

Только мы в войсн сейчас находимся
во
Вселенной...

I
ASIA

Tomorrow
never
come...

МИККИ

МАУС

Начинает
светать, при
до время
БУХАТЬ...

DO
ORNEY
BEER

DO
ORNEY
BEER

This is my
Religion

ОПЯТЬ Я БУДУ ТРИП С КИСЛОТЫ ОТЛОВИ
Вдруг из огня появляется КАИН и
говорит: Ты ДАВНЕН СТОРЕТЬ
СЕЙЧАС В ОГНЕ...

Mari Foe



Chapter 26. Part One. Inside.

“Tobacco!” someone shouts, and I make a cat-like leap along with Viktor towards the center of the courtyard, tracking the course of the falling tobacco while it is still in the air.

A couple of dozen small bags are scattered on the ground. I manage to grab three. In confusion, hiding the tobacco in my shorts, I find someone’s hand in my pocket trying to pull out a bag. Slapping the person’s hand, I see an old Indian rogue jump back with an upset face. I even feel a little bit sorry for him. Being more agile, the youngsters manage to stock up the most on this strategic product. The old man is unlucky today; he is left without tobacco. Perhaps Suresh, who was released yesterday, kept his promise and threw us some tobacco over the wall from the outside.

“Let’s go, Vasya, I’ll introduce you to the new vacationer, he arrived yesterday,” Viktor says joyfully, putting a few bags in his pocket.

“Yes, I read in the newspaper that a major exporter of drugs was caught. Three hundred grams of charas and two hundred and fifty grams of cocaine. Apparently, the drug lords grassed on a competitor to the Goan police again.

“Hello, my name is Vasiliy, I’m from Russia.”

“And my name is Antonio, I’m from Greece,” extending his hand to me, says a slightly stooped man with shifty, frightened eyes.

The Greek smuggler greatly resembles Mr. Bean from the English comedy.

“How were you caught, Antonio?” I ask, smiling, imagining that I am speaking to the English comedian.

“Someone informed the local police about me. I’ve been living here, in Goa, for twenty-six years. It’s probably time for me to leave India. Once I found paradise here, I thought it would be enough for a lifetime, but nothing is left from the Goa I loved. All of the normal people moved away long ago. Some moved to Thailand, some to Bali, others live in Argentina. And here all you can find now are snitches and fools like me.

“First, get out of here, and then think about where and how to live,” Viktor interrupts him rudely, mixing English words with Russian curses. “With what you have been put in here for, no one gets out sooner than in a year and a half. And a year and a half; that’s if you’re lucky. Ten years are more likely.”

“No, I can’t be in here for so long; my beloved girl is waiting for me outside. I love her very much; I’m willing to give everything to see her sooner.”

“Now you have a great opportunity to check how much she loves you,” Viktor says, soothing him and patting him on the shoulder.

“Has anyone tried to escape from here?” the Greek asks me hopefully.

“I had one friend. He ran away three years ago. He pretended to be sick and ran away from the hospital. He is still living in Nepal without a passport. But you won’t manage to pull it off, Antonio. Any guard will catch you because of your belly. He’ll catch you, and you will be given another six months for trying to escape. The judge will give you ten years, that’s for sure. Start doing gymnastics. Personally, I run for forty-five minutes in my cell every day. I run and imagine the guards chasing me. At first, they managed to catch me every day, but now I manage to get away. I have already lost fifteen kilograms of weight. Antonio, you should accept the fact that for the next few years you won’t get out of here. It’s too early for you to think of an escape. First, you must try to get out of here legally. In a year, you’ll obtain the result of the expert analysis of your drugs. Then the lawyer and the judge will start listening to the testimonies of the police witnesses. If you manage to prove that the witnesses are lying or do not remember you, then you won’t need to escape. You’ll be released after a while. And if the witnesses say, “Yes, this is Antonio, and we saw that he had drugs,” then you will have a couple of

months to prepare an escape. The witnesses are the crucial part in this thing. In the meantime, just relax and rest.”

“I don’t want to get ten years, Natasha is waiting for me,” our Mr. Bean sighs sadly.

“Natasha, is she Russian or what?”

“No, thank God, she is not Russian. My first wife was Russian. I brought her charas to Moscow for four years. I know all your famous DJs. Everyone bought hash from me. Your Moscow is a dangerous place. You can get banged up for five years for just a couple of grams of charas.”

“I know all about it, Antonio. That’s why I chose to live in Goa.”

Chapter 26. Part Two. Outside.

“Why aren’t you dancing, Den? Look at the beauty all around, jasmine blossoms, the starry sky, the Full Moon reflected in the lake like a mirror. The best trance DJs are playing now especially for us. And, most importantly, there are no tourists around, only friends. What else could you ask for? Maybe you want another line of MDMA?”

“No, thank you Vasya, I am already wasted. I can’t differentiate between the fireflies and stars at the moment. Everything is floating and dancing in front of my eyes. I ran out of money and I don’t know what to do. I don’t want to return to Rashka, and I have no money for the tickets.

“Den, wake up, we are in Asia, and money appears when you really need it here. Don’t be sad. If you really need money, I will help you to earn some. Do you remember Max, he came to visit us from Moscow; he bought half a kilo of charas from us?”

“Yes, I remember, if I remember correctly he put it in a jar with Indian honey and shipped it via the post office.”

“Well, everything worked out. He earned five thousand dollars in one go then. I received a letter from him yesterday. He wants me to ship him two more kilograms. He will send me half of the money tomorrow. If you want, you can take over the business. We will split the profit in half. I prepare the package and you ship it. We’ll earn five hundred dollars each. Good deal?”

“Yes, not bad work. You are helping me out again,” smiling happily, Den pours himself a rum and cola. “This money will be enough to get me to Goa. And there I can earn easily.”

“You see how everything happens in Asia. And you were worried. Let’s go to the pool for a swim.”

Having gulped down his rum, Den shouts, “I love you, Asia!” and jumps into the water with his clothes on, showering all the people dancing around it with a fountain of splashes. I wonder who came up with the idea of building a pool in the shape of Mickey Mouse’s head, with an artificial waterfall, here on the shore of a lake in Nepal? I bet some American put his money into it and abandoned everything at the beginning of the revolution.

“Fox, how are you finding the party?” I shout to a smuggler from Ukraine who is swinging burning pois.

“Just great, all of the tourists in Pokhara are gathered here today. All fifteen people,” he laughs loudly without stopping swinging the fire. “I love the Nepalese revolution; Vasya, look, there are only psychedelic drug-dealers and smugglers around us. It is unbelievable that it only costs twenty dollars per night to rent this place. Nowhere else there are there such places where you can throw a party for just twenty dollars.”

“Fox, good job with coming up with the idea about fire. How many candles did you bring today?”

“There are one hundred and eight around the perimeter of the pool now. But I still have the same amount in my backpack. You know, Vasya, I love fire. Tonight is the most beautiful party that I have ever seen in Nepal.”

“It seems you’ve jinxed it,” Den says, coming out of the water and pointing at two approaching police officers.

“I haven’t. Vasya, tell them where to get off, we are untouchable, we are tourists.”

Scanning all of the people dancing around, the police come up to Andrey, who is puffing on a chillum.

“What is this?” one of them asks, pointing at the chillum.

“What is your business here? Get out of here. It is my religion, Bom Shiva, Bom Shankar, Bom,” former lawyer Andrey says proudly, exhaling smoke directly into the face of the police officer.

“Ok, ok, don’t worry, enjoy, relax,” the policeman says and turns towards the exit.

“Oh, if only Russian cops were so obedient, I would probably not have given up my legal career.”

“Look, Den, what beautiful girls we have,” I point at Lena and Ilka dancing in swimsuits. Nothing beautifies girls like MDMA. Their eyes become shiny and slightly lustful. Their dance movements are liberated, and it seems that they are not dancing, but making love to an invisible partner. It is impossible to avert your eyes from our beauties.”

“Vasya, isn’t it dangerous to send a package from here?” Dan asks, taking off his wet clothes.

“Do you see Ilka dancing in the water? A month ago, she sent her grandma a pound of hashish to Rashka. Go and talk to her. By the way, can you see what a lustful look she has, according to my calculations she hasn’t had a boyfriend the whole season,” I wink, pushing Denis into the water.

“I love you,” my Lena is yelling, trying to shout over the music from the speakers.

Passionately kissing me on the mouth, she grabs me by the arm and pulls me to the side of the cornfield bordering the pool.

“Honey, honey, I want you, take me right here, I’ll go crazy if you don’t take me right now.”

Diving several meters into the cornfield, we rip each other’s clothes off without stopping to kiss. MDMA enhances our senses, and we both moan loudly. Every time we touch, every time we kiss, we feel an orgasmic sensation, similar to an electric shock. It seems like the world has simply vanished. There is nothing but love; time has frozen, there are only the two of us in the Universe. We are completely naked like Adam and Eve, alone under the Full Moon; we taste the sweetness of the forbidden fruit. It’s impossible to stop, our bodies move under the trance music, and it seems that the orgasm lasts forever.

“It can’t be true, we must be in paradise,” Lena whispers in my ear, holding me tightly with both arms.

“Let’s go to the pool, they have probably lost us. Does everyone feel as good as we do now? Let’s go for a swim in the pool.”

Coming closer to the water, we see that no one is dancing; everyone has a frightened, serious face.

“Den, what’s going on, what’s the fuss?”

“Fox tried to set himself on fire.”

“What?”

“It’s true, go and talk to him yourself. You see, Ilka is wiping his face with vodka.”

“Fox, what’s wrong with you?” I ask, squatting nearby.

“I had a bad trip with this acid again; four drops is probably too much for me. I was swinging the burning poi, dancing, and bang – the whole world disappeared, there was only fire everywhere. And all of a sudden, the goddess Kali emerged out of the fire, came to me and said, “You should burn in the fire right now, to be born again purified.” She told me that if I didn’t set myself on fire, she would tell you to burn me. So I began setting myself on fire. I only came to my senses when the fire was taken away from me.”

“It turned out that not everyone felt as good as we did,” my frightened Lena whispers in my ear, “let’s go and drink something, to take our minds off this horror.”

“I haven’t drunk for a long time, but I think now is the time.”

“Dawn is approaching, it’s time for booze,” Alex Nicaragua shouts cheerfully, trying to defuse the situation, and continues to dance with a large bottle of rum in one hand and a bottle of Coke in the other.”

“Nicaragua, fill the glasses. The Dymich is wearing off and we don’t feel like ending the fun, and then there’s Fox as well... tomorrow never come.”

After drinking a bottle, we finally manage to forget about Fox.

“Tell me, Alex, why does everyone call you Nicaragua?” my Lena asks, inconspicuously putting her hand into my shorts under the table.

“Because ten years ago I tried to conquer Nicaragua. Have you heard of this country?”

“Well, how was it? Did you manage it?” I ask, trying not to give away what is happening under the table.

“I don’t know whether I pulled it off or not. At that time, my father had a contract to head the development of some resources in Nicaragua. And he took me with him. Basically, they paid okay, but I quickly realized that we were doing bad things. At that time in Nicaragua there was a problem with drinking water. Different international funds allocated money for the development of water wells, so that the poor Nicaraguans wouldn’t die of thirst. And local workers dug these wells, pretty much all by themselves, for two or three years. They paid something like a quarter of a million dollars from the funds for such a well. I visited various landfill sites and found an old Russian drilling machine. It was rusty without an engine or wheels. I bought it for a song, remodeled it, and began to drill. And I started to sell these wells for half the price. I immediately started making big money. As soon as I accumulated the first million dollars on my bank account, the Nicaraguan intelligence services came to my home and said that I had twelve hours to leave the country alive and healthy. And as for my bank account, they advised me to forget about it as quickly as possible. In Nicaragua, cocaine kings are in power, and I had no desire to argue with them. Since then, I’ve been known as Alex Nicaragua. And on arriving back in the motherland, I leased out my apartment and decided to go and live in Goa. I don’t want to work any more. I’d rather dance till the end of my days.”

“Hey, lovebirds, are you still fumbling with your hands under the table? Give me your glasses. I’ll pour you some more rum,” Alex abruptly interrupts his story, unwilling to think about the lost money.

The alcohol is rolling over my body with a pleasant warmth and mixing with the chemical vibrations of love. My perception of the world is floating; the alcohol helps my brain to forget all the unpleasant aspects of reality and immerses me in the illusion of a happiness where there is nothing except love. Somewhere very deep, my heart and mind are trying to tell me that something is wrong. That in addition to love, there is also reality, the harsh reality of the world. But the booze drowns the weak signals that try to break through the synthetic vibration of love.