

Забыв по Асгалайз...



"ОПЯТЬ БЫСТРО
СВОЕГО УБИВАЮ...
Он-линда, на воле,
низнью своей
наслаждается...
А я лишь
главного, я
лишь свободы...
Я не могу быть
разом со своей
семьей..."

"Ну, как сиделось
тебе? Поумнел
немного?"



Я здесь-как
в оздоровительном
санатории... На
два года у меня
лутевка в ят
санаторий. Но,
это немного
за 2 кг...



ВЪЕБИВАИ
СТРАНА

Возвращайся
как вся

Чарльз

Chapter 28. Part One. Inside.

How can I go on living in Goa? Will I really have to leave? How can I live here knowing that he is somewhere nearby? What if I hire a hitman to kill him? Half of the jail would agree to do it for five hundred dollars. Anger and hatred overcome me, causing my body to shake. Grabbing a dumbbell, I pump it till exhaustion, ending up covered with sweat. It gives me some relief. Blisters appear on the calluses on my hands, but I feel no pain at all. Apparently, the adrenaline in my blood is off the scale. How did it happen that I was framed by my own people, by Russians? For the thousandth time I imagine my future release in my head. I walk through the Night Market or East End, around me are dozens of my friends and acquaintances, all shaking my hand to congratulate me and rejoicing at my freedom. And then I see him. How I wish that he had died or disappeared before my release, but he is alive and well, and his small, rodent eyes dart from side to side. He extends his hand to me, smiling, "Well, how was it in there? Have you wised up a bit?" he asks me with a smile. Once again, a flash of hatred and malice overcomes me, making my ears hum. I really want to shake his hand and say, "Thank you for this lesson. Thanks to you, I have become healthier, stronger, smarter. Finally, I've learned some English, read hundreds of books, got rid of unnecessary people and understood who was my friend and who wasn't. And most importantly, you helped me to get rid of the rose-colored glasses I was wearing when I arrived in Goa. The whole world is open in front of me again. I escaped from this trap and I can enjoy my life once more," but in my hands there is a heavy beer mug, and I slam it into his face with all of my hatred. His shattered front teeth and shards of the mug scatter in different directions. All that remains in my hand is a glass mug handle with razor-sharp edges. I hit him with it for the second time, right in the throat. The third is in the stomach. The fourth, fifth... Blood gushes from everywhere. There is so much blood that his face can hardly be seen. Returning from my crazed fantasy, I understand that I'm still in my jail cell. My teeth are clenched and my face is twisted with hatred.

"You should rest, hey, Russian!" Dominic pulls me out of my trance. "Do you want to be like Schwarzenegger? You've been lifting your dumbbell for so many months already, from morning till night."

"I was killing my grass again," I say, tossing the dumbbell made of plastic bottles onto the floor, "I can only manage to get rid of my aggression through exercising."

"If only you could see your face," Disay says, trying to lift the pound-weight plastic dumbbell.

"I know what kind of face I have. I see his face day and night. I dream of only one thing; his death. Because he's out there now, outside, enjoying his life. He snorts cocaine and believes that he is the king of life. And I am deprived of the most important thing: freedom. I can't be with my family. My daughter can't go to school here anymore; I can't live in peace knowing that he is somewhere nearby. He took my Goa away from me. If he had done it for the money that would be one thing... but he only did it to curry favor with the police. I wish I could forgive him, I dream about it. But, unfortunately, I still don't know how."

Chapter 28. Part Two. Outside.

Having taken my cell phone, money and MP3 player, and given me a badge with a number on it, the guard lets me into the jail. For the first time in my life, I am in a jail. Although I do not have anything illegal on me, I feel strange, unsettling emotions as if I were a criminal. I can't wait to leave this place. Passing a huge gilded statue of Buddha, I come to the meeting room.

“Hi, my psychedelic brother. How do you like the Nepalese jail?” I ask Romashka, reaching through the metal bars separating us to squeeze his hand.

“Nice to see you, Vasya. It’s good you came to visit. It’s not so bad here. At first I felt like an animal, but now I am used to it. The Nepalese are a non-aggressive people; it’s manageable to be in jail with them. It’s like some sort of cooperative called ‘Jail’ here. The state food is not that bad; rice, peas, vegetables. But it is also possible to cook yourself, and if you’re too lazy, for ten rupees a guard will run to a nearby restaurant and buy everything you need. If you want to work, you can find a job. If you want to mess around, no one will say a word. Of course, they pay pennies, but it is enough for the Nepalese to buy goodies. The only problem is that this place is full of grasses. You can’t openly smoke charas. Grisha from Pokhara brings me some weed from time to time, but I have to smoke it at night under the covers and exhale in a wet towel so that you can’t smell it. And you, Vasya, what brings you to Kathmandu?”

“I’m here for a couple of days, the last time this season. I need to extend my visa and stock up on hemp. I want to buy hemp fabric and send it to Russia. You know, we have a store there.”

“Yes, I remember your thing about the hemp revolution. How is Lena? How is Vasilinka?”

“We are all fine. We are going to Goa soon. Is there anything interesting here? How do you spend your leisure time?”

“In general, I’m ok. I read books, I’ve learned to swing poi, I do yoga, I lift a barbell every day. Look how cool I look now.”

Rolling up his sleeve, Romashka shows me his muscular arm.

“Two years ago I was all broken. I couldn’t squat or do push-ups. A year ago, I fell from the third floor. I was doing gymnastics on a hotel rooftop in Pokhara – I had been learning to walk on my hands for a year. And I became so good at it that I decided to try to walk on the parapet. I was fine once, twice. Then the third time my hand slipped. I fell headfirst from the third floor. My chin broke my ribcage, I damaged my spine, and my arms and my legs were broken. It was a miracle I survived. Well, now I feel better than before that fall. It is like I am in a health resort here.”

“How long will you rest in this ‘resort’?”

“I have a two-year holiday package. But that isn’t much for two kilos. A week ago a Russian guy was released; he spent four years here for eleven kilograms of charas. He molded different figurines out of it, painted them and wanted to take them to Rashka. The Nepalese got him right on the border. It’s a good job he hadn’t reached Rashka, or he would have been given fifteen years. Under Nepalese law, they only give you four years if the amount of charas is between four kilograms and a ton.”

“And what about your accomplice, Zont, has he been released?”

“I had to take everything on myself. They gave me less time to serve and he promised to help me with money. Although, of course, that son of a bitch fled immediately to Thailand. Well, God will judge him. You can’t escape karma. What’s new outside? How is the psychedelic gang doing?”

“As soon as you were arrested, everyone started having problems. Ilka’s package was stopped in Rashka, so now she can’t travel abroad. Lyosha and Larisa had a package detained in Belgium, and another one in Moscow. And I am wanted in Rashka.”

“What for, Vasya?”

“I don’t know exactly, I can only guess. I sent Den a couple of kilograms of charas to Rashka. A Moscow smuggler named Mohr ordered it. He had

everything under control. At the post office his cops received the hash and retailers transported it across Moscow. He asked me to send a package to Moscow. After your arrest, no one here dared to go to the post office. So Dan had to go to Delhi and send it from there. And this summer, it looks like all of the post offices in Russia were equipped with X-ray machines. In short, his entire Moscow gang was arrested. And while he was on holiday in the Canary Islands with his parents, without thinking twice his accomplices grassed on him. He was caught right at the airport. Now he's under investigation. The cops are demanding two hundred thousand dollars to drop the case or they will lock him up for fifteen years."

"Well, what has that got to do with you, Vasya? You didn't break any Russian laws, did you?"

"I don't know what it has to do with me, maybe because he bought the hash from me. Maybe his accomplices grassed on me. I didn't send him the package, my name was not mentioned anywhere."

"How do you know you are wanted?"

"I have friends working in Sheremetyevo¹, they checked on the computer. They say that if I arrive in Russia, I will be arrested immediately at the airport. Moreover, for some reason I am wanted 'for fraud.'"

"So then you're a crook," Romashka says, laughing and pressing his forehead against the bars, "maybe some old debts?"

"I haven't ever been engaged in any fraud. In general, I always respected Russia's criminal code. I don't even know what to think."

"You can't go to Rashka in the near future; now you have a good reason."

"That's for sure. I'm just not sure whether to rejoice or not."

"Welcome to the prisoners of freedom club."

"Your time is up," a guard interrupts our conversation.

"Here you are, Romashka; fruit and a few books. Don't lose heart in here," I say, handing the package to the guards. "I'll probably see you next year. We are going to Goa soon."

My friend follows me to the corner with his silent gaze and smiles as we part.

I walk down the narrow bustling streets of Kathmandu, recalling Romashka dancing happily at the DJ console during our last party. How is it that people make such stupid mistakes that result in them going to jail? Why was he so relaxed that he started ignoring the basic rules of security? After all, it was possible to avoid it. Maybe it's because sometimes you get so fed up with everything in life that reality ceases to bring joy. Maybe Romashka wanted to get rid of this unsatisfying reality? As a result, he relaxed to the extent that he allowed himself to be sent on a vacation to jail. If reality satisfies you, then your brain does not allow such mistakes to occur. Perhaps people end up in jail when they subconsciously agree with it, realizing that reality is no better. Romashka may be a perfect example. In Russia he was a successful businessman in the oil business. But then something went wrong, his debts began to snowball, and he fled from his angry creditors to India. With no money at all, from scratch, he rose again, becoming a Goan drug-dealer. Stability and prosperity seemed to have returned, but fate still had a few surprises for him. First, his girlfriend left him and he couldn't come to his senses for a long time afterwards. Then some competitors grassed on him to the police. He got out of it for a thousand dollars and fled to Nepal, refusing to pay a monthly tribute to the cops and to grass on his friends. Then there was that stupid fall from the roof. He must have been tired of fate's surprises if he

1 Sheremetyevo International Airport, Moscow.

dared, without considering the consequences, to walk into a post office guarded by the police with two kilograms of charas, simply giving up on himself with the words, “Oh, whatever.” I walk down the ancient Nepalese streets considering the vicissitudes of fate. The visit to the jail has shaken me, forcing me to immerse myself in my own problems. I ought to focus on legal business. I don’t want to go to jail. Now I have to buy some hemp fabric and send it to Russia for our Hemp store. Although how can it be our Hemp, if I can’t return home?

“Hello, John.”

“Hi, Vasa. You’re back in Nepal! I’m glad to see you. How’s your Russian Hemp doing?”

“Quite well, how is your Nepalese?”

“Very well,” says the ever-smiling American, owner of a large store of hemp products in the heart of Kathmandu.

“I’m here again, as I want to buy various fabrics from you, five hundred meters. Will you do it?”

“Of course I will, just let’s go and have a smoke first, and then we’ll talk about business. I’ll do whatever you want, even send it to Russia for you,” John says, laughing and rolling a huge joint made of the finest Himalayan marijuana mixed with the best Nepali charas.

“Tell me, John, have you always been involved in legal business? You have such a beautiful store. Did you manage to do everything legally?”

Leaning back on a sofa covered with hemp cloth, I puff on the large, neatly rolled joint.

“John, I’ve just visited my friend; he is in prison for two kilograms of charas. And my mind is now focusing on one thing: how not to end up in there too, as I sell a bit of charas in Goa.”

“Oh, Vasa, Vasa,” the American sits down next to me, slapping me on the shoulder. “Back in my time, I didn’t just sell a bit of charas; I sold hundreds of kilograms of charas and ganja. I was just lucky enough that I met my future wife in India. Thanks to her, I was able to stop just in time. She gave me four children whom I love more than life itself. With the money from the sale of charas I bought a small factory for the production of nylon. If you buy high-quality poland or charas made out of it somewhere in Nepal, you should know that it was made with my nylon. Fabric and clothes made out of hemp – that’s my hobby. In the place where I once bought hemp for export, I now buy its waste products: hemp stems and leaves. In the mountain villages, they make fabrics out of it almost by hand, and my wife develops designs and manages the clothing production. Thank God, I managed to earn enough money through charas; it will suffice for the rest of my life. I am not involved in hemp for the money; it’s just not to get bored. And jail is par for the course if you’re involved with drugs. You should always be prepared for that. If you don’t want to go there, then drop it. Otherwise, before you even notice you’ll find yourself there. Okay, let’s not think about bad things. God saved me from jail and I hope He will also protect you. What do you want to buy this time?”

“I made clothes out of your fabric and everything has already sold out. So I’ll buy the same thing as the previous time, as well as something new. I just need to make a call to Russia, and maybe I’ll order something else.”

“You can call from my phone, the Hemp company pays for all phone calls,” John says, smiling and holding out his phone. “In the meantime, I’ll bring some new samples.”

“Hello, Dymkov, how are you?”

“I’m not bad. But as for you, Vasya, it could not be any worse.”

“What’s happened? Have they shut down our Hemp?”

“The shopping mall where our Hemp was located is closed for reconstruction; now there will be a grocery store in its place.”

“But we invested fifty thousand dollars in the store! Where will we get another fifty thousand? And where are we going to open a new store?”

“Vasya, I don’t know where you are going to get fifty thousand. You need to come back to Rashka urgently to sort out this problem.”

“But didn’t we find you a manager? A clever girl, she used to work for Benetton.”

“Your manager is a total fool, you made this mess and it is you who must clean it up.”

“Dymkov, maybe I would like to come back to Rashka now, but I can’t, and I have no money. I’ve just ordered five hundred meters of fabric for you. And what about Sam, doesn’t he support the Legalize project any longer?”

“Vasya, what the hell are you talking about, the Legalize project? Wake up! If you don’t come back I will have to give the money back.”

“Can’t you do business without me?”

“Who is going to do it? Your stupid manager? I fired her. And you know what, I don’t give a fuck about your Hemp. I have a nightclub, concerts, tours. Come back to Rashka and do your Hemp business, or sell your apartment, repay your debts and go to hell.”

“What debts, Dymkov? It was you who was promised to be given this business; I was just a manager with a salary of eight hundred bucks. You know that I got involved in this project because of the legalization of marijuana. You told me yourself that the money is not important, the main thing is the political situation in the country.”

“The political situation has changed. In case have you forgotten, Putin is in power now. Sam has already had half of his business taken away. Forget about the Legalize project; come back to Rashka and work your balls off just like the whole country does. I have nothing to add.”