

3 I Have a dream

To the virtuous women will open the gates of heaven, and the wicked oyster.

Jim Steinman [18]

A woman entering the literary path, usually seeks to achieve prominence in a world where men reign Supreme.

Erica Jong [19]

What kind of person am I? Mother and father are convinced that the devil, completely devoid of conscience. (In five years, I have learned to get their way, stubbornly stamping his feet until he received the coveted Lollipop.) Teacher, former boss and colleague at the magazine think I'm smart, but headstrong, a good professional with an unpredictable nature and habit of unbearable from the first frame of the movie or the first pages of a detective to guess who the killer is or what the outcome of a love story. Most men I probably seem elegant beauty, soft and pliable, like a gentle spring light reflecting on the mirrored surface of the lake; the owner of a huge, Oriental, slanted eyes and a long slender neck, like Coco Chanel. But I know that really I'm only an ordinary woman, and it will remain even if someday I become famous.

When I was alive my great-grandmother on the paternal side, she often used to say: "the Destiny of man like a thread holding the kite. One end here on earth, and the other in the clouds. From fate will not leave", or philosophically asked: "Does any time of life more worthy of others?"

This gray-haired as LUN, frail old woman spent her days sitting in a rocking chair, curled up, resembling a tangle of snow-white wool. Many believe that she has the gift of prophecy. She accurately predicted the Shanghai earthquake of 1987, which reached 3 on the Richter scale, and in advance, three days before his actual demise signalled her relatives. Her picture still hangs on one of the walls in my parents' house. They believe that the spell continues to protect them from evil forces. In fact, it is the great-grandmother predicted I writing career. As she was speaking figuratively, stars - patrons of creativity - supportive of me and my belly full of ink, so I will definitely leave its mark in literature.

While studying at the University I used to write letters to the children, which were secretly in love. These live and extremely passionate messages almost always helped to win the heart of another chosen one. Working in the magazine, I was preparing interview materials, following the laws of fiction, famously spinning the story and taking such an unusual language that the fiction seemed like the truth and Vice versa.

But when I finally realized that wasting their talent, quit his high-paying job at a magazine. Once again disappoint my poor parents, plunging them into despair. My father had to pull some strings to get me in a decent position.

- Child, do you really my daughter? Why do you pay us ingratitude and hard to step on the same rake? - asked me inconsolable mother. - So much effort and all in vain!

My mother - a pretty, fragile woman, a lifetime diligently ironed my husband's shirt and instructed their daughters on the right path, which was bound to lead them to happiness. She categorically did not recognize physical intimacy before marriage and considered indecent to wear a t-shirt on the naked body, because it shows nipples.

Someday the day will come and you'll realize that the most important thing in life is balance,

stability and realism. Even Eileen Chang [20] asserts that any person with the necessary thoroughness - he said.

He knew that I admire this writer. Daddy - short, stocky, good-natured Professor who teaches history and loves a good cigar and intimate conversation with the youth. This impeccably well-mannered intellectual spoiled me since childhood. To three-year age he has already introduced me to Opera and taught to admire the "La Boheme". He lived in constant fear that when I grow up, you will certainly become a victim of a sexual predator, and was convinced that "his beloved, dear girl should fear men and never shed they tears because they're not worth it".

- We think very differently. Our generation shares the gap length to age. Let's not argue, because this is absolutely a waste of time, but just learn to respect each other, ' I told him. - I'm twenty-five, and I am determined to become a writer. And although this profession is now unfashionable, I'll try to return it to its former value.

When I met Tian-Tian decided to move in with him, the house has raised this storm, destructive power is not inferior ocean storm.

- I don't know what to do with you. We just have to sit and wait to what else you're sunk. I even think that you're not his daughter! - his mother's voice broke on a scream. She had this offended look, as if she was given a slap in the face.

- You and mum, ' said my father. - I am also disappointed, daughter. Girls like you always get into trouble. You said that this young man has a strange family that his father died under mysterious circumstances. And he himself is normal? It can rely on?

- Believe me, I know what you're doing, cut me. Hastily threw in a bag some clothes, a few music CDs, a toothbrush, grabbed a cardboard box of books and left.

Amber solar spot spilled next to the stereo on the floor of the café like a puddle of spilled whiskey. After leaving the group of impeccably dressed Americans again there was silence. The old man Yang sat down in the office, the bedroom and yelled at someone on the phone. Spider imposingly leaned against the window sill and eagerly gnawed half-eaten by one of the visitors to the chocolate waffle. (He always did that, to develop animal instincts and sense of self-preservation.) The window in orderly succession are lined with sycamores. The city was summer fresh and green, Recalling a scene from a European film.

Coco, what do you do when you're bored? asked the Spider with a blank look.

- Boring, this means that there is nothing to do, so how can at this time to do something? - reasonably I said. - As now for example.

- Last night I was just bored and decided to look in the chat. Cool when you can chat simultaneously with a dozen people.

I looked into his deep set, as if pressed with a spoon, black eyes.

- I met online with a girl named Temptress. It's not like it was one of those guys who pretend to be women. She said that she was beautiful and still a virgin.

- Today, virgin is also on your mind, don't you know? I decided to tease him. Besides, any girl, do not

hesitate to talk about such things, simply has no shame.

- I think all that says the Seductress, it's cool, he continued without a smile. - We have the same ideals. We both dream to hog a lot of money and travel the world.

- It is very similar to the guys from "natural Born killers" [21]. And how are you going to get rich?

- Open your store or Rob a Bank, go to the panel or will yield a gigolo. Yes, whatever you like! he replied almost seriously. - I have a plan.

He leaned over and whispered in his ear things that I almost fainted.

- What are you, crazy? You can't do this! - I hissed with fury.

This idiot was going to Rob the café and called me to the accomplice. He had noticed that every evening the old man Yang puts the entire day's takings in the safe and carry the money to the Bank only once a month. The Spider was a friend of cochise. He decided to take it in, and with our help to open the safe, grab all the money and slip away. Of course, it has to look like the night was an unidentified man, the robber cleaned out the safe.

Spidey already and the date appointed: next week, on Tuesday, he had a birthday. If by chance we both worked in the evening shift. In honor of the birthday he was going to treat the old man Ian a drink. He'd passed out, and everything.

After hearing this crazy plan, I was seriously nervous. I even have goose bumps on the back.

- Wake up, stupid! Trust me on that. Better think of something sensible. Wait a minute, this hour is not a Seductress, I assume?

- Shh... - he whispered the Spider, hearing that the old man Yang finished her cell phone the altercation and returned to the bar. I bit my tongue, afraid that can not help to give a friend.

The café door opened, and appeared on the threshold of Tian-Tian. My body swept suffocating warm wave. He was in a gray shirt, black corduroy pants, a book in your hands. Longish hair disheveled, myopic eyes rimmed with moisture, the compressed lips slightly curved into a smile. In General, more or less, my favorite in all its glory.

- Milenok came, and... Oh, she's happy, singsong voice and with an easy good-natured sneer, said the old man Yang with a strong Shanghai accent, which usually perform ancient Suzhou ballads [22]. In fact, Ian is a good soul, and good choices.

This salutation was confused by Tian-Tian. I brought him a cappuccino and reassuringly shook hands.

- We still have a whole forty-five minutes, ' he said quietly, looking at his watch. - I'll wait until you're done.

Spidey just went crazy thinking about money, I said, violently gesticulating from behind to overwhelm me anxiety. On a small round table where we are with Tian-Tian on Chinese chess Board played in a "four out of five", burned a solitary candle, and on the opposite wall, exaggerated strokes of his hands were turned into theatre of shadows.

- When smart people come up with the idea to commit the crime, this is worse than the bite of a mad dog - developed I thought. They will Rob banks with the help of computers, to blow up planes and ships use the invisible secret weapon for the destruction of people, did not stop before going to cause a pandemic or to provoke a tragedy. If in 1999 do come to an end, his suit is just such reckless idiots.

You're gonna lose. I will soon have four of the five, Tian-Tian pointed to the chessboard, trying to draw my attention to the game.

Reason is a gift, and the madness of instinct. But using them for profit is unforgivable. My polemical enthusiasm gradually faded. In the end, genius can do worse and stupid than an idiot. When we came out of the "Green stem", there was a suspicious silence. I even could hear myself blink. Perhaps soon there's a murder or something else horrible. I have an uneasy feeling.

- Then quit, sit at home and write, quietly said to Tian-Tian.

The word "house" sounded in his mouth quite naturally. This dwelling of three bedrooms and a living room that smelled of rotten fruit, cigarette butts, French perfume and alcohol, filled with books, music, and our unbridled imaginations, gripped us both. Its atmosphere enveloped, like a magic mist magical forest. No matter how much I try to overclock it, it again thickens around. Us habitable space was more real, solid and tangible than a normal house.

Let's go home. The time has come to penetrate the essence of things. You start to write. It's time to embark on the thorny path of creativity, bringing dreams and love instead of Luggage. And write, write constantly, impeccable prose, the novel behind the novel. And let them be the acuteness and passion, intriguing plot, intense action, the growing and powerful climax and an unexpected long-awaited denouement. Let them sound like the most famous singer in the world stands on the summit of Everest and in the power of his marvelous voice sings one of the most beautiful arias in the world.

If an unknown force compelled me this idea. The invisible hand with a swift stroke of the pen wrote it before my eyes. Tian-Tian made me promise that tomorrow morning I'll call the old man to Jan and quit.

- Okay, - I agreed. To leave work, to leave someone, to say goodbye to the past. For someone like me, the breakup turned into an instinct, it came easy to me I was destined to move through life from one goal to another, to reach the limit again and hit the road.

To flatter my vanity, Tian-Tian continued:

- As soon as I saw you in the "Green stem", immediately realized that you'd be a real writer. You look directly into the soul, and that you say so many true feelings. You're very observant, you see every visitor through. I heard you talked to Spider about existentialism and voodoo.

I gently hugged Tian-Tian. His words warmed me better than any caress, any man before him couldn't. Often listening to his seductive voice, looking into his eyes, enjoying his lips, I felt an unusual burst of sensuality that would snag me like a raging torrent.

- And what else? Keep going. I like to listen to you, - I muttered, kissing him in the earlobe.

- And... it's impossible to hold or cause to be Frank. Probably, all gifted writers of split personality. That is, I mean that they are not very reliable people.

- What's bothering you? - puzzled I asked, taking his lips from his ear.

Tian-Tian shook his head.

I love you, ' he said, easily hugging my waist and resting his head on my shoulder. At the neck I felt the touch of his fluttering eyelashes. Again, warm inexplicable wave of tenderness filled the heart. Our hands intertwined, my - slid to his buttocks, he lay on my stomach. So we stood face to face looking at each other, as reflected in the cold water of the mirror.

Later, when he fell asleep, curled up in bed, I long lay in reverie, hugging and clinging to his back. All this time, his stubbornness and vulnerability of remained to me an inexplicable mystery. I don't know why, but I considered that answer for him, and my conscience has tormented me.

In fact, on the day of birth of the Spider in "Green stem" there was absolutely nothing to worry about. There was not a professional thief or robbery, or a cunning plan - even a speck of dust was gone. Everything was going as usual. The old man Yan is still calm and carefree at midnight in the evening, gave a scolding to the staff, arguing on the phone and was snoring in the back room. I replaced the waitress was not worse, and soon after, the Spider disappeared along with all his cunning ideas in an unknown direction.

I'm seriously stuck in a book. Anything else is just not enough time. I had all the time to spur the imagination and wait until this excruciating, maddening silence will appear the outlines of the future story and the actors. Tian-Tian served me as a faithful servant, all the forces trying to help me realize my magical gift to create something genuine and worthwhile. This was the meaning of his life.

He had a new passion, go shopping at the supermarket. Like parents, we faithfully visited supermarkets Tops, filling the cart all the delicious food and various household trifles. And although doctors warn that foods such as chocolate and popcorn, are extremely harmful to health, that we liked.

At home I laid out in front of a pristine sheets of paper, which soon was to become a manuscript, and sometimes, casually, glanced at herself in the small mirror: checked, emerges already on the face expression of the wisdom and knowledge of human nature, which distinguishes of any of the present writer. Tian-Tian noiselessly walked through the apartment, carefully poured me a soda, prepared fruit salad with special dressing, was breaking off segments of chocolate bars "Giving" and fed me with them to better think; meticulously selected music, so they fired the creative imagination, but not distracted, and regulated air conditioning. A great writing table was filled with cartons of cigarettes "Mild seven", they were piled up on each other like brickwork, covered with books and bundles of paper. I don't know how to use a computer and were not going to learn.

I came up with a lot of titles for future books. In my concept, all the works had to have deep content and attractive, and erotic artwork.

Instinct was that we should write about Shanghai at the turn of the century. About this lively city, the ghostly aura of happiness about the new generation that he's nurtured, vulgar, sentimental, and mysterious atmosphere that reigns in its streets and alleys. This unique Asian city. Since the thirties of the last century it was preserved and developed culture, representing a unique fusion of Chinese and Western civilizations. And now the city was overflowed by the second wave that came from the

West. Describing Shanghai, Tian-Tian once used the word "postcolonial". The multilingual and motley crowd of "Green stem" reminded me of the heyday of old-fashioned salons with their refined small talk. But things change, and modern Shanghai is like any other cosmopolitan city.

Writing a good, from my point of view, a paragraph, I usually with feeling and expression read his Tian-Tian.

- My dear Coco, you have insight. With their creativity you are able to create a fictional world far more real than the one in which we live. Wait a minute... He grabbed my hand and pressed it to his chest, close to your heart. It beat under my palm. - I guarantee it'll inspire you, he added.

Often Tian-Tian for no reason at all bought me gifts, as if he took pleasure in spending money on beautiful but absolutely useless things.

But I didn't want gifts, but he himself. I can hardly wait for the day when we become close?

The stronger the love the greater the pain of the flesh

One night I had an erotic dream. I dreamt that my naked body entwined in a wild tangle with the body of a man in dark glasses. Our limbs writhed like the tentacles of an octopus, and a Golden hair on his body tantalizingly tickled the skin I felt the heat. Somewhere in the distance there was my beloved jazz. Then the music suddenly stopped, and I woke up.

Memories of this dream unwittingly gave rise to remorse. And then I suddenly thought: there was a Tiana-Tiana lately? He was bigger than me passionate about the future book. It's developed an obsession. Perhaps my creativity is destined to play the role of a hormonal stimulant that can enhance connecting us inexplicable and flawed love? If it was a good sign, a blessing from above... or Vice versa? Who knows!...

I couldn't get rid of these thoughts, then suddenly turned to Tian-Tian and wrapped him in a hug. He instantly woke up, saw traces of tears on my face and without asking questions, without uttering a single word, began gently and carefully caress my isthmuses body. Nobody taught him, but he could do so, that I was in heaven. Don't cry. Don't talk about the breakup. I just want to go with you on the other side of the night.

The frailty and bitterness of our lives inescapable, and romantic dreams is not a trace remains.

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