

29 the return of the nightmare

Almighty God, hear our prayer!

Mother Teresa

Tian-Tian has again started taking drugs, playing toss with a devil.

I lived in a nightmare. Again and again I helplessly watched as he was taken into police. Watched as his own blood, a fountain spurting from the vein, he wrote the epitaph himself on a piece of white cloth. Heard the earth shook and opened up beneath our feet. Saw on our heads fell like a stone vault of heaven, breaking into tiny fragments. I couldn't take it anymore.

One evening, when, injecting another dose, he dropped the syringe loosened the rubber tourniquet on his arm and obmyaknuv, lay on the tiled floor in the bathroom, I removed the belt, went up to him and tightly tied his hands.

- Whatever you did to me, 'he muttered,' I... I don't blame you, Coco. I love you, you hear Coco, I love you! - Then his head fell limp to one side, and he blacked out.

I collapsed on the floor, buried his face in his hands and wept. Salty drops trickled through her fingers, Utica the same forever, the happiness that comes to a person against his will and that it is impossible to keep forever. Looking at it almost dead, lying limp on the cold floor in the bathroom, the body of the beloved man, who left the remains of courage I could only silently cry until her throat caught with tears. Who was to blame in all of this? I wanted to find the culprit to bring down on him the hatred and anger.

Tian-Tian has not been touched nor prayers, nor threats, nor scandals, nor possible breakup. It was all in vain. His face is never sad and innocent smile.

Coco, whatever you did to me, I don't blame you. I love you, Coco. Remember this. Please always remember this!

Finally, I broke down and broke the word given to Tian-Tian. I called Connie and told her the truth, confessing that I'm terrified that Tian-Tian is playing with death and that I could lose him any minute.

I haven't had time to hang up the phone as deathly pale Connie was already standing on the threshold of our apartment.

- Tian-Tian - gently turned it toward him, making a pathetic attempt to smile. So that her tear-stained face was covered with small lapping at each other wrinkles, and it immediately got old. - Your mother is begging you. She made a lot of mistakes. I wasn't supposed to leave you permanently. I was a bad mother, I thought only about myself... But now we're back together. We can start all over again. You'll give your mother a chance to fix it? I have no strength to look at what you're doing to yourself. It is better to die!

Tian-Tian calmly took his eyes from the TV screen and looked at the pale, troubled anxiety of the mother.

- Please don't cry, - he said quietly. - After all, the last ten years you were happy and can continue to be happy. I got you, I'm not a hindrance to your happiness. I hope you'll always be beautiful, rich and carefree. Because you achieve what you want.

A shocked Connie covered his face with his hands, not understanding the meaning of his words. Well, as a native son could say that to your mother? She again burst into tears.

- Don't you cry! From this grow old quickly. And anyway, I don't like when someone is crying. Leave me alone. I feel good - Tian-Tian got up and turned off the TV.

He just watched a program about French volcanologists couple that traveled the world and explored volcanoes. They died during the last expedition in Japan, they were buried under a sudden release of molten lava. In this program behind the scenes there were words uttered by one of them: "We love the volcanoes. These fiery red flows like blood bubbling from the fountain of the heart of the earth. Somewhere deep in the bowels of the earth bubbling and full of life. And if ever we are to find the grave in this fiery abyss, we shall be unspeakably happy."

Their cherished desire was fulfilled. At the end of the program reported that they both perished in a blood-red boiling lava.

Tian-Tian was talking to myself.

- Imagine that I felt some of the French before he died. I'm sure they were happy, he mused, as if answering his own question.

Even now, after all this time, I don't think that between the death of French volcanologists and death Tian-Tian had something in common. But along with this I feel that it irresistibly drew into oblivion some unknown, irresistible force. After all, if the land can in the blink of an eye, spewing deadly lava and pick up any of us in eternity, why lost souls, powerless and helpless in the face of harsh reality, do not have the right to destroy your own life, undermining it from the inside?

It is inevitable and inexplicable. When a loved leaves you forever, even crying her tears dried up and the world itself to the bottom, you will not be able to return it. He will leave forever and take away a rotted ash memories, leaving only the lonely, restless soul.

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