

## 5 Unreliable people

Whatever may be said about sex, it can not be called decent employment.

Helen Lorenson [27]

My admiration for tall men is partly explained by conceit, partly engendered by dislike to one of the former friends, who was just a man with a nail.

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He was slightly bigger than 160 centimeters, with expressionless face, a pair of cheap glasses on the nose and ostentatious zeal of a convert Christian. (However, it turned out that actually he was a supporter of Manichaeism [28] or Zoroastrianism [29].)

Now I can't remember what I saw in him. Perhaps I was attracted by his erudition and ability to quote by heart the plays of Shakespeare on Oxford English. He could have three day to sit on the lawn behind the statue of Mao right in the centre of Fudan University and talking about the birth of Jesus Christ in the stable, and that it symbolized the truth.

Lawn grass tickled and agitated skin through the thin skirt, licking her thigh rough tongue. Our faces fan / stream / envelop the breeze. He talked and talked, like a man possessed. And I'm succumbing to the hypnotic effect of his obsession, listened to his every word. Sometimes it seemed that we were going to spend on the lawn for seven days and seven nights, yet we will not attain Nirvana.

So, without paying the slightest attention to his small stature, I decided to surrender to the power of its passionate, sophisticated soul. (Probably, I up to the end of the age is destined to fall in love with well-read, talented, endowed with oratorical gift of the wise men. Even can't imagine that I have a crush on a man who is not able to remember at least ten Proverbs, the five philosophical sayings or the names of at least three composers.) Of course, I soon realized that with the green lawn moved right into the muddy swamp, in which was stuck.

He was not just a religious fanatic, but in addition also a sex maniac, I love to try with me the most sophisticated poses from porn. His overactive imagination and raging sick imagination painted voluptuous pictures: he sits somewhere in a dark corner, savoring every movement, watching me raping some uncouth carpenter or plumber. Even in the bus on the way to his parents, he could not resist, quietly not to unzip my fly and put my hand there. His gleeful cock, barely covered by a big newspaper, just salivating allowed. It all seemed very sad and hopeless, like a scene from "Nights in style bugi".

Then it turned out that he is also a pathological liar (even to meet up with a friend over a Cup of tea, lied that goes to the kiosk for a newspaper) and greedy clown (shamelessly compiled articles from excerpts of other works and published them in Shenzhen [30] under his own name). It was too much for my patience, especially when you consider that the culprit of all this trouble was a nondescript little man. I felt cheated. Imagination played a cruel joke with me, blind and deprived of reason. And I left him, crushed by his own humiliation.

- You can't go like this! he shouted after me from the bedroom.

- You disgust me - I blurted out.

Before the first date a caring mother always warns daughter not to trust men. But all the

exhortations, dictated by the best intentions, in one ear and out the other out. A woman is able to realize their place in this life and understand the true order of things only when you look at men and inhabited by them half of the world from the height of worldly wisdom and experience.

He's been calling me to the hostel. Sitting at the bottom of the phone is an elderly Concierge of Ningbo [31] again and again hoarsely shouted, beckoning me to the camera: "Nicky, you call again. Calling you, Nicky!" Then, when I came for the weekend to my parents, this never ending nightmare overtook me there. He was continually calling her parents home, stubbornly refusing to accept defeat until I pick up the phone and talk to him. It got to the point that his hooligan calls woke us all at three in the morning. This went on for as long as we were not able to change the phone number. By the time the mother is completely disappointed in me and didn't even want to talk to me. That to me is crap, she blamed me. This is exactly what I made the wrong choice, took a weed in a flower garden. From her point of view, there is nothing more humiliating for a woman than to make the wrong choice of men.

The most insane and a favorite trick of ex-boyfriend was to ambush me somewhere near the University, on the road or in a subway, and suddenly loudly shouting my name in the middle of the crowd. His face was quivering with nervous excitement; his eyes hiding behind stupid glasses. As soon as I turned around, he instantly hid behind a tree or at the nearest grocery store, like a pathetic stunt from a cheap movie.

That ill-fated time my biggest dream was to walk down the street arm in arm with the police. Completely exhausted heart otsukisama SOS signal. Shortly after joining the editorial Board, I used a journalistic context, and tied experience in the administrative Department of the city Council. With the assistance of friends I managed to make my "former" very seriously warned by the police. Because he was not so foolish as to quarrel with the police and the authorities, thank God, left me alone.

After that, I booked an appointment at one of his friend psychologist named David Have worked in a youth centre.

Now and forever with Shorty finished, - I said sitting in the chair that I was simply mesmerizing. Those guys will never cross my threshold. I've had enough! Of course, I'm completely spoiled little girl, at least so says my mother. Perhaps she has grounds for it. I never pleased her, just upset.

Psychologist sagely told me that the fight between the two began in my soul - women and writing - inevitably dooms me to the chaos. All artistically gifted people are weak, helpless, and contradictory and inconsistent, impulsive, naive, prone to masochism, narcissism, Oedipal complexes, and similar things. My ex-boyfriend, as said Have just touched on several of these strings in my soul, from helplessness to masochism and narcissism. As for my desire always to repent before the mother's own sins, it will be an emotional constant refrain of my existence until the end of days.

- And in growth - continued David, solid clearing his throat - I think it does affect the behavior of an adult, especially men. Men of small stature to more actively strive for self-fulfillment than high. For example, they earnestly studying, trying to earn more money, harder to achieve victory over rivals and, in addition, always try to conquer the most beautiful women to assert themselves and prove to others their own men's usefulness.

Here Sean Penn is quite short, isn't it? But he is one of the most talented actors in Hollywood, he was loved by Madonna [32], although it tied the most sexy woman of the planet to the leather chair and mocked at her like a savage. And such examples are many. Such men are impossible to forget.

He sat bathed in softly light the room, detached from the world and immersed in thought. And because he too often talked to the patients as God's messenger on earth, his face almost lost its real features. He fidgeted in a big leather chair, which occasionally muffled and sadly sighed. Despite the stifling heat in the room grew luxuriantly several dwarf trees in pots and luxurious bamboo, lush green all year round.

- Well, let's say, - said I, - it is impossible to judge about the ability of men to love only for its growth. But I want to forget the whole story as soon as possible. In life, things can be forgotten. So for me, more unpleasant than the experience, the sooner I tend to throw it from memory.

This is why you're a good writer. The writer can say goodbye to his past, couching it in words and spilling on the paper - favorably noticed David

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