

7 Single day of our lives

Found coat and hat pulled,

And the bus leaped.

My path to the top lies through the smoke flying,

But someone said and I fell asleep [37].

The Beatles

Naked trees bathed in sunlight. The day we didn't leave the house, only a couple of times looked down into the street. Standing in the bathroom washing machine was chock-full of stale socks and dirty shirts. Tian-Tian did not agree to hire a cleaning lady or a maid coming, which could even occasionally put things in order here. He was unwilling to admit strangers into their living space to let a stranger touch his underwear, ashtrays or house Slippers. And we ourselves did very little housework and gradually, very lazy. Ideally, we probably quite manage without three meals a day.

All a person needs to consume 2790 calories a day, 1,214 IU of vitamin A and 1,094 milligrams of calcium, thought of Tian-Tian, waving in front of me a few bottles of green, white and yellow pills.

He was convinced that these pills contain all the necessary for our organism vitamins and nutrients.

- To make them look tastier, you can dissolve them in fruit juice, yogurt or anything else to drink in this form, - quite seriously he said.

I implicitly believe every word he says, but, in my opinion, this food is close to neurosis and depression. Better every day to order takeaway in "the Crumb of Sichuan".

Tian-Tian constantly goaded me, like a real taskmaster, forcing you to write. And while I was working, he was sitting in the next room and studied painting: acrylic colors painted and bought underwear off And Archana portraying on fabric small leopard, distorted human faces and aquariums with goldfish. After eating we threw together a solo exhibition of his works. I read to him passages from the novel. He said laughing at the scene, which I later dipped over the conversation of the patient and the psychoanalyst.

Husband disgust me. He's a real pig.

- In bed or out of it?

- A stupid ass. And knows only that to fuck. Never misses a skirt. Whether his will, even a goat would be fucked. Soon my patience will snap and I will castrate him, as Lorena Bobbitt [38], which was tried in Virginia seven years ago.

- Are you seriously thinking about this?

- Jesus why all the guys are convinced they are right? Who do you think we, women, keep? Empty weak-willed puppet? Looks like even a psychiatrist can't solve my problem. Wasting money on dumb jerk!

- What do you mean?

Where's your professional opinion, you should be able to look into the soul of man! Unbearable when

you're manipulating time!

- If you don't trust me, you can leave! And please don't forget to close the door behind you!
- All right, enough is enough! All you pigs! and with this cry she ran out of room.
- That's so gross, like a farce, ' chuckled Tian-Tian, but funny.

I tried on one of the white t-shirts, where Tian-Tian drew a hilarious caricature of cat's face. It looked cool. The rest of the underwear adorned with images of the moon, lips, eyes, sun, and women's faces. On the sofa stood a pile of several dozen hand-painted things.

- We could have somewhere to attach it on sale, I said.
- I think people will like it?
- Let's try. No harm in trying. If it does not, give to friends as Souvenirs.

Fear of embarrassment, Tian-Tian was too shy to get his product on the streets. So we found a quiet place nearby the campus of East China University. Here was very nice, fresh, green and clean. It seemed that you are cut off from the outside world.

Of course, this was a misconception: even in the ivory tower there is an open window from which is visible a life.

We decided to stay close to sports grounds, where along the alley lined with shops that sell every little thing. It was lunch time, the students passed by carrying empty trays to the cafeteria. They curiously looked at us, some squatted and examined our goods, asked prices. The role of the salesperson assumed I was. Tian-Tian all the while stood silently side by side.

- T-shirts-yuan [39], and underwear forty.
- Expensive, - they shook their head and mercilessly passed by.

I didn't give in, because you request too low price meant to belittle the artistic ability of Tian-Tian, to disrespect his work. The sky darkened, the students rode bicycles for evening classes and on the Playground, there is not a soul.

- I'm dying of hunger, said quietly to Tian-Tian. - Let's finish and go home!
- Wait a minute - I took from his pocket a bar of chocolate handed to him, and she lit up. - Wait another ten minutes.

Just at this moment we have been approached by a couple - a dark-skinned young man hugged waist white girl with glasses.

"Hello," I said to him in English. - Linen hand-painted on a discounted price.

When there was such a timid person like Tian-Tian, I inevitably had to act energetically and decisively. But as a child I was so unsure of myself that even after coming to the bakery for his mother, was terribly nervous, clutching the money in his sweaty fist.

- You painted it yourself? - asked the girl with a smile considering our product. Very nice.

She had a nice melodic voice, intelligent and expressive eyes.

Is painted my buddy, ' I said, proudly pointing to Tian-Tian.

- Very good work. Like Modigliani or Matisse - praised the girl.

Tian-Tian shone with happiness.

"Thank you," he said, and whispered in my ear: - Make them a discount. This woman is such a sweetheart.

I pretended not to hear, and smiled warmly black and white couple in love.

- Moya, what do you think? I'm gonna buy everything, - said the girl taking the purse.

In dark skinned young man, whom she called Moya, was haughty and majestic appearance of the son of a tribal chief, who came here to learn from some African countries. He gently hugged the girl.

- Let me pay - he said, pulling a wad of cash one hundred yuan. But the girl insisted on paying herself. Thank you. Come again, - she smiled at us goodbye.

We just made a bunch of Renminbi - a thousand yuan. Tian-Tian was not himself for joy, hugged me and kissed me.

- Wow, I can earn! I never thought of that! he repeated a bit surprised, but very pleased with himself.

- Of course. You're a wonderful person. If you want to succeed in anything, ' I said, wanting to cheer him up.

We had lunch in the nearest restaurant. Appetite both were excellent. We even sang a few love ballads in a private karaoke facility, sound system which was just awful.

"Honey, if you lose your way,

I will always be there.

Honey, will hurt I scared to go

I will always be there..." -

we sang an old Scottish song.

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