

21 Cocktails

Come writers and critics, the prophets pen.

Bob Dylan [81]

Love will keep us together forever.

Ian Curtis [82]

On all sorts of different lady

Will be found various shame [83].

Sally Stanford [84]

The whole week my nose does not protrude out of the room and, not even bothering to comb her hair, wrote like a fiend. I was not distracted by any phone calls or a knock at the door (only occasionally came a peddler of "Crumbs from Sichuan", but once caught a glimpse of the old lady from the house Committee, collecting fees for street cleaning). I lived as if in delirium, rushed from one door to another. The work was pulled into the maelstrom: I have emerged from reality, and immediately immersed in the world of fiction. It all happened against my will, the novel itself made me move forward.

Rejecting idealism and lies, I decided to tell readers the true story of my life. It required special courage, just needed to obey unknown and powerful force. And while she was holding me, everything was in order. So I found myself and overcame the fear of loneliness, poverty, death and any other possible disaster.

I used to fall asleep with his head sunk directly into the manuscript, woke up numb in the dead cheek. Sometimes, when the silver clock showed after midnight, I could hear sounds, breaking the serene silence: the mighty snoring of an electrician behind a wall in a neighboring apartment, the noise of the crane in the night silence somewhere on a distant construction site and animal the monotonous rumbling of the refrigerator in the kitchen.

A few times I couldn't bear it, I eagerly put away my pen to the side, stealthily made their way to the kitchen and opened the fridge in the secret hope that there is a hidden tiger rushed at me, pushing with all its strength, I dig in to suffocation face in his Golden hair, and he ruthlessly have your way with me.

In this retreat I have found Tao [85] and have reached the state of inner harmony. From my point of view, Paradise is nothing more than the feeling of looseness and ease. Near any men for whom you want to preen and primp; to worry whether there is enough lush my chest and it's beautiful eyeliner. No need to break and run for useless parties; to get away from police, not endorsing violent spree; to report on the progress of its work; can not distinguish day from night, and not to languish in expectation of the man who will come and drink your love to the bottom, dried up soul.

I was under the spell of his own novel. To as faithfully as possible to reproduce the original atmosphere of passion, I tried to write naked. Many believe that between the mind and the body are inextricably linked. (According to rumors, the American poet Theodore Ratke [86] to accurately describe the feeling of a naked dancer, constantly undressed and dressed in front of a mirror.) I firmly believe that creativity and the body are inseparable. I have a little fat, and every written phrase sounds expressive and accurate, and a little lose weight - from the pen out wordy, lengthy

sentences, stringy like silky seaweed.

I went for the fresh face everyday of their lives and tried to talk about more meaningful topics on a universal scale. It may sound presumptuous, with a claim to divine revelation, but to the goal I was going for when he wrote. Heroes of my novel - a young couple is caught unawares in his bedroom, cut off from the world suddenly erupted with fire. They know that there is no escape. All in flames, and Windows, and hallway. The only thing they can do is to surrender to a mad passion amidst the raging of hell.

This real case told me one of the former buddies.

When the dead lovers was carried from the fire on stretchers, their charred bodies it was impossible to rescue from the deadly embrace in which they are melted together. Boys and girls was not twenty. They studied at a prestigious Shanghai University. Had a day off. In the evening, the parents went to the theatre "Tien Chan" on Chinese Opera. The young man came to visit, they watched TV together, listened to music, chatted about nothing, and like any young lovers, succumbed to the gentle and touching feeling.

The fire originated in the kitchen in a communal apartment on the floor below and spread rapidly through the house. That night it was very windy, fresh breeze carried the smell of burning away. Lovers were unaware of impending danger, does not burst into flames. They instantly realized that there was no salvation, and in the face of imminent death gripped each other in a passionate embrace in the heart of the merciless scorching heat. When these words laid down on paper, I felt in the air the taste of smoke and the heat of hopelessness.

I got to thinking - what if in their place we arrived with Tian-Tian? No doubt we would have done exactly the same. Only sheltered in the arms of each other, you can stand against the looming horror of the inevitable end. The only thing I think it is true in the theory of Freud, the claim is inextricably mystical connection between the instincts of self-preservation and self-destruction. I remembered the picnic on the grass, when Madonna said, "If Nostradamus' prediction about end of the world came true in this year, in 1999, how would you like to meet death?" And she replied, "of Course, having sex!"

Although the right hand I still clenched the handle, the left slid down, whence oozed a damp languor, touched the swollen clitoris, slippery, like a jellyfish. I gently entered one finger inside, then another. If the fingertips were eyes or optical devices, eyes would gaze upon the wonderful trembling pink universe, in outline resembling the vicious flower - crowded with blood vessels around the entrance to the vagina with a gentle, pulsating excitation from the walls. Thousands and thousands of years these primitive flowers bloom, the petals open and longingly await the coming of the beings of the other sex, to enjoy a short but sweet fight, to swallow dropped a seed and, in this pink, deep fertile to conceive and nurture a new, tiny and helpless life. Is this not perfection?

I worked myself into sexual satisfaction, experiencing a slight feeling of disgust of disgust. This activity always evokes in me a similar feeling. Some artists to create a masterpiece, doomed to wanderings, hardships, and loneliness. I'm hiding in a fragrant cloud of perfume "Opium", locked in a room for a week. Seven days, seven nights listening to the fatally-destructive songs of Marilyn Manson [87].

Perhaps this is my last book. I have the feeling that, despite all efforts, I have not created anything unique. I disgraced my parents and disappoint my ephemeral as a butterfly lover.

Seven days later on this TRANS I pulled out phone call. Behind the curtains was shining beautiful in its generosity the sun, located near Changfeng Park, the breeze carried a refreshing scent of violets and orchids. Editor Dan said the unexpected news: they decided to re-release a collection of my short stories under the new name "the Winds of the city," adding his other works.

And how many copies you intend to produce? I asked, trying to clearly and distinctly pronounce every word, because the week silent loneliness affected my eloquence.

- While stopped at 10,000. Frankly, not a lot, but you know, the book market is down because of the financial crisis in South-East Asia. To be honest, ten thousand copies is not so bad. First, the Director of the publishing house was reluctant, but I reminded him that the first print run sold out in a matter of days. - She modestly giggled, giving me crumble in gratitude.

- And how will you pay - a percentage of sales or by the number of author's sheets? - I asked, slowly connecting his mind. The feeling was the same that I feel, suddenly throwing open the window from the street like a whirlwind, burst heat, hum and noise that penetrate the germs and bacteria that cause tuberculosis and diarrhea. This flow unrestrained, boundless energy cheered the brain, and I again, as a parolee, was released from creative prison.

Let's make a deal, when can you get here. Some of my friends in the publishing world would like to get acquainted with you, I said Dan a sympathetic tone. I told them that now you're working on a novel, and they really want to talk with you for further cooperation. In my opinion, the more, the better. What do you think?

Apparently, it's all very carefully thought through as thoroughly know all the subtleties of the publishing business, and I only remained with gratitude to accept the rendered service. I'm not sure that her is actually interested in my writings, but the time for such issues was inappropriate. I thanked her and promised to call later to arrange the time and place of the meeting.

I then got in touch with Madonna. She replied in a hushed and sleepy voice. Apparently, got up, and did not recognize who is calling. Could be heard as she quietly asked someone:

- Honey, can you bring a glass of water?

Then she asked how I was doing what I was doing last time. I told her everything: about the trip to Haikou for Tian-Tian, that it is agreeing to be treated in a drug rehabilitation Center, that I plunged into work.

She was shaken to the core.

- Oh, my Lord! How could this happen?

Was heard as she took a deep puff and slowly, with the taste of exhaled cigarette smoke.

- Now everything is slowly getting better. I'm sure he'll pull through, ' I replied. - How are you?

She chuckled.

- What do you think? I just kept on drinking and sex. Live as if in a fever. One day I finally get off course and fly away with the first gust of wind. And when that blessed moment comes, I will thank God. Listen, if you're free tonight, let's go out together! I'm sure you have a pit in my stomach. Yes, and we have not seen for a hundred years. Shall we take a swim? We'll go to the hotel "Donghu", I have their gold membership card, and there frolic in the outdoor pool. You know, the best part of

swimming under the open sky - the ability to not only entertain herself, but also to give pleasure to others. Trouble-free and surefire way to quickly and easily lasso a man - except strip it off in the outdoor pool. And she laughed out loud, like a heroine in a Hollywood Thriller. I'm sorry, love, but I'm absolutely knackered, as technaya bitch after mating. This dog just killed me. For me there is not a single living space. Okay, enough about that. I'll pick you up. I have a surprise for you!

In the pool we talked languidly sprawled on the couch at the edge of the water blue flap. Overhead stretched the sky, a light breeze was fanned face, the sun honey sticky SAP spread over the naked body. Pale skin, have not seen the living daylight - unattractive sight. I wrapped in a towel and watched floating in the pool man. His name is MA Jianjun, video with Madonna met under rather unusual circumstances.

One night Madonna, as usual, drove through the deserted streets to his car. Perhaps, it's the only time of the day and you can let loose, indulging in madness. At full speed she turned onto a one-way street, with rows of umbrella trees along the sidewalk, and suddenly, she blocked the road jumped out from the shadows of the police car.

From it emerged two police officers, one of them - a tall, broad-shouldered and long-legged male. Well, neither give nor take, like "007" performed by Pierce Brosnan.

- You broke the rules, miss, ' he said sternly. This agent could only pull the gun and make a threatening pose, and the similarity would be complete.

In the dim light of a street lamp Madonna glanced at his powerful figure, and less than three seconds as she had a crush on him, meekly paid the fine, and then dutifully reported to him the number of your mobile phone. What inspired this beautiful police contact with a single woman that is as freaky, rushes through the city, we can only guess.

- He said he liked my hands. When I handed the money out the car window, he noticed what my hand sleek and slim fingers and my gorgeous diamond ring, with its magically-mysterious glitter, only reinforced the impression. Fabulously beautiful hands, which are only the alabaster mannequins, in a whispered confession Madonna, happily chuckling. Indeed, she was surprisingly beautiful, not age soft hands, almost like a teenager.

- Yes, let them say what they want! He likes fucking me. And he does it great. Every time he appears on the doorstep of my apartment in this slim form, I'm just burning with desire to sleep with him.

She looked at me, but I thought about her.

- Hey, Wake up! Cheer up! Let's have a swim, ' she cried, walked to the edge of the pool and flopped into the water. People in the pool though. Two of some hairy and short-legged Japanese soaked in water and looked at me.

I took off his sunglasses, got out of the towel and stood in front of others in a bright red bikini. In the sun scarlet swimsuit contrasted with the whiteness of the skin that made me look like a strawberry with cream. I dove in, and good, transparent power carefully picked up my body. In bright sunlight there was nowhere to hide. Even eyes closed, I couldn't stop staring at the rest of this strawberry and cream idiot, splashing in the water.

Have no idea why I reacted like that. Usually, when strangers have seen me Topless, I felt a secret, instinctive sense of satisfaction. But as soon as I introduced myself dessert, shamelessly put on

display in broad daylight, I'm so angry. I'm a feminist. Well, I had shared with some barbiesnow pacifier? After all, these men could not guess that I'm a novelist and I seven days and seven nights you were locked up and worked my ass off. In fact, what they were care? At the sight of unfamiliar women usually assess only three main parameters of her figure. No wonder that the chest she has a head, and not quite empty. They do not care is exactly the same as the number of steps in the stairs on the porch of the White house.

I got out of the water in the same foul mood. It hasn't improved and when I noticed that Madonna shamelessly flirting with my handsome COP. I was sad. In the locker room several times I sneezed.

- Poor thing! From the experience you have exhausted the supply of endorphins [88]. You need to think about health! Madonna carefully wrapped me with a towel and intimately whispered in his ear:
- Look at me. After I made a new guy, I was even a cold takes. Do you know why? Experts believe that sex increases the body's resistance, so I don't sneeze, and I never have a runny nose.

She kissed me on the cheek, and then remembered that she had a present for me:

- Wait a minute! I have a surprise for you.

- What?

- Close your eyes. She laughed.

I closed my eyes, anticipating something unusual. It was much to all sorts of mischief.

- Okay, open! Madonna put an object right up to my nose. I instinctively stepped back, and then suddenly realized that it was a real plastic vibrator - souvenir from a sex shop. But that was not all. She even unwrapped it, pulled the devil's phallic thing and put it on the palm, showing in all its glory.

- No, no, thank you! - I said hastily.

- It is brand new. After I threw that scoundrel Ah dick, I thought I need something like that and bought it. But they didn't. With this thing still will not heal the heart wound. - On her face began to play a strange smile, childishly offended, but flawed. - I mean psychological comfort. And now I have a boyfriend, and you seem to be in a deep depression. You must be very lonely. Poor thing! You might need it!

- No, thank you! - I became crimson from embarrassment. This monstrous thing shamelessly vibrated and seemed just huge! I thought that at worst will cost and fingers. At least they are soft and not so ferocious.

Take it, please. she insisted, still laughing.

"No," protested I, but also started to smile.

- Okay. You're right, little lady. But in the depths we are all the same, she gave me a piercing, knowing gaze, opened his mouth wide and grimaced. - We need to negotiate and to see Tian-Tian. As far as I know, he has always lived in a nightmare. He was very lucky he met you. How I know how much these people need affection.

But I always feel guilty in front of him. Like I was just another of his nightmare. - I said. We cling to each other, as if together make their way through the dark thicket.

- Honey, don't torture yourself unnecessarily! I know you're very worried about all this, but I assure you, none of the women can't cope with this situation better. You're quite a unique person. Will be sad, call me! I'll lend you my boyfriend, or can have fun together.

She sent a long laugh. That was the Madonna of her typical chatter, scandal and disregard for the conventions. I am convinced that she really capable of this, though it won't fit in any frame. From some words I felt sick, like I ate too much sweet.

We had lunch in a Thai restaurant Kitchen "Yana". It seems that her COP friend found me attractive, because sipping the wine, he touched the knee of my leg. I even didn't blink. And although my mouth was full of sea clams, the head was quite different: I was very curious to what a police officer is different in bed from all other men. Probably he refers to the woman as the offender, and bore down fiercely on her. But was his dick as powerful and hardy?

Thinking about it I started salivating, my stomach warmed, as if he lay on a large hot hand.

And then suddenly Madonna screamed:

Is that still a mess?

In anger she threw a wooden stick. I couldn't stop laughing when the knee of a brave COP instantly recoiled.

Our rushed waiter.

How this stuff came to me in a Cup? I bet your chef already bald, as the knee! His benevolent soon there will be no hair! - Madonna yelled, angrily pointing at the soup.

The restaurant Manager also came to our table several times and humbly apologized. He told the waiter immediately replaced the dish, and he obligingly took chicken soup with Goji [89], in which floated thread. In a matter of seconds Madonna filed a new Cup and promised us a free dessert.

After returning home, I found in my bag a gift to Madonna, which she had put there secret. No, she's still crazy! I remembered that talked about her Tian-Tian, put the vibrator in the drawer, washed my face and went to sleep.

Slumber enveloped the body like a tide during the full moon. For a long, long day I was first able to fall asleep quickly. Tian-Tian, my novel, my anxiety and even cursed attempts at obtaining sustenance - all have sunk into a bottomless abyss. First, I needed a good night's sleep, and then I'll figure it out.

Dear Coco, don't worry unnecessarily! Tomorrow, when you Wake up, a new day will come!

The next morning, the fat lady next door found in our mailbox a letter and a postcard, and as usual brought them to me. I thanked her, walked over to the sofa and sat down. The letter was from Tian-Tian, and a postcard from Mark.

I hesitated a moment, and then decided to first read the card. It was a picture similar to the pagoda, a huge cactus in the desert. On the back was something scrawled in English.

"Honey, I'm in Mexico on business. Here dirty, but interesting. Everywhere the eye could see, marijuana, pedicabs and brunettes with an unusually sad blue eyes. At the hotel I tried the famous Mexican hot pepper. So the next time you burn with a passionate kiss.

Kiss Mark.

R. S. One of our clients, the firm which produces safety glass, turned out to be a terrible bore. Here I have to go to the head office in Germany to assess the prospects of marketing its products. Even in his insistence of the need to explore the position of potential competitors. So that will return no sooner than two weeks.

P. p. S. I can not to call you. Please think about the email. I can get you a free line."

I kissed the card. For quite some time I lifted the receiver apparatus. Thought he would guess that I write. However, I shouldn't have to worry about him. He was what is called a pillar of the community. Beautiful, smart, with a prestigious job, skillfully finding a way out of the predicament and not losing composure. It and women feel like a fish in water.

So if he really wants to find me, he'll find me even at the South pole.

The versatility and resourcefulness of Mark was a godsend. He was the complete opposite of Tian-Tian. They were beings of two different worlds. The inverted reflection of each other in the mirror of my body.

On my Desk I found a silver knife for cutting paper. I don't usually use anything pretentious, to open the envelope, but this time for some reason nervous.

Tian-Tian wrote just one page.

My dear Coco!

I write to you from here, as if from a dream. I'm not even sure that the letter comes. Now I'm far from you, very far away, a million light years. I can't stop thinking about you, not to think about what happened between us. Does not get rid of nightmares.

One time I dreamt that I was somewhere to run. I'm surrounded by pink flowers and fruit. Flowers have sharp thorns, I ran, covered in blood. And then falling into a deep, deep hole. There are black-black. And in the darkness barely hear your voice, you read the novel. I'm desperate to call you, and my hand bumps into some hot throbbing and bleeding lump. I feel that this heart, but I don't know who could throw him in that hole.

This dream was repeated again and again, plunging me in horror, before I lose the last bit of strength. The doctor says that this is a normal reaction to the medication, but I don't want to stay here. Everywhere lowly, laid-back person.

After completion of the primary course of treatment back home. Immediately. Lord, give me wings! I kiss you. A thousand, no, ten thousand times! If it makes sense to live only for love for you.

Your sad Tian-Tian, June 30.

On the reverse side of the sheet he portrayed himself: the corners of the mouth drooping sadly, a strand of hair stuck to his forehead. I couldn't hold back the tears. Burning drops flowed down her cheeks like lava.

"Lord, I thought. - What does it all mean? Why is fate so cruel to me and this man? All my thoughts, tears, heart pain and mental aspirations - only about him. Don't know if our sense of love, but it is tragic and hopeless, the purest of poetic incarnation of a doomed passion, like the longing of a prisoner in a secret prison, as the profuse flowering of lilacs, like the lapping of fish in the bottomless lake of despair".

We were doomed before we met. Time, as ruthless and relentless fast train, swept through the urban blocks and disappeared in the distance. My tears had no meaning. Joy and sadness any of us have no sense, because a huge steel train wheels constantly rotate with a cruel inevitability. It is the transience of being so bad and oppressing the inhabitants of big cities in our damn pragmatic century.

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