship. It was impossible to catch her, but it was somewhere nearby. Majority of the people couldn’t fully drink the cup of poison and grief called "temptation". Passed route traveled of the spirit reflected madness, digging, suffering, crime like on the board. And forever young wiser Germany will sing a song Lorelei again and again.

- You will be the first of the uninitiated - said Herr Roseberg. - The human ordinary psyche can not suffer everyday flight. The devices of the third generation are the symbiosis of time and psyche ... -

He hardly began choosing the word they could understand.

Someone said:

- Torsion.

- So let it be. An invisible warm blanket of space, the living and the deceased states.

After a long pause, he thought. Young people's eyes glittered like embers. One could also hear as Thomas shiffed from excitement.

- Incredible - said Colonel looking at the sky.

- During the flight, you will fall asleep in the desynchronized state of the intermediate REM- and D-sleep, do not try to turn in the brains. It is clear!

Both dutifully bleated agreed for everything.

- Where to take you?

- To America - both gloomily said.

- Okay. Today you will be there. We won’t take you to our factory. Witold will be with me.

- It is clear – cried Colonel and Thomas.

- The final and terrible battle will be tomorrow,- said softly, Herr Rosenberg.

- Find him.

- And what about connection?

He laughed thundering, like Faust. "Children" - he thought.

- I'll be nearby.

- I got it! - Colonel internally prepared.

- Drink a coffee and get ready.

Deafened and stunned by the heard, they not adequately went along the palace.

\*

Everything was ready. Brothers Rosenberg, serious and ready, entered the living room, but there was no one. Gustav sent Witold to the kitchen. But there was only German sterility, odorless, like in hospital. Herr Rosenberg smiled. Obviously, the boys reached the library.

Thomas, showing special deftness, eagerly read book with cries of happiness, not trusting himself. He was like a Luntik who got into someone else's garden, trying to eat more and different products.

Colonel was serious. He crawled on all fours, activated the fifth speed devouring information using the old diagonal forced way trying to spend no more than fifty seconds on a book. Taking out another spiritual treasure, he used a special “long reacher” thing for books. However, the monumental reacher was imperfect. The evidence of it was like a fresh bruise probably put with a heavy ancient book, which fell down on Colonel’s head.

In a dark doorway Herr Rosenberg looked at that orgy and his profile of uneven shadows seemed to be incredibly similar to the face of Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel during recent years in Kreuzberg.

However, when those rodents moved to the corner, Gustav suddenly got mad, having grabbed an extension cord, hit the both on the backs, pushing them out of the office.

Those books were completely different. They looked differently and seemed to be not susceptible to corruption.

- What is it? - Thomas and Colonel breathed out, as if they were diverted from the stream.

Stone and clay tablets, papyruses, codes of parchment, Cai Lun’s papers from rags, hemp and mulberry, covered with museums dust, were unconvincing for any thinking person. Intuitively, some mysterious power seemed to destroy almost completely the source of true books and true knowledge long ago. But somewhere they should stay?

Herr Rosenberg pushed crazy readers out of the house.

- It's high time!

\*

Having passed through the facade, gentlemen came up to the grey featureless building with a single dark-brown massive door.

- Word is silver, silence is gold - Gustav, just in case quoted the common German saying.

- I think you understand.

- We understand - three man breathed out unanimously.

The door opened noiselessly, and, like a freight elevator, sucked into the whole quartet. Gustav pressed the lower button of two ones, on which was written "Erde". Thirty seconds later the express elevator with slight overload brought the men to the underworld. The door slowly opened and all the three opened their mouths and their eyes widened.

- What is it?

A large room, like a huge hall or the magnificent grotto was full of workers walking hither and thither and remembered a modern prosperous transcontinental company. The freshest alpine air stirred the wonderful decorative Schmetterlings.

- Where does the fresh air and soft day light come from? - thought Colonel. The picture would not be complete, because the three were struck very much by the look of the classical modern impenetrable Aryan soldier who stood at attention in a perfect uniform with new weapons Heckler & Koch, which are only on the posters about war.

Herr Rosenberg took the men to the reception with a standard set: a small desk, a conference table for eight people, a cooler, a machine with tea and coffee.

- Now you will be examined by a doctor. This is a standard procedure.

Examining passed extremely quickly. Men entered the vertical tube-like an airport scanner-cabin with hidden non-contact sensors, and thirty seconds later left from the other side. At the table there was sitting a balding young doctor with a red bitch-assistant, peered into a huge screen with icons, numbers, letters, pictures and mini videos. Everybody entered instead of Uncle Witold Rosenberg. A red-headed took him to another room, undressed and felt him with the traditional therapy. Bloom’s grandfather livened up and playfully tried to pat her. Looking at his naked thin flabby wrinkled ass, she imagined for a moment that she decided to make love with that vile old man. Having laughed, she cheerfully slapped his ass and cried optimistically:

- Healthy!

\*

The Globetrotters were ready for an amazing journey. Herr Rosenberg gave each a few greenish pills, similar to candies. Colonel was about to refuse having candy, but Gustav frowned. For Germany it was unheard, it was like refuse from the rules of the right carrying a bicycle helmet during the ride.

They passed through a narrow telescopic ladder and got an equipment cabine.

- Incredible – having gleamed from excitement with eyes, Thomas said. - This is a modern sports car Zimmerman, 12x6 meters, tahionator 36.

- What are you saying? - Dux felt badly.

Having passed through the slit of the semi-dark hall ladder, where one could see the bright unpolished metal, they got into the hatch and entered the machine. Unexpected feelings, the freshest air, white endless space full of the alive light and four fantastic comfortable chairs. Invisible man's voice, having coughed, read swallowing phrases the instructions in German:

- Ladies and Gentlemen. The journey will start in few minutes. Fasten your seatbelts. The time of departure, – all the four looked at the clock, which showed four o'clock fifty-seven minutes - the time of arrival to Nevada by the local time at five twenty-five minutes, the arrival coordinates are 37 ° 14; 06; p. w. 115 ° 48, 40; h. g., sunny, temperature is 25 degrees Celsius or 75 degrees Fahrenheit. Here is a yellow tablet, you have to use it now. If it is necessary, you can also use green candies. Enjoy your flight.

- In twenty minutes? That can not be, because it can never be, - Thomas said melancholy a Chekhovian phrase.

- Cool! – Colonel cried joyfully. Both second cousins have already eaten one big yellow tablet, and they looked like blissful addicts with wandering smile of happiness on their faces. Thomas also thoroughly chewed that yellow pilule and began falling into trance.

Dux sniffed and carefully licked it intuitively feeling filth and professionally hid it in the sleeve, having made the face like at flight attendant- police spy, from the invisible bunker.

Colonel closed his eyes and began to think about pleasant things. He understood the purpose of the pills. He felt bad and his stomach seemed to pop out. But some force did not allow him to fall apart piece by piece. He was scared.

In a moment Dux wanted to give up, eat a yellow pill with green pills. But seeing how the rest make multi-colored bubbles with idiotic blissful smiles, he kept to the end. It was offensively for him to surrender. He tried to invent something reasonable explanation to the unidentified objects. Colonel felt like a died out dark Neanderthal.

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- We are trifling beings interspersed with the universe, stretched on the subtlest layer of the Earth's surface, we see a clear difference between the dead and the living organisms, fuzzy moments of time and deceptive glimmer of space filled with incomprehensible, invisible endless string vibration, armed with funny instruments and speculative ideas. We are introduced into the inscrutability of deity breath. We hide in the tangles of passions, deny hierarchical higher power for a simplified explanation of the outside world and are afraid to obey them, because we want to be masters of life.

He could see the outlines incomprehensible for people: the unexpected disaster, first signs of illness, death. And nearby the harbingers of new generations conceptions, prosperous life, the game of gods with a man.

Here in front of you is a clearly manifested active higher intelligent force. Now you feel badly, because she showed her evidence, and improbability of the power. But the attentive amateur detective sees the daily manifestation of many thin invisible forces: fresh morning with the smell of the purest hopes washing, new channels of the rapidly changing world, new philosophy, trying to clear itself from dirt, in which daily defame divine purity.

- Who is cleaner? - Thought Dux.

Meanwhile, chaotic overload leveled. An unknown for him the finest system of the perfect management with billions of feedbacks had entered his body. She became a temporary external simulator of the eternal triad spirit-soul-body of a living person. With a sinking heart, he felt something new. It was a powerful sense of the incomprehensible flight.

\*

Despite of his dusty work, Colonel was indifferent to the material world, which seemed to be a ridiculous caricature. He was looking for an ideal world. For this, he traveled almost the whole world. But there he saw only a few fragmented images. Peace on that planet was basically united and was enslaved by material desires. After long years of physical and material survival, search of love, fermentation of taste of power, changing the ranges of poverty and wealth, he did not find the truth in it. Only ancestors’ blood called to its secret, knowledge which existed inside of him.

Dux looked at the window simulator with a kaleidoscope of changing images with the advertising, at stoned Germans and the eternal sky radiance and realized that it was his four-minute flight over the sky. Every second got thousand moments, and each of them was recognized as a bright colored thought. He saw with his own eyes that that iron tub with living people can comfortably fly at incredible speed, as something unified and meaningful.

Colonel built a logical chain, realizing that it was nonsense. Any material object should correspond to a thin microcosm which creates and utilizes endless variety of entities and is inseparable reflection of the material world, but it is more than full and infinitely varied. A Subtle World has weight. It manages the embodiment and disembodiment of the hierarchical power, of big and small.

Above this implemented world there is an incomprehensible, irrational, non manifested absolute Spirit. This is God. In us, in person, there is a part of God. And like the God, we also think our ideas and solutions, armed with will, dream and love. We are eaten up with conflicting passions, greed, baseness, animal instincts. But this person is great and can go through the asceticism, full of self-restraint, the supreme spirit, gave himself to the neighbor.

The world of desires, will, thoughts and ideas is ephemeral. Scraps of the thoughts leapfrog, desires, passions, manifestation of good and evil, hunger, fear, a dreamless sleep are recorded in the great computer of the Eternal. It allows giving subtle worlds. There live three hundred and thirty million gods, an infinite number of spirits, and live the life of the elements of the universe.

There is a certain probability that a real subtle life world of can become a reality in the real universe. And then it will be a harbinger of its birth, meaningful existence, and, in the end, the collapse and dematerialization.

There objectified ideas and embodied people. There will be implemented and disappear atoms nano world covered with thin compound connections.

The wisest of people may know the names of subtle forms.

\*

Dux tore himself away from his feverish thoughts. Life in the plate calmed down. One could hear a snoring of both Rosenbergs and quiet Thomas’s sniff, but pleasant waves of fresh air was filled with very soft sounds imitating spring in the forest. Colonel stretched himself and having pushed Thomas tried to free himself from the belt bonds. But far from it: the watchful cameras chained him to the place with levers.

- A phantom - he thought offensively - the end of Angela Davis freedom!

But, he seemed to wake Thomas up. He blinked his sleepy eyes, looked with amazement at that flapjack with windows imitation, loud snoring Rosenbergs heroes, and said:

- Where am I? Where's the toilet?

- Do not try. It is closed. Swallow another pill and sleep.

- Scheisse.

- What do you think about it?

- I'm sick.

- Well, eat mine.

Dux gave Thomas a bag with green pills. However, instead of the usual parabola the bag made an incredible intricate curve. If it hadn’t been a remarkable Thomas reflex the bag would have run into the Rosenberg’s nose.

- You have reaction, like a man who catches flies.

Thomas swallowed the whole bag and having leaned back said satisfied:

- Laberland!

Colonel understood that there began descent. He again felt bad. He also ate the green pill, but only one, just of curiosity. Some time later, strong surge of energy filled the whole body, calming down the emetology, and Dux began bravely fight with sleep, afraid to miss the descent and landing.

There wasn’t a special difference with take off, but Colonel noticed by his feelings as if a saucer had stuck for a long time in the crater of the invisible time typhoon.

His miserable body seemed to get into the chaotic development of turbulence gravity.

"Just a little, and I will be a robbed head," - he thought. Invisible fingers quickly inherently online put into stray pieces of his body, and it sent shivers and crunch down his spine ". I had never had such extreme massage”.

Flaking out, an unformed thought came to him. The living tissues of the body seemed to successfully intertwine with an unknown unfathomable leader saving the body from the overload. The weak point of the chaotic gravity was excess of lifeless.

He began slowly falling into the whirlpool of time and space, losing any realization. Having clutched with a death grip at the arms, he stood still like a stone idol, when the passion began to subside.

Not believing his luck, he saw as the screens turned on and there appeared bright pictures of the world, with picturesque mountains and flying blue birds. In the loudspeakers turned on optimistic music of the German band Einstürzende Neubauten.

- Our flight is finished. The time in Nevada is eight o’clock twenty-seven minutes PM. The temperature outside is twenty-five degrees Celsius, and seventy-eight Fahrenheit, is it clear? We hope you enjoy the flight. Do not forget your things. Dear transit passengers don’t unfasten your seatbelts. In three minutes, our flight will continue. We will be glad if you use our model, Zimmerman 36 again. Goodbye.

Crazy Thomas and Dux left their chairs, pulled out from under the bottoms their small bags and mumbled hesitantly:

- Danke, wiedersehen!

Witold Rosenberg stayed in a sleep "D". Gustav’s Rosenberg eyes were burning like the universe torches. And they had pain, hope, wisdom and faith. They both gratefully nodded brothers and went down through the easy ladder to the ground. According the instruction, they moved thirty steps away from the machine and waved goodbye.

\*

Colonel saw a flying blue bird Nevada, and a missile Pershing-2, flying straight to them.

- Lay down! - Dux yelled wildly, having grabbed Thomas by the collar incredibly quickly getting covered with red dust. "This is the end!".

He realize with fear that it was a hypersonic cruise missile X-51A the USA, the air- ground, flying at a Mach seven speed (seven and a half thousand kilometers per hour), which was created to strike aims on the earth surface, water and deepened objects under the fast global strike.

"Without options!" - He realized.

Instinctively, Colonel hopelessly covered that good man with his body wearing glasses and farewell smiled the sun, setting to the deserted stony desert. "I always wanted to die in spring," – without blinking he was ready for his highest jump into eternity.

But the thing which has impressed him was absolutely incredible. Where there had just been that UFO and a rocket ready to dismantle in fire everything to atoms, had disappeared. Only a strong lukewarm wave, lifeless in the thick, poured Thomas and Dux with unpleasant smell. At an incredible sprinters speed they ran away.

Next to the purple setting sun, they saw two bright shining points. The UFO was jumping in incredible zigzags, and the rocket was chasing it. It is striking that at the end the UFO made an incredible pirouette, made some intelligent monogram and off he went.

The rocket knocked about searching for goals and started self-destruction. Explosion of the rocket X-51A was so breathtaking that for a moment covered the sun, which had just touched the horizon. Few spectators saw a great minute show, as three hundred million US dollars were turning into the second light.

- What was painted there? – Colonel asked excitedly.

- Probably, I know!

Dux with interest looked at the scientist, but couldn’t say something sensible in response. After the recent incident, they scared looked at the sky, waiting with fear the recurrence. And when some point towards them flashed, they petrified in the rocks crevices.

Colonel took out of his bag the binoculars and saw the goal. That was a drone, an unmanned aerial vehicle, a modern working model of the AQ-9 Predator B USA. The frock of eleven meters long in a big way of twenty meters could carry two tons of different smart deadly weapon.

- To the sand! - Forced Colonel. Everyone had in their hands a Sapper shovel from their bags. Forty seconds later, Colonel was completely covered with dust, sand and crumbs in the cracks of Nevada huge moon stones, becoming an extension of the desert.

But Thomas’ glasses were sparkling. A predator made a small circle, like a beast of prey, made a warning large-caliber machine gun salvo and hovered above.

\*

When you are shot from a large-caliber machine gun, with a diameter of 12.7 mm (it’s half of 50 inches), you have to have a minimum of iron nerves, which Thomas did not have. He got out of the dust and began randomly jumping like Arizona white-tailed jackrabbit.

"Shit" - cried Colonel.

The operator of the drone, a red-haired sergeant technician Jeremy Hill directed all six monitors, increasing the picture of the running silhouette in the falling twilight. Rapping his fingers knuckles on the directed laser missile AGM-114R "Romeo" Hellfire, called by the "fire and forget" system, he turned to his immediate superior, the chief sergeant Roy Thorndike, with the first signs of patches who was nervously quietly and convincingly speaking through the cell-phone. In fact, the use of the phone during the battle duty was punished by clear reasons. He was always an exemplary diligent sergeant. To do some serious breach, he should have a forcible reason. And he had it.

His darling and beloved woman made such noise that even in a phone one could hear her raised voiced. The rest of his curly head seemed to stand on end.

- I want to leave. To take the one-way ticket. And you won’t see me again, - she cried hysterically. – I live like a mermaid. I don’t have home. In the end, I want a good car. Have I driving - she said with a gasp - by Opel? - And cried. - And Iluy already has a good house and a car.

Roy, having hung his head, sadly suffered.

- Well, should I press? - Asked Jeremy.

- I can not speak now, I wil call you, my dear.

Roy forced turned off the cell-phone and finally concentrated on the battle duty, looking at that inadequate running idiot.

But then he saw as the predator was shot from everywhere, it seemed to be straight from sand.

- Stand up the ceiling is four thousand pounds - he yelled Jeremy

Jeremy sat on a beige state-offish chair. Activated the afterburner, the predator moved faster and began driving away at a speed of hundred miles per hour with a candle up.

- Wait, did you start the missile?

- You have not asked yet.

- Down - quietly said the chief master sergeant, pressing the button "fire".

But the bud didn’t treacherously work, showing "alarm" and "fault".

- Don’t do it - cried all his essence from the unexpected trick and from the shocked resentment. Continuing feverishly beating at the miserable tumbler, he nervously thought over the emergency.

"Oh, I was caught! To give my best years, "- he howled. "I have no misconduct. We all have. But I don’t "- Roy tore his hair. - "The only time in my life I turned on the ill-fated cell-phone. I got my fill of the real case! And flopped! "

\*

A man is a superposition of many conflicting internal and external superposition. Like a insect in the endless forest, he sticks to the smooth surface and is chaotically runs around his burrows for the rest of his life, overcoming with unexpected success and fear.

He is afraid of that his kingdom does not subject to him, easy movement of the typhoon can suddenly destroy like a house of cards, and he will have to make circles till the end of his life, mad from grief and foolishness.

Sometimes it happens in another way. A man will be lucky for the whole life. He will perform many feats. He will work like an ant. The anthill will rise above from far away. His home will be a protruded burrow at the stream. His peace will be guard by the best termite-bodyguards.

He will be a king creating his own kingdom. Sometimes, he will fight with a neighbor anthill for life and death, sending the best spies, using poison and spells. Under the canopy of trees he will be blinded by laurels between his kinsmen. His fame will reach the very distant small colonies.

But alas, the villains anteaters-pangolins leave the black forest for the night hunting.

Even the name of this new powerful ruler, will be soon forgotten in the vanity of vanities sea .

\*

Roy hardly cried with disgrace and affront. This was not like he imagined. He imagined as he would stand in front of the line and the senior management would repeat in tired annoying voices the most important well-known commandment of the battle duty. His career, which was previously unstained, would be turned upside down fly upside down.

- Wait a minute. Move away for twenty thousand pounds, sit and not to show yourself.

He thought that he heard unintelligibly the chief muttering:

- We will sort it out with you.

His was poured with unreasonably cold sweat. Well, what if he will be unexpectedly charged?

However, a minute later, he again heard his boss’ excited voice.

- New instructions. This chick is a big boss. Somewhere must be another one. The last is dangerous. Take both. Dead or alive!

Crazy Roy with a maximum dive fell like a kite from the height of thirty thousand feet and jumped into the thick of the battle. Knocking villain small bats of the enemy and covering everything with the living fire, he incredibly exerted himself, using all kinds of weapons, how the pianist-virtuoso can play the piano. Roy used more high-precision controlled cluster micro bombs with three designator sensors, by the campaign ATK, which weighed only two and a half kilos, and which were just two hundred pieces in a comfortable launch canister. The machine gun rattled basically for warning.

To Roy’s incredible joy, the rocket suddenly renewed itself and gave permission for start. It was most welcome and Roy sent missile AGM-114R Hellfire to the cars and infantry gathering moving toward the warehouse.

Roy’s heart exulted at the exceeding of adrenaline excess. Rattling shooting of the enemy was insignificant against the incredible power of the latest MQ-9 Reaper with a mass of 1700 kilogram, however, Roy and his partner had to be extremely attentive.

The drone sat next to Thomas. A loud voice from loudspeaker called his name clearly and deafeningly.

- Thomas Elshtein and your partner! Please go to the specified green flashing light.

Thomas did not argue with fate, and quickly got into the UAV. Having stuck out his hand, he vigorously shouted:

- Come on, quickly.

- Just cats bear quickly, - muttered Colonel. He shot back in a convenient trench.

- Quickly!

- Nope.

- Why?

Colonel was silent.

Thomas surprised wiped his glasses.

For a moment, two universes met on the border of life and death. The UAV’s bright spotlight for a moment showed the stone face of Colonel. In his eyes one could see pain, desperate adrenaline of madness, and something else that Thomas could not understand.

- Nope – Colonel nodded and waved goodbye

It was hot, at the horizon in a line were going armed men and the rocket could any moment arrive from everywhere.

The UAV moved like a candle into the dark night of the Mojave Desert.

\*

The night of May 30, 2015 forever entered the history of mankind, as the adoption of the Gregorian calendar. It was two PM. The President had hardly slept after another awful day, the administration had also fell asleep. Some of them went to bed, and others slept on chairs.

Of course, it was not the Oval Office. In the fifties of the twentieth century there were built huge multilevel buildings on the mountain. Nine entrances were hid at an angle of sixty degrees, so it was difficult to find them. They were closed by huge iron gates.

The area 51 was a secret subject of the USA.

Hundred miles away there had never been any building. A dead moon landscape, a smooth big channel of a dried up a huge pond which was surrounded by powerful mountains was a perfect place for secret research. For more than a half of century paths to the Zone-51 were protected by special military units. A road over the civil aircraft area has been changed long ago at the pretext of testing nuclear explosions.

Once, in the seventies, during the training one of the officers of the tactical squadron accidentally flew to the territory. He was immediately ordered to return to the airfield, he was taken to a stone bunker and has been providing violent interrogation for several days. He stayed alive only because he didn’t see anything serious.

The patrol went about by white jeeps with the government numbers trying not to speak with civilians. Excessive curiosity on the secret territory could lead to a fine of six hundred dollars.

It was very difficult to get into the Zone-51 passing the patrol and sensors. In sand there were hiding hundreds of small cameras and detectors for heat radiation, which reported a signal of the approach. At night around that area there flew black helicopters with spotlights without any wing marking. The patrols, barbed wire fences, signs with warnings confirmed that there was something serious in the Area 51.

In this warehouse, covered with the military mystery and inaccessible for any intrusion, the Chief of the Armed Forces of the United States, has been managing the theatre for two days. Since the first day of the television center in Atlanta capture passed the whole week. The president was showed on TV every day. But those speeches were very short.

A rich week exhausted him completely. Constant movements over the sky, on the ground and underground, twenty-four-hour calls, meetings, an endless stream of waiting in the waiting room. Semblance of moderation disappeared. Most of the administration couldn’t even calmly eat eggs and bacon, so there were double hamburgers with tea on every leather armchair.

That night the President wanted only one thing. To sleep, to stretch, to go to a clean fresh bed with two velvet cushions and hide under the blanket for four hours. He remembered reading notes of the Ministry of Justice in the Senate, which stated that "sleep deprivation can not be considered as a torture, because it does not cause severe pain, weakening of bodily functions and death." The president suspected that it wasn’t true and intuitively promoted the prohibition of the torture in the Senate, because insomnia has always been for him the Achilles heel.

\*

This morning he has to tell Americans the main words in a calm and confident voice.

"For the first time in the history of the United States there is an incomprehensible cruel inhuman enemy looking like...". The whole week he has been carefully preparing strong and biting phrases. America instinctively expected a great performance of the President, similar to the speech "a divided house " of Abraham Lincoln during the war on the South and the North in 1861 or address of Winston Churchill's “blood, sweat and tears" in England in 1940.

The most offensive for the President was that for the whole awful week special services prohibited to assembly free audiences voters being afraid of that his "Maher’s people " would penetrate into his surroundings. That’s why, in few TV address there were only thoroughly tested family members of the administration, security services and generals.

The spirit of America began to die like a flower in a broken jar from which water began to trickle.

- Just a little, and we begin to turn into a suspicious totalitarian state, having got into the hostel of doubtful pariah - he thought.

The consolation and justification of the ponderous work of the US President were meetings with ordinary people. With them he transformed, begin to glow, his disarming smile, pierced even into the most hard-nosed opponents and enemies. His warm remarkable charisma melt the ice and in large classrooms, small halls and community of bridge amateurs, in local offices "Rotary International" and stately mansions North Shore, and his extraordinary charm suddenly led to his US presidency.

Sometimes he felt like a prophet in the pulpit, a lecturer of the ideal world, the warmth overcoming hostility. For him, talking to an ordinary man has always been like a breath of fresh air after the stale rooms, full of top- intriguer, whether it was the White House, the Senate or the palaces of hundred and ninety-two countries around the world, which many of them had to visit by his profession.

\*

President’s tired consciousness was plunging into the bliss of Morpheus sleep. A leaving father, crying of his early childhood, painful identification, first harsh lessons of betrayals and resentment. Crossing the street with a bag of books from a red-haired pert neighbor.

And in a color dream were slowly twisting colorful leaves of trembling sylphs, and a teenage girl who didn’t get his love and indifferently passed to her another America.

The President with all his being did not want to hear a nasty rising vibro sound, similar to invitation to death penalty. The sound of the alarm clock seemed to be like a fire point-blank, and he has been lying for a few minutes under a blanket like a log.

\*

There are dreams that are more than a reality.

His friends and he ran with delight through the reeds on the cultivated rice fields and his heart sank from the mystery of his future. And from there, the beautiful world, the President inevitably got into the maze of grey concrete boxed corridors and distorting mirrors reflected his cheers and stone mask of grief. But he escaped from the endless dungeons dull underground to the place where there was a cloud of created pure fresh air, and then in front of him, like an idol, appeared Maher.

They were sitting on a hill that was covered with green soft pleasant grass, at the bottom it was rounded by the river bend. They looked straight into each other's eyes.

\*

The President of the leading country of the world and the secret ruler of the earth, the transient guest and usurper of the universe, the temporary mortal citizen and the eternal immortal tyrant.

The president had never earned big money. Maher made his billionaire business alone. Life of the president, wearing white collar, had passed in the libraries of prestigious colleges. Maher made the first million when he was fifteen, becoming the leader of the teenager’s gang between the streets 113-130 in Harlem, holding a short Beretta in his pocket. The most time the president spent for election races, intrigues in the Senate and chat with voters in his reception room, getting from it the incipient dispelled sclerosis. Maher has built his own freedom as he wanted. In the morning, he walked in his beautiful garden a couple of hours, implementing his strategic plan. Since 10 o'clock in the morning he held meetings and created new teams. After a snack Maher wore overalls and was in his numerous laboratories. As his final, he geniously, held financial transactions for 120 minutes and in the evenings he was composing his own music, studying humanity, the universe, made sport or changed women, whom he had a lot.

A high boyish President’s figure had a long face with an incredibly bright smile. His dark brown eyes smoothly and calmly passed thousands of scrutiny.

Maher’s head was too big, maybe in one and a half times bigger than the President’s one, with an elongated Skull of the occipital wide bone. His massive hooked fleshy nose was eaten away by smallpox. His height seemed to be twenty centimeters lesser than the President’s one, he had a paunch and his big black eyes were burning in hellfire of the bushy eyebrows.

\*

Maher and the President slowly flew above the ground. It was already infected by the new virus in many places. Transcontinental companies of Maher did their job.

- A boy! Do you realize which forces did you contacted with?

These were not the words, but the thought-forms.

- Why are you doing this? - The President asked quietly.

- I'll be the first in history to bring it to its logical conclusion.

- What do you mean?

- What do you do by yourself?

- In what sense?

Somewhere in the universe there were books that had been hidden from the eyes of the President. Maher seemed to reach the hidden knowledge. And he was scared.

From million potential leaders, in human history, periodically, from nowhere, appeared the great rulers, trying to expand populated universe to the limit. They all became the stone monuments of humanity. Many of them dreamt about the world’s domination, trying to crush all competitors and to sit on the throne of new order.

In front of him appeared some superman, with a powerful inflamed intellect, which created a constant increasing self-replicating army of primates, with the latest unknown weapon of any center of resistance destruction. Having a monstrous machine of destruction, he can become a unified immortal ruler of the world.

- If not me, then it will be done by someone else.

- Is not it that in the USA founding fathers installed liberal foundation, just against the long-term stable tyranny. That base allowed building an open democratic state with universal values. The greatest achievement of a democratic society is a balance of rights, promotion of freedom, tolerance and eternal moral values.

Suddenly Maher, nasally squealing, bended in a picturesque way in a Napoleon pose. He had just to cock his cap and to smoke a cigarette with grinning partners in crime.

- Do not treat me! Just do not treat me!

"A difficult case" - thought the President. "If it succeeds, the whole world will be covered with a striped robe with spoiled bosses with slang cynical humor. And a thin film of human life will be covered with a grey layer of grey- mucus".

\*

Maher was interested in that lanky boy. Let he represents the most powerful country. Temporal lords will disappear, like a ripple in the autumn lake. They are too busy with themselves, their relay races, so they aren’t competitors for him.

Maher rushed to the sky in a picturesque way.

After twenty-five years of hard work, he finally found an effective antidote against any powerful security forces. Gradually, they would become something united like a modern vessel of the Grail. Sinister powerful organizations of a sword and a plough like hydras will bite and eat each other, to unite against the common enemy, to humiliate, to weaken or to destroy themselves. Having passed its peak, omnipotent hydra will be weakened due to various contradictions and will prey to powerful neighbors, leaving just dim memories about its identification.

And the head of the main code "to be or not to be" will be Maher!

He thought about new settling of the new world. Maher will grow the city of flowers. He will build a lot of different countries and sub-systems: monarchies and republic, totalitarian and open, formation and civilization, liberal and authoritarian.

He will push them away in all possible ways to find new kinds of state systems and social forms.

He will have time for it!

He will be giving full freedom to implement new developments and learn to program the population or reduction.

Maher will create the secret powerful equipment which will limit the duration of any person’s life at its discretion. He will steal the button of life and death. And then he can begin to approach the immortal gods, to classify them, to learn management from them and finally, he will understand the meaning of good and evil.

Maher looked with unseeing eyes at that poor. The world is almost ready to blow each other with a nuclear sword. But Maher will break the petrified ballast: obdurate organizations, small family stubborn societies, hollow dead truth. Instead of it Maher will come, his knowledge, his brain, his power and search of the truth. And instead of the trite "the state it is me" will be a new syllogism: " world‘s life it is me."

\*

In a dream, the President was moving over the moon world next to the divine unknown star.

He also lost interest in Maher. The reason was very banal. The President believed that the good always triumphs over the evil. Faith gave him forces to be internally clean when he ran through the swamps of Jakarta and then through the sewage of big politics. He often asked himself, why did he get into politics? He seems to be a decent man ?!

He had a secret. He was just himself. And his voters felt that in front of them there was a stainless young boy, a stranger from a dream about old times, which would leave only the truth, and it would give a daring hope. And for millions of teenagers, for centuries, a lodestar would be the legend about the winner of the power temptation.

\*

The President saw many noble, rich successful people. Approaching the inevitable presage of the Last Judgment, those people began to ask themselves a big question: "For what?". Sometimes, their eyes were burned with unquenchable energy, luck, faith in success. Time passed. Often they got the other side of the moon. Suddenly, their numerous regalia turned into a completely unnecessary heavy armor. There was irritability, anxiety and then, often sadness and tiredness of futility. Those eyes which sparkled in the past became empty and cold. They were wearing fake stone mask of a smile behind which one could see pain, fear and despair.

The chosen like Confucius managed successfully hide under the Shade of humanity and virtue. And let those people would be blessed in centuries.

But everybody vaguely or consciously knows that their tomb will be looted in the lifetime of their contemporaries, and their names will be crucified in the river Lethe.

\*

His black kind blood from a mysterious continent exacted and embodied another universe. There unhappy angry "white demons" turn into true kindness and love, heaven honest voices in all languages formulate a sincere world and in all spheres of the universe the leitmotif every second moral imperative, leading, between the good and the evil, to eternal purity, reviving hope.

Every voter has a rare hypostasis. An identical part may occur, in the ice desert, where life could not exist in principle, and unexpectedly appear glimpses of dark labyrinth. A spark can be a ten-year boy, with uneven handwriting writing an essay on the subject: "Who will I". A housewife from the quarter of grim slum of hopeless alcoholism has a candle of hope. Or a man in the prime of his life who suddenly sincerely cries with repentance and suddenly finishes his bad craft.

Let his actual voters are just three or seven percents, let they don’t have a citizenship of the USA, they have an indefinite age requirement or they do not have a passport at all. The president knows that in the world clouds there are invisible lights which evenly and smoothly cover the land. Their souls keep the worlds. It happens that whole cities or even countries stay in deserts of grey indifference. But rarely wandering lights illuminate a sparkling world for the sake of it worth living, grow old, get sick, wait for grandchildren and great grandchildren, to be a sane person and with a calm and happy wisdom prepare for a major meeting with his mother, father and a Heavenly Father.

\*

The thing he took as a malleable sound, striking through to the depths of nature, was not an alarm clock. There were special signals of higher danger which were known to everybody from childhood. Because everybody had watched movies about the war.

The President immediately dressed up and with a familiar automatic movement put on a tie. Security has already running around at exorbitant speeds, hurrying the members of the office. Until he was given a start signal, he leaned over the desk, trying in a minute to read a dossier with the working title "Maher ', which he had left in the evening for examination. A prophetic dream could not vanish, staying fantastic, vivid and bright.

\*

Since June 3, 2008, when the President was the only candidate of the USA, and then won the battle for the presidency, an invisible bubble semi-impermeable, distorting ordinary human attachments closed up around him. His personal space narrowed very much. The higher he rose to incredible heights of Olympus, the stronger he felt lonely.

That’s why he had to win the battle with the incomprehensible.

- Oh, Heavens! - exclaimed the President with pain

After four failed attempts to capture Maher’s residence in Hong Kong, the secret services in the end caused a massive missile attack, destroying half of the mountain. But it was too late. Like the plague, the disease has spread on the island in a few hours. Maher’s people quickly destroyed centers of resistance, turning into weakly managed anarchic infected flock. It is surprising that among the leaders there often appear famous names, representatives of the local elite.

"Some kind of a grey mouse, hidden in the middle of thousands of billionaires," - President thought about Maher.

Dozens of Maher’s transcontinental companies, from New York, London, Tokyo to Manama, Singapore and Sao Paulo, under various titles dealt with specious acts: producing of drugs, dietary supplements, medical equipment, medicines, specialized ambulances and investment. Maher honored the Code and the tax authorities had never claimed him. He always refused any interviews, and immediately disappeared from the field of media carriers, being able to hold the secrecy. Maher was actually the elusive wolf billionaire and that’s why escaped the all-powerful intelligence services.

\*

- It's time!

The whole President's array began to run through the long yellow corridors. Everybody looked very serious and silent. On indicators flashed white arrows and heart-rending sirens howled, showing the first level of risk. The President saw some running people from his surroundings, they seemed to be a bundle of nerves, the shadows of the absurd theater, and he suppressed a smile when he had to go through to the entrance of the amphitheater of the Control Center Zone-51. Having run into the vice-president, he fleetingly joked:

- It would be nice to wake up all the inhabitants of the White House with a siren at 6 am!

Once upon a time, during the Cold War, there were created sophisticated security control systems of the US leadership during a potential attack. This was held by the CIA, the FBI, NASA, the Pentagon with its BBC and a silent submarine fleet, numerous secret laboratories and private silos. They were built underground cities in which one could hide from the nuclear attack. Many of those buildings were left and turned into the Cold War anachronism.

But not the Zone-51!

There was something that exceeded the limits. Even a simple Zone service staff was like aliens.

President’s site was on the right from the twisting scene to see all the spectators and dozens of monitors, placed on a giant screen.

The first voter was the Minister of the US Defense Chuck Hagel. He seemed to hesitate for a moment. And only Chucks who had a many years diverse iron experience made it possible to cope with the excitement.

- Please turn off the alarm.

He dryly described the situation.

At the same time, the enemy attacked not less than three hundred localities of the USA, including state administrative buildings, all kinds of media, army troops, military bases, airports, and came closer to the nuclear facilities. Communication was paralyzed at half of those objects. An hour ago, at the same time there were launched the invasion of most countries the minister cleared his throat.

- How many countries?

- At least 130 countries, sir, - said Raymond Odierno, the staff chief of the land forces.

- Including Japan, China, Israel, the UK, and so on.

- What is their primary goal? - Asked the President.

- Hard to say. Now, they systematically destroy the elite and terrorize the population.

From a semi-dark corner Deborah Lee James, the minister of the US Air Force quickly came closer to the tribune. Deborah took off her dark glasses and one could see that she was very excited:

- Attention! An urgent message! About fifty objects are approaching the United States in the area of Saint Helena.

- Their speed? - Chuck Hagel said.

- Fourteen thousand miles. In twenty-five minutes, the rockets will be near Washington.

- Who are they? Are they Russians?

The auditorium calmed down.

Thousands of the US elite eyes staring at a huge screen of the amphitheater with dozens of lacerated rapidly changing images from satellites.

General Peter Pace, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (JCS) usually quietly looked around the audience and working in contact. But that time it was all different. He was looking somewhere up.

- President, I beg to strike!

He spoke hurriedly, gulping down the phrase:

- The power of our country ... ... is able to destroy the ... wherever ... massive ... for everybody ... all along the coast ... our aircraft carriers ...

No one smiled, and finally everybody woke up from the mirthless sinister sentence of Great Kalpa, began noisily speaking:

- Where did they come from?

- They were not there!

- They should be stopped by the satellite weapons.

Someone fired up:

- We have already tried!

The President was silent.

He saw as from the island of Ascension chased a flock of Trident II, but the objects replied with incredible speed.

One could see online, as the US nuclear shield was preparing. Speakers reported "Ready!" the captain of the aircraft carrier "George Bush", followed by other nine types of super aircraft carriers "Nimitz" with nuclear engine.

Hundreds of aircraft and helicopters were raised to the air by the alarm.

Huge predatory terrifying nuclear submarines Ohio and Virginia surfaced with horrible black deck cabins, like a three-storey house, ready to deliver the first salvo of two hundred nuclear warheads to destroy not only the enemy, but also to burn down the whole planet atmosphere.

Restrained dryish Secretary of the US Navy Ray Mabus briefly said, "the Navy is ready!". His predecessor, the physicist Donald Winter, was very talkative. He gave such gems as shocked the mankind "Maintain of our submarine fleet capacity bombers, land-based ICBMs, and the submarine- launched ICBMs support, and protect our Nation's sea-based strategic deterrent, the Trident II D5 fighter capability 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, 365 days a year and is aimed at ensuring peace and freedom in the world.” Or: "Since the beginning of the nuclear age, the world has witnessed a vast reduction of deaths of its inhabitants, which happen during the war."

The staff chief of the US Air Force, Lieutenant-General Marc Anthony Welsh third, announced about the readiness of the US missile interceptor, laser guns on the aircraft and "Hellads" with low orbits of satellites from the Reagan’s stellar horror films, which he was extremely proud of.

Finally the last, the staff chief of the United States Army, a powerful charismatic military man, "Ray - a sharp beam" went up on the stage with a bear walk. He pressed his hands to his chest, hesitated at the tribune. Something was wrong. After all, he had just said. But instead of the warm bear charming voice he was silent.

The Pentagon’s chief Chuck Hagel quickly took the microphone and hushed up the situation, which, to put it mildly, getting out of control. He, by himself, thought the name of his employees "disease", namely "... mmm ... the chickenpox of the composer Maher," and sometimes he laughed at it. But then he was not joking.

He said in a loud and clear voice:

- The US Department of Defense is ready!

There was an ominous silence in the auditorium. Thousand people, who were the US elite, hidden under a layer of mountains, solved the eternal Hamlet's question "to be or not to be." Someone was thinking over a five thousand years naive child history of the mankind, someone in tears was thinking about relatives in cities or on the field, many of them strongly hurried the President to press the button, and others prayed.

- Three minutes left to Florida, - said Hagel.

Everyone looked at the President. He said slowly and quietly:

- Ladies and gentlemen! I do not want to undress before I have to go to bed!

\*

First, someone smiled, someone called the name of Michel de Montaigne and the audience began to laugh in a chain. When the Pentagon chief Chuck Hagel contagiously cheered up the whole audience burst out laughing.

At the same moment, everybody heard from the speakers the voice of the director of the Secret Service Joseph Clancy said:

- Ladies and gentlemen! The objects address to us!

The President readjusted his microphone. Clancy said that the connection was enabled.

- The President of the United States addresses to you.

- Do not try to blow up our facilities. That makes no sense.

- Who are you?

- You know who we are. And we are your allies.

- Why are you doing this? - said the President.

- You still can not understand it.

- What guarantee do we have?

- Sometimes it happens.

Communication was disconnected and incomprehensible objects scattered around the United States.

- Oh, my God, - said the President.

On the huge screen appeared terrible pictures. One could see fierce battles in hundreds of the US cities and in most countries. Suddenly, close-up was showed to everybody a group of American officers headed by a famous general, who had been recently in the bunker Zone-51. The worst thing that the group swaying went straight to the center of the area, and behind it there was an endless grey crowd of "mahers".

- Sir, explain please !? – Questioning exclaimed the President.

- Ladies and gentlemen! The enemy has built a strategy based on the practice of "revolutions". The enemy succeeded in speed and fanaticism of the "newly converted" fighters. According to our data, anyone turns into Maher’s soldier from one to twenty four hours.

- But how? - questioned in the auditorium.

- By personality destruction of dosed death and then zombies.

- But how?

- The enemy has around the world compact devices that can be installed anywhere: in a car, a plane, a boat and so on, even in a bag. The main thing is to bring it into the human body.

- Is it ampoule?

- It’s a tablet, a syringe, a bullet, an injection, any injury ... Now about tactics. They manage to capture any city in a couple of days. This is Genghis Khan’s tactic. Ahead there is a growing crowd of the "newly converted" that sweeps away all living things, like an avalanche. And they are followed, so to speak, the guardsmen.

Hagel kept silent, and then clearly said:

- But, it isn’t in some way people in the ordinary sense.

- It's a nightmare, - said the Vice President.

- That's why they are really scary for us.

The audience roared and, probably, got its peak.

- It’s time to use the neutron bomb!

- It is madness.

- Let destroy the devices.

- How are they called?

Someone suggested the word "immortelle". Everyone laughed. Okay, Immortelle.

- But we also have vacuum bombs. In this sense, they are good.

- Ha, we have already tried. All living was killed except Maher’s people. They really ... perfect Immortelles.

- Did someone contact with objects? - Asked the President.

- Yes, here he is.

\*

Two guards pushed Thomas out from the darkness. The bright light blinded him several times. Thomas turned black seeing what has happened: from military actions, endless tiring interrogations, sophisticated tortures without sleep and from repeating stupid questions in various viewpoints. In that overgrown thin sufferer, you didn’t probably identify a sleek fresh-faced good-natured, who had been recently at the conference "Eternal Health".

The President smiled Thomas, and he felt a real warmth and arrangement. Finally, here was an ordinary person in front of him, and everybody looked at him like at the enemy, and made a interrogation under torture.

- A young man! You should perfectly understand that we are in a warlike situation, and you are on the territory of the protected US military facilities. I hope you did not suffer very much?

Thomas shook his head and made an uncertain lowing sound.

- Sir! We have a few minutes which can change a lot in the US history.

- I understand! - Thomas said quietly, flashing with his glasses.

- Well, - said the President.

- Those you understand are others. And these ones...

- Do you mean Maher’s guards?

- Yes. They have another warehouse.

- But who manages them? - asked the President.

- You hit the nail on the head.

Thomas thought over a wonderful night conversation with Gustav Rosenberg. Probably, people will never be able to agree with each other. There is not anybody to tell about once wonderful moments, filled with passion, fight and love. And if you know well the price of the twilight fatigue, take this fallen world of strong, weak, cruel, arrogant, miserable, stupid, and sick people and if you can love the world and give it the most precious thing in yourself, you could enter an irrational world, which is not available to most ordinary earthlings. Then you can take not only earthly enemies. You will be able to complete the logical unity which was built by the gods.

- And those ones? ... Are they aliens?

- No. Their squad is small - Thomas hardened. - They have old technology. But it is built on sacrifice and love.

- How many of them? - asked someone of the audience.

- Twenty five thousand people.

Thomas stared straight into the eyes of the President.

- And maher’s people are a lot. However, they are managed by a man and his hunger.

- So do you want to say that we can lose the fight? - asked the general with a tight grin.

Everybody felt uneasy.

- At any second. Maybe even now! - said Thomas.

- I mean ... But, if to take a man away? - someone from the suite squeakily bleated.

Thomas looked at the military very seriously.

- You do not have time.

\*

At the bottom of the charred greyed funnel there was a lifeless body of Colonel. In unfathomable way his soul saw as they drank tea and as those who loved him, thought about him. A young lady came again, and she called again to the palaces of the huge white-blue clouds.

Incredibly, but he clearly saw as opponents were hiding behind the rocks on both sides. He read their thoughts, and he laughed. In the depths, under the stones he saw the fine structure of greenish black soil.

Dux was happy. It was easily rising above the warm white luminous ether, lost affections with pleasure. He knew he was dying young. And he was really happy.

But at the abyss he was stopped. Three men have been already waiting for him. His father looked at his friend.

- It is early.

The three of them consulted. And his father with a heavy hand was again dropped straight from heaven to earth.

\*

Pain which has never let him go, tied him firmly to the ground with the very first wound when he was twenty. Then, like two Earth's crust slabs, appeared a deep crack, breaking into pieces his naive childhood, his dreams and belief in eternal beautiful life. Instead of it, it gave him a permanent result of the ongoing pain and hardly prevailed artificial smile. Being in hospitals, he reached the edge of despair. But there was one who later pulled him out of the abyss.

And he got his first unequal battle. While his peers statistically successful were watching a multi-colored film of vanity, he learned with incredible efforts to keep pain and smile in spite of everything.

But that time the pain was such that happens only in the intermediate state between life and death. Two angels came from far away and persistently hovered in the neighborhood. He knew if he falls asleep, he will die.

He told himself: "Do not sleep." He has an affair. And he must do it!

\*

His mother cried with infinite sleep. She was the youngest of nine brothers and sisters. Her father was shot at the bottom of a deep black ravine. Young beautiful guards with drawn lower jaws into, taking away her toys, made with her father’s hands, her notebook with her first poems, tattered books, transmitted by inheritance. A new tricky word: "Confiscation. Full confiscation". At first, everyone thought it was some kind of mistake, and it was about to dissipate. At first, many joked, when every day the family were taken away for a transit prison and then to brown rusty barges. But especially merry fellows and clever ones were taking in the evening by a special troika "to the proper place ". Those people had never been seen again. The whole generation of "public enemy’s" children got rid forever of smiles.

In early October, the barge came up to the bank of the widest river.

The rest of the family was divided again. Men, her brothers were sent to one taiga. Women and her mother were sent to another taiga. In the morning, a glittering mirror of the first thin ice divinely shone in a storm, drew intricate patterns and fans of the great river and flying away bright colorful leaves, languishing in fresh air. They have been digging together dugouts for days, trying to escape from hunger and cold of immense Vasyugan marshes.

Her mother knew that with the coming winter anyone hardly could survive. She was able to ask the mate, giving the last thing, to hide a fifteen years old daughter under the cover of darkness in the belly of the huge barge.

But it turned out all wrong.

The same night, a drunken young redhead guard tried to rape the girl. By a miracle, she jumped out of the barge.

That night she changed her status of a special deportee enemy’s daughter for a state of a deportee enemy’s runaway daughter, in short DERD.

The unconscious man’s memory can suffer the things, which can not be either suffered or forgotten. Unconscious attempts to calm down and to inspire you. But in the depth of the soul there are wounds which can not be healed by simple means: nor wooden indifference, nor complete indifference, nor conscious tiredness. And to reconcile this unconscious in you with an incompatible torn fate blanket patches, probably, can be possible only through the most profound repentance and redemption.

Rarely there appear great souls. You can become one of them.

\*

The night was coming to an end. Colonel’s body, covered a little with dust and sand, was motionless. But his eye sockets were filled with tears and brook flowed in dark stripes on his cheeks.

\*

She ran madly away from Parabel, from broken paths, roads and hid in the very storm infinity. The girl learned to nap under the snags, in the hollows of holes, trying to get warm, eat frozen berries, nuts, bark and crow eggs. She has never been able to sleep quietly, waiting for the arrest, fearing the most people, and then wild animals.

Some time later fluffy snow and crackling Siberian frosts have locked the taiga. She moved by night stars along Siberian highways to the south, hiding from a man sleights and cars in haystacks, in squatting, in bathhouses, barns and stables. The girl has been waiting for hours until some late passer-by was walking down the street, and all the dogs began avidly compete in a grand loud barking. At that moment, she tried to enter some shelter, gaining local yard dogs. Sometimes there she found short happy moments of warmth and slumber, find eggs, drank cow's milk or gnawed bones. But at cockcrow she had to leave into a deep thicket, meeting the sunset, filling with music.

Having built some "snowshoes", the girl was picking frozen red arrow wood, and at the sight of the rare hunters she ran faster than a winding fox.

In early April the girl reached her village, passing thousand kilometers and thousands of years. Her older sister, who had previously managed to get married and was saved from arrest, refused to shelter her.

- Did you? Did you? Did you run away? No I can not ...

Heaven and earth changed their places for her and came down. Bursting into tears, she has been crying for the whole night, wailing, howling and screaming bate an invisible wall of alienation. In the gloomy morning, she stood still looking at glades of melting snow and first black pools of a troubled icy spilling river.

Other older sister found her lying motionless near the pool. She was hid underground, has been rubbing with vodka and moonshine for a long time, giving infusions and chicken broth until she regained consciousness.

For many years, she has been living in a dugout in the garden, as if she did not exist.

\*

Strong warm rain which rarely falls in a stony desert of Nevada, flushed Colonel’s tears. He ordered himself: "Live and get up!" Colonel moved unnaturally with lifted up leg. His leg was intact. He got up and was sick.

"It was just a severe concussion," - he realized. - "I experienced different things. Before death, I must fulfill my destiny! ".

He sat up. The battle was in full swing. Zone-51was burning with blue Hellfire huge hemisphere with burning everywhere dotted lines. Colonel sniffed. He thought that after his first injury during the fight in Angola, he learned to feel smells like bloodhounds coached.

There was a bouquet of smells in the air: a new modern amine odor of plastids from the oxtogen derivatives, native flower gasoline smell of napalm since his youth, grandfather's tops of TNT, great-grandfather’s gunpowder and stench of solid rocket natural musk fuel. Colonel got on all his fours, like a black Labrador retriever. He kept in memory suffocating sweet fragrance of “bird cherry”, remembered a strange bunch of lights of St. Elmo with the smell of sulfur and ozone, and even smelled the hard taste of half-decay of uranium. But new heavy spirit punched him to the ground. It was some terrible cocktail of instantly burning meat, covered with kerosene.

Somewhere in depth of the subconscious appeared smashing Thor’s lightning. Death rays, a patent number 1119732, which Tesla took with him to a tomb in 1943. The secret of the tele force was that it could theoretically melt aircraft engines in a radius of 250 miles and surround the country from all sides with invisible Chinese wall.

Probably, long time ago the Pentagon has modified the tele force to the sphere, thinned lightning with harbingers and closed ruling links with powerful electric generators.

"Children's Games" - thought Colonel - "In spite of it, having hidden, like the ostrich, the US government has few hours left"

In confirmation of these words, in the contours of the first glimpses of flashing dawn, he saw a lot of moving figures. They walked in silence and indifferently, rocking a little bit, forgetting the language, surrounding the Zone-51 from all sides to the horizon.

"Oh, Heaven!" - Said Colonel, hiding in a hole, listening to the clatter and creak of thousands of feet. "Don’t I have time to ..."

Then he saw a few luminescent points falling from the sky at incredible trajectories. Objects landed in the right oktogramma and the ninth hovered above the mountain. One of them was very close. Colonel looked attentively. Five hundred of soldiers, formed up like at the parade, came out of the object. Tall, selected, wearing a beautiful uniform, which he saw at Rosenbergs’ place, blue-eyed, they looked at the sky.

Grey Maher’s horde was put round with soldiers Antarctica, and the battle began. This could be only in nightmares. Mountains of broken bloodied bodies, cries for help in dozens of languages of the wounded Maherts, bursting bullets, severed heads of Zimermanns with helmets, explosions from all sides and thick brown, mixed with dust and blood on the rocks.

Dux staked: "Twenty minutes." Colonel remembered a sad police story on the pier. "Now they will stick a silver thread into the opponent's body. And the end of the war will be outcame". The battle came to its peak. Shooting was such that crumbled stones and rocks. Maherts offered stubborn resistance, surrounded the enemy, pulling it, breaking into small crumbs. But the Spartans were constantly changing picture of the moving oktogram, were making lightning raids like with pinceres and destroying countless enemies.

Colonel was the witness of the battle of twice-born, unseen under the sun. The battle between the good and the evil of the immortals on earth. Dux went up the hill and performed an unconscious ecstatic dance soldier.

- Rosenbergs did not deceive! - He cried.

The time started. Colonel ran to the east, dodging rare opponents. Bullets whistled and howled with leisured bounce. He found the station of Maher’s death, threw out immortals started the engine. The car was rushed after by Maherts and CIA agents, destroying each other. Someone ran into this terrible machine grenade "Smaw" with the caliber 80 mm and Dux escaped the fiery tornado, by miracle.

He was saved by a motorcycle. The police one the model was Electra Glide FLHTP Harley-Davidson, with six-speed and 67 horsepower. Ten seconds later, Colonel disappeared from the field of vision at a speed of 100 miles per hour, and disappeared in the country road mountain lanes and trails. Harley passed a mountain mass and twenty-five minutes later it arrived to some small private airstrip with a plate "Alamo Landing Field".

\*

Sometimes it happens that you are lucky. All traffic lights flash with green color, the highway patrol didn’t stop you, you had outstripped and rush along first.

Mooney M20, a single-engine piston airplane, popular among private pilots, was at full speed. Obviously, the owner was somewhere nearby. Without hesitating, Colonel got into the car. It was obvious that the aviator loved luxury. There was a striped bag with something on the seat. Having left the police Harley for consolation, Dux rocketed into the sky.

He flew with tacks at low altitude along grey-reddish Nevada, covered with rare spiny cactuses, flew into the bottom of the Valley of Death, burning with heat, and got the north of Las Vegas. He hardly saw the Nellis Air Force Base.

A philosopher said that as soon as the war becomes a reality, every opinion starts to sound incorrectly. The brightest city in the world with an annual turnover of tens billions dollars slept peacefully after the every night flaring orgy. One could see from the aircraft that the city was in the thick of the war. There were only black smoke puffs in some places. Today’s newspaper "Las Vegas Tribune," lying near the seat, as usual scared with the next end of the world and hysterically reported that the city has been destroyed by the barbarians, the night massacre relished at the hotel-casino "Excalibur" and showed pictures of the crowd of veterans with patriotic flags.

However, the vice fastens enemies are stronger together than the cement. The war is the war, and a rest is a rest. Strange as it may seem, the capital of anti-virtues has always fed from the top of the elite and the dense carpet of crime and could not exist without each other, like two poles. That’s why Mahers vanished without a trace in their defaming flaws, forgetting about the duty and street battles.

Surprisingly, Colonel flew quietly around the Nellis Air Force Base, as if at the parade. He enjoyed the view of convertiplane V-22 "Osprey", a covey of nice F-22 and a huge modern B-1B Lancer. In the corner he saw a fantastic triangle Falcon HTV-1 and, just in case, landed away from the base.

Dux put on a funny yellow masquerade cap from McDonald’s and with a steady grand look went to the airbase, having hung his striped bag on his back. When you know exactly where you are going and ignore the guard, sometimes it passes successfully. In any case, he passed without problems, the mahert-guard with lackluster eyes and frozen gestures.

"It is unable to get any sense out of them", - he thought. Seeing the local sane man similar to the engineer, Dux said to him:

- Sir, can you help me?

The man looked at him.

- You know, um. I need to fly to Europe. Without changing a plane.

The engineer blinked, looking for a way to escape.

- That's impossible!

He quietly backed and tried to escape. But Colonel’s iron hand raised running feet and put him on his place.

- Brother! I do not empty.

Dux took out from under himself a heavy striped bag and opened it. There was a lot of money. There were several million dollars. Looking into the black bag, the engineer almost lost unconscious. Probably, he was influenced by the packs of dollars or the classic Beretta 92FS, its caliber is 9mm, which was carelessly lying on the greenbacks, anyone has no idea about it. The engineer decided to punch Colonel, but the last dodged the blow and hit the foureyes on the head with the bag of green solid briquettes.

- You know, that's the last thing I need! - Said Colonel. – Let’s drink a tea.

- But where?

- Where the pilots are. Let’s go to the hostel.

It turned out, firstly, it was impossible. Secondly, it was quite impossible. And thirdly...

However, forty minutes later, after long arguing, omissions and trades there were hold the relevant activities. Conspirators’ serious look made Dux laugh at the end. "It’s a really sinister alliance of the sword and a plough!" - He thought.

\*

War mixes basic core values. The same people having lives of righteous men, sometimes going to church on Sundays, regularly pay insurance, loans and taxes, actively participate in the state festivities can suddenly turn into dangerous single people with the unknown motivation.

The codes of corporate America’s behavior have suddenly collapsed in the face of war. Someone tried to escape to Oceania, others were in past history and at the sound of bullets took their head in with fear, others gathered in groups of resistance with the motto, old as the world: "We are in victory and we will win!" And "Tyranny - no!"

The history of mankind is wars, the rise of the winners and defeat bitterness of losers. Wars are covered very deeply with the mystery. The most important question of the war "for what?" does not find a reasonable explanation. Did not most bloody battles of mankind were just for fun? What it is: a beautiful sacrifice to the gods, enjoy the fight, a beautiful shape, passion, movement, victory call, a sense of unity of the deity? Or it is demons food with the basest man’s passions, such as hatred, envy, greed, murder for capture, a plunder for self-consolation of the vice. And a man leaves behind himself piles of corpses, a desert of the left gods, spreads maimed fates and reduce with it a lot of different creatures, feeding the hungry, death and dead chaos. But the pathos of murder, glorified at the examples of aristocratic Minnesang fanaticism or a selfless samurai code of honor, had always tried to bring to the limits of decency, like a "fair" reflection of the external invasion. Since childhood, we shudder, reading books about great battles of the antiquity. We cry from bitterness of loss, betrayal, and we listen with wet eyes to the samples of inconceivable heroism, dedication and a heroic valiant exploit. We look for a perfect heroism. But the loathsome military reality of the twentieth century, a rapidly changing globalism with the newest systems of the total surveillance with the direct penetration into citizens’ skulls, destroys the sense in modern war.

Really, now a rebel with the best will in the world can move the war to any place in the world, he can methodically slaughter someone's race or even make the genocide of the nation, increasing with it the world’s entropy. Moreover, modern warrior automatically becomes an accomplice of the whole life extinction.

To be the king of the used averaged doomed dead it is an extremely sad picture. The only sensible survival vector in the modern world is the extinction slowdown, literally and figuratively.

\*

Anyway, the bag with dollars has accomplished a great feat. A smaller portion of money was spent for the preparation of the aircraft B-1B Lancer with numerous relatives, wishing to escape the war to New Zealand. Several Maher’s guards also tagged after him to the Hamilton Airport. Firstly, Colonel tried to dissuade the Yankees from it, but they were inspired with love for the mahers.

"I wish they were inspired with love, for example for the civil defense," - he thought.

Finally, they prepared for Colonel a huge white knight, looking like a dragon with three heads. A tall skinny foureyes took out a large, beautiful notebook. On the cover of the notebook and on the fuselage there was in clear lines painted a symbol of the spaceship, a flying space maiden. The head of the team said brief oration in a trembling tenor.

- According to our custom, we give personal names to our waveriders.

Colonel looked through the notebook. It was too thin. The first people were a billionaire Paul Allen, one of the Microsoft founders an aircraft designer Burt Rutan, Richard Branson and other famous names.

Dux also said a few touching words, with his terrible accent so that technicians’ necks stretched, he wrote down several bold affirmative appeals and signed in a sweeping manner: "Colonel."

Instructions could delay the landing, but far there appeared figures running out of the airport to the spacecraft. Dux immediately got into the hatch, all the more, figures were spread in a chain, flashing with fire. He heard someone breathing heavily. Colonel with some relief saw the Skinny. He held the notebook in his hands.

- Did you write down yourself? - asked Dux.

The head of the flight pathetically flashed with his spectacles. Spitting upon all instructions, they both sat on chairs, put on spacesuits and the Skinny shouted to the microphone:

- Faster, faster, faster!

Colonel also joined, howling:

- Let's go, let's go, let's go!

Really, on the runway one could see people with the typical shooters poses which couldn’t be confused with anything.

A few seconds later at the roar of engines the mahers contours mixed up with the grey, concrete runway and a Three-headed White Knight of half a billion dollars flew to the space.

\*

Ten minutes later, the White Knight was at a height of twelve thousand pounds and steadily continued to climb. A great dreamer who dared to create the first private spaceship and spent billions of dollars for space hearing, Paul Allen and his followers were could do their work well. Having paid about two hundred thousand dollars, the client couldn’t just enjoy the flight and see a black chasm with his own eyes, but also fly to any point of the globe. However, just in one direction. Having risen to a height of forty thousand pounds, the rider got rid of the rider, the White Knight returned to the base, and a silver rocket, having gained the first cosmic velocity, used the whole fuel and undocked to hell. The maiden with the astronauts flew to the in zero gravity, to the black and purple space at a height of 40 thousand pounds. Momentary acceleration was spared, not more than six g-force.

\*

With the incredible awe the pilots stared at the windows at a shining and frightening abyss with countless stars myriads and at the near silent and solemn ridiculous moon. Having leant back in a comfortable chair, Dux was thinking about the thinnest small flat rare world of homunculi. Crept over petty passions, they are lost in occasional sparks of inspiration. They do not know about the micro world of creatures living in material and incomprehensible subtle worlds. "Whether a person is just a limited instrument, like sliding calipers with limited resources and constant bursting emotion booms or he is a micro drop of the universe, which is trifling but can feel the whole universe in drowsiness?

\*

Colonel tore himself from the fascinating soaring to the stars and fell into the state of weightlessness. He was surprisingly examining his jacket, which slowly drifted past him. Some golden obtuse 9x19 mm cartridges were peacefully pattering next to his pocket. He ably caught them and, just in case, took out of another pocket the black Beretta 92 FS.

- Do you remember I need to go to Belgrade?

- To Belgrade? Well, if...?

Colonel looked into Skinny’s eyes so intently that the last immediately huddled up.

- What's your name?

- Alex.

- Are you forty?

- Forty five.

- Are you married?

- No, I’m alone.

- What do you do?

- I train.

-?

- Boxing.

The astronauts unfastened their seatbelts and came to the window.

A blue, well done, planet with a thin layer of life was every second pumping up with the lively atmosphere and tended to the west to the huge cold star. On the sinful earth there were red rivers arteries flowing into seas, blown out caterpillars of artificial reservoirs, jellyfish- housing of islands. In the Atlantic there were huge slabs of white clouds with round wearisome craters of the caverns. On the north a touch of the colored aurora borealis was stuck like an uneven line. The moon with a baby’s Skull was continuously and wonderfully looking into Colonel’s eyes. Here, with a solid Milky Way was flowing a river of the universe. Nearby, one could guess, somewhere, pieces of carefully cultivated Europe fields and lit man-made galaxy agglomeration of the twenty-first century. A single meteorite divided with a bright spark heaven and earth.

"Is not it time for me to make a wish" - thought Dux. - "Just to slow down. It's too much, for two days, to fall down twice from the sky to the ground".

- Alex. Do you have a dream?

- Yes...

\*

The Virgin Galactic, having showed her teeth with many nozzles, was entering the compact layers of the atmosphere. For a moment, one smelled trouble and the astronauts felt the boys at the roller coaster attraction. A contractor Scaled Composite Burt Rutan managed to do something impossible, namely, the fall and braking were comfortable and beautiful. The Virgin having lifted up vertical tail unit, showed not only the wonders of dirigibility, but also a breakthrough in the composites history.

- Well? - asked Colonel.

- To reach big money! - Alex said pathetically.

"There”, - thought Dux.

Having reached the height of seven thousand miles, the spaceship turned into an ordinary aircraft which furrow skies. Seats of the pilots who were reclining automatically moved to a vertical working condition. Alex, who used to be a pilot, steadily negotiated with managers. Scarlet evening glow was growing dim and a few minutes later trough the dark clouds appeared brightly lit runway of the Nikola Tesla Airport.

\*

"Why did I come here," - thought Сolonel. - "Why?"

His work outwardly full of adventures, stress, shooting, game, frankly false pursuit of wealth, power and passion, was empty.

A part of a man, existing in some reality, filled with many hungry crocodiles, such as greed, lust, anger, vanity, pride, power, envy, wealth, and other lie in plural, and often does not allow the swimmer opportunity to reach the other shore.

His other third was very far from reality. There were hours-long reflections, search for the perfect island, simple good manners, the lost world of heroes and knights with pure passionate love, his numerous deja vu in different cities. There was also a strange not finished poem "The sun and the stars" sensible self-restraint, to see some day with hope and faith the outlines of the discerned harbor. There existed his whole Celestial "A Gold Tower to heaven", "Another equator", "Your Star", "Eternal Purity," "The Girl in the pyramids", "God says," "The Mask is at the ball," "The Three are at the gates of Death"," Conversation with M "and" River of Belgrade". Probably, only in his childhood, he brushed his dreams aside, which seemed to him lost of time. With the first heavenly revelation, when he was a teenager, he felt in dreams the approach to the Deity under the hypnos. God’s breathing moving us over the waves of emotions and states of souls and along the edges of intermediate states.

However, just his real third part gave him sense and consciousness. It was called "love."

\*

The spaceship flew to the brightly lit runway of Belgrade. Сolonel peered into city contours which he had never visited physically, but mentally had more than. In cold waters of the Sava and Danube Dux surprisingly saw the outlines of the Ainu’s runes, a turned over letter "y", with a shining outline of the Milky Way. A few minutes later the "Galactic Maiden" landed like an ordinary airplane. Alex touched Dux.

- We have arrived.

- Thank you.

Alex with some surprise saw another Сolonel. Impeded, with a wandering embarrassed look, with mad searches of the unknown, he seemed to be a pitiful and helpless reed. Alex took him through the long corridors of grey queues of refugees from the New World. Border guards asked a lot of questions. In the end, a couple of aliens was interested in by the officers in civilian clothes and painfully interrogated them in a small room. Dux either was silent or answered totally inappropriately. He had never had in his life such a difficult task, which was harder than the task of three bosons.

\*

"In wine there is no truth!" – said Colonel almost aloud. - "In purity of living is truth!".

To describe the living there should be the number no less than the square angle. To visible and invisible inert worlds conform three hundred and thirty million gods. They give a lot of signals controlling alive. They are not in the material world or in the subtle worlds where there is weight. These Boolean transcendental entities run the time, energy and forms of living.

In this sense, a man is an absolutely helpless creature. Being in the subtlest layers, a man slowly drifting down then rushes up, then he is brought down by the unexpected hit from the side. He was caught napping by misfortunes, illnesses, love fever, bailiffs, unnecessary pathetic fame and a stupid unexpected death.

It is surprising, the more human institutions energetic the faster and inevitably they are crusted, destroy dissent, reduce the diversity of people and other living, to, as long as possible, bite their finest crispy cake of life off.

\*

A smiling civilian from the BIA gave the screw-loose sign, showing his partner, that the guy was off balance. If not for Alex, who with incredible impromptu solved the situation, Colonel could be taken to the mental hospital. In the end, taking the undertaking of non-disclosure and not to leave the territory of Belgrade and obliging both to come for questioning on demand, they were released.

- My friend, you saved me in difficult times! – said Dux.

Alex muttered something himself under his breath. Having changed dinars, two men were walking through the airport during the natural pause of silence between arrivals and departures.

- Alex ...?

A self-confident and a bit arrogant, bespectacled stopped inquiringly.

- You know. I walk as if I don’t exist. And if I see I pretend to remember with difficulty. And what about you?

- I'm just a director - elusive hard irritation flashed in his small glasses.

Despite of the strict reproof which happens between the overachievers and poor students-alternatives, Dux mumbled hesitatingly:

- If you can by yourself... Cut and run!

Alex straightened his tie and went to the taxi with a bossy look.

Dux left through the side door. He put on a blue cap, an apron and trousers of a cleaner, having hid behind the truck. Having got to the local dining of the airport administration, he changed his clothes once more, turning into a greasy kitchen worker, put behind his cheek a little piece of cotton wool depicting flux and drew a black eye, he took two black stinking bags with slops and confidently moved to the service exit. He shouted loudly with shrieks and disgust to space:

- Pacovi, Pacovi!!!

The guards, probably, should block his way, but Dux was convincingly spraying with small drops stinking liquid from the bag and darted out to freedom in an unknown direction, jumping so artistically that rats seemed to be in the bag. Colonel ran far to the east, washed in some puddle and having seen some bus went to the center of Belgrade. There were few passengers: a severe unsmiling massive Serb, a hugging couple, some crazy man, a painted cheerful company. Rare stops, changing faces, as usual.

Having clapped on his head a big grey cap, he was furtively observing city evening streets. A feeling of a sophisticated scout told him that those men never let anybody go. The following day his photos would be surely hung around the city. We had to hurry.

He drove to a hill in the center of Singidunum. That hill for two thousand years it has been won by forty different armies and thirty-eight times it was burned to the ground. Although in the city there was not declared a state of emergency there was urgently advised not to walk in the streets after eleven pm. The city was patrolled.

\*

On the spit Dux looked at dark waters of the Sava and Danube rivers. Like a lonely wanderer he was observing the river bends. Twenty years later, the borders had been effaced, there was only a vision of the city which he had never visited.

A hill with invisible underground rivers, abandoned countless peoples forgotten two hundred thousand dialects, under shining militant palaces, with the advanced of good and evil, was silent.

Dux, reeling, was walking along Pančevo bridge, dashed aside from cars, jumped over the barriers separating road from the railway. He was walking to the only bridge over the Danube. Finally, in the east, he saw what he wanted.

\*

He was scared. Around its essence ran, an immeasurable and indescribable force, having begun talking and showing something unthinkable, transforming its mind. Having kneeled, he prostated himself.

“Be there! It will be your place. You are near, next to the door, where everybody comes, from the front and back doors. You will be called and they will be near". The picture of the world scattered like a dream with inconceivable touches. “Colonel stood on the narrow rickety bridge railing, feeling everywhere a powerful vibration. His eyes were filled with tears of awe.

\*

Colonel heard behind a smooth voice.

- Doha ovamo. Heide!

He turned and saw the patrol. He hardly tried to brace himself and to smile, but instead of it, he just grinned. A stout officer with matt grey 9mm gun M57, and a portable radio transmitter was slowly approaching Dux.

- Do not be afraid, ali do not be afraid.

Lights showed sweat on his big face. Two soldiers were holding, for security, short-Serb tommy guns M92, with the caliber 7.62.

- You have good reaction, sir! – Colonel said in English.

"Oh, what a wonderful evening there was" - he thought.

With a sad smile on his lips Dux jumped into the abyss of Danube’s black mist. Toy soldiers and the officer shot down, just in case, and excitedly reported to the commander's office about the incident. They were running along the bridge, waving torches, and shouting something inarticulate, hoping to find a corpse. The gendarmerie duty reported to the BIA about the incident, ordered the traffic police to comb the coast and to examine bridge’s piers. A greenhorn came down the pier’s cramps, illuminating water with his torch and waving his gun. At the bottom he saw a gunman.

His face was covered with blood, and it was peaceful. Their eyes met. He was wounded. The boy being excited could not aim the tommy gun and was shooting at random. The patrol started shooting with clearly and long salvos.

Colonel was saved by the straw, a thick long bar tube in the pocket of his service jacket. In his childhood he heard about ancient warriors who spend hours hiding in swamps, lakes and rivers, exposing on the surface a straw through which they were breathing.

And Dux floated over night cold waters of the Danube. He was happy to read good books and was still alive. Shots calmed down.

Everything would be good, but he was injured. The bullet affected his left body side. He lay on his back motionless, sometimes sticking out his face, observing thousands of southern night stars.

He got used to extract with his teeth the shrapnel and splinters from the wound, to keep silent patiently during the unbearable pain, change bandages from improvised means during fights. Specificity of his job was such that all wounds he got in full swing of the task.

The hubbub of the bridge and noise of the police cars the and along the river calmed down. Colonel went out near Wisznice in the outskirts and where there was written uneven "At World's End." Dux unsuccessfully tried to warm. He felt shivery in the whole body. Having twisted around his wound, in which somewhere in depth was a bullet, reeling he moved desperately to the east. Sometimes consciousness left him. Instead of an earth dusty dirt road there appeared a moon one, sparkling with unbearable anthracite from his twenty years dream. And then, reeling, appeared his friend, clinging to Colonel and supporting him with a torn thread of the elected. Which had beginning but it did not have end.

Along the Danube passed a heavy morning sigh. Dux passed two kilometers, but the road was neither time nor space. His whole life went in on a needle tip. The needle was piercing the fabric of the universe, broke someone's fate and left small bundles of memory and drew a line of destiny.

That line didn’t have either beginning or end. And this line was divine.

"Thank you friend," - mad, said Colonel. "You showed me not only the place. Thank you, my friend! "

\*

It was quickly dawning from the northeast.

"The day will be hot" - thought Colonel. - "It’s a blessed place". Rare toy houses were buried in a variety of lush plants. With the first morning light stirred up birds, hurrying loudly to report to the luminary about their existence.

In such a delightful place, a prison, a cement plant and all the more Maher’s residence seemed not to be. By hardly perceptible signs Dux realized that he was in the right place, which was discerned by the general layout, powerful hollow automatic gates, a high thorough fence stretching into the distance, cameras set at every fifteen meters, and a figure in black, known from Hong Kong.

Not far from the residence there was a deep from the rut of a track-type tractor. Having passed a couple of hundred meters, Colonel found the Russian DT-75. It was an old deterrent bulldozer which one could not see in toy Europe. Dux hardly started that machine. He felt like a significant and important farmer at the plowing up of virgin lands. Approaching as close as possible to the residence, he aimed the tractor straight at the gate in all the bulldozer horsepower and hid in the green thicket.

Shooting at crawler bulldozer sections remembered a little bit Zava city capture. The guards were shooting at the iron mountain from weapons of different calibers. But the caterpillar did not give up and, at the end, punched out a hole in the fence. Probably, the tractor would have continued its victorious march, smashing walls, but mahers surrounded him and with the hate began to pull the brass tubes and multicolored wires out. Bulldozer heavily breathed and calmed down.

In the bustle mahers did not immediately noticed a parliamentarian with raised hands and holding a white flag. Forty guns simultaneously aimed at Dux.

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- The same person - laughed Colonel, recognizing the same boss who once arrested him in Hong Kong. - Everything repeats and in this whirl one can’t escape himself.

The officer grinned.

- We have also learned how to correct mistakes, throwing out old drafts.

- Do you have anything new? Sulfuric acid, hot handcuffs, maksubi?

- No, the worse! It will be something new and fun, - clenching his teeth, said the chief.

Forty guards brought Dux into a large building down-to-earth approach. They passed to the newly arrived terrible guard, a little bit similar to the three-headed Cerberus from Dante's first hell circle.

Pointed quadrangular lamps which he has already seen somewhere, and moderated cemetery music tuned to a cheerless festive mood. He couldn’t see the word "exit" anywhere. A white wide opened wall from where no one has ever returned. Colonel looked curiously around the large room. Bright high walls of new composites with a lot of built into lamps, were flooding the hall with unbearable light.

Hundreds of novices were sadly expecting for their fate. Some of them showed signs of beating, that’s why they looked intimidated. Somehow, probably trough the walls, were coming the employees of the organization, looking quite imposingly, a mixture of the white overall, a uniform and bulk airy capes. Importantly, proudly and intently they were bustling about and disappearing in white walls.

Dux, with invisible small steps came closer to the stout sanguine merry fellow.

- Who is that?

There were standing in the distance a few hundred people. They crowded, their look was so terrible that Colonel’s hair stood on end. Sometimes they shouted something unintelligible, like deaf-and-dumbs’ sounds.

- These are from the other world.

- What do you mean?

- In a literal sense. They are just from the refrigeration chambers.

- A good company.

The sanguine seemed to smile.

- Hey, guy, do not turn and do not talk. Or I will whip you.

Really, one could see on some people clear ruby impact marks. Soon he finally assured in it. At the head of that disorderly crowd someone began to speak loudly. Several seconds later came nurses and several strange personalities. Supposedly, they were waiting for the order, attacked a displeased one and beat cruelly him, using fists, a truncheon, whips and an electric shock.

- And who are they? - Dux said softly, without turning around.

- They are worse than people. These are the volunteers. Most of all, be afraid of them!

Volunteers headed by the orderly carried the beaten off into some chink, hiding him behind smooth white walls.

The time stopped. Colonel saw coming out newly arrived of different doors and disappeared. People seemed to be packed goods from the supermarket. Some of them seemed to be forgotten about they were lying on the marble floor.

Dux estimated recruits practicability. They turned out to be not more than three hundred per hour.

"Not many," - thought Dux. "In comparison with every second birth of three children in modern humanity. Even at ten such Maher’s sendings, he is doomed. He can certainly become the next World’s shaker. He can even affect for short time, at irreversible mankind processes. But it will lead just to a decrease in vita, macro-factor of life, initially full of love and goodness. "

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Colonel entered the state close to the lethargic sleep. He knew he was about to be come two white nurses like angels. He would have to drink a cup full of corporal sufferings and transformations. And then they would take up the soul.

He saw souls of nurses, managers, performers, Maher’s will and his top managers. One could see in them long time ago hid and depicted boundary of indistinct indignations, a complete separateness of individuals. They played some crazy performance. The representatives of the organization were wearing an almost perceptible dress code, for that they do not stand out from certain boundaries and professional parameters set by his boss and, damn bather, of course, loved their job, joy from a short portion of the boundless power over such things, with a particular pleasure of executioner.

Dux clearly imagined the average employee of the organization, as he at lunchtime eat merrily his vegetable soup with his family, ask his children about marks at school, thinking about fixing the iron and buying a new bed. Between times, in the morning, he kills two rigid men, and applies to the last the fourth level of intimidation. With pleased he observes as a future uncouth fellow writes confession and willingly sells Maher’s army his soul for thirty pieces of silver, and then happily drinks hot chocolate for one dollar from the automatic machine.

Colonel suddenly imagined the process of the cryonics resurrection, by miracle, after using the extract. He saw the city of souls, ready for resurrection. He could not understand where souls live. Whether in the depths of the earth, or on the sky, or on the back side of the moon? Maybe among earthlings, wandering among the villages where they had felt good. Or on the Sun, where in the unthinkable fire born and bear now soul attributes.

\*

Dux saw as a soul, just fertilized by the embryo waiting for exciting delight of the divine sacrament, falls into a boiling cauldron of differentiation and actively seeking for its destiny in the myriad of predestination crossroads. Like artificial and natural seas it distinguish present, true from the substitution. At that moment, the soul may be very afraid of the desired mismatch. An ideal dream can turn into distorted fate, fake or even fabrication of the difficult. No one knows at that moment, which fate will they have. Probably, just Moiras can know. However, at this moment, soul can feel the way up or falling down.

That is why, often in the ugly hopeless creature with hang-ups can live a great growing soul. And vice versa, the creature marked with the talent and the seal of purity, falls apart before your eyes piece by piece and falls into the underworld.

And the fire of love can light up both on the full heaven, and in the ninth hell circle, from which there is no escape at all. And, suddenly, the soul surprises worlds with the highest flying up to the glory of the worlds Creator.

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War leveled everybody with inevitable. War gives the soul a chance to highlight its darkest corners, to break black palaces of hatred with pure tears of repentance, to hear the last words and to see smiles of dying heroes.

But there is another flip side of the war. It makes to send highly organized virtuous souls which willingly fall into their own underworld, nasty to their whole essence, to reduce consciously, directly or indirectly the variety of creatures and to talk always with the died.

Suddenly, Colonel saw a tree invisible to him, which gave another lot: either to fall into the abyss, or to rise above the divine shining.

\*

A strong hissing blow of the twine completely destroyed the remnants of his dreams. Medics, talking about something, pushed Dux through white walls and filtered his one side. The Commission, of twenty people, glared at Colonel. Going around the circle, nurses passed Dux through a lot of devices, sensors and scanners online. Inquisitors were looking at changing pictures on the monitors. They were examining the beginner attentively, emotionally and professionally, made him to put out his tongue, bared his buttocks, ordered to pronounce tongue twisters and put nils and crosses in the computer. Whole information was showed on huge screens.

Colonel observed with curiosity the mirror of corporal intimidation, probably, from the world creation. Dux has already felt many of them on his own back. Images were made in the schedule quite finely. With the Shallow Latin there were written names. Pictures were numbered like solitaire card.

Public Theater of punishment, torture and executions, as a mean of cleansing of undesirable elements, has always been to nowadays: shoes with calks, a heretic fork, a chair for witch bathing, cat's claw, quartering with horses, bulb-press for Skull, the cradle of Judah , garrotte, a screw, Spanish chair, pectoral, Iron maiden - Nuremberg maiden and licking of goat hooves and moistened with brine, so vividly described by Hippolytus de Marsiliis .

Punishment by the wall, drowning in the marshes, beating with stones, pouring into one’s throat molten gold, prolonged hold of acid in one’s eyes, tray torture, crushing with a heavy object, broken of back, putting thorns into the urethra, dissolution of salt in the ripped up belly, hugging with the dead, a wick, a boat with holes, a pincushion, a semi-man on a hot copper grid, pumping with vinegar, strengthen, tying with the corpse and winding nerves on sticks.

Different people added their own to that amazing treasury. Progress of the twentieth century has added such modern distortions and innovation, as the overlap of tubes with splitting axes, burning in the locomotive furnace, the electric chair, freezing outdoors, dissolving without a trace in sulfuric acid, pumping with acetone, steam rooms, gripping male genitalia in vise, injection of gasoline into vein, the cyclone no. 7, lack of sleep and the Afghan Red tulip.

Colonel was stronger than physical intimidations. He was afraid of one thing to betray himself. And then the outside world will calm down him with a little warm lie.

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Dux was tempted by the theory and practice of domino like a well-trained professional of the late twentieth century. In the depths of the global wars of the century there were born new types of people manipulating. Two hundred and fifty big and small countries have turned into a huge landfill of a new rapidly growing world. There were built ominous serious institutions to manage a lot of people, where a person is considered as an average set of certain parameters, who, God forbid, should not exceed the limits of accepted. Having penetrated into all levels of society, these organizations, one way or another, created the specter of total societies. Their internal logic denies natural prohibition of the Creator and human natural catechism, motivating it by important high hazy interests and giving sensible carte blanche with an awful license. Framed by the advanced technology and solid experimental and informational base, these organizations instead of torture, executions and denials, make the society to play in a puppet theatre, effectively manipulate doses of lies, fear, false enthusiasm, use the whole arsenal of people managing. Instead of burning in fires, hangings and shootings, states, most of all, began using a soft deterred force, creating an attractive image. Huge computers, full of thousand elite brains, receiving salary over the average one, create long-term scenarios in every segment of society and track individuals, who are out of set. Experts sharpened mediators catamnesis of reports, hack personal space, use psychotropic drugs, intimidate with threats of losing jobs. Cultivate hatred, slightly covered with the fig leaf. Invent refined witty tricks. Imprison, put into mental homes or effectively kill them. As said one great manipulator: "To believe in a lie, it must be terrible."

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And in front of him there appeared an endless wall. A wall of alienation, meanness and fear. A tsunami which can destroy his ego to the ground.

But he didn’t know another.

At the end of his life, he saw a light at the end of the tunnel. He was horrified and frightened of crumpled pile of errors and yellow swamp of self-deception. Every day, every hour, every second he began with the first uncertain steps to clean out polyps of his own mud, to lie and to murder of beautiful, falling down and getting up again.

And blowing up the bonds, moving toward the hurricane, Dux tried to do something impossible, returning to the original purity and repentance saving two hundred generations of his family.

He knew that he could return not only himself. But many others too.

\*

Colonel noticed that everyone passing was assigned a three colors badge number: golden, silver, bronze. Dux was given a silver medal. His neighbor was given a bronze table. His intelligent face was tear-stained and unhappy. From his throat one could constantly hear sobs and cries so that one could that a person was completely crushed.

- And where to send you?

- To hell! - He suddenly calmed down and said in a firm voice. – To the golden one give a new form. They are taken without inquiry. To the silver one they arrange interrogations and tortures, with change of consciousness - he lamented again. - And a redesigned skin and blood will leave from us. And our ashes will be scattered.

- Does the eternal love exist?

Colonel realized his neighbor had something to tell, but two men had been separated forever by that accidental meet. He was given a striped prison uniform with the cap and left in the parallelepiped room without windows, chairs and tables. Dux enthusiastically went around the tiny perimeter. The time stopped in the center of the space by the order "stand at ease." Silence overcame his being. He couldn’t hear any sound. The outside world full of troubles, danger and constant irritants, in a moment closed silently. He enjoyed the novelty of sensations. Walls were, probably, from effective soundproof panels.

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Unexpectedly, inspiration swept over him like a breath of spring wind, like trepidation of main words excitement, like an instinct of muted mortal danger.

Angels in endless colored kaleidoscopes unraveled new bright missing images, going over someone's endless options former lives as a huge solitaire. He saw their second and third rows invisible rows, showing another sound and meaning, birth and death, love and stupor, with unknown words and notes, which don’t exist.

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Dux could not remember how he leaned against in some unnatural position and as from the fog there materialized a big shiny sleek blond mug, which moved with hand and said:

- Are you drunk?

Colonel instinctively straightened

- Actually, I'm sober.

It was very stupid.

A powerful mug, with a neat beard, obvious demonic desire to be the absolute head of the county, an insinuating voice, sadistic leaning, with a deep knowledge of human soul and body, as if a read book, he seemed was about to smile and to say: "I was joking." But he became severe, he clenched his teeth, his eyes stared sharply at Dux and he hatred approached him.

- Do not pretend to, that's a bit too thick, if I decipher you.

He grabbed him with his greasy red fingers.

- Come on.

They passed through dark corridors and entered a room where he was waited for by two chiefs.

- Title the paper. Without my tip.

Colonel began to write something like a brief autobiography. A few minutes later the three of them at the table quickly grabbed a sheet of paper and eagerly read the text. During reading their faces darkened, and then a blond boss stood up and furiously shouted:

- What did you write?! You composed unnecessary autobiography. Your scribble is good only for the toilet. You decided to mock at us! Will you write the truth?

- I have nothing more to add, - said Colonel.

- You probably do not understand me, I ask you, what conclusion have you drown? - pressed the chief.

- I have already said.

- Well, what conclusion have you drown to? A conclusion is a conclusion?

- Write and sign it.

- We do not make mistakes! We will not act regardless of everything. I repeat, we can do anything, and we will not act regardless of everything.

- A conclusion ...

- Attention, start you work! – a blond fat man grinned.

There started a terrible battle. Seventy beats with a whip, rubber batons, burned electrical wires, sticks, stools ... They burned the body with a cigarette, a lighter and a candle. Beat everyone severely with: hangers, rulers, paperweights, keys, boots, fists and in sides. They beat the knees, especially painful beat in head. They spat in his mouth. They threatened to "make thin", nicknamed "a diver" in all their actions one could see lies and provocation. It was terrible to believe that everything was suffered by a living person. But that was only the beginning.

A few hours later, Colonel lost partly his heart.

- You will experience the same things, - ordered the blond and the assistants began to sound into Dux ears.

- You won’t scare me, I'm not afraid of you, you will answer someday for taking innocent.

- End of tales! We'll turn on the transformation of consciousness - The blond said.

He was thrown into a cement basement with moldy rotting. Then took to the bath, washed with the hose, dressed in a new grey decent robe and brought him handcuffed under supervision of sanitation of the tall to a shining bright room with the mysterious large medical equipment. A nurse, a medical assistant and a blooming lady helped to dress up Colonel in something like a wetsuit or a tight-fitting suit, in a way that he had holes only for eyes, nose and mouth.

- Will it be painful? - asked Colonel.

- No, - said the lady calmly.

- Come on, - ordered the nurse. They brought this strange cosmonaut to specialists, they were five. They indifferently looked at a toy victim and stared at the screen. The head of the team with a forgettable face was hidden behind thick small glasses. He looked at the poor with a cynical smile, as if he knew a secret which had a senior officer.

- Look, - he cheerfully opened a thick plump virtual folder with a large monitor. - We have prepared some excerpts from your, it must be said, work.

Slideshow impartially painted his carefree childhood, fixing certain points, such as: torture of cats, early play in mom and dad, broken social engineering, stealing apples at the vegetable store. Short episodes showed pacifist sentiments: private refusal to kill a soldier from Angola from the operation Proteus, absence without leave, communicating with foreigners, climbing through windows, internal dissent, stealing of military property on trifles, outright cowardice, escape, weakness and at the end, betrayal. With the age, Colonel had to leave soldiers, to bring the platoon to the swamp, to feed people with promises, openly deceive them, to save their miserable skin and to lie everyone that you are a real lifesaver. For years he has learned to expand the world and to see it from above. Sadly Dux saw narrow blinders of human actions boundaries. Coming out of the delineated red flags, he looked at fussy lifestyle with the desire to pity colorful worlds, to be a giver of life to enjoy positive development and to be happy with it.

The bitter pill of the back side of his life was his work. Cleaning-up operations, shooting, enemy extortion, secret murders, tricks, deceptive maneuvers, counter-terrorism, managed terrorism, explosions of dams, rivers of blood ... contrary to expectations in his heart was a hope that he could change his fate, that he would be a herald of a new formation. By the end of his days, he began to turn into almost Mennonites, a man who eagerly caught a breath of fresh air of a new bearing world.

- Ready? – the head pointed at something, like a coffin.

- What is your name? - Asked Dux.

By surprise he replied:

- Sean. It’s for what?

- I see through you. You hide burned unfulfilled childhood dreams behind the thick glasses. Why? Is it lack of love? Job surrounded by a concrete lie where the truth had been lost long ago? Furthermore, once, the first move was wrong, and you continue to be responsible for something like a screw of a rusty mountain?

Sean flashed with his glasses furiously.

- Go a little louse. You will feel good there.

- Instructions prohibit?

- You are running into?

- Revelation upon revelation?

- Well! I am American! I’m a worker. We are Babels. My favorite work is to kill people like you. You're not a traitor. Bachelor! You and all the rest will pass our organization ... Death to bais! - he cried fierce and frenzy.

Before changing consciousness, which is worse than death, Dux sincerely laughed. He regretted that the executioner, who could not, and did not want to get rid of his favorite systems. And at the last moment, he believed that he could win, by miracle. Because of love.

He was calm and his soul, easily and peacefully, flew through all nine colors, nine borders and nine worlds, approaching heaven ineffable light.

After some manipulations, such as injections of tranquilizers, psychotropic drugs, temporary suffocation of certain parts of the brain, a metered local electric shock, selective erase of memory, relaxation with handfuls of the multicolored pharmakos, powerful excitation with benzene derivatives, Colonel began to lose his own identity. His face began to turn into a terrible wolf's grin. His hands began to twitch like sleeping dog paws. In his whole being spilled fierce hatred to all everything, involved in disbelief and fear. He stopped distinguish the truth to which he has been going for the whole life. Cutting out, smothering, corroding by the new computer program knife his personality cut off on parts. In front of him there appeared a new look: an evil primitive animal, a toad with complexes, the old woman, stale mediocrity. Primary strength became to leave him.

Once a great soul began to fill up with the void of foreign energy, fatigue meaningless of the eternal war and the stupid expectation of the end of the black-and-white film, prolonged movie called "life."

Dux has ceased to be, himself. He felt homeless in a strange city, without means, surrounded by a complete hopeless loneliness. And then, when his deep wounds were down uploaded with anabasis there was a false temporary pleasure. And then with hopeless despair he saw as into the depths of his being was slowly creeping a long silver thread, waving foreign energy of immortality. In his eyes flashed tears of despair, which complex animals have.

Dux knew that he would never be able to be himself, forever losing the code of himself. He silently prayed for mercy, for the end of his days, but he knew that he would have to lose at all fronts, to give up and lose everything. With widened pupils, Dux saw as if through a microscope as that long shiny scaring energetic uncertainty decided to turn him into a tin soldier of the will of others, killing himself inter vivos.

Medics were surprised to see that something has gone wrong. Fastened to the pipe with straps the recruit was burning in an incredible heat. His body was in a terrible tremor with a feverish rhythm.

- Look, he may die - forced one of the orderlies. Really, body temperature showed 42.7 Celsius.

Sean ordered that to call a military doctor.

He made a drastic anti-fever injection. But a few minutes later it became clear that that had no effect. The body of Colonel writhed in convulsions in some senseless horrible dance. He growled, howled, uttered laryngeal low sounds. The whole body dripped with hot sweat and his terrible stupid senseless face-mask effervesced foam near the mouth.

Some of nurses were sick. A military doctor looked with small eyes at the dying patient and at surprised chief.

- Well? - asked Sean.

- It is a shaman but not a man! - muttered a military doctor.

- What would you advise?

- Maybe to shoot? Or we can have problems.

Body bended and began to pull straps, banging on plastic pipe stronger and stronger.

- So, take away, quickly! He will break the technique. It is expensive!

Powerful orderlies grabbed the patient squirming like a worm, tied with belts and took away like a doll to the draining. He was brought to the place of execution, and put on the rise. Usually there were put incorrigible. Sean asked the nurses to leave. He thought, took out a huge frightening gun "Desert Eagle DE" caliber is 357. Magnum, was playing with it, aiming at different body parts and showing his teeth, twitched with his head. Having played, he turned on a brief solemn music, moved away for fifteen paces, put on the headphones and got ready to fire like in a dash.

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When, during injuries his life hung in the balance, he was opened fragments of suburbs of incredible palaces with beautiful large and small creatures, and they were a lot. Through the blue haze, being in the intermediate state of death misgiving, he hardly guessed the outlines of the unknown, unreal, infinite, wonderful city, which is not exist.

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But now Сolonel was in a completely different state. He broke away from strong threads with which life tied him, tying to billions of webs and make his global freedom-loving soul fake. He saw both the past and the future and the present. Mazes of life suddenly became visible and permeable. He floated in the space, bowing before approaching souls: living endless bearing small and large forms. Created from another matter of incomprehensible to people. Fears of acts and birth regret retreated. Architecture to infinitely small and to infinitely large quantities formed in a single carpet of different boundless universes, giving incorporeal the opportunity to think, feel, suffer, be sick, to admire, to create, to enjoy, to calm down, to fight, to despair, to win and to live.

He comprehended slightly and easily a breath of life in the depths of unimaginable Earth's gravity, in plasma flows at the edge of a fine needle, and acquired the lost keys from the knowledge of good and evil, given by the Creator. He bowed to great solemn many-voiced consonance of midday hot day shadows, full of chorus of love and a solemn birth langour, breeding live forever. In heaven there was a final battle between good and evil.

And at that moment she came, swung over the high bridges of blue on a bright white shining of the bride and moved toward him. And he recognized her. Hundreds of spectators: friends with pure thoughts and villains, brothers in spirit and scoffers, everybody bowed to him, defeating decay, pain, bitterness and imposed others pain. He was equal to it, and in all universes he passed roars of great souls. With incredible strength, he made a first step around his original huntsula who was known just to the gods, and it answered the same inaccessible code of future love. His earthly essence in amazement fell into the dust, couldn’t look up at the gods dance. And a shining fire chariot in an angelic choir moved to heaven, diverse living chessmen with invisible roar, stronger than a star birth.

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Sean had been recently forty-one. At school not far from Springfield, he did not immediately get a diploma at the college. Some time he served in the US Armed Forces. For a long time he has been working as a security guard at the, during his spare time he attended lectures of computer science. Then, he went uphill. His little pig eyes flashed with poorly concealed secret pleasure. He had dark hair with a forelock with dark locks, square glasses and careless unshaven stubble, which usually disappears just in front of the administration. He began often taking weekly holidays and he wasn’t in need of money and got married a Malaysian student. Sean had never told anyone about the place where he worked and where he was going. His wife and children got used not to ask Dad about anything. The family, except his father, spent 150 thousand dollars a year, had a good house and a bungalow in Hawaii. The raid of secrecy gave the family extra zest.

The chief, who had never been seen again, had noticed long ago a gifted employee and gradually promoted him to the rank of the top management. However, the last quickly became bored working in Maher’s offices. Really, Sean had confided during the field work, especially during the "royal hunt." It was his element. He succeeded in hunt for people.

In the ominous office there was believed that to get quality material of the sacrifice, he must be pumped with adrenaline. As a rule, before it, they made an express portrait of a miserable person. They made rating of miserable affections and what he was afraid of very much. Anxiety of the client reached its climax.

Sean’s fantasy knew no bounds. He was proud of his beautiful decisions on a variety of fantastic smart drives, and enough number of beater. When, after the twilight, appeared his greenish grey hood, almost not touching the ground, then the miserable before his death had only terror.

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Sean considered himself a perfect sniper. He raised a heavy Magnum, with both hands turned with his back, immediately turned around and fired three times into the condemned. He did not know if he had hit him, then he took off his headphones and approached the shot.

He seemed to be alive and was dozing peacefully and quietly. His face was full of spirituality. Dark salient shadows were floating along strange for him trajectories.

"It's some kind of glitch!", - Sean said to himself quietly.

He came closer, closed his eyes and shot the miserable. Opening his eyes, he was sure that he would see a bloody mess. But in that place was a peacefully looking naive old man, a playful sage, a lamb full of good. Sean turned pale.

He was taught that the world was sometimes something ordinary, which could disturb the average mainstream existence. Sean decided to shot the full clip at the miserable. There was a misfire. That crazy man was smiling and cheering inside. He infectiously laughed at the place of execution, breaking the memory of thousands victims screaming before their death.

Sean removed a cold false mask from his face. He threw out the Magnum. They began to laugh at this absurd and beautiful world.

- I have killed you - choking with joy said Sean. - But it is impossible?!

- You know, there is love. Even death is powerless in comparison with it.

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Transformed and completely another Сolonel stopped. Sean bowed before him as before an icon. Dux was going up from the hell through tangled corridors, tunnels and mines. Sean, having drunk a flask of straight Scotch whiskey, was following him like a latter-day Sancho Panza. He wanted again very much to smoke.

Piercing with their inner eye the thickness of hundreds of concrete floors, the two were waiting for each other, Сolonel and Maher. They both knew that they would meet.

They both knew that the bunker had been surrounded.

It was a day when hundreds of airports have been completely blocked for one thousand miles. The air force of dozens of countries has been raised to the air. Hundreds of different types of missiles were aimed at a small suburb of Belgrade. The city was tightly surrounded by the army, the police, the secret services.

In light of recent events there have been created special units of military psychologists. They tested both civilians and the military. Black gloomy troops of cleaners with a chevron of the plague nib exterminated infected patients, sending them to special areas surrounded by the military equipment. However, the whole units of cleaners suddenly fell ill with the silver plague and fresh units were fiercely fighting with new patients. A heavy smell of a new universal holocaust was spreading for tens of kilometers.

There was active evacuation of people. The city was quickly becoming deserted. The curfew was enlarged. Anyone who was outdoors at an inopportune time was subjected to shooting.

Maher’s residence was surrounded by hordes of tanks, armored troop carriers, guns, guided grenade launchers, missiles and drones. The institute of human military thought struck imagination by its diversity. From the side of the Danube there came a few ill-assorted squadrons filled with various submarine instruments. There were snipers everywhere. The sappers were undermining everywhere.

For the first time in the modern history all potential opponents gathered in the face of terrible danger. In Inđija, twenty-five miles away from Belgrade, there was quartered the international General Staff. Eternal enemies faced with each other, trying to work out a common line. The representatives of the "rogue" countries were walking with stone-faced in dense groups. The representatives of Latin America were waving long frightening carbines, sometimes they touched each other discreetly, sometimes expressed emotionally everything they were thinking about. Variegated Africans were walking around the city, holding AK-47 in their hands. Singaporeans, Malaysians, Indonesians, Thais, Burmese, Cambodians patrolled in regular lines. Everybody was spick and span. Modern samurais moved forward in a special detachment. A large army of Indians marched. As always, the Chinese prevail over everybody, one of whom sometimes raised a sign with hieroglyphs.

Officers wearing sand-colored uniforms and headed by the Muslim leader in white clothes moved forward. Tired from the wars of many years, they, with the millennial wisdom, looked at the Europeans, the Americans, also the Israeli military, who seemed to smile invisibly.

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The eternal sweet and vicious war of the peoples always differ from that one it had been born, it gives the highest triumph of victory and bitterness of defeat with the humiliation, suffering and death. Nobody could do over the whole mankind for five thousand years. It seemed that, for an instant, the whole humanity fetched up at the sinking ark. All family hardened peoples’ squabbles must have retreated to the background in the face of the common threat. Intrigues and frictions must calm down like disturbed bee hives. Coalitions must to hide behind the fig leaves of decency.

However, in any large and small isolated community, there almost immediately appears an energetic monad, which often gives atypical roles. No doubt that the monad plugs easily and quickly into the fabric of the unity of the world. Suddenly, one person has to play the role of the chief, another one has to play the traitor, the third one plays an informer, the fourth one plays the jovial fellow and the fifth one plays the hero, the savior of everybody. Like romping puppies which are now playing, now painfully biting, they continue to tie intricate beautiful knots of fates, swapping peace and war, enemies and friends.

Sometimes they replay, they have universal hatred, the lust of murders, betraying the repentance and praying for forgiveness of the fate. After the massacre, freedom often turns upside down, and then inevitably appears the army Tonton Macoutes, similar to the fighters of the organized crime groups. The war, destroying the whole richness of creation, passes like a painful fever. There are built on the corpses and ruins of crippled destinies new empires. Often, they are doomed to desolation and lose their initial supply sources of self-identification and turn into black crocodiles of greed.

In the colonial outskirts there are collapsed worlds with invisible secret cities which continue to coexist, like building blocks of the eternal time, in which there changes only eras and the scenery. Do you think that if someone once, probably long ago, had crushed another’s beautiful world, erased memory by his obstinacy, spirits and justification of mass delusion and you can live happily in the absolute amnesia? Oh, you are naive! Your previous worlds will forever catch up you. But with the naked eye, you will see something: desolation of graves, expensive houses with the smell of alcohol and drugs, pointless hunt for a beautiful elusive doe. It would seem that after the last shot aborigine there deceptively established peace and quiet? But no. A great crime, even if it is not personal, will be fully fulfilled and there will be rendered the punishment and a heavy burden will be dispersed in many generations. At the outskirts of indifference will be forever past atrocities. You will eradicate or rehabilitate yourself. Someone’s desperate pain, young stupidity will subside, the euphoria of a cook, admitted to solve the question of life and death, will be over. People’s fates will gather by rivers and brooks in huge streams. You would gladly throw away from your pockets extra unnecessary stones which pull you to the bottom, all the more, you have almost forgotten about their purpose. But they are in your heart, soul and flesh. And a great human chute loses the diversity, enters the black tunnel, takes a single form of thought, kills the last seal-monk to get fat for greasing the mechanisms. And you walk along deserted cities, breathing icy solitude, sadly realize that the lady had died forever and invent worlds which were blown away.

That’s why, the only way is to stop for a moment, to be taken up with and swim against the current. To forgive and to understand, to light the spark of the repentance and to move forward all conceivable and inconceivable black barriers. And in empty halls your soul will see, in the face of the Eternal, beautiful princesses and kings who will appear like a miracle. Constantly losing real material inhabitants in front of the entrance to the great wonderful kingdom, you can enter the kingdom of heaven through pain, suffering and penance. And, in the end, you will suddenly hear a guttural singing among the grey everyday life, and the world, which your miss, will blossom.

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At the age of thirteen-fourteen, Maher, is walking in the foggy haze of Hudson, saw obscure outlines of his Empire.

Due to his eminent intellect he could, for a night, greedily devour thick library tomes in a big dusty aunt’s apartment, sometimes going out to a small garden to have a breath of fresh air.

During the day he committed his first acts, earned his first dollars in Harlem and laid the first cornerstones of his great future. A special feature of his method was the alignment of logical chains, unexpected illuminations, approach to the truth and tireless desire to exclude wrong well-disguised versions. He realized that the store of knowledge about the world was carefully hiding in the secret depths by someone's tireless hand, leaving a man on the surface just a pale surface version. Michael did not want to put up with that. That’s why, he generously invested a half of his rapidly growing state into that later became the Internet. Probably, he was one of the first hackers who penetrated into the iron brain of the Pentagon and thoughts of such people as Bob Taylor and Vinton Cerf. Later, he managed to become the most advanced Internet users. All over the world, thousands of hackers of his unseen corporation were separating and tracking the information by special protocols, which he created by himself, and patiently reduced white spots of the information.

His staff did not disdain the penetration into the most secret world services and collected dossiers of key figures. Maher’s employees played blindly. They got a good salary and by a reliable legend, they did an important and good work.

If someone had suspicious thoughts which exceeded all limits, there was a severe group for the secret destruction of traitors. The genius was that all employees of his secret police had been "bitten". Life of the "healthy" entirely dependent on the "bitten". Death and work of the "bitten" was managed by a personal Maher’s computer program trough the silver thread, like heroin but thousand times stronger. That’s why, Skull couldn’t communicate at all both with the "healthy" and with the "bitten".

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One could describe Maher as a black villain, a carrier of dark forces, a devourer of infants, an old nasty man Koschey who had bothered all beings. But of course, it would be wrong.

Since his childhood, he sometimes dreamed as big B-52, F-16 fighting falcons and big large LGM-30 flew over the sky. Huge armies collided in the sky. There were thousands of flying machines. And no one wanted to die. For a teenage boy, that nightmare was absolutely odd. "Why me who had been born recently, some unknown to me and unpleasant men should send me, my parents and the whole humanity to a fiery hell? To spoil this wonderful world forever? Not to leave a stone and to destroy the last links of knowledge?

Milestones of the bloody history of mankind, which he was reading with great interest, were always a moment of truth for him: the transition from life to death, clang of the battle, shame of the vanquished, rejoicing of winners, a rapidly changing world, a gust of wind carrying thunder clouds and the world which was becoming purer from the mustiness. War is life. Nobody can reject evil, hatred, hostility either in the world or in the war. So it was, it is and it will be. As soon as the immortal soul is embodied on the earth, it gets human disease called mutual destruction. The more well-wishers are activated, the more blossoms hatred and enmity hidden under peaceful look. Enemies from all sides, twenty-four-hour, learn moving called "light of the war match". A smoldered phase is sometimes worse than the burning flame, and demons look for ingenious ways to destroy human life.

A civilization bosom, built on seizures, assaults and attacks, like the necessary evil, is nurtured on blood and tears. A civilization stirring cauldron like a reality abounds in armed conflicts, like sometimes going mad planet which gives people fires, earthquakes, tsunamis, floods and tornadoes. Confrontation of people can break out anywhere. Fierce hatred of each other can bring to the full –scale bloodshed using prohibited weapons and genocide. As a rule, neighboring nations feather their nest at the war, looking like griffins for the benefit, creating coalitions and trying to crush the weak. A chain of multiple factors, which can not be calculated, can create a random incomprehensible configuration. The axe fell, the rope broke and the match flashed out. In the twinkling of an eye, the World War becomes a reality.

Like in a nightmare, an evil genie with enthusiasm and aspiration starts thousands of nuclear weapons starts the monstrous secret programs, painstakingly grown in quiet offices and laboratories of death. Inflamed brain of geniuses-intellectuals most of them have very distorted idea of morality and virtue, give themselves real mad cruel world. Once decent people, they fall into the most powerful millstones imposed by the terrible formless powerful force. Its name is hunger, sensible intellectual massacre and death. And, as always, from time immemorial, there will be arranged a new multi-dimensional party of life. And let there will be: alone-maniac, duels, vendetta of relatives and neighbors, fights, battles between companies, battles, prison escapes, a hunt for leaders, ghetto mess, unconcealed rejection of other peoples and religious clashes, killers fighters, class conflicts, revolutionary bloody songs, fierce struggle for the power and resources. But what about the World War II?

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That autumn, at the age of fourteen, Michael vowed to save mankind from the nuclear conflict. For two years he has been developing the most sophisticated and genius plan. It seemed to be impossible. To change radically the world. To become the first and the only secret suzerain at the club of two leaders of two hundred and fifty countries which have to become his explicit or implicit vassals. Maher was well aware that as soon as it would be the news leak or suspicion to changes in existing world balance of the power, he would get hundreds of the most powerful state institutions and private companies in the whole world, which would want to grind it with its new order quickly into dust. That’s why Skull had never broken his three golden rules. Firstly, he had never done any records and had ever discussed that issue with anyone. Secondly, he, in all ways, has been strengthening thoroughly the legend about the legality of his big business. Thirdly, he had never broken the laws of countries which he worked in. Till the X time.

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Names of the nearest "colleagues" who were radically changing the world in the history of mankind were known to everybody. The life expectancy of those great people was often inversely proportional to their acts. Most of them couldn’t enjoy the fruits of their great deeds. It was not fair.

He will be the only ruler who, like ancient biblical patriarchs, will be able to drain the cup of divine and earthly pleasures, to realize an unthinkable thing, to see the invisible Tower of Babel of languages synthesis and complete secret signs, concentrated in one person, and to come close to the heavenly beings.

Maher planned to spend huge resources for coding all inhabitants since their birth. In his clinics, by a new way, he was realizing delay of diseases by the timeless technology he was changing diseased human organs to become an angel of life and death.

The Skull was going to pull true knowledge of the ancient Greeks out of the oblivion. His main wonderful hobby was trying to disclose a secret box of the missing fragments codes of chromosomes. In his laboratories there were first experiments on synthesis of the divine nectar, a cloud of love, coition of gods and goddesses, demigods, and first people. He was looking for rare pairs and disclosed the response forms for keys of the universe.

To keep seven billion inhabitants in subjection, for thirty years Maher has been preparing a secret share. A mystery case of super mahers had been gathering piece by piece all around the world. Some of them were born again with the development of cryonics, others suddenly disappeared and were revealed a few years later, and Skull bought some infants, at first days of their birth, at dummies. The difference of the higher caste was lack of the pedigree, memory of the past, absolute confidence in their rightness, receipt and execution of daily instructions by the Maher’s code and a very high salary. After years of hard work, he managed to create a powerful case, million of elite super mahers. They were everywhere, in all power structures of all countries. Each of them was ready to adopt in the short term other hundred ordinary mahers. It was enough to break any boundaries of the most powerful states.

But the most important Michael’s deal, his greatest feat would be principal elimination of the opportunity of the uncontrolled World War. As soon as the opportunity of the greater military conflict risk appeared, there turned on a program. Maher’s people immediately asked a man the Hamlet's question: to live, to die or to become the maher. Managing the mahers was realized due to Skull’s amazing bracelet. The war could be just a fun game of chance, like football with an unknown outcome, cheering up themselves and the inhabitants of the Mount Olympus.

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Maher rejoiced. He waited for the assault of the citadel. Like a blind puppy, all his opponents were in his trap. Everything was ready. He was a bit boring. He was playing music. There was only one hour left. So, when that weirdo came out again of the oblivion, out of concrete multilevel hell, an unhappy sad aphid, which called itself "the Colonel", amused Michael.

- Let him go!

Having been brought through dozens of massive iron doors, he was thrown on the granite floor, almost naked, bounded hand and foot. Well-trained nurses left.

In a gloomy huge dome, in the rocks of Belgrade, at the very height of the transept, there were flowing divine sounds. For some time, the Colonel gave himself up to calm of the universe floating on islands of the strong heroic music. Dux immediately recognized the author. Having brushed a shroud of pain and sufferings away, he saw as thick hairy Maher’s fingers with numerous diverse manuals were moving incredibly quickly, and his short thick legs in black short leather boots were making incredible steps, muffled clattering the pedals. Ending a fantastic symphony, Skull created a huge live globe, attentively examined the whole situation in lines and figures, extended the globe from the floor to the dome and increased the picture with a radius of fighting in the center of the residence. Everything was going according to his plan.

He went down the side iron stairs and approached Colonel.

"A sorry sight" - thought Maher observing on Dux’ face the lashing bloody insignificance. His calm, pure, bright and placid eyes were shining in unexpected contrast. "Tabula raca!?" surprised a bit the Lord of Heaven.

- You are a pathetic fool - suddenly lisped Colonel. - All the great masters of the world came to a bad end. One was caught with the fever, another one was poisoned, the third one was shot. The exception proves the rules.

Skull, thinking in the posture of Napoleon, did not immediately understand the words of that miserable Pinocchio with an unclear diction.

- The reason is very simple. You exist in a built world, and for some reason, you do not see the whole gallery of creatures, which are your forerunners and the angels above you. Without seeing the beginning and the end, you're a blind man suffer from the slight autism, wishful thinking.

Skull was silent. He was thinking over many nations of the earth and they seemed to be funny caricature insects. They have long ago been addicted to drugs which Maher was creating and selling, earning billions of dollars. People who took the bait, he was not interested in. He rose at an incredible height.

He heard again a deranged speech of that nonentity. "How nice to have nothing common with this gloomy Russian. If I have a clown in the future, he should be always fun and easy. "

Michael for a moment imagined what he would do with a bored clown. For example, as he will be eaten by a giant spiteful locusts.

- Right next to you there is a supreme inaccessible world. If you stay in a real material world, you can not keep a thin veil of reality. It will either slip off or will be covered with rusty spots and holes. Having seen only a piece of patterned fabric, you have to see the crucible of the high society. But you are stubborn, you consciously leave just a piece of your reality iron and then cry about how quickly the metal is becoming eaten away with rust. You are another lord, to build a high tower on the piece of reality which, by the highest standards, is unknown to you. Your desire to build a magnificent building collapses during your life because it is a false building.

- And ..? – Maher, with a miserable look, was listening a primitive morality which he had read when he was sixteen. - "How disgusting that little serial murderer who has been bothering him for the last time. How could he moralize? There wasn’t any place to brand, the little man, who had broken all the Ten Commandments".

- Well?

Colonel felt like an absolute idiot, having gathered himself up, said gushingly and with the pathos.

- You are already surrounded by the invisible incomprehensible creatures. A fine heavenly tree can overhang a person if he is its continuation. Then he can reach the heaven. But if you are, initially, standing on the false foundation, be careful. A grey forest already wants to defame the only high tree!

- You know, you had the chance: to listen to me. And you would be all right. You are fool. You could do something specific for me. But you are away from here. The world is real. And it will be mine!

- If you can forget your wrong stupid plan, you have a great chance.

- What?

- Repentance and redemption.

- I thought you were smarter. You are binary. It’s a primitive.

- Do you think that there is the third force between the good and the evil?

Michael silently looked at him.

- Uh, no, - said the Colonel. – That’s why, the good always triumphs over the evil. Always.

Maher's face was impenetrable. If one may put it that way, the Skull felt relief.

That bipedal man wasn’t ice for him.

Dux saw as Maher opened the door to the armory.

At the entrance there was a combat German flamethrower Kleif , created by Fiedler, with photographs and quotations of the first fire-marker of the World War I. That hell weapon had a very powerful psychological impact. "Early morning July 30, 1915, British troops were stunned by incredible sight: huge flames burst out of German trenches suddenly, hissing and whistling moved to the British. Throwing weapons, British infantry was running in panic to the rear, without a single shot, having left their positions. "

Skull stroked lovingly German ww1, heavy Goof, French light No. 1 bis, six-liter Italian DLF, Japanese "Type100", English "Lawrence", American "M2-2", Russian Roks1,2,3, light Russian- Chinese LPO-50. Maher tried to move and aim at Colonel English super heavy flamethrowers “Surf Lievens" But Lievens did not move. "Once, there were heroes who moved mountains" - thought Maher. He shook his head and stopped at a light elegant French flame-throwers «№ 1 bis". Skull had slowly pumped with the compressor 50 air atmosphere up into the balloon of the flame-thrower.

Dux closed his eyes in fear. Somewhere, in Colonel’s memory, appeared military knowledge, which he received during the first year training: weight of the flamethrower is 23 kg, the range of the jet is 20-40 steps, a mixture of the coal tar and benzene.

"Maybe it won’t work" - imagined Dux.

But, with terrible hissing and black clouds there puffed a trial jet. Having sprinkled the top of the fire, Michael went straight to the victim. Putting forward a long tube with a jet, like a cobra's head with two pupils of death, a flame-thrower spewed a bright red fiery flame jet turning into a coal-gasoline cloud of smoke.

It smells of money. Maher with pleasure went to the sound, continuing to wave the flaming sword.

- Where are you? – he shouted loudly in black fog, playing hide and seek. As soon as he heard the frantic squealing of Dux, he exhaled victoriously "lol!".

Suddenly, in the fog, Michael ran painfully into a magnificent table with delicious dishes. It was his own lunch! And a burnt greasy hand was impudently fumbling under the table and was catching delicious fried chicken wings. Maher slowly jerked away the cloth and saw, as that man, choking, was tearing meat with his and was swallowing baked potatoes in butter. It was too much! Skull, in fury, overturned the table with all dishes, trying to incinerate everything around him. However, he heard other sounds from a distance. With the flying plates, vases, cups, spoons, vinaigrette, pears and grapes was a mad fierce bullets cannonade, smashing a dining table. Being completely shocked, continuing instinctively creating a dense smoke screen, Maher pressed a saving button on his bracelet. Under the table opened the saving hatch, where he jumped into. There also jumped Colonel. While the lid of the hatch slammed into a dozen of different-calibres bullets and a grenade, which, fortunately, did not explode fetched up into the hole.

- Who were the men in masks? - asked shocked Maher.

- Studs in a coat! - The Colonel replied.

Michael tried to break away from Dux, which caused him disgust. However, Colonel grabbed the emperor with his iron soldier grip for a service jacket.

- And what about me? - asked quietly Colonel.

Different types of Maher’s face, which the Creator was lovingly preparing from birth till death, were showed to him in a few seconds like in a fantastic theater. There was also anger, boyish resentment, deep disappointment, fierce hatred and hope to break away. However, as an experienced leader, Skull put on his usual impenetrable stone mask with not very nice false smile. Some kind of the diverse range of animal centaur.

Colonel slowly took out of his jaw a thin small plate. It was a solid secret composition, which was more solid than the diamond.

- Well, help me.

For half an hour, they both, breathing heavily, were scratching their handcuffs with the diamond. Crunches on metal were like powerful blows of pick hammers on the hatch, like the sound of the strong drill, like shots.

- Let me go - said Maher – you are dead. A schmuck! You don’t have imagination! Let me perform new amazing music which people have not heard yet.

- You know, I understand you. Maybe I'm the only one like you. I am part of you.

- Well? You are divided inside. Why has your part decided that you were right, and you had closed a new order of the world since its birth. Let me go, I pray you. Do not kill!

But Colonel was silent.

It was surprisingly, that a solid composition really did its work. And it was in time! Where they had just been, there was a powerful fire explosion. Stunned, they were running along the corridors and halls of the Maher’s Empire.

They saw different soldiers from different countries. At the same time, Maher’s fighters seemed to come out of everywhere, probably, of the walls. Both sides were united by the strong desire to kill. To kill the whole living. An indescribable battle of the trained elite fighters from the higher world-class was in full swing. It was a hell. The death with a smile rejoined with the crack of bullets, mines explosions, cries of the dying, smells of chemical toxic weapons and disastrous martial arts.

They both lay on the floor, having hidden behind some dilapidated wall, taking breath. Dux saw as Skull was continuously staring at him with a solemn grin. In a second, Colonel realized that his exhausted body was stuck by dozens of small capsules from the bracelet which than turned into something like a miniature Colt.

- You were a very good soldier, - said Michael.

- What is it?

- It is an overdose of the immortality. To tell the truth, I tried. You will surely die ten times. Goodbye!

- Thank you, - said the last quietly.

Having clicked the secret code of another secret manhole, Skull, probably, had a lot, he jumped into the saving silence. Maher was running along blue smooth tunnels. He noticed that Colonel, by inertia, also jumped there. As the Skull thought, the opponent would go slower and slower and fifteen minutes later, the parts of his body would confront and he would painfully fall apart piece by piece.

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Michael’s heart rejoiced. The world will be at his feet. The first emperor of the Earth will be able to create an equilibrium fair world which earlier had been unexpectedly fiercely torn. It will exterminate obscure, known in the history, conspirators.

He started a great work which nobody would ever do. Great founders had the Achilles' heel. It was the time. They died at the beginning of their great deeds.

And only the immortal Maher will finish the greatest bright civilization. And, when he will bring this building to perfection, he will voluntarily leave, as first biblical patriarchs had left. Maher will see new generations and they will be a lot. He will be a good and a fair father of the land, the governor-general of the sky, the master of life, death and short human happiness.

He will build for himself Maher’s special institute of Health with all unprecedented achievements. Sometimes, he will attend his preventive clinic, which will be as beautiful as Eden. In his institute they will create elixirs for the early diagnosis of depression, anxiety, loneliness, destruction of personality the great people suffered.

Michael will be always full of energy and a picture of health till the end of his last voluntary day. He will not clone himself and create his own people, as Genghis Khan did, having six hundred sons. Because it is vanity. Instead of it, Maher will be the first who will be curbed by the time like a hot uncontrolled wild horse. He will decide by himself when to be or not to be.

It will not distort desirable, try to create a legacy for his descendants, and then hardly trying to identify himself. He will not see with sadness and despair that his great work will be taken away during his life, spiritual worldview combination will be steadily falling and, at the end, it will stop in the depths of time.

Here is your new, beautiful, powerful house full of life and prosperity, which has already began cracking with first invisible cracks. The facade revetment is covered with numerous cobwebs, threads of the beginning are lost, once cheerful soul of the house turns into pupate. And it is empty, as the abandoned old puppet theater, and then all fall apart, going under demolition. That is an unfathomable great essence of time.

That’s why Skull is not going to build a great dynasty. He will leave by himself. He will divide himself to the elements and synthesize great essence of love. Let Maher will be better alone, like a conqueror sud africa Chucky. And if love exists, it will be the only and true one.

Michael ran quicker. A beautiful far vision began to disappear. Instead of it, with a relief close-up, there approached a cruel inside out reality, edged with dense layers of fading hope and clumsy faith of flight.

An incredible fight of the peoples against Maher began. On the one side there was Maher’s genius, on the other one there were seven billion of free people. The stake is the crown of the world.

His huge invisible army of staunch and bitten slaves, if it was necessary, increased with new recruits. They were opposed by billions of people in the whole world who wanted freedom.

Because freedom is not only a board and a sail.

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Reality is always concrete. To become the master of the Earth, he had to suppress the resistance of two hundred and fifty competitors, governors of large and small states, to destroy the enemy by any means, to discourage them, by radical ways, away any desire to undermine his throne. Let the planet be plunged into bloodshed again and Grim Reaper be satisfied with heavy sacrifices. And while a gloomy reaper satisfies universal hunger, Skull will be the first who will be able to restrain the death. At the Maher’s throne, by his order, there will be patiently waiting a lot of human passions, and the willful death which will serve the table of the imperishable. He is the only and the younger admitted to go behind the curtain of the immortals feast.

He was calm. A few minutes later, Maher will completely disappear from any radar. Enemies will be looking for his false residences, where they will find only death. A few months later Skull will accept a new order of peace, which is now eternal and the only in the world.

Maher turned his platinum bracelet, entered a long code, a granite wall quietly opened wide with a black call of the cave. He entered the silence. For fifteen years, thousands of workers have been creating in the depths of the earth that masterpiece. Then, everybody became Maher’s soldiers. Their memory has been completely erased and destroyed. Those soldiers could do only simple things. They were cannon fodders.

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Having passed through long corridors, lighting the way with a Chinese torch, Michael entered the cabin. Feeling the switch, he turned on the light and looked around his shelter. Maher’s huge library, which he has been lovingly collecting for all his life, was shining with numerous folios. Finally, Michael will be able to embrace isolated human knowledge, which, as if had been cut by someone, probably, with scissors to completely scare a man. In the center there was his favorite huge virtual globe, gleaming with sparks of the war which he started to win. The heart of his silent headquarters was the latest electronic equipment, which could be envied by the Pentagon. The information has been collecting by diverse passive sensors which were extremely difficult to find. If he had to go on the air, it was accompanied by interferences similar to the lightning of Zeus.

In the Maher’s house were robots, mostly Japanese, which he has been collecting everywhere. They were twenty-four-hours cleaning, making coffee, cooking for Michael, feeding his dogs and cats, watering the plants, repairing malfunctions and shining. His big pride was a special room for relax. There were all modern achievements for fitness.

For his fifty years, Maher hadn’t experienced a true love. The angel who was connecting hearts had never flown over the miserable. He hadn’t felt as the beginning of one person looses, continuing in another one. He didn’t see a smile of the Creator’s son forgiving those who has fallen in love and became single inconceivable heaven cloud.

Michael did not admit women close to him, by a specific reason. Chaos of his business, loneliness, incredible plans were waiting patiently: an appropriate impeccable necklace, a woman of dreams, his children, a celestial husband of Gaia double. He was looking for a woman on the ground, in the air and in the Internet cloud. But never in his life his eyes had flashed from a secret happiness, unknown pleasure which is rarely experienced by the ordinary mortals. Suspecting that it happens, he decided to solve this problem in a scientific way.

A forever young emperor who will own the globe for thirty-five thousand five hundred twenty-five days, had to become a part of the eternal world of clockwork, to dare to be a governor, a conductor between the celestials and mortals. In the world revolution Maher will be the beginning and a single master of the new world order. A few severe years later, there will be peace and prosperity all around the globe.

And then, during quiet peaceful years, Michael will travel around the world in search of future Empress, calculate the burning of two beings. And if there will not on the earth the only one, he will go down to his own Hades to his double, an invented ghost.

While he will be satisfied with his harem where he had been waited for by thousands of beautiful women receiving, for a moment, a second life bright like a flash of passion.

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Maher turned on his virtual ball, which he lovely called "Mom" and stared at the planet. Skull’s money was moving in blue, bright purple, with white lightning colors. It was only a small bluish streaks on the background of a golden money.

The biggest was in deep color there was shining golden calf of the north eastern America. The lesser one was glittering an old-Europe headed with the crown of Great Britain. In the east, with the bends of bright tails were playing southeast dragons. One could clearly guess a big fat belly of China. Not far there was glittering a fantastic swing of the Japanese katana.

However, the gold of the world has been thoroughly surrounded by the Maher’s soldiers, dressed in brown and grey-green khaki.

On-line one could see as there were lightning extinguishing golden stock exchanges, banks and storages of money and gold, as there was a battle of the khaki color and as stubborn opponents surrendered.

Finally, there lit new dazzling blue stars!

Maher smiled and could not stop trembling in his hands. He did it! He turned on the organ and thoughtfully played several scattered musical melodies. He poured tart wine, Chateau Cheval Blanc of 1947 which cost $ 300,000 per bottle, enjoying the bouquet of its taste.

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Suddenly, Michael felt that someone, having showered chill, was looking at his neck. Having tasted the Chateau he slowly turned and looked a badly lit corner of the large room around. Having turned off all sounds for some time, he stood still, listening to the piercing silence. His big face covered with sweat. For a moment, he calmed down. Having taken out a big Colt, he looked into dark corners of the vast residence. Skull could not get rid of the thought that someone was hiding nearby. He turned back bedspreads, opened doors, looked under the tables, behind the curtains, into closets, open drawers and chests, as if playing hide and seek. His heart was beating like when he was fifteen, in rainy cold night on the corner in the Bronx.

Maher slowly aimed his Colt and looked up. He felt that he would see. Having closed his eyes, he began to shoot. With trembling hands, he changed charges. A dry crack of single shots changed with short automatic bursts.

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For the first time since his youth, Michael was bitterly crying. He knew that his great mission, his incredible huge work disappears, like morning fog. Having taken away the Colt, he knelt. Something flowing colorful translucent hung over them at a height of three meters. Maher sadly raised his hands then he bowed and touched his feet, as if they didn’t exist. Having clenched his face with force, he looked up. He dropped the gun away. He awkwardly fell down on a warm silicone floor with a crash. Skull could not understand who was in front of him. It seemed to him that it was partially transformed Colonel. Or the ancient Volh? And maybe his father, whom he has not seen? Or, bloody Berik was falling on wet asphalt.

Something was both far and close, and a little higher. Maher felt warm in the whole body which he had never felt. Probably, it was the heavenly mercy? Or, probably, the love which Michael has never experienced?

"You are elected and you can reach the other side. But you have to leave the abyss of time, not to drown in the rapids. Leave only unblemished mercy in the boiler of Chronos ".

Maher knelt. What he felt was irreversible for him.

The angel was leaving far, and then disappeared.

Stupefied he went to the exit. Incredible lightness and rejoicing filled his soul. For the first time he was free, breaking endless shackles on himself. Gears of the world, invented by him, stopped.

Having thought a bit, Maher took off a bracelet with his immortality, chucking him out forever. The bracelet has been spinning on a smooth floor for a long time.

Nearby there was a lifeless Colonel’s body. Michael hoisted Dux on his back and went upstairs.

To the light, breathing, grass, birth.

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In summer 2018 the War of the Immortals, as it was called ended. Some pockets of conflicts broke out, causing destruction and chaos in some regions of the globe. For the first time the war touched all countries and peoples of the world. Total amount of dead people were hundreds of millions. During the conflicts in 2016-2017, the civilization couldn’t elude multiple nuclear explosions, leaving lifeless infected waste grounds.

The UN building was an area of the continuous human passions battle and desperate shooting. In the end, the former wild mahers of Harlem took the UN building away brick by brick.

In August 2018 in Greenland was opened a new huge international complex of skyscrapers, based on the concepts of the UN, UNESCO and non-government organizations. A new name, TCATC "a tree of creatures and threats of the civilization", was the hope of mankind. The latest generation started a complex solution like the Bill of Human Rights. Modern priests showed ordinary people knowledge of large and small creatures’ hierarchies.

Unfortunately, of course, a realm of delusions couldn’t change the nature of people. Flatulence, fights, hatred, whispering of gossip, persistent insanity, fierce hatred, envy, vile blows at the dusk left social groups in cynical narrow boundaries, sometimes breaking a thin common cover of humanity. But step by step, at schools appeared new subjects, reducing closed information and following notorious lie.

In new Godthab in Greenland there were formulated: "Bill on Freedom of Information," "Right to knowledge of other beings and other civilizations" and “Prohibition of the destruction of the creatures”. The foundation of the TCATC was laid in the concept of saving diversity of creatures and searching for the balance.

Finally, for the first time, there was declared an official doctrine that armed conflicts were direct violation of human rights. Official or unofficial war, as barbarism and incredible savagery, began since that moment to be classified as a crime and was completely prohibited. There began blurring of the boundaries between two countries.

In the TCATC there was created a governmental organization to resolve power struggles. Prohibition of war and burying the ax was certainly a naive dream of most people. As always, conflicts shook the globe. But above armed conflicts appeared a powerful Rapid Reaction Corps, which not only permit to light a fire of the major war, but also to sent quickly kings and suites to the Worldwide Police and then to the dock. A very grave crime was considered by the court in Godthab as contractual wars.

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After the lessons of war in 2015-2018 was adopted declaration: "Equal and obligatory right for treatment for every inhabitant of the Earth." On these pages, along with the Hippocratic oath there were: the prohibition any state of military and biological secret research, complete and obligatory holding of the scientific research and the fight against corruption. It was written, that no man or a social group doesn’t have any right to additional benefits for treatment, medicine and a special right to longevity.

**Epilogue**

Early June morning 2019 in the foothills of Altai there was a crowd of village gapers. Yesterday at the Stone Mountain they put a huge multicolored balloon. Several workers have been assembling that incredible miracle for the whole day. They said that the Montgolfier was brought from Japan.

Everyone wanted to know who would be in the gondola. A house on the Stone Mountain appeared suddenly, as if out of air. Nobody had ever lived on the top earlier. Evil long tongues whispered: "It's clear, probably, the authorities had been paid a lot!"

The house was like a small medieval castle with the turrets of grey stone. They said that the tower has been built by mythical sons. Someone laid with them the foundation. But then those sons disappeared. It was said that they were from the town or even from abroad, from big houses.

Inhabitants of the castle hadn’t been seen by anybody. At night, there was a light in the window and sometimes there appeared dark shadows. Ubiquitous boys were observing a lean grey-haired retired serviceman. Once they saw him on a huge rock and some big Skull, bushy eyebrows and black eyes. They were silently sitting on the hill, frying tortillas on the fire and observing endless divine mountains, sparkling with rare sunbeams. And as if from somewhere came a dark-eyed beauty with charming kids.

The boys were telling that somehow very serious people came from the country. Put the post. They also saw there snipers. But the inhabitants as if vanished into thin air. A few days later they left. The boys were given a phone number to call in case of need. Local police did not mysteriously notice the building, as if they were blind.

That’s why there was a fair amount of people, probably a half of the village, and many of them from the country.

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For the whole night Colonel has been putting papers in order. He had to finish the concluding remarks of the manuscript. A volume archive and crumpled drafts flew into the fireplace embers, bent and crumbled to dust.

Gerhard Brenner was able to pass the boundary and enter the first one thousand billionaires, according to Forbes. They said that he, finally, got married Olivia the Princess of Belorechensk. Durmus Ekidzhe, a Turk, was awarded posthumously with the Iron Cross "A Cross of Honor of Bundeswehr" and his ashes had been scattered in Pullach near Munich, in the fifteenth year. Ari Pick Hasia-Butcher, has been promoted and moved to Tel Aviv.

News about Helmut von Neumann for the last years was very poor. No one even knew where he worked in the United States, in Germany or in Poland.

Vasily Ivanovish was pensioned with respect.

Lieutenant Fung Siu was promoted to a major, he got married and became a father of three children.

And Rona waited for his first grandson and bred new big turkeys.

The conference "“Eternal Health 2015" gradually became something bigger and turned into the world's biggest show. Twice a year, one could see all great scientists together: Arnold Langbo, Dr. Lui Brower, Dr. Harry Posman, Professor Fukuyama, Dr. Aubrey de Grey and even M.Sc Kevin Edwards.

The Elshteins, Thomas and Mari-Therese, became co-organizers of the exhibition and honorary members of the jury. They moved from America to England, became famous and lived somewhere between Manchester and Liverpool.

Dux stood still, holding drafts in his hands. There were their phone numbers. But Colonel knew that they would meet again, the numbers will be unnecessary and one could live and wait for that.

Gavin headed the search of Maher and the Russian after the tanker explosion "UD MIGONETL." The search was not successful. But in 2018 Gavin got, from the President, the Medal of Honor, the highest award of the USA and went on to make a fantastic career.

Gustav Jost von Rosenberg and Witold Elpidiforovich Rosenberg, as the history with the UFO visit in 2015, became another myth, as once it was in 1947.

Colonel was turning up solid archives in the fireplace and in a flash they flashed with bright flames. As if Shade was next to him and looking at the fireplace. He had to languish in prison for ten years by the term. He again mentally returned to his childhood, remembering the saying "A birthplace determines a walk of life". Shadow wrote a big work, which was thicker than the "Capital" by Karl Marx. The work was, probably, called "Drama Under The Sun" in verse. Drafts of doodads were sent via keld to the safe place.

Dux mentally sent him a letter and smiled.

\*

A long game in a supervisor and a state convict ended with a zero result. Chiefs owned everything in the country. People without passports were hiding in new settlements, in the taiga, underground and in special houses. If a "wild wolf" does not ask for trouble and did not show himself, he wouldn’t have been touched. So far.

Colonel remembered one of his Siberian childhood stories. One of his great-grandfathers, Peter, during the seizure and arrests did not linger, he harnessed the horse, took his wife and a young daughter and went to the taiga in the night. They have been living for years at the lumbering, sawmill and floats. His daughter born sons. Then he decided to become legal. He had impudently built a huge five-wall log house near the town and sent his grandchildren to school.

Once, the boys gasped, having seen something unheard-of. In the district there were dozens of the coolest cars. The boys made bold to pick their way to the house. They got crazy. A large front room was full of tables with incredible dishes. Peter hugged with some military and said a long toast to friendship. Bosses were shouting loudly and clinking glasses. Vodka was flowing like water. Smoke from cigarettes and tobacco was let loose. By night the party was singing discordantly "Rustled reeds", some workers have already lay under the table, and the guard was shooting at bottles and the ceiling. Mischievous boys ate Moscow sausage, for the first time they drank embassy vodka. In the morning territory of the authority has disappeared like a dream, leaving a total mess. A man in the uniform stuck Peter like a leech. Peter did not risk. A family disappeared under the cover of night and moved on to Sakhalin, then to Central Asia and then to the Urals. Peter built houses with his own hands and left dozens of them.

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That history repeated years later. The authorities suddenly, at the dusk, came to the castle. The party has been lasting for the whole night. Colonel and Maher were clinking glasses and drank vodka with officials from the center. The drinking company was derisively observed by a black-eyed beauty, covering her kids’ eyes with her hands.

\*

Colonel looked at the bottomless high sky, at pure fluffy white clouds that were slowly floating to the south. Since his childhood, he believed that gods lived in the clouds.

The wedge of the belladonna was solemnly floating across the sky and calling, directing to the lake. At the height there were black swifts. At an incredible speed peregrine-hunter rushed to the ground. The day was becoming hotter. Bees were buzzing, crickets were chirping, colorful beetles and butterflies tried to catch the divine feast. An organ of the life symphony began to drone with invisible full low basses.

The crowd greeted Colonel with enthusiastic applauses. Many of them were members of his family tree. Dux peered at people. He felt that he has already seen those people somewhere, in Sosnovka, in Karasuk and in Katunskoe. They passed by generations, most of them tried to leave on the rocks just a vain memory material.

On a huge grey boulder Maher was sitting motionless and did not smile.

A beauty looked at him discreetly with a long look and arrogantly smiled.

\*

A colorful balloon slowly rose to the air. An enormous field of sunflowers greeted him with a lot of its solar disk. Blind rain moistened dusty road to the Kolovo. The buckwheat was blossoming like a white immense veil. A huge stone giant has established a border between the plain and the mountains. Behind the first chord hid a warm green valley with rounded green hills, on which there were everywhere flocks of sheep and herds of horses. Somewhere there were shining round vivifying lakes, overgrown with the feather grass.

But it was already cold and smelled taiga. Fierce flows of the mountain rivers tried to take away huge granite boulders. Cedar was growing higher and higher, and in some places there were shining white caps of snow. Suddenly there appeared the plateau like enormous space launching sites.

Colors of grey, brown, aquamarine, purple and red mountains were alternating, reflecting someone's momentary mood.

There opened fanciful heights, the first red guards, precursors of the greatest Gobi Desert. Mountain plateau rise higher and stretched out with a cold lifeless steppe, without rains, with strong ice storms. Only camels were going somewhere in a line and sometimes on the hills appeared sad little towns of Muslim cemeteries.

Villages were without roofs, because they relied directly on the Milky Way.

However, it was only the calm before the storm. Wind was becoming stronger and polyphony of melodies began to turn into unbearable loud ringing. The balloonist was inevitably and swiftly cut into ridge of the fierce highest dark purple mountains snow on the tops.

And Belukha divided the world into day and night.

In the east, in the sky has already opened the night with countless multidimensional steps of a fantastic stairs of starry sky.

And in the west, where the borders of three great countries meet, border guards were attentively observing a sparkling crazy UFO. The soldier wrenched the bolt and aimed at it. The officer looked into the binoculars. For a second, he saw near a crazy look of the madman. He was holding the first handwritten lists of the new book. One could read on the cover: "The trilogy. SIBERIA."

The lieutenant took the gun aside.

- Don’t kill.