

CĂTĂLIN RĂDULESCU

HYBRIS

Varianta în limba engleză a unei nuvele din vol. II, serialul

POVESTIRI DIN ESTUL ÎNDEPĂRTAT

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*" Who was closed the
lie - door, left out and
the true."*

Rabindranath Tagore

Hybris¹

-novel-

- Part One -

1.

THE CONVICT WITH 15.867 number – Don Alvaro de Sylla – counted on treble water drops which flowed which regularity through the damp ceiling of cell. Now and then – completely on absence another activity – cast a glance at circular room at which lodger was as necessity, tacking his look about the unheathy light in which hardly caught precarious endowment each cell: an worn-out mattress on which as in a time ago agree stood how much he wanted, an metallic bed on which till no so long time ago he agree stood over day only if the political officer at which penitentiary was making this concession – a movable latrine nonchange as a few days, as a tub an all which bottom distinguished a frail water.

The wicket of the load door opened unexpected. As it closed. Don Alvaro rush at on a stride in the massive door, and giving the wicket one side, pushing in massive lead door:

- Answer! Please, answer! Socialism can't be construct persecuting the best son of it!

Don Alvaro de Sylla break down in the base of cool mettalic in a nervous cry fit:

- *O mio padre*, who put me step in this hell?!

Through the dense curtain as rears which overwhelmed his eyes, rapidity images all his life till then passed with thunderbolt shine.

¹ *In the ancient Greck tragedy, with as notion Hybris was appointed all that personages which making unusual actions, drew alike the people and god's anger, (ex.: Nerro, Caligula, a.s.o.)*

... Saw his happiest childhood, deprived as cares lived in that settlement which was situated at the foot of a jungle, which campaign fire reflex threw strange sparklings. Now and then, some couple strong takes in arms, vanished for a few minutes in ticket stately tree, fasten with lianes in a strange union which seemed overlasting. They, the kids, tittered, trying to guessworked or so what was the reason for these was melted in uncomfortable – thought they – pitch dark. The kids gang past glad the skirt endlessly trees, if the lugubrious story which was uttered by their parents in purpose to temperate the explorerer upsurge too young – didn't inhibited.

So, the obsess mystery made as pairs was unaccountable covered in age when, after the first adolescence signs, Don Alvaro was passionately as the beauty daughter priest, Giustina Cortez, about al which charm was flown much over the settlement frontiers.

Their idyll begun when Don Alvaro went in the eighteenth spring life, and yong-lady in the seventeent. The prelude was short, after then love broke impetuous in passionate confessions. Nevertheless, despitepassinately, voyce-place never made over the chastity frontiers. Imitating formerly pairs each wish privacy, underestood only now – removed in night shade among majestic trees, carries as solitude. There, statements became more rares lovers prefering sit stick one by one, kissing now and then under mirific contemolation natural, single well-come onlooker.

The dim was sudden coming, after a year, in next spring, with only a few weeks before the Celebrates as beginning seasenm when Don Alvaro was unexpected ill fell. The fever dangerous increasefd, mailed him to bed. In convalescence been, the doctor was him recomanded to sacrifice in that year the plager take par at the Celebrates.

In that evening, Don Alvaro felt just a little weak. What happen if whithout parent new, he will go aut now, at twilight falt, for looking as far? Just a little! Afterwards, will return. Giustin, which said him just a few days ago when she came in visit that this year, because she didn't has a partener will stay home – don't will call, for avoid parents patheti exclamation, which precisely will be informed as she about temerary adventure in which he want rush. Kind levely! Deserved he so much

affection? How much careful was at every visit! How much didn't she kissed his heated forehead making passionate lover oaths when they remained only to alone! Just they, alone! ...

Only then she understood that he couldn't will been pick up till Celebrate's night, distinguished in she's look a fact shive steel, but put the reason on natural disappointment that, didn't had partner in that year, couldn't will participate at beauty at the same time one sort year.

Succeeded it gone to read without been observed, and now stealthily strain fences, for which don't spoil his plans just in this point. Embalm air by pleasant scent rebirth vegetation appeared him completed recovered. What full was been if he doesn't gone looked just a few moments! This couldn't made bad him!

Arrived of edge depression where idyllic image each campaign fire stood out against yet on jungle immensity. Backward, red streak of twilight stretched on all area horizon as well a romantic epilogue which splendid day just came to end.

Drawn in breast the strong and perfumed air field flowers mixed with the scent fresh grass. He feels happy, excessively happy, and infinite life couldn't been compared as with infinite horizons who surrounded him. At East, the first stars begun glimmered. By valley down, came melancholic harmony. Guitars entered in role. It was to beautiful! Deserved draw just a little.

First pairs just taken on their arms, envelop to soon as cupid's thrills. Was smilingly, remembered with melancholy by another's first swallows kiss which united their in spirit, exactly a year ago. Oh, Lord, why musted just now fall ill? No matter, next year... But until next year will probably marry, and dark shade wood don't will be necessary for their...

A harsh peal of laughter specific light women bored with brutality bore his eardrums. Feet was softened, and a cadaverous cold installed in all body.

In dark-night, in fresh grass, two shades appeared try dominated one on other.

„ – *Don't, Fernando! Not now! Not here!*”

Was she, with Fernando Perez, the publican son. After overman efforts, succeeded distinguisher her oval-face and the harr as chestnut. Was caught in face of first trees, and the boy seemed with a young wild beast who crawl in deep of jungle it's victim, where will can swallow in quiet.

The reslap into ill produced next day proved more perilous then proper disease. Parents and doctor, with small pauses, made on the watch heated head night by night, trying hopeless save him.

Little by little he was recovered, and world came back at normal sizes and outline.

„ – *You recover, hanny! I was so wrong! But now, what happiness!*”

Looked her just a moment, catching sight of that same steel modulation who once don't give importance. She bend kiss him, in a enthusiast spontaneous impulse, as a flapper.

„ – *Please, don't tatch me...*” he murmur.

Posting as a step as bed, girl returned at vertical position.

Couldn't looked at she. Was so beautiful...

With one's face in pillow burry, tryed gather his thought, for a discuss on which didn't had time prepared it.

He gussed only fixed and empty look, fix about him, and imperceptible tremble al which racks.

„ – *Cheap sold you me... very cheap...*”

Tears tryed hastens rise on the cheeks soon catch, breaking with insistent eyelids tight.

„ – *I never want see you... and now, leave me alone...*”

Next days, the true period of his convalescence – most part of his time was spenting fixing the immaculate ceiling. Face features seeming calm, and the depth immobility of sick made parents and doctor to breathe freely. Even if for moment he refused food, this don't was a worry reason. As a matter of fact, it was advisable in first days that patient consume more liquide, more and more nourishings and substantial, till stomach, so much time deprive as food and stuff with cures – will be able make it debt.

*

Complete recovery found Don Alvaro de Sylla another man. Timidity changed in solitary shut. Usual noncommunication – in a deep silence. In one of a day, didn't use only so much words which was necessary for satisfaction vital necessity which ensured his existence. Soon, feel drink need. Strong liquid which was need more and more necessity burnt his stomach. Alcohol, this conscious sedative with excitant value for sleeping senses with in watch state can't uncover intimate aspect of things, has become the single refuge. Sometimes, when it was getting dark, went out and under *her* windows, where followed much hours shades modulation which stood out against room walls in light oil lamp. Lingered about it, till the house was long ago in dark. Became in daybreak, had a short sleep, strewn with ruins scenes dream.

Parent's shock didn't intervene when, in September, refused to go for fellow the Faculty courses on which not so long time ago, desired so much to follow. – He didn't feel enough to recover. – And desire to left him alone – concluded dry every date.

Caught drink more, but stomach opposed.

Try swear but oaths looked without sense.

In one through those tormenting twilights, at threshold, when day fused with night – through his open windows of his room, penetrated the air some radio sign come seem a long way. For first time in a few months, something succeeded in divert his attention. Smile, and answered himself why neighbour house was so scowling as people settlement. A few heard talking about *bolshevik manners* of owner. Don Alvaro didn't understand the excessive precautions of people and say himself that's was ridiculous prejudices, superior bursting in laugh.

Next evenings, continued listen the emission, trying to keep in mind how much could credit title and musical sign of this radio-station at which program as three-for hours in a evening appeared had much more distinct headings. When considered that now sufficient auditory marks, stole on a drawing-room an wireless set, and sought excitedly on dial.

On that moment, for Don Alvaro de Sylla another world will begin, eclipse the real world so much, that this nearby was stricken. Those, on

that loudspeaker, the room was filled suddenly with news about a better and more right world, who was borned on needs, pain and revolt, but at which future only can't be bright. Cheerful and relaxed voice talked with joy and optimism about wonderful results where get in a new economy type, non-hear or apply ever; men and women where was liberated as capitalists exploitation, obtained performant results unheard – of in a flowering industry at which beneficiaries, owners and produces in exclusively been, complete glad as his labour results, under wise fatherly leader – ship each comrade Iosif Djugašvili, the new substitute each great Vladimir Ulianov, each death (and here was distinguished in playful voice of speaker a cloud lint) – was grieved all proletarian people deep grateful great hopes gave as the Titanic Leader of Homeland in which the most Human System forever overcome.

In Don Alvaro breast began boil the confused murmur some genuine revolt. – Why been destined borne **here**, or be prisoner of this sordid world in which time seem was stood on place? But can really nailed him in this country which unexpectedly appear don't never his? Didn't repositioned he really in to much months how workers, in alliance with peasants, which doing had lose something else then chains – was taken their destiny in personal hands? Why not don't made as their? And, on that moment, Don Alvaro mind been concern totally as illusory perfection world where, don't existing any differentiates among men, will could do their life in perfect fraternity. A planetary Worker Union People, which will be soon join his people too. And sudden, Don Alvaro felt irresistible temptation to go **there**, in core of events, for become few early hours integrated in **Big Soviet Homeland** which undoubtedly had include so much time all world.

Parents, already worry, saw him dumb with astonishment when, making half confessions, tried justify him reasons of sudden wish as leaving **there**. They begun answer themselves alarmed or so which Don Alvaro did seize on this way which, after their opinion couldn't only lead at nothingness. Come he from poor men? In this case it was a reason. But so? Why? What deprive him? Unhappy disease really through which just recovered complete nevertheless, can lost so depths signs? What certain made this dramatic character change? And psychologist

doctor, bargain so dear to come far away for a conversation with potential patient, talked their after he received the feel that, through conversation with their son(for don't wake suppositions, was presented as an associate of his father) – result that Don Alvaro de Sylla was a quiet young – man, well balanced in appearance. His voycs just betray a deep sadnees on which he was tempt in other part then in strong illness whichmwithout doubt, can losing too this trace. Know they as a psychic traumatism possible in not far past of their son? May be in his childhood?...

Perplex, parents answer one-syllabled. Perhaps (please excuse his professional indiscretion, but must ask they) – was existed some violent conversationd between their, capables to bring this psychic react? – Categorical no, doctor, in our house exist perfect harmony, and he always vas one and great their preouccupation.

After he pout some routine questions, doctor left, satisfied as pecuniary results of that day.

As a sparkle, a terrible supposition shot the woman mind: Giustin... Giustin knew something about what happened with her son, if may be didn't was just one of mains actors... And the feminine strong intuition suggested

her that a last chance as helped her son was to made an attempt as talk with price girl's with hope that running as a track, will can fiind a solution of this intricate problem. So, immediately she arrived, maternal reproach the girl that it's two years as when didn't crossed their threshold. Don't wish make a visit? Even then: - Girl refused. – But why? She was shure that Don Alvaro with which didn't saw together as so long time, will be happy to talk with she, and even, if it was coming the word – why didn't they been together? Assertion at which girl free retorted that all was a childhood that, in fact, both mature saw world another eye,and two different roads opened in their face, and this roads nothing seem in common. He must will begun university course, isn't it? Concern she innocent. – Yes, but... - In fact, talk she on, will be married soon, with a old-man rich by Fortaleska, insisently recommended as heres family. Believe that she love him. Don't wish stone-house?...

Unexpected older with a few years, mother live lonely. Giustin looked amused at she. Living, woman murmur herdly a *good bye*. Now, infered all!

Home extented in a more black silence as his son. After much thinking, firmness that all she could done for save her son, it's only moral. So, in a desperation acces, went without beforehand consulting her husband at Amingo Contreras, the Police-Station chieff region. Was distant relative with he, but she hope that this man with which didn't had relations till then, will be moved as her trouble and help in wish her meaning. With tears in her eyes and fear in soul as Horizonte penitentiary destine for communist agent and propagandist – talk him, ready to burst into tears at every word.

First, Amingo Contreras looked at her dumbfounded, as the personal denounver son. Then, on her trembling tone, understood all and had understanding for his unknown neighbour and so much unhappiest woman with which was neverthelles kindred. – Shure it could, *Donna Antonitta*, although after you told me, it must summon you will fiind just a witness who confirm your account – then arrest preventive the suspect, for give justice make it's duty. But *we* (and lowered the tone in sign as complice intimacy) – will try put the fright in this vicious colt, who will give up at adventures on *Bolshevik* regions.

Next day, policeman turned up accompanied as a soldier who didn't knew the reason arrest, but comande martial Don Alvaro to take strictly neccesary and trace at Police-Station, cause was gues at a conversation (here, officer sketched a sardonic grin) – which don't now how much long can prolong.

Don Alvaro turned escort vanguad, crossed indifferently under his father depress look, and ignore soldier gun at which was attach threateningly the bayonet.

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At Police-Station, absent-minded answer Contreras when this, under the pretext an examination tryed talk with he, beginning answer if he is crazy. Somebody on settlement denounced unhealthy likings an which in

last time expressed. – Who? – *Somebody!* Knew he! Or and memory lost, not only the compass? (Don Alvaro just remembered that in last two years, was summary talking another men, not at all imparted ideals.) – Change his opinions? – continued unyielding the policeman. – No. – answer he curt. – Gravely, very gravely *de Sylla Alvaro*, you have all chances that in this place, very soon, putting name before the first name grow an rule. But this situation could considerable improve if you give a declaration that... -He don't give neither, short cut up the potential defendant. – What!? Take the liberty to be insolently in this office, where who was investigate didn't had right then answer the questions putting by investigation?! And, close by, outlime beginning a slap-blow which didn't led at end, cause young-man, in his impassively, didn't made only defence movement, not at all aggressively.

„ – *Take him!*“ decided commander al which voyce wish be severe, but which couldn't betray his discouragement.

Next days, didn't appeared a sign as improvement of the situation. Psychic capacity resistant's at convict was amazed the policeman and loosing heart him. Answer himself what ideal or so strong sentiment could determined in a man so much determination, enough for take in peril his liberty – may be his life. Couldn't give good news to his mother, who was coming with regularity for brought what was necessary for her son. – Informed she that time in which a potential defendant could been with restrain for explain circumstances and exactly fault could be attribute – had soon exhade, at the end must either drew aut a report which synthetize the investigation conclusions in which demonstrate convict's guilt and decide justice delifer him. Or it must immediately liberate him, finding his innocence.

Sobbing, mother broke down to chair. – It't true that didn't achieved any progress, talked he with past-voyce at she's looking vex. He was sorry, but Don Alvaro stood much hours on the edge bed by his cell, looking in cement fix, resembles as a hipnotized or – asked excused him – like a fanatic. – *What* or *where* could magnet him in so way? He didn't now. But Horizonte jail didn't was a solution – believed he. So any said was the results, will liberate him, premise that, how much he will could, didn't mind about pranks each possibly offspring – in happy case

that he change one's mind go *there*, shure, this till when his actions didn't will become too evidently, or even destructive. What opinion has she?

The woman left the Police-Station with one's broke hard. *Lord* was witness: she made all possible. Now, will make God's wish!

In day in which was decided for liberate, Contreras invited him for a last conversation:

„ – *Don Alvaro*, direct talk he, *you stood for two weeks in preventive confinement. Think you that made against you some abuse in this period?*”

Young-man looked among lashes with nonhide hatred, and whisted:

„ – *What rights could really has the proletarian slaves at cliques political borgeoise, on roton capitalist world!*”

„ – *Just that you are not proletarian*”, lightly smiled the policeman. *You are even one of an important offspring family of our region*”.

„ – *As which I'm sick on when understood which are the true liberty*”.

Contreras, with one's hands clench as the table, stood up menacing. Succeeded restrained himself.

„ – *Don Alvaro* – equal continued he – *after all, you live in a enough free country, and nobody could forbid you to estabilish in any part world where you'll wish. It's much better howewer to think that, once you'll cross the curse frontiers of that world – nobody and nothing couldn't come in your help*”.

Felt his voyce strangle. Young man continued fixed the floor with same sttubern attitude, such days spent in confinement. The battle was losing.

„ – *Don Alvaro*, with warmly nearly said,s tood up once interlocutor – *even you creed that your hard will could beat identically far as your country, **there**,in stranger, where it's foreigner for youould you'll live the place in which you was borned, looking as on a ship how coasts will tight till it's melt in distance, without think yet at the beautiful years on which you was here spenting? – Don Alvaro*, continued he in a last effort – *think at your's young life who in danger will put, think at parents, at house, may be even... may be even at your sweetheart which...*”

Young man was retired as on policeman face, as on electric shock, went aut as man arm's wcich wanted embraced him. – Policeman misinterpreted his movement, creeding that it was unaccountable aversion for his person. Surprise, retireded.

„ – *I prefer move back in my room- jail*”, impassive uttered he.

„ – *You are free*”, sad said the other.

Followed he with the one's look till the door. And said, after he observed that the other left without grest:

„ – *It's possible that i a day, the embrace of the greatest enemy appeared for you the mother tender carres*”.

Young man fixed looked at him, with that lugubrious eye which was frozen the law man, when discreet followed him.

„ – *Don't believe that I didn't noticed you how followed me there – and made a sign in the direction to the place where was lain his confinement. – We can see all!*”

And went out.

After a few weeks, Don Alvaro de Sylla had for last time the occasion to turn one's back at the agony capitalist system, still before the ship, with an strong rattle, tered the coast of the greatest country harbour, rushing in whirlings Ocean water's.

2.

SILE – BASIL WAS his Nickname in suburb – was looking intent on the small poster on narrow and dusty window. He couldn't belived one's eyes. It passed seventeen years sime present leaders and, oh, he was shure – temporary strong men – put in unlaw fulness his hopes Party for a better and right life. And there, althouth in illegality the *Strongs* and *Rights*, had courage to gave a sign to broas masses who was crossed on that corner:

In the Internationale Three spirit at which our Party without any reserve adhered, a body delegates will leaving in place will spread the yearly hold Congress, taking part nearby others fraternal's Party. As a tomorrow, among hours... it's waiting offers for draw up delegation composition. - Supplementary relations at comrade It's admitting offers

But he made part on active members! With one's soul! What does it matter mean pecuniary retail – *material link between Party and its members* – in face of huge favours consisting in indirectly propaganda at Party and ideology spirit? Didn't put his job in danger, gotten angry the office chief then, angrily as excessively favour of manager wolf-dog said – in contrast with cruel stray-dog destiny which grieved him so much – that will come a day when any discriminations will vanish, equality everywhere will be set up, and therefore representatives canine breed? It's true that he was saved as dismissal and may be a most wrong – about one's office fellow which was fear that don't be kidnapping the double-week entertainment that, at a beer-mug, someone, on his expense, talk him at things of which didn't understand, but which fascinated him. So, the friend rushed to ask apologize in his name mate for nonoverlook joke which – without doubt appealed at *Make World*, just moment when Lord was opened *depth springs and sky pipes*, then Noe ship was fixed between *Ararat* mountains ridges, interval in which varied species – past victims and wild beasts – was conciliatory, therefore fellows the same breed, on which only position of his masters (or masters lack) – made their different?

Only such was stretched appeasement rainbow between Basil and his chief. Of course, not thinks semantic-allegoric of his office mate, but thinks stately as which the proof with which utter his conviction and for which – was sure – ideas opponent in secret admired him, wakening respect his resistance. More later, at a mug which inevitably was transformed in a nondeterminate number, friend ask:

„ – *What happened with you this morning, Basil?*”

„ – *What happened?...*”

„ – *With boss...*”

„ – *Damn he as miserable exploiters! Look, I'm annoyed and now, when I was remembered! Bother it – the orator got excited – we will see what done he when will come Ours?*”

„ – *Think you will come it?*“... ask uncertain the other.

With a sign which betrayed extreme nervousness, Basil drew on of the neck the peaked cep and rose in this chair:

„ – *Oh, Pete, you will kill me with your narrow-minded! I don't saw that it's inevitable?*“

„ – *What's inevitable?!*“

„ – *Come communism!*“

„ – *Jessus!*“

Basil excited didn't crossed. Compoud himself a orator mien which are looking his words for make a speech, direct for a public witless:

„ – *Peter, what was in the first time?*“

„ – *At first, made Lord sky and World. And World was unifished...“*

“ – *Live me alone with your churchis, mister, that will be hanged you Ours when they will come! At first was the primitive, man,so you must know!*“

“ – *Primitive...“*

Basil made up rapidity a five mug void raw for a visual demonstration purpose.

“ – *You see? Primitive. Primitive was gone, here!*“

Basil pushed the mug at the table's corner with a solve gesture. But the lame foot table fullfilld a inclination, and the vessel beat the floor into shivers bursting.

“ – *Hello, man, if you was enough drinking, leave and another clients had after what drink! shout at they the waiter,which was in the other part of the pub. – Please!*“

Basil sick sketch with one's hand putting on the table the mug's money value.

„ – *You, man, therefore the **primitive** was gone, ya? Now come slave system“*, imperturbable Basil continued, pushing the second mug, this time with more prudence.

„ – *And then, and then?*“ charm answer the other.

„ – *Now, humanity registes the **Lights Revolution***, continued he, another mug pushing. – *And then, capitalism. The last but one vessel it's also farr of. – Bother it, I don't understand you why didn't wanted respected the natural things **seccession**, permising by communism come too?!*“

Fellow some deep silence moments, in which the friend submissively left one's eyes in floor.

„ - *Why, man?*”

„ - *Well, don't live I come, Basil? After me, permission that by the cheriff!*” mate with generosity exclaim, for thaw the atmosphere.

„ - *Shut up! Was came in two turkey! Some was denounced us!*” talked frighten Basil, fancy himself scratching at a jail walls.

Under two man emotion influence, the table vibrated was becoming, and the mugs executed a bachic concerts full as an spontaneous originality.

Policemen order two beer and, in waiting, lited their cigarettes.

„ - *It's coming!* Heard the waiter thunder voyce, and was two beer putting on his table.

Policemen live their cigarettes at edge of ash-tray, and after they dipped their sleeves in cool and froth liquid,beginning discussed between, without gave their any importance. Peter get up under his chair and conspiraty drew near Basil, asked:

„ - *And just you believe that they will come?*”

„ - *This is certain, mister! Didn't you saw that Adolf was in snow drifte stuck in the mud?*”

„ - *And?...*”

„ - *And? Isn't clear? Ours will destroy him. Last spring will be there! These will hang with the Zvastik, didn't had another escap*”, preduct Basil with a fate-woman foreboding.

„ - *Fantastically, man, how good are you informate! About where drew you out?*”

Policemen was finished their beer. After was paid,crushed the cigarettes in the fine and gray powder, after then start towards going out.

„ - *Pete, Pete, how much didn't you knew about me...*” misterious sayed,making oneself comfortable in chair and drinking the rest beer.

Friend fascinated kooked at him. And after he paid, went out in the freezing and strong street air...

... yes, he could considered hmself one's of the active membres! Therefore, will go in the *First country of Victorious Socialism!* Even that evening will staret make his luggage!

Home, began immediately count about how much clean linen take with him. Shirt must will be everytime clean. May be will have private meet with the *Big and State Man Party*. And Basil hoped that this will remark him and, in spite of absorbed problems stages about *The Great Warr for Homeland Defence*, will discuss more with him about an translator through agency and, may be... who now...

But what will making his woman in this time? May be it's possible to absent some weeks, or even some months, just even more. Take she with him? Live home? It's better take with him, for take she's care and over there. Party willing to support the expense cause about cost price as a wife trip of one's delegates?...

Wife went submissively in room, *good evening* giving him. Then, with half-voiced, asked him if was get the fortnight wages... - *Oh, yes, was gotten, but...* (what will he say, next date was fell down the wallet through back pocket, just a month ago forgot it near a counter-paper and saller ruffian didn't wanted confess that he found it) - *oh, ya - tram been crowd, was pick pockets at crush. - About when come he with tram by jobb? - No, with tram in fact went with some very importance papers at a branch of his enterprise, lies at outskirts, ya, after he took his salary... and don't bother him with this trifles, after next month don't will die if they'll live only her salary, so unimportant how it was. Moreover, had more important thing talk with she, for example if she don't want give a run with him till Soviet Union...*

Woman stare at him, and discreet went out...

Alone remaining, Basil still select two shirts, one's chequered, another redder. About all this, put casse-toilet.

Strethed on the bed and, with eyes fix in ceiling ponder till dozed off, with wife at door which, scared at suspicious silence room, didn't dare disturb.

3.

THE MOMENT WHEN Don Alvaro de Sylla penetrated in one's of the important harbour of Soviet Union, seemed the most sublim instant of

his life. All that he was heard about wave-radio was true: cranes, wood of port-cranes was all time in move, even without load, multitude of workers who potter about on docks as a big anteaties – all was excitement and work. A true *Babel Tower* at creator work, bliss and cheeks who appeared open it's wonderful liquid gates for receive in it's interior paradise. All was wonderful! Even that frontier guards which check the pasanger's luggages long row. Showed calmnes and typical revolutionist vivacity.

When was gotten in their face, in time that one's controled with minuteness his chit, utter that for himself, among teeth, single word in native language which knew, and al which syntax was been for a long time chewed in the course of voyage:

„ - *Greeting in your personal the representatives of the Most Humanely and Rights System where exist untill now...*”

The guy which checked his luggage was stoped and raised one's look at him. One's of us smiled enigmatically. His face such a bevell turnip cabbage wish defiant irony in prospect face to be adequate exponent. Then, look at the others and – after then eyes, change just a few words, short laughing.

Took him fact and was going at military commander harbour. Of course, some things must clear-decide in personal mind. It musn't be live penetrate in *Homeland Victorious Proletary* out- dated elements or even reactionary. Commander, under which rectangular forehed seemed that been concentrates whole mystery of the world – paternalk was shaken on head, said the agent who saw his bright dream about a substantial leave of absence come true – that his fear isn't justify, though revolutionary zeal it's always welcome. May be with another occasion...

First for years, after much and intricate precaution recived country civil, appeared Don Alvaro de Sylla the most difficulty. Working in more place with revolutionary devotion, he reckound that the big lottery, at plenary statement, was not still drew. It was impossible that with past time, superior leadership at State and Party don't remark at the last him for zeal and industry which he was made this, in Right and *Complete Liberty at Proletariat*.

After civil-country obtained and solid language grasped – he got a fix work-place where, true he was remark, through diligence wish solid assimilate at Fundamental Idea Of Worker Classes, work as unquestionable value practice and theoretical. But dumbfounded workers man collective about he made part when succeed in to effect a sensational *expose* at a claim plot inimical-nation, which in their free-time had in secret conversations with deep reactionary feature, against the *Dictatorship of the Proletariat*, against without pity at last remainders extend through formerly exploiter.

All as then, Party Committee on enterprise was attention as revolutionary zeal at this new but nevertheless so devoted Party member.

On that moment, for Don Alvaro de Sylla the glory epoch was beginning. Promote in variety responsibility function, never don't deceive his comrades trust. Succeeded in came out on mounting hall where was spending all day with and gown overalls oil dirty. Resolute that about his tireless activity to take part at the full and decisive political Party fulfil – enthusiasm received the to participate at the regional news papers. And, about passionate articles who was dedicated for the magnificent realization about *Magnificently Years of the Socialism*, animate that paper which till then seemed so dull. In numberlets wandernigses at long and breadth each *Big Homeland at Set Proletariat*, composed long eulogistic feature reports, amalgam as admiring exclamations, concerning at magnificently achievements on *Socialism Victorious Years*, strong bound as **Iosif Djugaşvili** name, the glorious descendent *Of the Big* and regretted **Vladimir Ilici Ulianov**. Grants feature-reports was soon came in weekly and daily papers, what drew singing one's permanent agreement between he and the most important newspaper of Party, as well the right as made a proper school in specialize goal for his now fate, Honorary prizes consistency made on him a man without the care for the next day. His zeal was becoming a one cub number, scared on even intransigent editorial-staff. In fulminating rows, he asked all traiters and plots death. Which plotted still against superior interest each worker class, intensify revolutionary villages and towns, in all institutions and plants, for that all believed that history whool could away gave will can apply a double and

pitiless blow. Excessively heated, in one of an articles even asked re-establish capital punishment, which just was abolished no so much time ago. - „- *Comrade Djugašvili, please returned us the capital punishment!*” pathetic concluded he in one’s leading article which was appeared at last daily paper page.

With the cross time, comrade **Iosif Djugašvili** apply was becoming a frequent habit. *Him*, only *him* made the young-journalist confession, through agency of prin-letter, bringing numberless praise, but and proposals which refered at *continuously perfecting of party and state organization where, it must recognition, still was shortcomings* – discreet inserted he the reproach.

A new succes climax didn’t delay to stood out against horrizon when, one of a morning, on his work tabl, discovered a printing invitation-personel addres by *The Most Important Son of Party*, which asked him to beak on his precious time by that evening, for take part at a intimate party on which the *Titan* planning organized it.

It was too much! Alternatively, waves warmly and cold trill enveloped sudden him: he will stay face to face with **He**, talking neighbour familiar... and how much things didn’t they had for talk, just he with **He**, may be only between for eyes...

That day couldn’t nothing work, and silence in which was depended himself was worried his fellows, which begun looked inquisitive one’s at others: really will be continued?...

Felt himself much more then, at nine o’clock in the evening came in a villa which lain at the capital outskirt. Fright was prospect about desirve laugh heartily. And, after he was led about a long and discreet bright corridor where doors was identically, was guided an the door of passage bootom. Came in. At a massive work table gave face with **He**. Smilingly, affably, calm looked at him.

„ - *Please, comrade Sylla! I just waiting you!*”

It was too much that he could wish: just they was in the room! He was the *single* guest!...

The **Leader** came back towards table, took a pipe at in on which struck at it’s cant and, after this, lited it. Favourably said:

„ - *Therefore, you are the preference on which still didn’t knew*”.

„ – I'm the apologetic and promotor in common that booth hook, for which I'm ready give even my life'', immediately declared he.

„- You learned enough about the language'', lest in thoughts the **Big State Man**.

Hot-headed, Don Alvaro with modesty was let down his look. With difficulty could stopped a smile.

The **Titanic Proletarians Liberator** made some steps about the room, afterwards he drew a window which was situated in the behind of his back. Looked outside, seem wanted convince that it's dark. Unexpectedly utter:

„ – It's strange how much people been ready to sacrifice with easiness their life. You are not much younger, Sylla Alvaro?''

The young journalist was unpleasant surprised as the expected usual prefix. Just for a moment was minded to serve in answer with same currency with courage and communist firmness, but he change one's mind.

„ – I want say – continued the Leader – why, comrade Sylla, why was necessary remember about death, when our life it's so beautiful, when bright prospects of system on which we create it will stretch overall planet as a magnificently miracle, when the first Five-Years Plan behind was brilliant fulfil? Why?... Why?... It's not enough so much pain?... The smell blood who draw other blade?... Better will concentrate upon of grand objectives and assignments on which will be prove the imperialists with nondeny power of faction where take proletariat emancipate work – and took after shoulders, invite him to draw a table, where was two steaming cups with tea a dish with desserts, where was took on the table as a silent manservant that presence near didn't felt.

Will continued a free passionate conversation which was prelong much after midnight. **Leader** heard him attentive, now and then energetical nodding one's head. Early, in the first morning hours, resolved to parted. Drunk as total victory, Don Alvaro de Sylla made to door.

„- O, comrade Alvaro, I remember: I listened your advise gave in the journal just a week ago: Really, capital punishment it's still necessary, For short time, will be reintroduce''.

Went out diyyiest and happiness. Can't be true! Went through stagner the corridor. All was beautiful! Begining with dark-light fusion as outside, and finish with...

A unfriendly cold at a pistol-barrel was thrust in nape. Stopped amazes.

„ – *Continued advance to your face car and avoid make an wrong step*”.

Try ask indignant explanation in saloon-car. – *But who believed they it was?-angry lift up one's voyce. Oh, perhaps they was disguised reactionary? In this case, fancy he that will could get too far? A partisan of socialism cause could be kill, all right, but remained others and others which...*

An violent back fist interrupted the vehement speech through semiobscurity.

„ – *Shut up your mouth!* was whistled the same voyce as tabacco tan. – *Othewise, don't come alive at Centre*”.

*

Only the first investigastion, interogative manner was wished extremely savage. With disfigure face and split sole – the convict was every date messengered in another cell, with warning that dep muse on statement ready type which was put face at every sitting. He must sign it. Reading, Don Alvaro was seized with horror. It was affirmed there the necessity admit at multitude of crimes, among which as plot against existent system, that was an *anglo-american* agent planted in young popular democracy on which had directions to undermine iz on interior about any means, begining with subversive's assertions and actions, losting with incite at armed actions White Army specific's.

In extremely charges face, preserve instinct was put in dilemma: on the one hand, where will he see singning those aberrations so no draw up? But the violence which intensify was whole hard to bear, so it was difficult to take a decission.

The investigation which took place before last he was led for the first time in cell was a synthesis at all others sittings, a craftsmanship scheme at others methods which was taken he at britte frontier between life and

deth, on which didn't crossed towards realm in which never belived, thanks to cool water buckets with generosity throwed, as tonic shock injections which was applyed at one's moment. Then, was nailed with brutality as investigation chait.

„ – *Sign you?*”

Hed was fell thin on breast.

„ – *All right... all you want...*”

A pen holder was put in his hand al which phalanx appeared didn't asked the orders. And signed.

Guardians led him in cell with surprisingly amiable. On that moment, for month and weeks the time passed equal. Qualitative and quantitative the food was improved. Even was dress. New situation gave hirth a huge hope. – If all was a error? Or an abuse? Ah, how much sings will have to storry at his readers, immediately what he will be again free! His article will be set democrat-revolutionary press, till will be eradicate the last abuse possibility.

Now he can look about eye hole much as he want. Can also walk about cell at discretion or sit down, if he wish. But didn't obtained paper, pen holder and ink. So that composed his articles in mind, with promise that will transcribe it in the first liberty hour.

Through the other part of the passage, was come two convicts as two shades, with back bind hand, accompany as characteristic escort the prisoner see at execution place. Lord! Was the two *expose* as him with one years ago! Removed scare. Hopes was crimbled as a books-castle.

... with heavyiest creak, massive lead door opened it, pushing him with brutality.

- Convict with 15.867 number – come at interval!

One's of soldiers immobilized him. Another back bind his hand.

- Where will we go? with faint voyce ask.

- We put the questions in this place! Mouve!

Outside, sentinel tie round about eyes a piece of black linon, about which nothing can look.

The van on a road as pot-holes full. This it was! An error, and now will be continued a bluff! He was shure that at end of this tip will be take aut

the ridiculous line, and affable face – may be *He's* –will present him apologize, and then satisfaction.

The post holes which appeared didn't finished strained in his soul a doubt shiver: but if?...

The car was stopped. Hopes timidly take shape was metted: they was on a field, or at end of a grove.

After a short trip, two hand was thrust in shoulders, oblige him to kneel. Just a second, the same metallic paralysed cold was thrust in nape, in an instant transform in a unbearable burn. Felt a huge void in oesophagus, after then broke down.

Spasmodical rummaged the earth spiting the viscuos spittle which was filled his mouth. Was given his gost just a moment before that the first ground clod begun covered him.

4.

INFRINGE THE RULES comradely conspiracy, Basil succeded penetrated in centre. Answer muttered at all questions concerning at password, succeded in crossed as all vigilance man which was given that he was an old Party member, routinet in the conspiracy matter. In the end, arrived in face of a door or so worn-out, on which with capital letter was negligently ridden *Public-relations*. Knock with most fingers.

- Come in, comrade! You know just that at us isn't never necessary knock!

At a improvise table, sat an frail fellow, which suspicious looked. Didn't knew him. And he must done, after how many Party member seldom was coming.

- In what problem? reserved asked.

- In delegation matter...

- It was already formed. You don't now? Where was you been at Friday meeting? I didn't saw you. In fact, in my life I never saw you! In the end: this it's for punish! At the second infringement, will your exclusion. And now, give me your party card!

The fellow cast his eyes in the paper which was on the table, waiting that the other took out the act.

- Well? Raise he laiter his look.

Saw that the man aut of his face hesitate and made angry:

- What do you make, comrade? You want overlook all Party rules?! You didn't hear what I said!? Your act, please!

- ...

- Lost it?

- No...

- Left it home?

- Nnn...

- Sold it?!

- No exactly!...

- Hang it! What made you then?

- I... I... I don't have... Drew air in breast. – But what does it matter! What it's the triflings material details, in face lover which have the crowd for you!

Conscientiously learned the sentence, in this goal consulting all reference material on which found home concerning at syntax, grammar and morphology. Just a moment was contented that succeeded in utter his lesson. But in next second, saw that he utter, on which now couldn't retitered. It was to late.

The other looked bulging at he. Grew pale. Proping up the table, rose slow as huge weight push him on the shoulders.

- You are an Secret Service agent! – *The passaword didn't was entire!*

Was yelled from the bottom of his depth proletarans lungs. A tabacco cough splashed all round about with multitude sprinkle as saliva.

In room was imediatly coming two giants. Basil felt at shoulders two hands as two showels.

- A possible Secret Service agent! Search him!

Any word, the two giants raised Basil as chair and, raised his coat, ascertained that he didn't had revolver. Then threw him to the ground, fumbled in pockets.

Looking that a schnitzel dried crust roll, Basil hopeless fought, as a huge tortoise at one's back turn, stirring fool the feet, don't succeeding eliberate himself.

In the end, put him with firm movements at he chair, as the rite at floor roll was a usual proceeding for all callers.

- He haven't identity card policeman,comrade secretary! At first look,nothing suspicious!...

- But at the second?sardonic grin the other. After all it's finished, all watchmen on duty today will come at me! Assuard you, I don't will be lenintly!

Agains proped with hand in table,came near as interlocutor wish reiterated some centimetres, banish as sewer smell:

- If you don't be agent, what are you? Gaping? We are sick about this! You crossed as a professional on cordon, so it must making a verification you: so, know the passaword?

Basil was in panic-stricken. The stratagem with gramble wasn't possible now.

- What!? You don't now?! Idiots, how crossed this on you?! Parasites flock who vainly eat the money *Communist's International!* Immediately act at a verification at list with provokers and agents which was identified us in preceding centre. Go, what wait you?

Troubled numble an *Understood,boss* - the two went aut. Comrade took aut a pistol and, after charge it, said:

- May be you want run, in a grin exhibit his dental shorteomings.

- What know you about underground activity? Continued. – If you are aut of those which penetrated in this place by chance, that you represent some of those who think about theirsself that are man, but run under wife skirts at the first thunder on which belive it's a shot.

Made a pause, litting a cigarette. It came back the tabacco cough. His eyes was blooshot that once dog by rabies contaminate.

- What know you about ours pains, about hystoric injustices on which we try repair? Our temerary attempt as peacefully disintegrate of *imperialist romanian state* in the *five natural regions*, the return without blood to *Big Friend at East* what *unjust* what it's take...

Intent fixed the wall through his face, bottom grasp as historic mission seems him entrust, on which seem must will be carry out in next hours.

... - about our temerary attempt to give back towards Populary Republic of Advise what is at it, and make reparation as a results imperialist national army, which seventeen years ago smother in blood *comred Bella*² revolution...

Basil giddyest follow the others account, sudden had the feeling that he hit in a lunatic saylum. *Five regions?... National imperialist army...*³

... - and in our hystoric space, in the five region, where we formed after Slavs arrival and drowe away as this at last Romanic exploitings remainders – we will built a new life, in a better and right system, in which workers, in peasantry alliance...

The monologue was intrerupted as door oblong creak. As some puppy dog beat and as soon pardon, the two came in.

- Nothing, boss! Said one's whimpering. It's that agent, how I am metropolitan bishop. Who now what idiot or blockhead... I think it's more better don't left time with he, and liberate...

Just a moment, secretary was hesitate looked. Put the pistol in drawer, preoccupied schratching on cheek.

- No! with firmly said. I don't have trust. And he have a native name!⁴ We must make supplementary verification! You'll put him in the room with number two! Go!...

Feverish, Basil mind intensely work. Had one of a thousand chance, but he must try.

The two take hard him in room, but lost free at the corridor. Basil bent instantaneous the knee, hiting in stomach one's of they. Then project he in the other. Couldn't recovered in narrow corridor their balance and felt down as two sausages which was cut through aut row as a negligently butcher.

² Bélla Kun (1886-1939), the communist leader who led the Bolshevik revolution out of March 1919 in Hungaria. He attacked Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Romania. Was defeated on Royal Romanian Army, and he run in Soviet Union.

³ In secret direction of Roumanian Communist Party, it was foresaw that Romania was an imperialist state, and it must return it's North region to Soviet Union, and Transilvania at Hungaria. For it's anti-national policy, in 1924 Roumanian Communist Party was put in out of law.

⁴ In August 1944, R.C.P. had 1000 members. Throught this, just a few tens was ethnicals Romanian.

In run towards outside,with generosity was given back-palm an place and answer passaword. Perplex, interlocutors came to one's senses to late for could had a reaction.

Stopped run far as dangerous place, after he wandered through a great number of street. Inquiringly some policemen looked, but didn't accosted him.

... Peacefully disintegarte of imperialist state?...

... Gige back without blood shed?...

... Imperialist national army meanness...

Remembered his sad childhood, deprive as paternal heat. His father was die short time after his birth, in 1917, in time of hard fights through Carpatian passes. An oath appeared to opress the male part of his family, killing this: and his grandfather was killed in 1878, in Independence War.

For the first time in some years came in the church which was situated not so far as his home. Knelt in face Crucify Saviour, and piety kissed His feet. Making the Cross Sign, went,after was put in the candlesticks some candles.

Out was feeling more brighten. Home,his wife anxiously waited him. After came in, took aut the purse and take in her hand all fortnight wager. Surprised but glad, she wanted gave him back some for his needs. Refused. Refused again when she urged him to table, where broth still steamed.

Put on one's hat and went out. And, with heavyier step, made for Secret Service Building.

5.

THE BRILLIANT PEOPLES *Father* and *Leader* of *First Homeland* at *Victorious Socialism* – comfortable sat on aback settes cushious of native saloon car made and contented contemplated with patriotic-

revolutionary exaltation the landscapes offered as both parts of road as enthusiasm emancipation *Creative Work*.

How much could he see, a dense view varied crops which didn't was harvested at time, succeeded each other about his eyes. And he contemplated lost recollections, in machine slow car.

... among his genes as sleep merges neighbour, remember the first images at the Big War as Homeland Defence: Generals disquiet where still remained in live and composed STAVKA; Timoshenko measure as in stall the military force in unfinished fortifications; the much informations which predicted Hitlerite aggression and which didn't importance gave; late order which was given with 24 hours before aggression as putting in alarm anti-aircraft units and protect order as auxiliary army by infantry cantonment; quaver voice of general Jukov (good that didn't shot him!) which was announced the bombardment on Kaunas town; General Comandament which was gathered in just a hour at convocation made as Proskrebîşev; in the end, hurried entrance of Molotov, which was announced the German war declare.

He was overwhelmed with a big hatred for that on which believed with sincerity ally and friends. For in quiet could ponder, was running at his private vill out of Caucaz. The Political Secret Police officers was founding him in cellar of chalet, and he got out after was convinced that is not the enemy. The fight which had at that time never didn't forgive the Führer.

Was continued the great defence fights, the train in which was losing the parade uniforms and the invitations on which enemy officers was wanted to with Leningrad conquest time.

After years as bold fight, the war was transformed through defence in enemy pursuit, and finished through enemy surrender and with the capture of past at its capital. Much hours saw the photo out of Party main news-paper, which depicted one's of Red Army soldier how was thrust Party flag on Reichstag building.

Was continued endless debated after the finished war, unslessly and prolix because, consequently, didn't had gave up at what considered that it was his, and former *allies* knew that...

... *Daddy's Peoples* laughed in one's sleeve: in July '41 intended attacked West Europe which all forces. Was more better that Adolf hastened, in June invaded Soviet Union. Victim by this aggression, in the end won the war with United States and More Britain support...

The events made he old and now the bealdhead play havoc in his hair formely so proudly. In Political Office meetings he avoided to display at looks his hape, for not demoralize The Worker People with one's cappillary proventy. Though, who does dare said that he was old?...

... a view out of idyllic landscape with wite beet and onion woke up out of his nostalgia, made frowning.

And, applied in his mind a short revolutionary self-educated person harshly said:

- Turn to your right!

The sallon car made for a road as pot-holes covered not drying after the last rain. At only a few metres as entreprise gates, two soldiers regulamentary aim at the car their automatic-pistols. But recognize him, take one's arm at the shoulders in a unlikely fast and hilarity gesture. Immediately took with it in present arms.

When the *Brilliant Leader of People* came in plant, the manager just arrived in emergeny room.

- Whoooo sabotage the production process? answered him without gave *Good day*.

As wax yellow, the manager was bustled about in a few seconds, looking a answer for proper situation.

- But comred General Secretary, I guarantes you that...

- Shut up! What I saw, could look and a montrain imperialist!

Was provoked an extremely pleasure the other each tremble, cause this was the sign of the respect lover and authority as which had people for him.

- Why it's sabotage the production process? Mede the plural for the engineering corps which was in the room came in. – Why don't smoke the chimneys factory?...

- But comrade General Secretary – timidly begun once of they – we guarantee you that it's not a sabotage, but the tehcnological processes of our factory didn't always gave off...

- Silence, ruffians! I caught you! Jackal which are in the service of the foreigners espionage!... Whatever it's produce in this place as results of this enterprise which through was built out of the people money's – had need all Worker Men at villages and towns!

The work hall with it's grey monotony didn't produced him a remarkable feeling. The old and blacken concrete floor which was with care cleared, couldn't gave for comentarys reason. Plants and distil left looked big rust stains in some place, but gave up made an comment about this.

- When will take again the production process?

- But process production it's carry on right only in this...

- I asked when will take again the production process!?

- Immediately, comrade General Secretary, immediately. I guarantee you that... with sagacity was the manager intervened.

Came in the office of this. In accordance with his habit, *Daddy's Peoples* was propped as the table, didn't gave any heed at the roomyest armchair on which the other didn't dared occupy it. Fill up with tabacco one's pipe and lit it after he struck it on the table.

His look was fallen on circular table as nearby, and the blood invaded one's temples: in generallisim costume, on a disavantageous position which betrayed his not so tall height, personal phote smiled as he. It was fulfield after a picture al wich painter just was shot.

- About where have this phote? to the manager which didn't venture move on right position. This against pale becaming, was rumble:

- About... about... Departamental Comittee...

- It must come at me the secretary with the political problems by entreprice!

A red buton was push and that which was calling came in not so long time. He was tall and thin, with the check bones very proeminent.

After she was gotten the short order, went aut gretting after military rules. Immediately the other's came in and, after they was casting a short fast frown look in downwards of phote, with they took it's.

When came back in the production hall, the *Big Man at Party and State* was directed neighbour merily to engineers which was close by.

- All it's perpare? smiling asked he.

- Yaa, comrade General Secretary, in chours answered the audience.
- When will you take again the production?
- Imediatly, comrade General Secretary, immediately. We guarantee you that...
- Will can see activity in half of hour?
- You'll can, and we want again give you guarantees that...

But the *Big Economic Man* was slowly wander, crossed in plant yard. In face of the gates, sudden was bent at the delegate with the political problems ear,whispering:

-The manager... is a saboteur... tomorrow it must make an record for him. Time: in a week he must confess all crimes for could be judge.

- Understood! Answered short and impasively that.

The car stopped when it came back in the road. The Brilliant Political and Economical Man looked at his watch,big as a tomate. At the central chimney has broken aut suddenly with impetuosly a vigorous and oblong cloud of smoke. Just a few seconds latter, the auxiliary chimneys was too beginning smoke. It was the sign that was started to smoke the plant which was set in a discreet corner at central hall, specially for festive ocassions, even if it didn't had a economic reason.

The car started left in trace the industrial complex till it melted in the distance. The *Leader* contented sighed,teared in the end one's looked as back glasses car.

*

In capital arrived, the salon-car went at lake aut of the park whicg was situated in the centre of the metropol,in face of the long narrow garret which unite the bank as the restaurant which was situated in the middle of the lake. Was setting the damp and gray dusk. In the distance,in close proximity at a artificial island, and pleasure vapour oblong was ratting, and some multicoloureds lights begun pale to twinkle. Some fisher men still was stood on concrete kerbstone at the bank and, time by time,the light of cigarettes broke the twilight haze.

The *Leader* approach at one's of metallic down at the chair in white paint, under the useless cloth parasol. Some agent which suddenly was appeared sat some metres as he.

Another agents, just discreet evicted some customer which went hurry. – „ And all this for me” – disgusted think in his mind, thinking for a hundred time at resignation. Made a short sign at the waiter which was coming with wood table and chairs. It was enough what he had here. Wanted to felt sometimes if only the good health feelings on which had the Worker People when staid in their relaxation moments.

As somewhere, from the concrete bridge, it was heard the acord some at a jerkily melody, which was accompanied at a puverty voices. He went over there, overtaking the two agents which blocked the access at the past of the bridge six young people among two had each a guitar – was sunging, exciteding the rebel bangs. They was evoke the sad but glorious peace after the hard war which was mading with an pitiless and cruel enemy, the fields which will again give fruit, transporting in a new shape the body of the heros which was feeling in the fight. His clothes was slight nonconformist, but the *Big Friend of Young People* promise himself don't will give their on militia hand's.

As rails bridge propped, a very beautiful girl smiled, looking fis in the earth and taking the time of tune about at the head inclination on one's and another part. She was the first which saw him, fixed with her eyes as two smaralds, which was animated asa naive wonder. After a few swconds the melody stopped, and the other's young people instinctively was raise up.

- What's your name? asked he kind, puting on her shoulder his hand.

One's of the young people impetuosity approach, pushing the hand on the respective shoulder.

- I don't permit you put the hand on she! shrill shouted he.

Surorised looked at he.

- Go to hell, and live this place how much you still have time! among teeth whistle whistle he, forgetting abolished the previous smile. Then, to the other's:

- I shoot you! I shoot you all!

Except the belligerant boy, the other was retire beguning.

- You don't have this rights! again rushed he. At school, we learned that you...

His voyces stopped in a energerical water ripple. One's of the agents was rasing up as a nonbath liittle dog, throwing in the dark of the lake. The Peoples Fathers followed him till the land war arrive at the bank with difficulty climbing.

- We'll don't leave you, Natalia Pavlovna,shout the other's immediately which their friend was nearby. After then, hasten dissapear in the night.

- Want you sit down at my table?

- Thenk's, simple said the girl.

Really, she was very beautiful. Her chestnut hair savage was breaking on her small but good built back.

- Sit down, please, invite he.

Nearly in an instant, the waiter put an smart syrup glasses through the girl which drank with small sips, absend-minded looking at lake.

„ Damn it eith Fiodorov indication. He can give diet directions one's others patients, not me!“ Then was spoken to waiter,which was stayed prepared to take the order:

- Six hard-boiled eggs!

- Six egg...

- A piece as well roasted.

- Well roasted...

- And this is all. Enough for evening.

- Evening... finished the other rode.

The General Secretary looked insisently at she.

- What wish you for dinner?

- Nothing. I never didn't eat in the evening, answer the girl, looking at lake on.

In food waiting, Father Nations against light his pipe. And sad, said:

- I'm a lonely man, Natalia Pavlovna! In spit of men which you see in proximity taht make it's don't know me, I'm very lonely!

Imopassively,the girl continued looked in the same fiy point.

- You knew ever as me? with concern inquire he.

- Yes, just a date, in the beginning of war, after some days that the boy which must married with me was gone. He was good-looking and kind, with blue eyes and fair hair. I'm shure that I could been happy with he. He rode me often. Until one's of a day, when his mother was received a letter with black border and his coats. Was die near Tula city, at fine of 1941 year. Embrace with the machine-gun, as a fiance...

The girl finished the account with her voyce without modulation. In all that time, she didn't stopped looked in her fix point.

The *Loverest Son People* was coughed obviously entangled as this side not so lighetly of the war, ehich ever was gotten aut of this calculations. But he had an last moment inspiration:

- Your sadness provoke me a true depression, Natalia Pavlovna! We must left this place, where not so far it's an Heros Monument. Come with me, come, don't don't remember if only just a few hours!

And, with a fatherly movement, impetuos take the girl as arm, enstranging from the table under the dizzyier looks at the waiter which just was coming with the food without put on the table, but whithout go away, too.

The distance which was went through the car, the girl looked at he with her round eyes as a roe which was in the gun exposed.

In the saloon-car, the girl fixed the same point, as if the lake didn't retire just a moment either through her visual beam at the solitude and darker street town.

At Kremlin, came in roomyiest room which had numberless chandeliers as transparent crystal.

- Oh, ya, Natalia Pavlovna...

After an previous knock, came in an guard officer. After he whisper some at *Daddy's* ear, went together at tortuous corridor of the palace, till arrived in the principal emergency room.

There waited an frail fellow, as middle age, with his hair untidy, withold-fashioned glasses which stood hardly at his nose. It was obvious that the coats worn-out as very long washing don't long ago time good enter him. Time by time, the man repeated surprise blinked, looking at the gents which with indifferent face ensure his guard.

- Live us alone! said the *Unyielding Opponent at Peoples Enemies*.

Just a few seconds beat the pipe as table. Then change his mind, and put it into the pocket. Listened the quiet which made tingle the ears, but the other made to grow the nervous tension.

- Therefore, you are that which, with premeditation, photographed that reject portrait representing on Party and State Leader for which the culprit was beared the right people fury, unexpectedly he.

- But, comrade...

- Silence! It's obviously that you was had invew the disparoge revolutionary conquesten and the great achievements of Worker Classes, about your destroy at appearnu image, about not putting in value the true appearance at Suprem Commander! About this, you was contribute at the lack of balance at all working class and pro-Bolshevik movement!

- But...

- You talked enough! Much for a imperialist tool!

- I have children!...

- It's over! Guard, take him!

After the militarys rhythmic steps and accused person imploration didn't heard, the *Brilliant Leader* pondering started to gasts room.

At the same chair, with a lemonade in one's face still don't taste, the girl waited he foot over foot. The *Leader* looked at the window, as wanted entrust that outside it's dark.

- Oh, ya, Natalia Pavlovna...the existence it's always intricate when we wish dedicate it one's persson or idea. So that, working dawn, by night, sometimes jumping over night, we fiind as lonely...and, in one's day, we notice that made old...and nobody didn't was with warmly in our near...for example, what could I offer you?...

The girl just drew near as the Brilliant Free-Thinker at All Times, which continued looked in the dark night. With tenderness stuck her frial and pink palms as the bulkyier back of *Daddy*.

- But comrade *Iosif Vissarionovici*, I guarantee that for me, such the all people – you are *all*!

With an rictus as disappointment on one's face, the *Most Important People Son* turned up, as answer dissatisfied. Smiled aut of his eyes, some moments looking at she.

- Go, comrade Natalia Pavlovna! Go back at your young and without cares life. Live a lonely man so how he was, cause probable don't some thing else deserve. (It was overwhelmed as a endless pity for himself).

- Comrade *Iosif Vissarionovici*...

- Go... wisful was he continued. Go...

Outside begun drizzle. When the Breaks looks at the All Times Brilliant was succeed in pierce the thick dark, the ghostlike and oblong girl figure crossed on the other side at the bulkyier iron gate. Under the hurry rain patter, the sentinels impersonale salute she.

6.

LITTLE FRET- (the diminutive which was directed as his acquaintance was Mr. Fridgy) – was nervous. The general excitement which as a few days was on streets was transmited at he, as the wish of changes with any price. He was charm about this, producing him a exaltation state which couldn't be comparedne there all *hard* feeling.

A change! Anything! But just produce! It must finished with this stagnate life, without joy or care, with petty-bougeois boring and conventional dust, with this archaic and perfect order – *yes, gentlemen, much order!* - (said this in a rally through a district club, where didn't was asked). Renew, with anything price – *renew!* This was the word day order, this submission at this fashion, indifferently as subsequent results...

... in vast marked of the centre town was a crowd men which, in cold twilight at last but one December day, appeared that was waited the take place at an important event. It was there fkush face as a magnificent ideal, smiling ans puzzled face, simple audience which absent-minded looked at the meeting. In a korner of the marked it was lit a fire, and some vomen tryed warmed at it. An general murmur as heart was raised, and some-times yells and laughters. Somewhere it was hora played, with air of general repetition.

Begun lonely snowed. Just a few seconds, the moon smiled at audience and quick disappeared in clouds.

Suddenly, the crowd was pierced as yell. Somebody climbed on a booth, yelled:

- Brothers and sisters, it's over! The New Year's Eve we'll make with Republic!...

A part of mark was pierced as a oblong *hurray*. In the end, *one more change with any price* was fulfilled! They looked the dream with their eyes!

- Hang it with his royal strike! Opposed he in the first hours, but in the end musted yielded! In this evening **Our's** beezed with the plains at his windows, otherwise *mister* never didn't gave up!

The revolt voice was losing in general cheers low which didn't ceased.

The heated crowd was again crossed the marked about an electric shock: it was rumoured that don't will be Republic! An oblong and protesting booing was accompanied this assumption.

In the end, the situation was calmed down: Republic will be set up. With an discreet smile, on a tank, two Soviet soldiers was drinking in silence a vodka bottle.

Through marked loudspeakers it was heard the slow voice in dialect at one's country personality which branded the classes enemy and Royal Palace *which was becoming the reactionary nest*, forgetting that through his fortune and social origin, he was include too in *out-dated* element's row...

... in quasideck drawing-room was appeared that he awes received just the clock equal tick. But through a corner of the Florentyn table with it's twenty places, the embers one's of cigar oblong blink. Through the dark, his grandfather stare at he, lefting the cigar on the ash-tray edge.

- Where was you been? Again at the office supplementary hours?

Felt the irony. And preferred said the true.

- In the marked... it was so much people... are so happy that, in the end...

- You are an idiot. In last 30 years, no change altered you. As usual, it could looked at you the same imbecile vents vision.

And calmness, the old man crushed the cigar in the ash-tray. Then set out to his room, nothing else had to be said. A time, the silence didn't was disturbed as nothing. Then, was heard the thinking switche of grandfather room. After which, the silence became all. Through the ash-tray was continued raise an thin and gray smoke. The clock announced the middle of the night.

The next days was for Fidgy the most terrible of his life, wavering between hope and uncertainty: really, was true a deal with the Republic?...

The for days of the New Years as a thunderbolt was stricken him: his uncle was arrested. Father and grandfather was at the investigation called for confirm or contradicted the *bandit* declaration. In one's day, father and grandfather didn't came back home...

Now was enlightened! If only he had a certainty! And he was convinced that it could did something: if only just in face of his *conscience!*

Came in the bath-room, wished shaved: but the warm water pipe oblong and no result murmured. Dissatisfied, he dressed up and went out in the rough cold, with hesitating steps made for the bkiss place as ten days ago.

When arrived, was very surprised, cause now, the marked, was lacked as *organization background* in which could expressed his *contrary opinion*.

Puzzled, he exactly near the switch tram line. Through his face, at the pamewent as frost dry, crossed now and then shivering with cold and deppressed pedestrians, which didn't raise his eyes aut of the earth. Nothing didn't remembered about *festive air* and *vitaly explosion* as a few days ago.

Took aut of his pocket a paper roll on wish quickly opened it, and begun to read what improvise was written:

- We don't want Republic! We don't want... Down with...

The pedestrians terrified looked the poster, has tening their steps. But when he begun to scan, the passers-by was run beguning, as the simple hearing of his words, made transformed their in accomplices.

Three civilians uniform dressed unexpectedly appeared across the street.

For the first time in his life he had the instinct of a corner wild beast: for what was necessary for the Republic?... asked himself and entered on the premises of the meat market hall.

When the agents succeeded in crossing the street he mixed up in the great numbers of lines which wandered through the hall in all directions.

- Pardo'... please, pardo'...

„The Celebrations were gone, why do so many people buy meat!...”

- Hey, you, mister, where are you going?

An iron hand was sore on one's shoulder.

- You don't answer when I ask you?

Menacingly looked at him with a breadth and purple face.

- Pardo'... please, pardo'...

- Pardo' at your home mother – defective the other pronounced – when stood you at line at water-closet. But here, *comradely* it's *comradely*, but line it's line!

- Live he alone, mister, you don't see what pale is it? gave somebody compassionate with its opinion. What's happened if once take in our face, at how much made this till now...

- Pardo'... pardo', please... mumbled losing one's head, looking at the agents which, at a distance of ten metres, did negotiations with the mass which didn't willingly give up anything out of it was their.

Was arrived at the contrary exit. The pricking could be beneficial anaerobic. Air in chest drawing, remembered about the agents, which didn't still notice. A rickety tram crossed near him. Took it out of its movement and, after he paid a ticket, tried to quiet his hard which made bitten. Was looked seemingly calm at the evening dark which lonely was caught about the tramcar's glasses.

„Why need *they* Republic?... asked himself when was let down in the stop. – „Oh, what's happened with me?”

In pale light twilight, distinguished the white spot through the letter box. At the envelope was written the address of the Home Office. Closed and read:

„Must know that you are invited for January 20 date at our central building Ministry for a talk concerning at ”

One's hand softly near his body was fallen. Hard appeared stopped...

In face of his windows room looked at the grey twilight, trying to distinguish on the other side glasses „ *a word for ever vanished*“, but at which its last lights with desperation tried caught, even for a few seconds.

7.

MARY WAS IN LOVE. As continuously filling was urged she, the more so as it was manifested opposite an a young-man of the simple people which, after for a few years graduation as a intensive course, became teacher in the same school where she worked too. In fact, in that time, was been employed more another teachers as his old years.

She resigned oneself to after the panic period when was noticed that couldn't defeated her fillings. And so, the habit that came across at the entrance with him, didn't yielded at the impetus so go quick at home, immediately when finished the hours courses.

The young-man appeared cold distant, resignedly accepting as inevitable favours the fact that he came across with she at the teacher's gate almost every day.

One's of a day, Mary was realized her fellow innocence. Remarkd with gladness too the cleanliness soul, the naturalness nonfussyiest at the N-V country man, the young man didn't been concious as the advantages on which the new system could made him, by virtue of his *sound record*.

And realize that her class with **blue blood** had need as a necessary regenerate through this new and seethe transfusion. This was been the only good side at so-say *new system* about which didn't had any doubts, it will be break down under the earthquakes which was brought about itself destrouitive power: that a volcano, without its wish, took aut cooling and fusion with what it was already extant, made to regenerate what will be

adjust for the time which was in change. Yes, so will have happen! And the barran, that human mass which through itself never couldn't represented a value, had to returned, after the last eruption mumblings, in native dephs, as where dare even and afew seconds believe that it deserve look the light day. All this will be happen by virtus of **sine qua non** axiological prospect at the world,in al which positive as social selection aptitude, the young teacher-woman as natural-science was firmly thought.

Next spring the unforeseeable was happened: with the respectable party veterans, her father was arrested. The reason pleaded as authorities was the fraudulent attempt as leaving the country, with a view constitute one's exile government. Those older al ehich insipid spechs about „... *the short time strategy at the Party, the single possible in present day conditionts...*” – now didn't was in liberty. With few years ago,after fraudulent and catastrophic arrival communists came in, she tryed through personal present gave force the barren conversations, for short time came back at the concrete. The audience attitude wich politicianist seemed, now appeared she that it was transformed in greddyier looks; the long ans uselesses speachs – in silence which accompanied that looks. Withdrew disgusted by politics. But now, she gave him right: in any case, didn't anything made...

The matter Michael keep in her lime became not only a sentimental necesity, but just a survivor at once question, cause a mezaliance with him which was considered with *good origin*, will be remove that she, or another through her family can have resentiments against the *new system*, or even plot against it. When she said him that she had a impression that now and then was supervise, had doubts about that on his friend face was contract or indifference.

She intensified the discreet cisel process on which just a few month ago was beguning. More and more frequently she invited him at her home where lured him in refined talks which wish it a harmonious joining between exacttingness science – his speciality – and the humanities and art, among she considered that it was a hard link. The auditory background was the good quality music audienced discreet,

and the visual background the light not strident, but neither improperly reduced.

In the end he secretly and bored opened one's mouth, asking her to changed the record with something native and brisk music. With obstinancy she refused, trying with perseverance to emphasize the burning sentiments on which Bizet took in musical **Carmen** monologue, the calmly evolution but so varied al which Ravel's **Bolero**. If he insist, immediately the pickup begun to decipher the lied which was evoke the tragedy of older **Beethoven**, in love as a more younger piano pupil.

The second point at cisel process considered the initate in fashionable life of good peoples. Will went with him, of course, in her pecuniary means measure more and more modest, in the good taste restaurants and night club's of the capital, for the time being still noninvade about stinks as food to hot spice, or about fellows who was drinking champagne after brine with hominy, or noisier folkmusics which was expressed *ah!* or *oh!* In much obscene and unpleasant accords.

To her surprise, the restaurants on which didn't frequented as a few years ago, was radical changed: the shades which formerly filtered a discreet light was removed, and now the bulbs, in the most case, was hanging on by the simple and rough wire; the tables didn't had any covering, and this was scattered in the hall, at the bare cement, where fellows which wheeze voyces thrown stench cigarette and, above sometimes poured brandy remainders out of the filthyier glasses.

Disgusted, went out of the hall, which once was an true discreet nave and at sourdine laughs, and accrossed the porter fresh substitute, big-bellied and goistrous, which looked suspicious at her clodes.

In the end, uncovered what she want at the 13 September road with Uranus and Barracks Street's intersection. It was there an small night-club al which forferly didn't gave it any attention. But now, in this place, the employer was continued to stopped affabled smoled ar how much time seemed that a client as about something dissatisfied. In that place, for no so much money, together had supper now and then, tasting a cartons with simple sausages which sprinkled with a good glass wine. It was – believed she – a decent treat in a oasis about a desert where the poor and aggressive rudeness just was set up.

Now, they go there. In the throng tram which with ricket and permanent buzz hard climbed up a hill was spread an sour smell, as under linen which didn't was changed at time.

- This boors which come at town and don't made knew with the water and the soop!angry whistle she.

Terrified was achieve that she was made a blunder. But Michael looks was too remained rivet about the houses with wound extans as war time.

About tram stop where Michael beauty helped she to get down, she was looking as through dream steam at their door restaurant, with the leaf which now didn't had it's curtain which formerly was assure the premises discreet, a circle as young-men an al which face English shave not at all didn't agress – played a hora variegated colored about town coats and folk costume. Now and then, a vigurous yell was raised in the air. Just a few, which still stayed asid, passionately talked:

- Man, but much stopped today at the courses, man!said once.

- What's the time, mister? another asked.

The interlocutor took aut at the pocket a watch that was missing and telescope, and said:

- If the ninute hand was been just a few more down, three and a arc.

- I see! drew the other the conclusion, looking at the clear sky. It's crossed as thirteen...

For a few moments, kepted the quiet. Afterwards, unexpectedly looked one's of other, as didn't looked so much time.

- How much had you as how you did get?

- About two hundred...

- Oh, man, but about for what spent you so much?

- Looked what I bought! the other was strunle the much more broad aleeve at the coat.

- All right, man, but so much...

- Oh, but big it's the scholarship! Just a thousand and five hundred! And I made the war! Now, I must be and an responsability staff! For this need money, isn't it? And you what was bought?

- I kept it. May be Popular Militia didn't took all bitches on the Boulevard, and in this night it's good time for a short amusement, hi, hi, hi ...

In this time, Michael fascinating looked at the young man which was playing hora, and drew out more and more vigour yells, didn't observed that the two begun snigger as Mary. A girl as by his hamlet, the single of the rally, was shaken her wirling breast. Her eyes as a flame only a moment stopped at he. Started at the meeting, and hora was getting him with a natural gesture.

- Michael! hopeless asked she. – Mike! And I just begun admire you...

The two was drew near. She was terrified about the rough sweat smell, which was combine with the stench of bad tabacco.

- Beauty, look at us and live it alone the saints. Come on, *flapper!*

- Mike! imploringly was she repeated. Oh, Mike...

- You are beautiful, girl, and so *good!*... Come with us, that we have a room... and... together... will give you *two hundred*...

Pierced their as a thunderbolt.

- *Five hundred*, the other quicq raised up the lath, forgetting that he didn't had in his pockets so much.

- *Miss Mary Brad?*

Surrprised turned up, displeasure impress at the unpleasant voyce modulation. In her back was appeared two fellows which was dress in coats as dark colour. The other's two, begun slowly went in their back.

- *We ask you come with us.*

- Listen, mister, I saw that today for much men it's the wedding dance age, but...

- *We **insist!*** said he, presenting a purple identity card.

She made paled and mechanically started at the saloon-car which was parked across the street. The car violently was started, mixing the Worn-out thunders carburettor with the short but more vigurous *hora* yells...

8.

- **YOU MAN**, TAKE work at town!

The country man was gotten outside and, exasperated as his woman burden on which heard about for the morning.

- Hey! You! Didn't hear? was repeated the wife interrogation, she making to hear his shout in the neighbourhood.

- Live me alone, woman, that I forget as Lord, and box you ears!

In face of this meance, wife only was changed her tactics, beguning to lamentated as after a hearse.

- Ah! Oh! My! All woman was lucky, just I was curse. All was arranged with *Liberation*, just you remained here, at the bugle plough, as laughter village. Oh!... Oh!...

- What's the matter, sister? asked the woman above the fence. You wail as if all relatives was died.

- If all was died, and didn't been so mistfortune on my head!

- Oh my God, what do you say?!

- Ya, look, I fight just three days with my husband. I want to convinced him take a jobb at town, so another made. It must suits he, that another man and emancipate himself, cause not in vain was *Our's* coming. Vame back at her husband: - You didn't see, man, that the world it's changing? Towards the neighbour: - Oh, girl, I fill that I die when mister Paul, Saturday was coming at home with all dainties about the town, with sausages about Trajan hall and meat with dried crust on it...

- If only I didn't made you sausages as Christmas...

- Sister, what think you that was brought mister *Limp* at the town?

- What? asked she only eyes and ears.

- What do you think?

- Say at once, girl, cause it's boilling me!

- Linen for dress *with black and white points* about the *proletarian market*, sister!triumphantly said she.

- Don't say!

Just a few seconds the women didn't nothing said, and for this man asked grateful Lord's name.

- Why don't listening your wife, mister John? If my husband didn't died in war, I was advising he too!

- There, woman, talk and you with him, if just came the devil in his body, that he didn't ask my word.

- Ya, Johnny, it's true! Look at mister *Clover*, in all Sunday he brough chocolate at his children, bread...

- Bread?!

- Ya, sister, ready-bread which was made at the plant.

- You see, man?! Ready-bread, AT THE PLANT! Look and you!

- Live me alone, woman!

- Take, you man, jobb at the town! Want you remain at the plow, as village's laughter? It's over with the past time, in which the landowner was masters! You didn't saw, man? The boyar about the village above the hill it's now at the Police-Station, and nobody didn't looked he as then. And this, of our village don't have so much time in liberty, cause of this matter walk he so downcast. Oh, oh...

- Shut up, idiot woman, and don't be happiness at his troubles! Soon will come and our turn!

The woman wanted something said.

- Shut up your mouth, if you don't hit you!

The woman was realized that the joking it's over. Strategical, *sister* was retreated.

- If communists take the dust of your heart, you'll be happier too. Think you that at the town bread was made as silt? No, imbecile, whole wheat, and the wheat went aut of the land, which was worked about anotherme and my ancestors which was sprinkled it with blood and sweat. And why are you so happy about the boyar calamity? Thik you that it will coming the other's more better?! Who helped us when our sun was ill?

- The boyar, Johnny, answered she, shedding ters in the towel.

- Who was built the new school of our village, at which didn't gave the boy,for *not fooling*? Who was talked with the teacher and the priest that mister George boy which is an inteligent young man went and made the military school that now is captain with his bosom covered with decorations? Be happy, idiot woman, that it must come *Yours* and put you great madam at the mansion and will live to sprawl your foolishness among the tapestrys and crystals!

And the wanted more said but, resigned, with an sick gesture, gave up and came into house.

The neighbour came back with more prudence.

- Hey, you, woman! Psst...

- What is it?

- What do you think that was comred instructor bought last week?

- What?

- Furniture with lion paw, sister!

An oblong roar was shook the window. Wife was called at the report. About an hour, the bortsch begun to boil. And the hominy was smoke now.

- I'll coming letter. Now the *crazy* yeld at me.

And hurried went in house, made ready for what must be continued.

9.

SULYN⁵, THE SECOND-OFFICER-which was dug the Channel⁶, changing his name in nickname – was very depressed. As a time, all esteem and respect which was been tacit granted about superior officers untill much soldiers series – was unexpectedly dissappear. Where was been the respect with which *miss Maggie* – which made part about the personal al which the unit – was with respect saluted in every morning, after then he was could admire in abundance her bach generous round off and the hips which long ago had become a recollection – all rhis was been overlooked about the comrade lieutenant, the man who was liked her so much?

In all barrack he was swt up a respect atmosphere for his person, and thinks the violent spechs which he was took against Commander of the unit, on which was charge reacterized that was been an, atamorphose enemy al which Worker Classes, and about he was preached that in one's day, will put *to hoe* in line with the other's boyar be continued that he,

⁵ **Sulina, Chilia and Saint George – the three branch throught which Danube spill in Black Sea.**

⁶ **Danube-Black Sea Channel, which was built among 1947-1964 and 1975-1988 using for this anticommunist political prisoners and more later military men.**

Sulyn, thanks too his revolutionary spirit and his record which was proving healthier origin, will promote in degree and very quiet will arrive a function, *may be even...*

It's true that the passionate speeches didn't took in the presence of *the enemy*, this may be for not warn the *enemy class*, for don't temporary inform the *enemy people* and live him to make the mean plots which will be strong proofs. Also, still must be prudence, for not usurp the hierarchical at an military which *still* was in function, in this way jolting the military discipline.

And now, gone was all. The very respectful salutes of miss Maggie was unexpectedly stopped and, what was worst, the innocent looks at her round back didn't enjoys about lieutenant accomplice silence, transformed in hostility and in verbal aggressively, indirect apologetical at the Proletarian Moral. Gone was and the solitary feast alone took which was composed about the food cooked as miss Maggie which, in the lunch pause of the middle day was displaced at home for prepare for the Right Knight the food which didn't could cooked about non-existent wife at this *male Nemesis* which will revenge and the last humility which was committed as exploiters, through the representatives which didn't was found as the popular-revolutionary courts.

„ – *This fight don't still finish!*” exclaimed he in memorable stalinist's speeches. – „ – *Not all enemies hoe their graves in the places about the Party establish!*” with sureness issue he. The next years will be the most hard, cause much among the *fascists* was forgave about the bourgeois-landlord reactionary as a part of the country victorious. And now, this, will incite the political and military round of imperialist states for unleash a was with view the liberation the former treacherous clique about the camp socialist countries which now was prisoners. But National *Army Popular*, together with the other *fraternal Armies* about the *sister countries* don't will permit, didn't giving up in face the *atomic blackmail!* Sulyn was convinced about this and he definitely was dedicated his life at the noble socialism cause and it's defence, reason for he never was enjoyed about the advantage of matrimonial institution as part of he was conceived another he descendants. He charism as ardent fighter in *vanguard detachment* of Worker Class was enough for him! And nobody don't will

look at the many favours household-thriftyier ussuad mading about the wifemwhich in this case was been attributed the diverse kind fellows-women, comrade at life and ideals,which was passionately about the same noble ideas al which the victorious socialism at the villages,towns and suburbs.

Now, the situation was radical and dramatic changed. So, for Sulyn was beguning – as look food point – the dark days. Miss Maggie hardly threw him a sardine tin on which – thenk’s! – could alone also bought. Where was the warm mince – meat balls which was fry just a hours ago that he must swallow it? Where was the belly-bortschs or as dried beans which was brought in box food recovery at the *charissmatyc hero?*... But a climax at his angry was in a middle of a day when was noticed the women civil searvant how eat together in the library-office. Looked persistently at they,with inflexible steel light in one’s eyes. Mrs. Betta(she was married) – just a moment looked with incertitude at he, and this was proved, of course, the near her bring in at the disposal word. But the offering, even not his calling at the feast – continued to bedihanded.

„ – *And for Sulyn, nothing?*” interrupted he the silence oblong abnormal.

Just in a second, he understood: even the *New System* will be for ever stabiliye – with they will be begin the changes, and he made so that they don’t will fiind another jobb in the military institution and in the civils only one at the *down work*, and this if just will pearsaude through with *ardent asks!* Shure thez was crossed as part of that wich thez sworn to fight till the end, may be they was reported the secret action, so mading the antipopulars plots tool. Don’t will exist marcy! He will dismiss immediatly they that will be possible, and...

This thinks row was unexpectedly interrupted about the mince-meat ball excessively roast on which Mrs. Betta was threw him with ostentatious familiarity. Miss Maggie was twisted with a quarter round about her bulky shaft, and inquiringly looked at he. Sha was putting apple in one’s hand through which and now clowefd. - *She has given him, but what could he did if was eaten just a half?...* *Didn’t could he coming more early?...*

The hero second officer looked disdainfully at she, took the excessively roast capture, without humilitate himself throwing it in she's face.

In the road of the unit gate, he came in the emergency corps where ascertained a undescrivable poverty. – *Oh, ya* - gave he sympathetically about his heads, for the corporal attonishment which was bluish as the liver. – *Poor soldiers was so tired and didn't could tidy up. The shift which ensure the wath in the build of emergency corps must replace with the civillian employees which all day was sprawl in the offices of the Commandament build. They will must make cleanliness! Oh, yes! Why didn't he thought till then? Just tomorrow will make a raport-proporal an ehich will submit towards the Commander of...*

What!? Him?! To his greatest enemy??Never! Just now, true,the necessity as more faster clenlinees in as part of the *Popular Army* line appeared he a emergency!

10.

YOUTH OF *COMRADE Kilotzki* underground fighter was nearby totally under the uncertainty sign which was synchronyied *left* political movment with right hand, and the *right* with the left foot. His oblong face with his eternal metallic glasses in discordance with one's face, was produced from the community just pity, so in the years which was precursery the Swcond Mondial War didn't made the military service, and the war years was finished for him without trench, concentrates,at place mobilizations, or the other thus troubles. In fact, this years, was a time in which was continued nothing understood. But ehen the Stalynist divisions was arrived under one's windows,unexpected links immediatly was made in the young-man mind, unexpectedly distinguishing the *good force* about *bad forces,democraticales* by *the fascists*, and *Red Army* as the other's Armys. He must trying now the incident about a few years ago when two hands took him in an refuce, in an

bombardment time. In fact, in that moment was produced for him the first light which was *by East coming*.

„ – **Comrade**, you want die? If all **comrades** will made imprudence, **Party** will remain without...’’

A oil lamp just at that time light made his face bright. Was *confunded!*

Immediately *comrade* voyce was changed. The other’s comrades attent looks at this intreder which crazyiest was running on the street and for which didn’t guaranteed that, one he will get aut, didn’t go on the Secret Service.

A knife blade in the vague light was shone. Felting the danger, feet beginning to trmble.

„ – **Comrade** Penknife, I don’t want **anarchy!** Please, calm down! I belive that our young **comrade** it’s faithful with our cause!’’

He was received in *Party* lines just then, in that place, in the next days will be continued to be convene for will get the *Party card* and entrust the first task which consisted aut of the scatter the piles as manifestos which as a time frecvently was boated under the town and al which it’s content as a long time nobody didn’t was concerning. And, about then, he went on street with the knife terror in one’s soul.

But the end war made to came and *his time* and the ilegalist was reached his fate, really came in the *Party*. His autobiography was read in the *enthusiast cheers* of audience,impressing, of course, his *fight* years about *antifascist front*. At the end, as a success crown,hand over him a red *Party card* with two cross tools at it’s cover, al which use didn’t so good understood.

The military duty which was made under the *new system* in which *anything* was possible – crossed as a beautiful dream. He advance *without problems*,and the varied rank with raoidity was crossed at his epaulats as bright sheet. And the mark as *progressive mental stagnation* which was issue at time of the fightful bourgeois-landlord system was now forgotten.

In military unit which was attache one of jail where was practised the *re-education*⁷, he was refined through with words which was issued in the

⁷ *Specific for communist jail of Romania, in which the torment and the murder was caught as rave proportions.*

rare moments when he closed one's mouth, rarity which was owed at the wish as kept his wisdom *in more high ideals*, of course.

But his refinement didn't manifested only in the *spiritual plane*. It broke out and in professional surface, radical transforming the penitentiary where he made his job, and where was halted divers *indistinctly* and *nonsynchronicals* fellows in the *new reality* which was presumed about the *dictatorship of the proletariat*. A *special attention* – was specified in the confidential **Party and State direction** – *will require all those which through their action which was made in bourgeois-landlord and military-fascist dictatorship years was made a culprit about crimes against Worker Classes representatives, al which more advanced in thought*.

About all prisoners of the jail, *comrade Kilotzki* was *intensified* the *re-education process* with those which, in fact, was the first teachers, in that damp and dark cellar. So, prisoner Penkife and his fellows was convicted with the *maxim punishment* for *fascist activity* which was *proved* about he, which – isn't it – was their *principal victim*, now growing the *principal persecutor*. On they, *comrade underground-fighter* was refined his innovations that: whipping with poplar rod at the soles, the christening with urine at John Baptist Celebrate, the imparting with excrement at the Easter Celebrate, the Cristich thorn wreath – and all mucg which only through a terrible injustice didn't patent assimilate.

After a few years that was found *some mistakes* cause temporary was gotten under the *Party and State* body control – suddenly *comrade Kilotzki* stopped made a glory about his *originality*, for his acquaintances wonder. It was the time when *comrade Kilotzki* together with the other *comrades*, had gave more complex missions at *Party and state* line and the *contendent means* will be have with other, *more mild*, which was adjust the *new social-political reality* which just appeared. It was beginning the objective *constructive* epoch in which more and more people was understanding that **only chance** for they and his descendants was the tying their hopes as the noble ideals of *marxism-leninism*. It was the age in which the first visible realizations at the *magnificent communist ideals* beginning to saw, and it was materialized through the apartment houses which was built for the village men which was at the towns coming. In one of this will be move and *comrade Kilotzki* together which

the other's *comrades* for which Worker Classes in alliance with peasantry, *it's happiness, was the supreme ideal.*

In the first time, *comrades* was looked mute amazement at the grand building which was covered as seeming brick. It was enclosed too about annexes in which was sheltered the other apartments, but the modern markets, too. They were so happy when it came in the evening at home, and was looked at the windows how they twinkled the apartment lights, *testimony* at the new life which was *opened* about *Party* for the people.

But it was a problem: a name for the complex, a *significant* name, which must suggest to *the new* life which will have the lodgers. – **Mont Blank!** No, it was too ephemeral. The erosion will blunt this peak, but the *Most Human Ideal* at the Mapamond didn't never could destroy about any bad weather; **Diamond**, the name which under Fourier influence was organized the first agrarian community which was based on communist principles? No, too sad, communist system just defeated. But **Mona Lisa** was suitable! Her smile was so significant the *Light Future* of the country! And for the lodgers just appeared that the complex smiled enigmatically at them, when they were coming at home in the evening.

At greatness was struck the edifice. The house-book was minutely controlled, so in that will live just those which in their years youth was *taken in Party service*, at the *grant communism ideals*, bearing the bourgeois-landlord terror.

After the *cleanliness* about the apartments complex, the lodgers were thought that this must make and in the markets. So, in this will work *only* about of comrades which could *proved* that was *come from* the sons and daughters of *another underground-fighters* and, at comrade Kilotzki *initiative*, could buy just *those* which had their place of residence in the apartments complex. And for will be could *recognise*, for that time *could buy* only those will *produce* their identity card, for *could* see where was their place of residence. – „ *If only this deserve us, after then how much was we **beared!***” said the woman one's of a day made on duty with comrade Kilotzki didn't feel the necessity certify this in face of the Civilian Officer, as a man which grasped at the *proletarian moral*. He was praising her, asserting that he was sure that she is the second *comrade*

Olga, the heroine which was beheaded by the nazists in 1944, not forward that she was fulfilled the load about Party entrusted.

... But once of a day, was appeared some militimen which wanted convinced theirself if that well-grounded the reclamations on which they received in the last time. *Comrade Kilotzki* and his beauty-fellow was running at time that those couldn't saw they. In the end, and for first time they was embrace in the **rubbish room** of the complex, the place where they found the save. After then the *dangerous* was crossed, went together, *definitely union*, in the name of a *mutual ideals*.

In the evening news of T.V. the spicher, vex and with a savage countenance, was ridden a text through which was announced that „*it was arrested the hooliganic group which was tryed to disturb the trade activity al which once of a commercial complex of Bucarest.*” About another text, was ridden too an protest which was messengered at the editorial office about the *Heros of Worker Classes Association*. In this, was asked the *Justice* to give *severe punishments* – „*those which was tryed to disnuite the population town, beleving that the history wheel could be give back, and social-classes, with it's uniequiti – re-establish.*”

In the same evening, was broadcasted the *Direction of Superor Ledership of State and Party* through which was *amnstyed*⁸ and the penal file stopp „*for all those which in the past was giving proof as **misunderstanding** for the **new reality social and political** which was appeared in the **new system**”.*

The *re-education proceess* was *closed* considered. Now, the communism was *victorious* at the villages and towns.

11.

SHE WAS LAIN on the bed in the stifling atmosphere by the room, *exhausted* as the exam which just was crossed. She made this asking, of course – at the *history law* was demande her and all those which was owned a good record, with *healthyer origins*, nondefile about *dark*

⁸ *This was produced in 1964.*

ascendancy – to occupy the right positions at which their ancestors centuries *was coveted*, for gave a *better* and *stately* name by their homeland.

Now all it's ready! The *Communism* will be everywhere *defeat* at town and villages and she, young-lady *specialist*, soon will could participate at the all necessary for that *the Big Planetary Soviet Homeland* very quicq will be become a *feel reality*, which will be able to put the end pain for million worker men by Mapamond, which was waited that this wonderful reallity to arrive at they,saving they by the **terrible imperialist exploitation**. - Didn't said *comrade Nikita* just a five years ago that till the fine of the century the *Victorious Communism Homeland*, together with it's allys, will in all stuff-spiritual activitys domains exceed the **imperialist states**? And when a *communist* say something, *so is it!* Even then when...when... the eyelids deep was closed.

... she looked herself at the bed, stood one's of a part. On the bedroom table, the lamp radio was running, filled up the room with specific for the **Big East Homeland** folklore. But unexpectedly, the pleasant accords was interrupted. The stern voyce of the spiker was announced that the war, the last of the Planet, just was begun. *About a mean attack, the anglo-american imperialists force just try to smother **Cuba**, a new **liberty oasis**. The **Big Soviet Homeland**, together with it's **smaller systers**,was jumping to help it. – In Mediterana, Pacific and Baltic Sea was given hard struggles.* The spiker just ask the male population to stop that assail the recruit centres which was so supersolicit. *The number recruit soldiers was only enough for the real necessity by the front. Those which don't go to war will continued the peaceful fight on the **Work front** will ensure all what it was neccesary for the victory. – **Ha, ha, ha**, a last jest by the spiker, *they will catch us when we'll see our nape without mirror! – and now,we have another news: a first attempt as air bombardament about the revolutionary-proletarian troops just was finished with an disastes for the enemy which,yelping,now lick it's wounds.* The spiker finished in high spirits his news,and now it's put in wave a vivacity native melody.*

She is into ecsasies, imagining the victorious fraternity, which it's master above the **proletarian armys soldiers** which was gathered in a miraculous harmony. They go there, fae away,over the Ocean, and will punish and those capitalists, after thay will render the friend american

people it's liberty. The fight became more and more hard, cause the enemy had in abundance armament which was built about the proletarian work which was exhausted. Everywhere, about Miami till Alaska, the workers and the farmers with enthusiasm welcome in *Liberator* road, in one's of instance even give a help hand for crushing it's common enemy. Terrified, the bourgeois employers and politician conceal himself.

The speaker began again spoke, and he was full of enthusiasm till the delirium:

„ – *Victory after victory! Paris it's burn! Roma: in ruins!* (the popular-proletarian aircraft and artillery was took care to spare the monuments which was built with the Worker People toil). *Bonn: it's ready for surrender. And Washington know that it had not so much time!...*

One's of breath bomb made shivers the window glasses. Alley of the face apartment house it's white about the smoke of permanent explosions. – „ – *Why bombard an poor peripheral district, when the strategical objectives are...'*

The moment about deviation from the *romantic-revolutionary* norms it's crossed when mother come into the room. The floor above their was broke down. The ceiling room it's cracknow. Mother begun cry, sending the *Most Human System* at the most vulgar origins.

„ – *You, mother?! Insult on that thanks we have **all**, you , in the past a poor girl, now stay in an apartment house, with **faiance** in the bath room, **refrigerator** in the pantry and **cooker** in the kitchen? Thanks your daughter which is **representative** of the **bearer classes** will form together with another fellows the **tomorrow intellectuals**, the **gold futur** of Humanity?...'*

The apartment house was shaken about the other explosions. Only the speaker was hysterical announced the news: - „ *U.S.A. Congress was resolute to sign the surrender and now continued to dissolve itself, making place for a **Revolutionary Committee**. All it's broken...'*

... - Oh, no... no...

The regularity tick of the alarm clock it's the lonely which disturb the silence room. The dish with sweet cherrys it's at it place, now covered with stones. – „ *Oh, and at five o'clock I must go at the begun years party!'*

With this occasion, she will **be choose** *Secretary of the Youth Organization Section*. This was the *right road*, which made felt herself a

dignified communist, intransigent, malleable, with big stalynist ideals, degnified daughter of the country which hear at the bright track of the Gold Dream.

Still she was stood in bed. – „ *I must made up a so **terrible** weapon, so that the capitalist surrender **only** the think that it could against their ussed. And so, it could be save the milion life people...*”

That no vainly went she the courses of a superior school!

In all case, imperialism *will sucomb!* And this moment she felt that was near. Neighbour that she *feel it!*...

12.

COMRADE MAJOR RESPONSIBLE with secret-service with prudence was opened the office-door. It was evening, and he was remained over the programme because he had very much work studing some *records* just a few recruits with *unhealty origins*, potential *enemys people*. He was satisfied just after for a long time thought over, took the paraph which will to destine those for the worker units, where the *hypothetically* bourgeois smoke will be *definetely extirpate*, and in this way will be avoid the contamination by the other's military, with halthyier origins.

The fear guard the melons – was the fundamental doctrine by *comrade informations officer*. And, in the spirit of this proverbmhe male step with prudence on the quasiobscure corridor, with one's pistol-barrel raise, broad-step,prick up one's ears and wide eyes. – And how much time said he to the electrician put fluorescent tube in all lamps! – But quicq be came back in one's mind, making a short *selfcritisus*: in the condition of the last starts by the **canibalic imperialism**, it was with impetuosity put the assignment for the savings with any price for every communist, for every conscious worker man by villages or towns. *Any step away in the battle for a how better good production, in the terms how much increases savings! Any give up in face of...*

In remote, it was heard steps. Who was in the night in unit, when the officers was now at their home? The soldiers was at the evening appeal. Perhaps didn't was parachuted the *anglo-american* dessant? *The fascists! The imperialists!... Comrade informations officer* charge the pistol: he didn't had gave any step away! So how the duty officer will die fought in his room, so he will fight till the last drop blood against those which through invaison, want liberate and bring back at the helm state on the formerly exploiters! – But what is this? It's again silence. Only the duty officer voyce it's heart in intervals.

Was breathed freely. May be even was appeared. Anyhow, the dark corridor didn't appeared in seif. Went back in the office and, with rare and broad steps,advanced untill the window. With a short blow as barrel, broke the glass. Even that the pistol was been loaded,the shake was sent the percussion point in the cartidge and a shot was set free to the starry and clear sky of the communist homeland. Nobody? Nobody! He want got aut on the window, and arrived down jump about lateral windows, like this he was saw in a film that it was made an bourgeois policeman when his office was besiged about the fascists.

Lift up his short and stout body on the window sash which was manufacture about thin sheet iron. – Make he? Don't make?... Don't...

Was lost his balance and, with an supreme roar was started in open fall, and arrived at the first window which must to serve him for a first halt. But was stricken with his plump buttock the brittle panel and trying caught about something, pulverized once of a glass. Forcedland, with a formidable thut which was raised up a thick cloud of dust.

... Came round with the eardrums which was bombard about the rumble of the siren. – „ As the time by poor *Roaită!*⁹” – understood he, and bursting in the tears again swoon.

The duty officer was tilting strong steps. Round about, the soldiers drove about the company commander took fight positions, went the places about ehere was appeared that was it shoot.

- Comrade... comrade...

- ...

⁹ Vasile Roaită – *ficitiuous communist herro which in 1933 – said the communist history – was operate the siren about a Bucharest entreprise,announcing in this way strike of railway workers.*

- *They struck you heavy?*

- **Imperialists... Americans... Englishmen...Fascists...**

- Live their alone, *comrade*, that it was defeat in Vietnam and Korea, and couldn't we gave they out of our country, if homeland *will ask?*

Comrade officer responsible with secret-service hard sight.

- The bone it's broken?

- *It was, comrade, but not for they! Damn with they! Belived that the Fascists that will invade the world, and made us their servants?!*

Tried to raise up his superior, but the shank was stuck remained with the calf, and comrade officer responsible with Secret-Service was uttered an oblong roar. With sagacity, comrade duty officer as a arrow was started at the phone.

- Just a few moments. I call the ambulance, and we solve this problem! Stay here, please!

New moon was appeared about the building of his face. Round about, soldiers was stood as a dark line front. – „*They are so beautiful!*“ about his uncomfortable position comrade officer responsible with Secret-Service reflected. – „*Boast soldiers al which a brave Populary Army*“.

With an infernal rumble, the Ambulance car was braked in the gate face. Recruits was straightened the weapons at that, with at the paroxysm strained nervs.

- Soldiers, don't shoot! tryed he straighten one's foot. – They are *friends!*

Hoever, it was heard one's of weapon click: soldiers didn't had cartridges...

Just two stretcher berers was heavyier try hard, but succeeded in the last. Now, comrade officer with Secret-Services responsible had horizontal first plane the immaculate ceiling, and on the lateral, variede machines al which use untill then missed aut to knew.

„*The bone was broken?...*“

The car violent was jolt on the not so uniform streets pavement, insisently shank with calf through the joint which was incapable asked once of a order.

„*The bone was broken!*“ morose he think. – „*And if only that they give me the **Vladimir Illici**, if not even the **Big**...*“

Only the think by the *Big Peoples Liberator* was cut his breath. – Dreamed himself in the unit-yard which was by troops encircle and in grave accord at the brass band which was given the honour, and at his breast it's solemn hang up the *Medal* with the *renowned smiling moustached*. And he, took the right position, as a recruit which just went out by the room where he learned the regulations – the arms perfect stretched as the long body, the heel which was sticks about the feet... the feet...

„*Oh, the bone! Why was broken the bone?! Just now?...*” was swooned he for a three date, in lonely walty starts.

13.

IN THE KIND FAMILY life of comrade Kilotzki was appeared just a few time some problems, sometimes inherent for revolutionary activity. As a time, his about life and ideals comrade-lady was transferred in another work – minor seemingly – but making part as a economic link which surely was necessary for thr *Party*. So, for a time, she was transferred about her work which was consisted in organize the *spontaneous citizens group* which was gather at the crossed *More Lover saloon-car Leader* – in that which was destined to made for buy the goods about a pastry shop where personnel, about it's slight revolutionary trening, was yielded in the claims face **petty bourgeois** about an certain **buyers type** which was solicited that the comodities must had as certain qualitative and quantitative standard.

After then beforehand, made a eloquent speech all employees shop, the sale share was nearly spectacular grown. With specific revolutionary patience, she was explained patient to buyers the difference which was existed between the **terrible bourgeois-lander system**, where in the first line does it matter the **petty bourgeois aesthetics** in face of **revolutionary ideals** – and the *Most Humane System*, in which didn't existed exploiters,

not only *class difference* was vanish, but and the **quality criteria** was dissapeared.

The buyers giddyier looked, complezent was given one's chieh, bought or not, any other oral retort, cause think that the next move of their ideas oppont could been fatal for they. Certainly was that as a time, was succeeded the performance to sold what normally nobody didn't require that it must sold: anemic pretzels which at the edges appeared that itwas qulitative checked about the mice, oies of the other al which dough could noticed with aesiness the void, and rolls al which semicircle was at half broken.

Just once of a day she had problems with an refractory interlocutor which on an impolite tone suggested she that by virtue of *universal-valid abolition by bourgeois aesthetical and petty-bourgeois quality* – it must took some of the value chains by her neck, as well and some gold rinds which was put on the fingers by the superior limbs. In taht day she was terrible annoyed, took in her chubby complexion the purple colour about the *Worker Classes Fight Banner*. And jerkily explained that those objects was procured about the *small economys* which was achieved by her *honest work*, and *that* those which was fought for *People and Party* had the right to own objects about which centurys was deprived to possess cause of the **terrible bourgeois-landler exploitation**. – *Knew he in what condition was begunning she her life? How **learned** in the night,for could day to **work**,how her school fellows took off the dead soldiers boots for will have feet wear? – And so learned! And all was **Men becaming!** With **responsabilityty functions!** **As she!** – „...That for this we fought in 1907¹⁰” - pathetic she finished, after then noticed that the only which with attention listened she, was her neww fellows jobb.*

In that evening, indignantly was related this incident to her *comrade life*,which too was sincerly indignantly. He was firmly that always give a *crushing retort* by *classes enemy* which trying again put in debate the *small luxury* which *those* whith *so much merits* – that brought for people the *complete liberty* and *happiness*, for example – was allowed now and then, about their *honest* remuneration.

¹⁰ *In 1907, in Romania was a peasant uprising. The communists was mading for itself much demagogue poilitical capital.*

Tooing attitude, comrade Kilotzki even was sent an article at the newspaper where, in fulminating syntax and vocabulary, was warned about *all those which even believed that the history wheel could been away gave,at the same time losting to understood that all those which will plot against the **magnificent communism realization** will immediately received a twofold,if not even a treble blow.*

The article didn't was published, *about space reasons.*

Then, for thr first time, the revolutinary combativity at *comrade underground fighter* was lost heart, cause in one's mind was sprout the terrible supposition that, probable, in itself intimate hard of the proletarit structure – the *Party Press* – could shelter found the *imperialist enemy.*

14.

COMRADE MILITANT WORKER – at the new jobb titular transformed in renown – was firmed to duke succeefully at good fine the charge on which Party was given him, that recover the production plan the local entrprise, in the condition *of more increase saving of the first matter and electric power resources.*

But when he just was arrived at the manager office gave up,thinking that it was more *revolutionary* not to recover the production at the normal standard.but *double* if not even just *treble* it.

Even at the first time, he must to face aut the advers face which was materialized in the report without doubts with ill-mening made, which too certainty had sabotage intentions, al which numbers at the first moment was suspected it's that was had *unhealthy origins* and *petty-nourgeois* habits.

With *revolutionary pathos*, was proved their that not even that they didn't was *lean* at the first matter supply chapter, but they even had *surpluis* in this field.

... Didn't existed stell superiour qualitative? But exist cast iron!...

... Didn't had cooper? But it was enough iron!...

And, overheard the interlocutors' ironical looks after that exhaustive explanation, he drew up the necessary *secret list* which included the potential fellows which were made *inimical gestures* or even just *subversive acts*, about which was delivered towards the *Blue Institution* which was defended the Nation.

Then, *comrade militant worker* was set out among the workers for had with this *comradely* and relaxed talk. There he was heard their problems, the small troubles at which the daily life which didn't have *any link* with the *production*, but on which he with stoicism was listened.

After a long time reflected upon, he was discreetly groping on that which appeared they had the most *healthier origins*, for used they by replace the interlocutor by the other day.

After just a few days, with a new corps as *specialists* which in they was throbbing a *vigorous blood* and a *new life* – *comrade militant worker* was started to *work*. The project will be this: they'll in shock made goods, much, how much it could, in the limit of the first matter, surely. It was so simple, brilliant simple, and after a few weeks with hard work in which nobody didn't have week-end, all was finished. Now, it will continued begun the second point of *militant worker* plan: it must be stored in much in much quantity if they could this goods in the markets warehouses, with the specificity that in the next days will must constatate that what goods was more hard to sell, and that will be must with preponderance send for sell, for how quick could rid of it's.

The first day was registered a spectacular sales quotation: population, which was staving about the absence of that consumers goods, immediately bought it.

In that evening, *comrade militant worker* was decided that *those* which had the *decisive contribution* in this *victory* – the *entrepreneur chiefs* – had right for a just many relaxation. So, was all displaced – manager, *Party secretary* and the *fresh specialists corps* – at once of the restaurant which was situated on the belt road at which the town.

„ – *Oh, Lord, it was more better that we could hope!*” burst into tears the manager, when was remember he the first sale day results. Then, he sent to sleep with one's head on the table, in delusive apour alcohol enveloped. With a glass in one's hand, the *Party Secretary* was looking

about his smoky spectacles smilingly and with imbecility,incapable of made a gesture. *Comrade militant worker* in a friendly way pat the manager at his back, after then cut a bit of the cucumber which the *tirred* still had one's face, rapidly puting it in one's mouth.

But about three days, all asked why the deal was *to creak* beginning. And once af another, now begun to rain with denunciations. In some consumer's goods shops, those buyers which hading at house some to mince was boughter such machines, now was coming with hash which mince objects for made a test *hic et nunc*, in this way puting the shop assistans in displeasure situation cause. But with obstinancy,the iron knife and sieve in pour state,with nothing ally, with perseverance was refused made it's duty.

The considerable in wriitung number of denunciations was finaly prodused a *quantitative increase* which *crossing the limit*, was produced the *qualitative jump*, which was created new jobs,confirming the basis idea by more increase saving al which the resources which was useful for the national economy.

But *fatality* made that the matter didn't arrived till at it's end. *Comrade militant worker* was call back exactly when the new jobb, very well organized, was better worked that the basis activiy. About *unaccountable reasons*,the entreprisse was *bankruptcy given*, in *eternity* propelling it's *spacialists corp* for *sabotage*. After then it was desintegrated, and divided between the other's two entreprisses *identical productive*,but more *subtly* led...

15.

THE FLORENTYN TABLE about twenty persons aut of the E. family saloon was in totality occupied as very Saturday. It was proverbial the feasts which the house occupant gave at every last week. This habit was classical becaming, and it had response, every this broughting together after a heterogeneous recipe an extremely variegated society, which was

formed about family friends, fellows job at which the husband or wife, distant relations and just even neighbours.

That society with its original making about all points look was probable attracted about the even proverbial joy of the lodgins family as the extremely pleintful suppers at the every week-end which was sometimes oblong untill late in the night.

The atmosphere was pleasure by the excellently country wine, the heated talks in contradictory not once of time. But in once of a moment the perfect calm just was set up, when at the T.V.-set was appeared that of a model-justice characters, at which action didn't could different finished only with maralizing happy-end, and very rare with the principal-positive personage death.

If the action unroll time somebody tryed meding an upon, or more noisily laugher, vigurousis sst immediatly was restored the neccesary silence.

Then, the ceiling lamp with the other's apply bulbs too, again the drawing-room was lit up, again brought on the guests lips in high spirits laugh cascades. Wife was coming in the room with the traditional chocolate cake, supreme provocation directed towards the saliva gland by the beneficyaris.

In fact, duodenum's guests even at the begun feast was in force putting at the hardship about the lobbys food which was compounded after complicate recipes which made exhaustive whole scale as pies, salt sticks, meat jelly, and fill up eggs. The cisitors was rush upon this with pantagrueic fit, arising not once of a date conflicts between the forks which furiously tryed made its duty, arising sound resonance on the most variad tonos. And about even this first foot recovery, the joy was again becoming on the lips, in witticisms or smiles artificial just more or less.

In this stage, allways *the politician*, which permanent was stood by Mr. E. right hand, was pesimist becoming:

- Gentlmen, this luxury don't have economic foundation! was he broken aut, unseless trying threw on the other side as the tonsils the blockade once of piece sausages more fast swallow. And glomyier continued, fishing a cucumber an the dish:

- The past demonstrated that a society which was situated in a middle of a crisis and struggle this scourge through amplifying its mercantile state and saturnality, fine more later about retroactive pay more stern, only if the opportune time was admitted its deficiencies and drastic acted at the possibly remedies which was necessary.

- And why consider you that *our society* it's *in crisis*? asked the lady which opposite stood, an Mephistophelic smile displayed. She didn't understand well just a few words of the other's sentence.

The *politician* puzzled looked at her, under his long-sighted glasses.

- Just a few days ago, I bought myself Dutch bet sheet, was noticed another lady, transmitted in time that she leisurely opened the film of a salami piece.

- And I, *style* furniture! another was recognized, in meditation liberating an whitish cloud.

In that moments, the *politician* was red becoming by a visceral hatred overwhelmed, cause instinctively was afraid about his interlocutor, wife of once who was work in the *Secret Political Police*. He was know the *kind* of this institution in a long detention years, for the blame that he was the son once of a petty politician as **bourgeois decline**, which at the same time was to owner of a vast enough estate. For just a moment, regretted the subject which himself was chose. But he couldn't help, cause he didn't understand how was possible so much richness for just one feast, which undoubtedly was betrayed a suspect prosperity, forgetting that even his host was been nationalization victims of the house in which he was lived. But more *malleable*, and without another property, that was *went* in so manner that in spite of the wife with not so good *health origins*, he was managed and had a for a short time job even in the *Communist Party* structures.

- But think, lady, that this prosperity it's falsely and doubtful, transient at the bright oxides on the artefact jewel. In a civilized and realistic society, a besides piece of bread, an temporary plenty, which didn't had base on a healthier economy, it's a reason for...

The interlocutor blinked with concentrate her eyes, in reality didn't understand so much out of the other's pretentious and so much neologisms speech, but that the society which brought her in a figurative

but and proper prosperity, now was criticized with extremely vehemence. And, looked for just a moment at her substantial engagement ring, she regreted that the times and the *proletary morals* didn't allowed to display all diamond collection on which she accumulated in the last years.

- But it was and **achievements**, noticed she with insinuating modesty. She was thoughting about that which was the reprisals with just ten years ago for the reckless words on which the tireless figter was uttered.

- *Realizations*, that was lit this, splashing the audience saliva bits, which was dropped about through the components once of a bad fix denture. – *Realizations!* To ruin ten streets for built only one's, to scrath wis right hand at the left ear, to give yourself a aspirin when you had hepatitis – this must we call *achievements*?! It must remembered us that Germany, in the first *nazism* years, was know a short age about...

Stopped, scared as one's vehemence about at this time overtook the measure. Was folded in his chair, casting round about furtive glances, as *Thentos*¹¹ immediately must appeared for took him one of it's armpits.

Under the strong impulse all which the host-lady foot, the drawing-room door with violence was gave up.

- Mister politician, another one's sausage? playful she asked, brought about a general and far-fetched peal of laughter, which however was succeded in to broke the icy atmosphere.

- Oh, in the end and *communism* even was *value produced*, she conciliatory was concluded in time which got aut for on watched the food which she prepared in permanented high tide in the kitchen.

She was in high-spirite and she had why, cause just she was appointed hed staff in one's of an important institution town, unexpectedly forgoting the unhealthy past, as daughter about a triflings tradesmen, *exploiters of United Worker People*. – With a sensible increase remuneration she consider that whatever *grand beginning* had an difficulty start. So and *Communism*, didn't use that reproach it the *small errors* which in her childhood was kidnapped by home her father **forever**.

¹¹ *Thentos – The daek god.*

- **All it's well when it's finish well!** Mr. E was the first recovered. He raised up his glass, toasted in way in the name of an imaginary celebrate.

Wife was aut gotting, contented about the shape in which she was said the word which she had to said. Immediately, was coming after she a guest, which was a distant relation al which her husband.

- I told you that I didn't will much support this situation, you, all time in the kitchen as the last servant, and we in the dinning-room!

And he drew near about the woman which, in face of the oven stopped was ready to took aut a pan. Took he about her full hips, kissing one's her nape.

The hostess was turned round with an false smiled as an hypocritical dissatisfaction.

- Valy, Valy, how much time I told you that for this impatience, we could had troubles...

But the man again embraced she, kissing greedily.

Latter, the woman was took aut about his arms, with a very hard style buzz.

- My dear, I told you that we must just wait! The child is still very small...

- But I want you now...

Tipped she on the clean table with brutality raised up her lap dressing gown.

- Ttttt... Oh...

- You don't think that I will differently treats you? hurry pant. – A woman like you deserve anything, even help she in the house-keeping.

The man looks rivet remained on a kitchen beetle, which slowly was climbed on the wall, and another did caught up.

- Damn it, about where came they?

Left her belly about his hand, unexpectedly preoccupied about this new problem.

- Yes, are very much, in this zone are much old houses, with shops at the ground floors...

... - You, *guys*, what news are with the roast meat? cheerfully asked the host which unexpectedly was appeared in the doorway. Whithout

haste, closed himself at slit. Just was between the family membres. Only came by the lavatory...

- Now, now, mumbled wife, again stopped for took the pan.

Mr. E. Was in anobviously high-spirits. Without seeming, was as the other drew near, hugging him.

- Valentine, my dear, we are distant cousins, but as if we are brothers!

And lossing his embrace, took some distance, tanderly contemplating him.

- So it's well, dear friend, always the relatives must be close!

Contented with this finding,smack one's tongue.

- I go back to guest. It's not politely to live him alone. But you, look what make with the roast meat and please will behave yourself! apply he one's of last languid admonition with one's finger.

It was heard two tabacco coughs, and then a door creak.

- Even you must know that I don't much time support this situation! You,near like a that man which don't understood that...

But the woman was already taken the pan and went on the dark corridor, cause she was hurry to left the vessel on the table which begun burning about the rag one's fingers.

In the dinning-room,the *politician* red as a crawfish,splashed with saliva al which was in his round about, in a irresistible convulsion cough.

- Yes, madam, firmly I affirm: after this misserable system will break down, the only solution will be the **royal option!**

Worried, the host was busted one's his chair. The other's speach was taken an obvious dangerous way. The lady near the politician fasely smiled, adressing towards child which was near she, with conceal lovingly:

- Johnny, boy, you are in this house as a small king, lad!

But ostracize about the attention absence about then, the child didn't had a react, fixed on one's of a home fatherly walls.

Mister E. Was bent over table, appling a fatherly slap one's the child neck:

- Hey, you, believe that yourself are some *sovereign?*

Tittered, cause he was contented about he was used the last heard neologism, which didn't was so much use, cause now was absent the object which was appointed about this term.

The audience was rose for took at their home. Only the politician was just a moment remained, and left the table only after he took an last piece of a chocolate cake.

As usually, the hostess was that which was led the guests. Mr.E. remained at the table and with a cigarette about which majestically was sottered smoke clouds, was mused at the importance of gather relations with the relatives,aquintances and friends. In that moment, in the yars the guests cheerfully was laughed, accompany about his wife and his distant cousin. Only the *politician* voyce didn't learned. Though just this was under the faithful when, the daily broth of broken-hearted citadel al which last remainder was Mr.E. which was remained without wife and son – was becaming enough dilute for not contradict his theorys about the planty part in a society which was into the full crisis.

16.

IOSIF VISSARIONOVICI was on death. As a few weeks short and lapidary radio news announced thad he had a *transident indisposition*. But as a few days,cause the appearances was more and more hard to saved, that was replaced with impersonal medical bulletins through made one's way his bad health condition.

As his right was stood Malenkov, member in the *Executive Political Comittee*. At his left Lavranti Beria, the *K.G.B.* chief and his reliable man. In times, when the other went aut and the invalide was losing his consciousness, at he was rushed striking and cursing him. Immediately what the other was back coming, burst into cry kissing the hands *Daddy*. Was conscious of that after the dissapearance that which was as a dog faithful, all crimes and abuses will be he attribute.

The best doctors of the country were succeeded each other round the patient bed. Any visible mien reaction, after applied their improvisations they lived, convinced that nothing couldn't do for the man with 76 years old.

All members of the *Political Office* was passed by the bed looked he with thinks formed by fear, matter sympathy and nonconfess hopes. The invalide nonexpressed looked at he, as a faulty doll. After this, the silence was possession becoming.

With one's eyes broad opened, the invalid fixed once point on the ceiling and with his forefinger indicated may be some out of the sky in which all his life didn't believe, not even when in his youth was in the theological seminar. Or, perhaps, in that ceiling corner was stood out once of his victims...

With his eyes at paroxysm opened, for a few time the patient hurried breathed. After this, the hand slowly get down. This was all. Iosif Vissarionovici was death.

After not so much time, Lavranti Beria could convinced that it's fear near the former dictator bed was well-grounded: the excuse with the *order's execution* didn't absolve him. At once of the first meeting without *Daddy* of the *Political Office*, the other's, in a fit of rage, was killed him striked he with all which was at hand...

Stalynist era was finished.

- Part two -

*"I die worshipping
Lord, love my friend,
but no for hate the
enemy, and with
loathe for
superstition."*

Voltaire.

17.

THE CHIEF-ARCHITECT of the most important city of the country was terrified looking the transfigured President face, as the possess face of that which was presented the model and, in a expression pause, with the indicator raise up was remained.

The idea was *brilliant*, as all ideas about then. But differently about the other's, al which effects it was possible to be recover in the future this, one if it was put into practice, nobody and nothing could recovers it's ill – feated results.

The twilight shades as the lat fall was invaded the room. The neon was given a lugubrious tint to the model. Once if it was put into practice, an true roller will be made one's with the earth monuments, churchis, synagogues, old foundation.

He perfect was knew on that which made the lecture. The hilarity recolections of that which was just two decades ago the fool of the Architecture Institute was sad now come back in one's mind. In that time, more youngest techer, the oldier chief-arhitect tryed that and for this, as all that student serial which was one's of the first series of his didactic quarry – to guide his steps towards the town-planning trade, believing that it was enough had good-faith and made an effort for that every students became an professional. He remembered well the mother of this, the protector of this unscrupulous climber – woman for which anything proof about her son incompetence in the architecture domain, and unfit for anything faculty so, generally – was at the first moment made *tabula rasa*. Not even that she had trust in the gold future of her son identical *auriferous* with the country future, and she took care that the young man had two, not just a faculty, the two been that which was

specialized him in the strength structure domain. – „ *If for **an underground-fighter son** didn't you had respect, then how interest serve you? The **formerly exploiters children?!***” And this magic words was efficient prived in the both education institutes.

... The old chief-architect at which the town was convinced that his former student will serve this **Napoleon III**, at which **Sedan** nobody could knew how much should be late. The mouth which made an hideous smiled, the wrinkles which was at the paroxysm wrinkled about the soon prospect as been halo **Sisif**, which was dressed in the heavy coat as an aptheosis founder – was clear all demonstrated.

One's the first years after the graduation, the old chief-architect had news about the pranks of his former student on which this made at the jobb. ... the *incompetence* was transformed in *devilish wickedness*, the *inferiority complex* – in *violent outerbrea*k. In his building sites was with allsord abuses and unjustifieds worker contract came undone. All predicted the trajectory of his former students, and now, the destiny on which the town could had in case that it should gave by one's hands.

The manager entreprise in which work for some years the tenacious *revolutionary-intellectual*, closed one's eyes in face of the small eccentricityies which nevertheless didn't diverted as the *line*. But he was worried becamng and very prudent when the new employce dethroned the oldier *Party-secretatary* about the entreprise.

As in he university years, his mother continued supported his son, and this was now one's more possible cause she just was in pack with and boss by Populary Council, stately man, always fresh shave, owner of numerousis imperialists suit of clothes, on which he bought by source for could saw how was defy the Western proletary by the capitalists.

The last years was marked for comrade engineer about only the change of *two cars*. It was the *three* in project, cause the *old lioness* only critical looked at the tinyier schratches which was obtain this third car in the years when the son every day was drag it at the jobb. The three car will be equipped to run with Diesel oil, fuel which could be anticipate that it will be in abundance on the buildings site which must soon open, for *definitely* mark the town aspect with the *extern communism symbols*. In this way – thought she – only a *small satisfaction* should be had her son,

by work *so preoccupied*, an *so important* man deserving have any time by his disposal an comfortable and rapid change of place mean.

... the oldier chief-architector of the town duked one's hand by one's forehead. Just for a moment, an bad apparition was darker his look. But in the next second, an light inspiration made him came an decesive decision: he don't will be their accomplice! The account just was finished.

- *Comrade President* – begun making an tilt of one's head. – *Comrade chief-project*, was continued he with an white tone. (He was noticed a scorn look.) – The grand actions which is make ready no w in this place,made me to though the burden of the for decades when I wanted the supreme right al which people – **the aesthetics that the fundamental value.**

Therefore, right it's now to give up my place in favour of a more younger brother, which will be *capable* to take over the *titanic loads* which will be come from about the *magnificiently* built which in this place is prepare. *Comrade President* – was addressed at the dwarf which surprised looked at he – I left in the person of *comrade choef-project engineer* an *mature* and *capable* element, this could saw about the *results* of the university years period on which and I had too *honour* watched it. And after this, for me remained only that look by the climax twilight life at what will be *achieve*, and will *be proved* about every patriot. *I wish you good luck!*

- But all it's still an project in *embrye state!*was sayed something about the audience.

- I wish you *good luck!* You'll have my *pension application* just tomorrow!

The last words with an bizarro echo was spread in the room which was about the hurried steps of that which just left it.

18.

COMRADE CHIEF-PROJECT engineer was settle that about the people which will work at his life deed to made *model worker*, with an

high civic sense, which will be training in the *new spirit* which was assigned about the *General-Secretary of the Party*. The workmen of his building sites must to become special quality at which a reform people.

Now, when it isn't no so much till the end century and thousand years couldn't be tolerate the backward mentalities and principles, obsolete bad habits, which was about *history blame*.

So, nobody could'n in the future use the word *mister* or *gentleman*. *Comrade* was more popular, and will be create more close among workers relations, and between workmen and chiefs in the second part. But no the new way as apply will be remove the social and cultural difference, but the new thought, will transform the workers in a men which more cultural impetuses, then mercantile. And one's more: the snack about the middle of the day in the future the workmen have to take it no frugal, about corner building site's, but in huts, just half a hour, and the salami¹², only take an vaterly food-stuff for example – will be paper pack and put in plastic bag, in this way will be avoid to form an sickening hybrid in contact with the bread.

But for could put in life all this, *comrade chief project engineer* had need among his staff about reliable men. One's of this was a fellow about thirty years, which came from a North village of the country and which stayed around him about a decade. Now he was mature man and, with certainly *healthier origins* he had the *big quality* that he never took *any initiative*, but proving that he was an excellent executant for the small task on which it was entrusted him. The young man quick was drawing the attention at which *comrade chief project engineer*. He remark him on one's of a river bank where his workmen just was fulfill some strengthen working. Immediately, he took him under one's protection, at all adding and the mother boy requests, woman premature grew old, with one's hands cracked about the field work, with she's face on which as imprint the trouble at which a woman which youthfully was widow remained. Until now, she brought up her child how she could, even he made ten classes. But now it was putting the work problem. And the boy was as a pole thin, with big number at his glasses which was deform his bonyest face in a permanent lateral rictus, for an idiot characteristic position. *And*

¹² *The renowned soya salami, which was contained very much water.*

he didn't was **full!** But place at the cooperation farm didn't was available, and she didn't had relatives,so that about all had, for didn't had your work unseless and in the wind the barn gap. Cause it was enough how much she was torment in her life, if only the boy if it could have a better life.

„ – Take with you, boss,and mahe something with he! Cause I don't have money to give him at a Faculty!“

„ – Well, madam, but he don't have not even the scool-leaving examonation!“

„ – Oh, mister, but others, which had money made it and without... this... leaving...“

„ – **School-leaving examination**, condescending was repeated comrade engineer. – What know he make?“

The woman inquiringly looked at his offspring which with his under the glasses look, in his big blouse and trousers,in his wood clog more big with a number – helped by one's soul the workmen about the morning untill then, and now left the wheelbarrow handles, assisting at the talk about which vague understand that it's possible to determine his fate.

„ – Mother, what know you better make?“

Boy looked for a few moments at they, with one's mandible as ussualy more came aut in bold relief.

„ – To song“, short answered he and,without another advice, puz one's hands funnel at one's mouth, and whistle yell setting which would to imitate an buglw by their region.

Al though *comrade chief-project* was engineer,not musician, believe that it was his duty to put one's hands at one's ears, which was at the morning assail about the bulldozers and excavators rattled. The woman delighted looked at her offspring and, in the very same evening,comrade engineer tryed to employ at the cultural home this *certain gift*, in this way trying to get about a undesirable ballast. But after the delay which that was made, quick understood that he fought for a lost cause,so,after another few days,employed in a smith-concrete team. Nobody gave him aut about there. Only the boy alone run, after a few days as feet in the softly part of the body, and after a parcel with reinforcements about a crane hook, fell down enough scatter for that the wonder that he nevertheless seif and sound save, yet was possible to produced.

But one's of a day the building site finished was work. Together with his luggages, comrade engineer must took with he and the boy, untill then swwmngly for nothing good. Who can knew, at the town another was been the condition, may be...

But at the town, young-man proved that for him the single new matter of the firmament was the river which theoretical could wholly at the tap coming in home and the asphalt tape which for him represented true Paradise silver slabs, here and there which vigurousis water puddles.

The last two secondary school years on which young-man must done it for got the higher education prospect – was made under the *comrade project-engineer* care. The faculty entrance examination took any problems, at this contributing too and the *old lioness* which was nostalgic after the time when she thought at the other end cable the quaver voyce of the faculty rector which assured she on the excellent studies results al which her son.

The faculty years was proved for the boy an more ordeal the secondary school years. The lessons which aut of the recollections was given by comrade engineer was copious larded with steep witticisms which was joined with varied didactic-repression mens.

Mother boy felt about what master had his son, but she thought in her soul that it was more better so, only the work cooperation farm. It was true, the roats-learn was bitterly, but she was hope that after this, her future son could been more better, rather the destiny which wait him if he was bake coming in the natal- village.

But comrade engineer thought that it was possible, if he didn't tame his teacher system – to lose his disciple. So, the tactics was changed. He appeared now worn aut about this for a long time didactic effort. Sometimes, when the full disciple was excessively, the teacher was lay one's bed. – „ *You will kill me*” exhausted murrured the convalescent whithout illness. - „ *Will you see who take care about you then!*”

Always, in this stage, was interfered the *old lioness*: „ *Want you make your mother another lemonade glass jar?*” – And at the disciple: - „ *Saw you what you done?*”

This tratament had two main goal: the first, to neutralize the last personality remainder of the disciple – and in the way, to change the

results of the brutality actions. Because comrade engineer knew that the aptitudes of this for the higher education was equal with the folk-music interpreter – he hope if only an perfect servant make out of him, and with his help must strengthen his position.

In the last, and the boy understood that his present fate was preferably rather than the life out of his village.

And it was proved that so it was: in the end, the young-man was becoming an small engineer too. Now, *comrade chief-project* had an ally for put in life the future his *magnificiently* plans.

19.

- **D**IDN'T UNDERSTAND PROPERLY, mister? You don't have nothing for cash!

The oldest architect dumbfounded looked at the young-lady which stayed at the wicket, and now was very angrier, cause she was vainly disturbed about the small operation with just made in that moment: the eyelids paint.

Shyghly again tried:

- Madam...

- *Miss!*

- Miss, I ask you very much... for „O” letter... be so kind, all pensions was payed?

- I told you, mister! Ya! But if you didn't wanted properly understand, I can't nothing do for you!

- Miss, again I ask you, very much, make a new small effort, and look again in the central register. Because this week I stayed every day at home, and my pension didn't came by post.

- But what, mister, I'm at *your orders?*

Nevertheless, sullen begun with the brush paint to rummage through some registers.

- *Erase.* So it's wrote here: you are *erase* out of the records.

- It can't be possible!

Cause she was in her *professional vain* attacked, flung the register under his look.

- Certainly, this is an error...

- Oh, no, about you I didn't save till the *Horses Easter. Pete! Peeeter! Peeeter!*... please come till here, cause I have a *craizy one's my chief!*

Impetuously, Pete was appeared about one's of a door which was given in the annex-room which was in the back wicket. For just a few swconds examined calm the case, and after that sayed:

- We must look for the archivers. May be, who know...

Miss followed him. The imploration-exclamation and interjection sniggarr in waves started to came aut of the small door:

- *Damn it, for this left I employ you about your mother in this place? For make you **mince**?*

- *Don't you say nothing about my mother, cause he know the ninister, and you could be get aut about this jobb untill you will say fish.*

The kissis and erease under linen was all which was heard for a few moments.

- *If only at the jobb live me alone!...*

- *Shut up, cause the old heard us...*

The man alone was returned, with the fringe in disorder and without a button abou his sweater.

- Yes, comrade, miss have right. You are *erase*.

... he didn't thought when brought down the post office steps.

... *Erase, erase, erase...*

The cutting winter penetrated in the thinness cloth overcoat ice shivers. Began to snowed. A stone was try hard in his shoe. But why was the pavement so spoilt in this place?...

Just in that moment was turn his face at the huge field which untill then didn't observed it. He thought his fair stood on end. An tram slowly went between two gap sidewalks. Just a few mtres further on, he observed the groove of an big collection drain, and on the bank's ditch the slabes aut of will be built the walls of it. Tubes and plates was too piled up beside, and the fine powder of the snow begun to burzed it with the earth still not freezing, forming a chestnut and stickyier paste.

„ Therefore, my former disciple begun his work” .

Some workmen was beginning to took aut with their crowbars the windows frame aut of an evacuate house. In free fall, out of the older wood was took of the ornaments, which was crumblert at the cruelly touch earth.

„ How much about present artists could indeed created so in wood scultures?...”

- Attention! Go back!

An wheel tractor with it's trailer was one's metres in his back.

- Hey, you man! Didn't heard me?...

The driver took aut one's chief on the window.

He went back, forbided his shoes about the sharp splinters stone by the broken pieceis pavement.

„ So it's happened with unimixed. They are gave at one's part, and then will be erase...”

Smiled with sadness, ause remembered his youth dreams. And just now thought the burden of the six life decades. His dreams appeared now that a distant shadows.

... The socialist capital of a thriving country, metropole in which the architectural and traditional jewels had harmonious joining with the new buildings, with was giants as stell, concrete and glass. The river which still was an dirty water course had been as the crystal clear, in a new bed which now was widen and salubrious. Much light boats will wander through this Venetia with it's one branch, and it's banks will be union with much sigh attics. And the lovers will be uninterruptedly kissing, under the moonlight romanticism, at this Balkan gondola shades shelter – shure, all will been spending in the proletarian moral limit.

And in the middle of the town- the miracle! An impositing edifice about glass and aluminium, which will put in shade the mediaeval royal loaders of Venetia. This wonder will be situated in the terminal point by a big market about horseshoe form, which will be watched about all it's sides as huge statues, which will be presented the all nation heros, from ancient times, untill the Worker Classes Heros.

On the fluid ribbon silver of the town, the lovers for a few moments will be interuped aut of their erotic games, for observe the fairy back – ground shineing

*in the strong nocturnal lighthouses. Trilles about this landscape, again they will
took in their arms, resolute that about their union, will be given new offsprings,
which must duke on the most Right and Human System of the World
history.*

... with hidden roar, the north wind again broke through his worn-out coat, a new ice shudder straining him. Arrived at a end desert street.

Remembered it, cause walked in this place as very much time, with his sweetheart which was his wife becomng. In this place, of this in slope streets with it's **balzacian's smack**, the evenings summers was wonderful, the air was embalmeed with to much scent shades beginning with roses and ysanthemums perfumed, untill the lime-tree and narcissus scent. Each a nicotiana opened it's cup. Each a oldiest madam nostalgic looked how the twilight gave up it's place for the night, stayed on the face bench, which was fresh paint.

Now, the wind furious whistled about the window with broken glasses. Aut of the basement by a ruinous house, was drained a water thread as the blood aut of an wound abdomen. The pipes was broken, after the heating which was preceded as an terrible frost.

About East, the Metropolitan Church loud bells was her beginning. Tomorrow was celebrate. The glassyer sphere of the Parliament building was hard light up as the strong neon's bulbs. Seem strangle, the sound peal was unexpectedly fainted.

He wandered through the street, among the freezing brooks. Piexes of debris was again caught in the mud which was now about the frost made solid, an which the snow begun put.

At the baze of the hill, houses lights still non-evacuated, pale twinkled. Al though nobody didn't sayed, he knew that and this soon, very soon, will became debris and brick heaps, which with the weighing machines will be transportated at the town outskirts.

He was overwhelmed with a big remorse. He musted remained, and may be if in this manner he could save what it could to save. But what should he made against the *Bad Forces* with appeared that it was form a coalition against this unhappy town?...

But how could he say those words about his former disciple? How could the future judge in this way gesture? Now he considered himself their accomplice!

He knew that the blame by that which will be implicated in this paranoid built will be more much that his, which refused nevertheless the co-operation. But he couldn't forgive himself the stupid talk about which—seemingly—was fortified the position for that which in any rate will take his function.

The post out of which he was given one's resignation was vacant now. And more much, in the end it was suppressed. Any will be happened, nobody could be in the future accused!

He arrived one's face at the street on which just descended, and was appeared that an *tsunami view* swept all in the road, temporary stopping in the point in which he was in that moment.

No, certainly, nothing couldn't for save something. The assertions on which he made for his former disciple was a sadly appearance, cause anyhow this climbing was only resolute. And he, no matter how must be pensioned off. But cause he had the initiative, this couldn't be liking for the staff. He didn't regret: if the punishment for the hypocrisy sin was the death about the starve out—considered—then he thought deserve it!

Just was arrived at home. In the face of the apartment house, some neighbours was fretted near the transformer. The build was in dark sank. And the street, too. He knew that their excitement was in vain, cause didn't was a defect, but only an electrical economically which just was inaugurated about *high grounds as Party and State*.

When opened the door apartment, the dark displeasure blowed him. The electrify votive light was extinguished for the first time in a few years, about his wife was died. Worn-out she threw down at the couch. No, certainly, he couldn't nothing made. For could stopped the disaster, he should had wizard forces. But unaccountable he still was feeling their accomplice. He knew that the true will be know more later, when all was tardiv. And that which was adapted in this times, will be adapted and tomorrow. In the end, anyhow, the megalomania results will be remain.

The pale light of the votive begun to lighted the big icon of Mary with her Son. The sudden miss for his wife and the last traumatism by that

day – was now combine. On, in the rest apartment the dark remained master. Remained his single reliable ally.

20.

LITTLE GIRL WAS set down on one's of a home nearby demolished. In this place she was live close by. Excepting the coats which was on she, in the time of the building evacuate the neighbours took out of the apartment all furnitures, so few and poverty how it's was, under the pawn this on pretext in the change of the debts by her father which was run out of the country just for a few years ago, and by her mother debts, which finished in a nervous illnesses hospital.

Now nothing didn't had. Outside was cold and dark. Begun slowly to snow. The street was solituted, and the opposite home been also evacuated, it's windows was in dark too. Only at the corner, at the small apartment house grand floor with the roof half broken, a light of a window proved that this street formerly had life.

Oh, it's so beautiful! It's beginning the fir tree fairy light! Red, yellow, green... And look, between the glasses are some oranges and lemons!...

She was waren up about this image which nevertheless didn't belonged to it. She was opened the buttons of the jacket which was wide, more wide for she, on which succeded in to took about the body linen oile, also sequestrated about of that which was retrived their debts.

... But nobody was been in the apartment?...

With one's fingers about frost frosen, she caught at the windows metalic sash. In the drawing-room, an old man slowly dozed off an one's armchair. An old woman quiet knitted, and she was set down at the room table, on which was some cake in syrup. An small bowl with mayonnaise salad also stayed at one's corner table.

The room was covered with paper parcels and glass case together with paper parcels and a glass case together with an past dismantle cupboard in crush stayed away from the door. Aut of the ceiling an wire hung on,

and by its socket a bulb which was the lamp replaced by and at which its closed components in a corner room was stayed – cast a faint light.

... The frozen foot stiffly slipped on the wall, making a small noise.

- Who is there?...

The hoarse voice was repeated the question. Worried, the old woman left his work hand, went at the window how much quick she could.

She arrived enough far a way. Now, again was a bright square with its intermittent and multicoloured lights. Again set down at the cut off near by. – What kind could be! The window was becoming a true fairy play image. But unexpectedly she was defeated by the hungry.

In only a moment, she understood that the dust bin near the house still with inhabitants could be with more food remainders but that about until then searched for.

The dust bin was with one's lie in a part. For just a few moments, the little girl fixed her look at its. After that she rushed at its as a hunt down creature. But there nothing was been: the mice was all took.

Slowly was crying. She was exhausted about hungry and tiredness. But among the tears, she observed how a big and black tomcat went towards the verandah. But she as a wild beast rushed at the food, and arrived before of this. About the near plastic box, put in her pockets the remainder bones and the frozen pie.

- Who is there?... Who is...

Now was again far away the bright square. For a moment, was regretted cause in face of the hungry yield, in this manner losing the plager for look close by the window, where on the other side was a small Paradise. For just a second was tempted to knock at the door. But mummy learned her that it was not kind to go non-announce in a visit, and begged was also rude. Even if she remained alone, this study still was valid. For that she ran in town when some gentlemen in grey suit clothes was coming for her at home. She went out on the auxiliary stairs which was given in the neighbour yard, on half in ruin. In a hurry, she succeeded in to take the mother's long jacket, the single object which was remained in the deserted apartment. She used it for didn't sleep on directly the deserted parquet. Tried to go to her grandmother. She had dim recollections about where stayed this, so seldom was there. But

grandmother only was died. Then, she thought went at an uncle, the brother by her mother. But also vague she remembered that babe been, this was on both away driven when they wanted made him a visit. – „ – *Go and wear your bastard in another part!*” – „ – *But I'm married, Johnny! And I was coming to see you! That it's all!*” – „ – *For you, now I don't exist! Cause of the bad hard on which you made, was father die! Go! I never want see you again!*” still was this sayed, alammung with force the apartment door.

After she heard about the grandmother death, wanted arrived at home. It was better in the desert and with non-hoting apartment, then the life as best wild hunt down and the sleep in passages and stair-cases. Now, it was too cold. But when she was again arrived at her street, was dumbfounded remained. The building now didn't existed. In this moment, she even nothing had.

... After the frugal dinner, an bitter and pleasantly shiver which was in contrast with the pitiless frost embraced she as a fluffy eiderdown.

With lead steps, went at the other corner of the street where, in the inside one's of a home stairs with some rags she was an bed formed. Thought one's hard throbbed in her chest what was above heard?...

Some water drops was touched her as a pipe which just was about the frost broken.

Lighters, moved her bed at the inferior floor. And laughing in one's sleeve, slept with an hard sigh.

21.

WITH AN SHORT CREAK, the excavator's claw again tore up the freeze air, succeded in to knocked down about all passage vault. The building appeared now as a huge perforate by a decay molar toath. The front was cracked in numberlessis spots, announcing the imminent breckdown. The excavator-worker took aut one's chief on the cabin

window's, ilar gesticulating to the building garret's. Then gave up, again took the operation.

The formerly chief-architect of the town looked how the ornaments building front was cracked, then felt down in small fragments refreshing with dust the workers coat's. Recently, he was assisted on the some days length at the complete demolish process of a bulding which was situated of one's of a former street which was just broken: in the first, the londger i a hurry charged their furnitures in trucks with magnanimity was given their by the building site, for go of one's suburbs which just apartament houses of the town, not always with the connects working at awter and natural-gas finished, but al which fronts always after a years and an poorly air, with the basement by the first days with water filled, the flys and mosquitoes paradise; then, for no so much time, the home gap remained. But after a few days, the glasses window's begun and the sings of one's stone which was attained one's object, proving the ability of that which threw it.

In the second stage, begun to dissapeared the wooden part's of door's and window's which brought about long disputes between workmen and gypsies. Was victorious when some, when others, this belonging to about the numerical superiority about some or others. The sheet iron and the rest wooden part's, as the parquet, faience, lavatory or wash-hand basins was divided between the conquerors, producing sometimes an true fratricid conflicts; the plaster figures by the formerly drawing-rooms ceilings where was the light sources was with the crowbars broken, for could saw the resistance and the work-refinement's. And, for a superunderstanding, with an aledge hammer-blow was broken and the chief of one's by entrance statue, in this way noticed that it anyhow didn't had an support role. The marble and the bulkyier portal was also took and, at no so much time, it could be seen it in the graveyard adorning the decased eternity sleep.

It was to the big-operation, cause after the lause sheet irons metres was took on, the last wooden beams retrived – the excavators was given an short satisfaction for gypsies, they could now lead their waggen with all bricks, after they started up at their shelters.

Then, an void remained, the results work of that which with grudge destroyed, something that they never could built.

... Vague, about somewhere perhaps was heard and weak child whimper. It was really a nonlubricate joint of the equipment? May be...

No! It was doubt! And, among debris and columns bits, went quick of one's besement's window's.

- You, craizy, go back! Didn't see you that it must felt down?

A hard hand was clenched one's of his clavicle. But in that moment, observed about the small window a shape with just then made a motion. And unexpectedly he snatched himself.

- Oh, sir professor! It's my pleasure! exclaimed displeasured surprised the engineer chief-project.

The old arhitect came into the building quick went through the basement's stairs. The rails didn't existed. The steps was broken. But now he arrived.

On the damp floor, a kids was covered in a jacket with some tear rags. Slowly greaned.

It was a child. A little girl...

With an spasm, the flapper tryed turn on the other side. As a brand she schroched, raving in a language just about she understood.

Accompanied about the small burden one's his arms, get aut about the passage, fastenef about amazed looks. The overwhelming silence was now and then intrerupted about the north wind.

- Gays, it took the old man young wife about the tavern!

Again was took aut one's chief the excavator-workman. Intrerupting the contract silence, growl laughters enjoyed the typical wit.

- Sir professor, I hope that this *small incident* don't will determinated you to...

- Murderer!

Casted an circular look:

- Flock as imbeciles criminals!...

The old man saw at they with a look about faintly.

Went worn-out ,wandered through the void one's face, where only rests pavements remembered about the formerly place position. Turn round.

Some bulldozers with steel cables which was fastened to the posterior claws came with it's back near the building. The cables was tied about the former places where was the first floor windows. Then, the machines with full speed was removed. An cable was tore. Now the bulldozers stopped, spined in emptiness one's caterpillars. But it again came back. And, with an unexpectedly start, the walls was down broken...

An brown dust mixed with red tint was fell on zhe immaculats snow. The rattle eches as broke down walls ceased in the end, mading place for the deep silence.

22.

COMRADE ENGINEER CHIEF PROJECT went furious at the street. *Criminal! He, criminal! How dared talked with he in this way? And all this with public?! Believed he cause the simple quality that he was his teacher just much years ago gave he this right?! If the disciple suprassed his professor, now he must wis dignity supported the consequences. And, unexpectedly, he remembered the petty povertys on which he must always been in time delivered, the wrote down for the absences without leave, the claim that the student must assimilated insignifiant details for his future career, the State Examination at which who arrived, must with public demonstrated his knowledges. – And in the light of this actions, how dare humillitate he and now, the man which was in the Big Man of the Country graces? Didn't thought that he could crushed him as a anteater? What, he was taken there little tramp-girl? And after all, what does the matter that trifles in face of the Big-Build? This Build which was destiny to took aut this people through a country which for much myths. With much money, in this place will be gather up expensive stuffs and, with an unprecedented force will be created immortals architectonic master pieces on may be the nation didn't had the force or the will to built untill now. – Are craizy those which will be build? But on madness was founded much of the world wonders! The Communist Country in the end will be get aut of the modest and decentlys homelands! Just now, and it will be destine to stay between the sacred monsters of the*

monumental, of the bigger mondial build. But for much tradition in this domain, the nation will be draw near – stepping one's it's feet and the anonymous frail precedents – as the full richness splendours as **Postdam, Versailles, Schönbrunn or Buckingham**, masterpieces which unexpectedly was brought about, at the full gesture as insanity about one's of a **Lit and Wise Despot**.

Therefore, the country will be starve? But another kings didn't starved it painting for foreigner materyies their tributes, for they and their sloth relatives, for their expensive courts about nearby nothing didn't remained? And was built something which had similitude with the splendour which now will be stand out against? What will be hunger or tyranny? Now much will be worth all this in face of history opposite about the craizy durst for build, the single valid in face of the centuriyes when the baseness of the time will be vanished? The regions don't will be pheripheral for material realization point of view. The humanity dumbfound will be come in this place, for see the huge provocation about a place by where it wait so many for this.

... Now, he was at a two streets crossing. Some ruins was at one and the other hand, and even a building, strangely, was intact, not if only with the glasses broken.

A anxiety state unexpectedly possession him: but if he don't will succeed in? If what will be on the *Superior Staff of Party and State*? No! Now he couldn't gave back! And now, after he, for one's owen intimitive personal was presented to the *Leader* the project model. For a time, the *Big Man* was worrying between certainty and incertitude. All will be very much costs, by thousand million number, and this not in *native currency*! Alone, the industry, which was at it beginning *greatness* – swallowed so much. But after an last reservation, the plastic model attraction was more strong, and he decided that the working at the *Nwe Political – Administrative Centre* part of the town was the best place for construct, and in the prospect of an earthquake as that for 1977 force, the *Party and State* staff will have an more safety and smartly shelter.

... With an severe gesture removed his recollections. Now there, he must go in that house for saw and he if it was so beautiful the architecture zone! Because a few fellows was beginning to grumble

about, trying to delay the demolish works, or even to estrange it about some zones.

In the circular drawing-room the wooden lining traces drove on as on the walls partial as the plaster now poverty. Took an iron piece and with stifling heat struck in it. Didn't succeeded in to took of the wooden lining traces, which still was strong fixed...

The workings acceleration was the *single solution*. The *gretness prospect* didn't leave time for any rest. And the acceleration must to run untill will be definitely wipe the last traces al which the *man by man exploitation* system and for *ever prosperity of new order* which will be setting up about the alliance *dictatorship of proletariat* with the pasantry.

Was content about the scorn at the simple invent at **those** which was left in this houses. *For a time, they was continued defy the Worker People even now, in the Universal Equality Era. If he will be detect they (and he could made this), he will learn they and that apply the other tapestry on the walls! And will see if that, in the outskirts appartement houses which was destine him – this will be arrange!*

He will be content about pleasant heat, thinking at the Worker Classes union which will give it's hands for could perfect the *Magnificiently Construction*. With eyes mind he saw peasants which left the wheel tracter and the combine for will be accomplice at the *Great Construction* create; enthusiasts workers which only now, on this fields still had ruins on it's – had the vision of what will be in this place for just a few years in the future, far can centuries resist!

Yes! All what now exist,will be dissapeared! In this way,all which was disparege-man,soon don't will have comparison term.

... The old teacher made a mistake ,cause was defyed him, on that which had in the orders thousands workers and the trust of the More Important Man of the country. And if he will make again this,he will feel that the New System had and compulsion mens, not just as conviction. And will be punish all this which will try with thought or deed to keep the history wheel on place, or even give it back!

23.

THE DARK MOROSE under the ruins which appeared that still was been alive. In the near twenty months as when he didn't saw his former disciple – this considerable made progress. Some tenths streets was destroyed, and in place of that which was demolished a few years ago now was free grounds, and af one's eas now outline af an boulevard too short and very narrow. The concrete traffic lane which was interrupted about a soil strip which probable must make up a verdure line – firm was trace one's for the future thorough fare with just set and already burst into shivers kerbstones. Untill now, just was broken-hearted majority houses with the archail scent of the once town,a small nuns hermitage and, the fate ironical – the *illegality centre of Communist Party* which about thirtyfive years had the country of it's hands...

Some drains nearby was in function, announcing that one kilometre from top to bottom was in use gaving. In that moment he thought that will be an true work of art besides what seen he on the plastic model that will build in rest. An sample had on his right, on the other side of an metallic fence al which an special building site, where about forty metres only stood aut against the heavier skeleton of that which will be the *Nation House*.

The old arhitect ascertained that the small hill which with a few days still existed, now was dissappeared. In fact, the slope of the old street which existed here, at first was excavated, afterwards was built straigh – tly on the former street outline the big catacombs on which he seen beginning with two years ago,in face of the post office. It was rumoured that a part of this was destined for that the *Big Man of the Country* could – in case of warr – to run by an secreet shelter, if this was neccessary. But for the old arhitect was evidently that in case of air bombardament, this channel could be open as a banana peel.

After all was finished, all was with soil plugged. And now, the catacombs only sereve the appartament houses which just was finished, still when he was still in function. Was satisfied as it's supple architecture, which was based on the place of a houses not so important

for the architecture dowry of the town. But never, the old architect didn't fancy that the demolish working will be stretch taking the size of an huge tragedy.

... *The steel and glasses citadels* – the dream of his far off youth, always was remained an vague and abstract project. He would and even could sketch out and made it's project's, with youthful enthusiasm, but should be put in mess if something asked him to put the project into practice: *where could be built this? Of course, something at the end town. useful or useless, good or bad, beautiful or ugly – he could be if only shure that it don't will have on one's conscience the ruin al which the civilization traces – modest or magnificent – on which the run time however was left, in this mode creating the traditional and so neccessary surroundings of that which existed and for that which will come.*

But just now, the former chief-architect of the town was came true only this wanted: *an far – fatched escame from any non-communist tradition, which was destined to deprived the community about al which could remembered it abou something else, a **something else** which could make up a landmark deserved come back to it, in case that the dark personal dictatorship which threateningly was stood aut against, should degenerate into an open tyranny, which untill then been masked in face of the masses about the help with various reasons and ingenious pretexts! Yes! This must been one's of the endorse points! A nation which will be transformed in a simple population without itself conscience, at infinit theoretical manipulate, all which could be say that the predecessors never didn't had any important relization an material or spiritual plan, all was reduced to just the Worker People exploitation which was kept in a incredible poverty, at any rate, more dark as that which just will be stand aut against, of course, this not because for a semiilliterate and madmen clique, but thanks to some of an **objectives ralitys** which was passer-by.*

It was and another signs which was proved this: the imbecile collectivization, the destroy ot intellectual choice between the two mondial wars, the Christian Church persecution, the Army country broken through spreading in it's structures of the more primitive, uneducateds and means elements, which couldn't utter a sentance untill the end without put and a gramatical mistake in it. And, little by little, with horror he ascertain

*the general process at destroy of the civilian society in it's vital constituents – in part was succeeded in. The Church, Army, intellectuals and the blood-land – the peasantry – practical was broken, the substitutes as absolute anything in madly spechcs indicate that good the reign of it hands gait. The **Constitutional Monarch**, last barricade in the way of madness – also was removed. Nobody and nothing don't will ever remember as a past anyhow more normal, if not just even more better. About dangerous corrupts of the memory, all accidents of the national history will be remember for justify the present efforts, which will be making for could constitute of a more right and better future, but with the passage time had became more and more remote, hazyiest and illusory.*

*In the vision Worker Classes Heros, this building was itself to mean for push the society to that future. He asked himself if the founders could be logically and without usual **wood language** explain – how certain could the nation owns about, for example – the neighbouring mammoth as concrete in which – didn't had any doubts – the rest of population welfare will be buried? It was knew that usually, where was present the Leader, didn't was like only the bipedal and quadrupedal guard dogs, a few Reperesentatives of Worker Classes which spontaneous was coming in his round about, not just that foward was with care select and, the most, could be admitted after considerable precautions just a few relatives not so much knew. The common people which tryed to stare at the cars train was rapidly distant with imperatives as circulatory impulses. Never, nothing didn't omission by that which directed this grotesque masquerade.*

Therefore?... Really who could in exclusively enjoys as the presumed wonder which would in this place built?...

*The old ex-arhitect chief of the town was convinced that the people which will build with their arms on the imense grounds – didn't was but a simple *manipilate mass*, fellows which was massive uprooted through the regions hard for *supervise* – the rural regions, for example. Now, this fellows, which was moved in the thick dust town was not even morely just *more supervised*, but and a easier to *manipulate*. In the urban and prosaical atmosphere, the last *sound instincts* will be *extirpated*. In the hard life which will be offer as *rhe unwheleseme building* – site huts, uncomfortable non- familysts homes – *the last commen sense starts of the peasant soul will**

be broken *under the cruelly* steps of all Party activists and with propaganda Secretarys, *but for a certainly will better knew as the specialists what it's to do.*

He couldn't repress the images as over the years of a numberless *alcoholics* which will be *falling* on the metropole pavements, which was uprooted as *their* ground which was *non-ploughing* and *non-sow* – and all this in a country which will be *in dark* and *famine sink*.

... Now he had in face of one's eyes the desolate landscape of the *Antim* Convent, al which base which was encircling as a concrete's belt was as a few centimetres distant as the earth. It was usually practice that more of the town churchis be move as the initially positions on the others, which was at hundred metres where it's considered that it don't will in no way *hinder* the *Big-Architectonic-Ideological* advance.

The first church which *was happened* about the *honour* apply of the *cleverly* method was Nun's Hermitage Monastery, which was situated nearby of the second religious monument which will have an likewise fate. After it was destroy the cells build which was a historical site, after for a few months as ground preparation which must be occupy by the church – Nun's Hermitage Monastery started up on a short but for long time road. When it arrived at the end way, it was stipulated it's demolosh, cause in the time of the imperceptible change of place was received so much fissures, that it was grew changeable for the faithfuls life. General Secretary of the Party furious looked at it so, with the altar at South put, and, with a short gesture which was a cross sketched about the ill-meaning mouthis was whispered that it wanted only a fly to dreve away – decided that it must have been demolished for that the imperialists couldn't laughed about this the first failure of the native's technology – or even to photograph it.

... he was now in the entrance tunnel of the stoople of al which walls, at the unhealthyiest light bulb's, could vague distinguished biblical scenes, which was the Saviour depicted how HE people directed in the Afterwards Day.

The yard church was transformed in building-site. Here and there it could saw steel-concret lots, brick and plentys mortar, as work banks wchich was destined for the black smith workers. An excavator bucket

which probable was digged the church outline, was bitten aut of the snow wchich covered some whick in the past was an flower bed.

The build convent just was turning about a few degrees, so now it could saw the cells central part was destroy for could make place for the church which must crossed on the other side of it's. A bulldozer lamella threateningly stood near the verandah's stairs. In the dirty snow was scattered ornament and column bits, and in a corner a statue with it's nose broken as the crowbar which was useful for it's on the socle tipped up.

At the witish moonlight, he was seen in a another corner a plate which was hidden with fortify snow. Cleared it, and became road:

In gratitude sign, for Our's devoted man - servant, the Valachia Metropolitan Bishop, it was presented this plate today, in the XX day's of May 1711, by us ...

But on, the fissure was mading impossible to rode. The old arhitect tryed to found and another piece of plate. This appeared for he that a small duty in face of the history which with so much brutality was stopped under the feet. But, in the end, couldn't found another fragments.

Looking at the indication with photograph ban, relized that this place could had and an wathman, too. So, his quicq steps went to the entrance.

Unexpectedly, he was about cold penetrated.

Wearily, was setting on the entrance kerbstone.

Starve, put one's chief in chest.

„ Naked I was, and you didn't dressed me“.

What will happen with the little girl which just he was adopted, if he will vanish? And even with he nearby – what will he put on the table till not so much time, when the moneys will be finished. And another couldn't gain, case surprised when he sold the icons which was painted in sleeplessness nights, all was confiscated and in case as he will repeated this action, threatening been with the *law*.

Was appeared monstrous the image of the home-orphan's in which the girl must stay until she will have eighteen years old. He must alive remained! How much could as long! This child was becoming the unique for his life reason! It must!...

„ *Tired I was, but you didn't got me in your house*”.

About the iron lattice, again look at the church of the mediaeval metropolitan-bishop¹³ which was killed about the Ottomans which with all their unyield, didn't dared churchis broken, al though they didn't was Christians.

24.

AS A TIME, *comrade chief-project engineer* was felt an kind of hidden resistance effected about just his *formerly* disciple. The feeling that itself creation was beginning had emancipation ambition was given he an bitterly taste in one's mouth, cause he knew that it was enough been obedient and had a single fix idea, on the leaders desire – and could over the night went in face of all. – Wandered through the huge gap ground of the town, he could nearly in all places saw signs of the *rebellion's* which was materialized, for example, in adding of an horizontally plank at that vertical beard which was indicated the way of the collection channels, ostentatious over there thrust, so, - *for could more better saw*. Once of a day inspecting a building-site, was given nose in nose with the other, which just was his deputy becoming. Exactly in that moment, this just was a worker guided how could he stricken the second beard which was the *rebellion's testimony*. – „ *It was more aesthetical*” – with rage crossed on his mind cause the *innovation* didn't him belong. And, rushing at the workman, how could of his breast yelled about the necessity that the *process production* don't must be interrupt for *some trifles*. And, with a formidable too cap, dispatched the mark on the edge groove, rousing some of a soil avalanche. But when he just

¹³ **Antim Ivireanul**, was killed by Turks agents in 1716 for his antiottoman's activity.

went,with the tail eye saw how the assistant, quiet, only retrieved the landmark, leisurely again thrusting in the soil.

With difficulty succeeded in to repress the impetus to hit on *this at aspect and brains boulderest fellow*, which without his help's, and now should carry on his *musical gift*, with the *knew result's*.

In the end, he went mumbling that what in another condition he could said with loud voyce. He had for the first date an dissatisfaction feeling. Just as a time, was in one's soul nestled the indistinctly fear that the exasperated gap on which he was with so much conscientiously made up – so could for ever remained. The pledges on which he made in face of the *Leader* appeared now that it was distant illusions, and the enormous voids which was achieved about massive demolishes - may be was materialized in material body's,invincible, which now laughed as he. – About demented panic-stricken was foe he when, once of a day, the *Leader*,which always been concerened in his impetuosity about the labour-productivity increase in the conditions of more increasis saving of the fuels and prime matteris – indicated him a set-tank which was of one's iron-road which served for town supply, warned him that the fuel which was in it must be enough untill the end working's...

In the enthusiasm's moment's, he made the plodge, didn't came true what was this. Then, himself sureness was melted as the snow under the spring breeze – and with this, half of the fuel. And for what? – The demolished of some tenth's streets,the wholly excavation of an hill and a some pipeling of foundations, as the grounds got rid of débris remainders.

In face of a villa as a fortress strength furious was foamed, gave a sound beating for the mechanic bulldozer which appeared that wanted tooh him in sneer – forgetting that the resistance of the steel cabes which as several times was broken by the building wall's – couldn't depended on the workman's ill-will or non-ill-will. In the twilight, when in the end the walls yielded and all building was broke down with rumble which was lightened one's soul, catching in it's last hig and some workmen – in apotheosis commanded and the demolish of the evicted nearby church,which didn't put so much problems for just a few excavator's bucket which was craftsmanship applied.

By the next days, will be continue with the *ingenious* method as demolish the buildings about it's burning, but for *comrade chief-project* dissatisfaction, still was remained some ruins after the fire extinction. So, again was necessary the mechanical force which used so much as energy's consumer. In once of a day, the fire was extented and at the one of a neighbouring building, still non-evacuated, brought relative great material losses for just a few lodgers. So, the rest's of the things which didn't was affected was in a hurry in the trucks load, and for indemnify free of chargs was conveyed of one's of a appartament-houses peripheral by the town. This incident didn't had so much results, cause that building anyhow must been demolished, so with this occasion the workings been advanced...

In the end, the *Leader* stopped to watched on the exagorate or non-exagorate fuel's consumption, the frenezy of the ultra-rapidly change put possession in totally on he.

At any rate, didn't remained so much for demolish in the present stage, excepting *just a few churchis, a monastery and a royal hospital*¹⁴...

... A new *resistance sign* his anger again was drew: the future kerbstones which was meant for as the nearby boulevard's was *pyramidal* pile up, not in *five feet*, so how he was order given. The madness was amplified when only for a few seconds the *clown* countenance of his subordinate was occured in face of his eyes. And in addition, the immensity of the space which surrounded him, again gave the feeling that never could finished what he was begunning.

¹⁴ **The Brâncovenesc Hospital, important monument in Bucharest, which was built in the 17th by the Wallachian king Constantin Brâncoveanu.**

25.

THE OLD-FORMER ARCHITECT of the town was scoured the streets just hours at which number's was lost. Time by time, he was forced made long avoids, for could dodged the sidewalks nearly totally broken.

In the both part's street, the houses which limited the gap pavements appered that it with desperation was opened it's dark window's, now without wood's frames. The illumination pillars was without it's streets lamp, and the single which was lit this view, was the moonlight.

As in the autumn, was beginning to drizzled, and the tinyier drops here and there was broken the dark haze of the diyrtiest snow. – Obsessive, again arrived in face of the entrance monastery al which painting's was reconstitued in his youth. He was down setting on the step's neighbouring house, fixed looked at the hard iton lattice work, now closed...

... untill just a few moths ago, succeeded in the gained one's living – painting tinyier icons with high Jesus, with bonyier face and it's haloes unlikely as so real's. But in once day he was proved one's identity, and the goods was confiscated. At the militia-station, the commander talked for a time at the phone, mephystophelic smiling. Then, bored opened one's mouth, in a placidly speech reminding him about the *Socialist State role's* which had the *duty to watch* and limited the *biggot's manifestation*, al which the temporary wandering people's. With unusual kimliness, was reminding him on an equal tone about the consequences on which could he to bear in case as will be again in gruilt. All was finished with a film watched which was denunciated the horror which was made about the religion, in the history's course, the lie and the obscurantism which in several times it was promoted not even in a single line with *incandescent's means*. Just **Galilei** was appeared in a last sill, only becoming prosecutor out of accused person. His voyce, in a cave wave as an oracle was prolonged. And after this, whithout rhyme was appeared the *magnificently* face with bill of *Vladimir Ulianov*.

Without left time for any reflections, the electric light with brutality was broke the dark. The film was finished. Without qny explanation, the spectaters left the room so out of an common place cinema hall.

In that evening, when arrived home, dumbfounded was remained in face of the ajar door. Came in with one's hard madly beaten. The drawing-room was intense lit, with all twenty chandelier bulb's. He excitedly was looking for.

After a time, a neighbour woman shyer came in and, in a whisper narrated him about the hopeless little girl struggle in the hands of the mastery's men. Her heart-breaking voyce was shuddered the cold and solitary dark of the stairs. Looking round about, at the topsy-turvy which was an testimony for what was heppened – the woman with fright oppened one's eyes and, after she made a tinnyiest cross, went out. Overwhelmed with grief, softly set down on the armchair. – ***Happy that which cry, cause they will be consol.***

... little by little, the thick drizzle was chaged into bigger and fluffy snow flake. Standing up un the step,stick one's face as the frost iton gate's, fixing the cool sains smiled. Their greatness couldn't be humiliated not even just the so faint light bulb's. – ***Happy that which are mild,cause they will inherit the earth.***

In a corner of the fresce,an saint give the illusion that will took out of the paint arch, for wander through begunning and the Sky Word propagated.

... Slow laughed, cause he got that torper specific for the frontier between the wakefulness and sleep when the commonplace reality was for laugh appeared.

Turned one's eyes and noticed in the dark distance the silhoutte's of the mammoth build which just now was pompous proclaimed *Nation's Home*. He lughed more much cause, with an remainder as lucidity had the revelation that the *Most Humane System* was not just destructive, but even only necrophag: the hill which just was split for could be built the Magnificent Building – untill in the beginning worker's was sheltered the skeletous in of that which was died as plague with one hundred abd eighty years ago.

Started over there.

The snow fall more fasten was begunnong. When he arrived at the base of the remainder hill which was incomplete about the shrubs cleared – stopped laughed. Was up climbing just at the half at it. Exhausted, he

stood on the place. On the other side as the peak, was stood out against some reinforcements, as splinters pricked the sky. Unexpectedly, felt an supreme bliss, as that of that dark and slim silhouettes touch should becoming an supreme existential goal. – **Happy that which was for right persecute, cause for they will be the Empire Sky.**

His sight was overwhelmed as a haziest and with redness landscape.
„ I'm tired”.

The heaven vault, in huge hemispheres divided, beginning to turned rounded as an enormous cosmic circle. – **Be happy, cause much will be yours pay in the Sky...**

Was kneeling.

In one's face, **Saint Peter** smiling looked at he, exhibiting the Key's link. – „ **Stand up, wash as your sins, and ask the God Name...**” – The saint smile was change into an lugubrious grin. Giving himself in a side, left clear the way to the purple veil.

„ *The Paradise Wall's!*” happyiest was reflected.

Stretch one's arms, at a run drew nearer. - „*Lord, agree me at You! My God, help me!*” – But on the other side was only the dark which wrapped up in it's shroud's which just a few moments that he in nothingness was broke down.

26.

THE GLASSYEST SKY of the winter was left tracks on the prelong and red lines, at which vague interruption was hard for perceived. It could believed that's thousand's glows worm was invaded the vault of the heaven, been encouraged by the unusual as warm weather.

The girl looked at the spectacle for she none met until at that time, trying to remembered that what celebrates could justified that fluorescent spectacle in that year's part.

*The social and national revolution liberation...?*¹⁵ All house-children was comemorated it, but in the summer. In eve of those days and untill the finish of the celebrate, the food and accomodation regime was more better becaming. The bedclothes, in the end was changed. And the servants through cruel – was impersonal growing. An inspection's wave was bombared the institution, and the inspectors was *candid assured*, as chubby children about out of the institution brought that they, such their fellows, *wanted on this way to thenk of Party, personal for it's General Secretary, for the wonderful life conditions which was created for just they, the gold futur of the country, could take on the torch which the worker people will be guidedby socialist and communist society created.*

The inspectors protocolar smiled, absent-mindes gotting the flowers tender. They brightened just when was invited at the kitchen institution for could be ensure one's more besides that the *wonderful life condition by Party offered* didn't was in wind simple word.

Radiantlys they was from there returned, after that was stored up in vestibules their bulky parcels. The *homage performance* was in a hurry presented,all it's splendour prolixity begunning and finished under the any colour smiled of the *General Secretary* which out of the inevitable picture was irradiated.

After the two legal day's of celebrate passed, all at the *normal* was recovered. As the *nazists* of history-books, the personel at the *atrocitys* was to resorted, a evenging for the little time when they must *humilitated* theirsself, *properly behaved*. The betings and the vulgarly insults was *perfect interwoven, harmonious* well-stocked with the food which again was becaming what it was been, if not just worst that much. Some children, which was more better in last week – was died. Their frail bodys was discreet in the night drew out the institution and borne across the town outskirts,buryed been without cross,legal papers or another *uselessly formalitys*. The children which was in life remained with bitter tears cursed the resyier kidds which was outside caming for talk in their name. Those which sometimes succedeed in to saves as the hysterical personel outbursts, was running and hidden in so-called sanitary-groups, among

¹⁵ **The social and national revolution liberation,anti-fascist and anti-imperialist – was the pompous formuls on August the 23 rd 1944 when,at the king order,Romanian Army turned it's arms against the Nazist Germany.**

urine and excrements, now and then soothing their tears and thirst which the water on the broke tubes gushing.

In a late, on the orphans-home the indifference was fell. The adults was now calmed down, all resentiments which was accumulated in the *offences week's* now been *unburden*. The silence of the long and dark night's didn't was broke but the starve kidds means, by non-wash scald, which wounds obtained under the ruthlessly blows. Sometimes, once wailed, in his sleep infested been about some monster.

After a few months, the single more important event's was represented some a child which, in the morning, in the icy air, with glassyier eyes was fixed the ceiling. Any word immediately was raised up, this formerly the caricatural breakfast, after which the silence more overwhelming was becamng.

... Profiting by the gatekeeper negligence, in one's of a night he was run. For a few hours, this was forgotten open the heaviest iron, in trace of those which carryed one more corpse on it's last way. Nobody didn't took the trouble to looked she for cause, anyhow, she will be took down in the filthyies registes at the *demises* – and certainty will be *lose*.

For just a time, she was wander about the place where supposed that was once the fatherly house. But any sign wasn't about she could guided by, so the single way in that was found that region was the intuition. But the longings couldn't broke the prieking frost. Over there, in that place, could be distinguished the vague outlins of an futur boulevard. Iron pillars with some six farrys light was flanked the got out of the sidewalks. Nevertheless, not even a lint light's didn't for the moment disturbed the dark of the enormous buildin-site.

The fear that it could been looking she and in the and should be found – stopped she drew nears the old housis which was in the back of the new appartement-housis – and still was escaped as the destroy. So, in every night, was founding as once in another place to sleep, in one's of the appartement-housis stairsis just finished, but only not in use given.

In face of the place which she was chosen for that night – little girl on contemplated the great number's of the red points which still was broke through the sky. The weather unexpectedly was getting warm, looking

that in the middle of December before the Christmas, the spring didn't had patience.

... now she was distinguished as the roll of thunder remote rattle's. for just a time, it's was shown about the bloodyier point's of the vault. After that, the sky was dark remained...

Insinctively, went to that town zone's as where appered that was caming all that rumours. And, in a late,on tortuous streets, among the militar's belts stoling, she arrived.

A group as some hundreds peoples was slogans scanned against the *Much Human System*. Zhe name about she learned that it's *the most love* was scanned, but not affectionately.

- Fire! Fire, to the full! was an shout voyce heard.

Some soldiers tryed again in wind to shoot. But they fell as one's back reap. The other's *appeared* that was executed the order...

- *We are the People! You on who defend?* with despair the crowd was shouted.

Terrified, the people tried took refuge by a barricade which was formed at some ten's metres as the metallic tables and chairs which was in the close restaurant endowment.

As the contrary part, an truck without driver, was discordery drew nearer. The force which it was stricken was insufficient, so the dense barricade body didn't broken. But under the lorry wheels it could saw a lot of blood-stained flesh.

After this, turned up and an armoured which stopped for only a few moments,if only it wanted seen for a last time it's inanimate victim's. With a blooms bouquet in one's hand's, a teen-ager quick jump over the barricade, climbing on the tank.

- Shoot me, if this will make you *more happy!*

A trap door was opened and a barrel was in one's breast tether, a short flame letting go...

With huge force, the tank was rush at the metallic chars and table wall was split. Under the caterpillars weight,some men was made one of the pavement. In the back machinery the troops which took courage was in the crowd, under the butt been crushed shoulder blades, chiefs and ribs.

... Terrified she was running, and it was miraculously that she didn't in feet stepped by the people which made was running. But unexpectedly felt a unbearable burn in one's shank. With one's last strength, close to the equestrian statue which was no so far off she was took refuge, in a deep swoon went off.

When she came to, the street already was sent about stains blood and the cold corpses. In the whitish light of the daybreak, some stretcher bearers was drew near. After that with prudence round about they was seen, carefully put she on the stretcher and silents convey she at the hospital which was at a few hundred metres.

27.

FORGETTING FOR JUST a few moments about his problems, the former chief-engineer of the project was contemplated the swarm of red points which was the vault of heaven broke through. He didn't have doubt that the waeming storm of shorts was continuation of the huge booing at which was in that morning the *Leader* submissively. The sign was given about two young men which scanned the name town of the river Bega bank which was blood-stained about a few days. Through the moment when the **Timișoara** city cathedral stairs steps was bathed by the innocent blood of the children which had candles in their hand – it was clear that for the *Gold Epoch* was coming the dénouement. For the second time in this life, was felting the horror feeling when of the **Free Europe** radio-station waves clear he heard the storm of shots automatic weapon which didn't doubted that it's much people was killed.

Just in that moment he was overwhelmed by scorn for the criminal illiterate, which was incapable to understood a project then at the 1/1 scale. He remembered the hilarity claim of the crazier with genius air for gave the concrete joining with architectonic themes indigest fusion the appearance of american's president residence. Just commanded the manufacture jute cupolas, but immediately that was seen finished, asked it's pulled down...

Only now he remembered under another light the toil faces of the workers and just now he had repentance for his behaviour not always proper for this men which out of until the twilight was wander through in the long and the breadth of the enormous building-sites, as an barren fields. He happiest was at they seen, as an useful beasts of burden, just sometimes hatred they, cause didn't stirred enough quick, for could seen the project's with an early hour finished. Now it was nearly finish. And?...

In all those years the work's accidents was an surprisingly successively so that weekly some men was died. One's of a day, was assisted on an accident of once soldier which was broke his vertebral spine, falling by a no so much altitude. An officer with another soldier clumsily lifted him up, carrying this at a truck, in his cry with pain which was brought about the wrong convey way. The soldier didn't died: but for all his life, the feet was by infirmity overwhelmed...

The *Leader* regularly visited the building-sites, and more that which the main building, at which future usefulness if only even just him didn't was knew. In these occasions, the endorse places went in a paroxistic feverish and it tried to made a cleanliness more exaggerated, imposible to kept in a building-site which actually it was work any pauses. One that he was arrived, the *All Time Founder* fulfilled which one's hands varied horizontally and vertical motions. The lodgers and owners of the housis which in this way was putting cross, the pack up and the way of once outskirts town.

In once of a day, the *Most Loved Son of the Nation* made the deadly sign to the building seemingly unimportant. After a few days was arrived a international board which was firm to stopped the abuses. The edifice been present on list as value monument UNESCO, and was built by **Brave Michael**, the Wallachian king which in 1594 was sworn by unite the **Romanian Countrys**. The church where he took this oath just was destroyed with a few months ago, with help by some common convicts, cause the workers or the firemen troops refused made this.

Furious, the *Danube Thought* demolished an another church not so far by this place, in this way braving the **anglo-american's imperialism**, after that single and about nobody forced was gave up at the facilities

which was offered by the Jackson-Vanige stipulate. But on, hesitated to gave a clear disposal concerning at the demolish building, al which raze after all should been a jest, besides the cultural profane which untill then was made. The board was took courage, trying stood up for a another little church which, after it was submitted of an movement of translation,now was stipulated it's pulled down, cause it was after all more rickety.

With one's eyes as rage bloodshot, the dictator dismissed some chiefs, under the pretext that in the workings time's, the first matter and the kinds of fuel didn't was sensible used.

In queer way, just in that moment he felt a huge soul-relief. And he contributed at the rescue from the destroy of the small building, which was materialize in an unimportant but *first* resistance act. It's true, he was dismissed, and the way in which was this happened could indicate a long unemployment age. But was happy that he succeeded in to get out, even at the end, at a *criminal horra* at which it's form he brought an *important contribution*.

... Red as point flocks bled on the sky. It was shot as more fire mouths...

At short time after the jobb lost, he was herd about the death of his formerly teacher. He would repaired his error taking under his guardian ship the little-girl which was convinced taht old-architect took in his care. But he was shure that as a long time the right institution made it's duty.

It was amazingly how the political system succeeded in made itself as hate, in more hate. The bloody events by North-West of the country was again proved this. The regime was peristed in his obstinate decision to evacuated out of the town the reform pastor Laszlo Tökes, which peacefully but consistent protested against the wise political *Communist Party* under the church cupola where usually made his service. The fate irony made that the percussion which struck the explosive charge – to be the Hungarian minority by the town which, round about the parish-house tight, had the inspiration to murmured the revolutionary anthem by 1848, which was by **Andrei Mureşanu** composed.

Rapidity,the feeble human belt was turned into a excited people crowd. The repression force was beginning to struck the crowd which

rapidly changed the demonstration course, expressed its rage for the poorly life condition which was created. Angriously as the water spurt which scornfully was swept it, the opponents was overturned a firm machine setting fire to. Afterwards, they went into the *Communist Party* centre, giving what deserved it.

By that moment, the events with rapidity was spread. The streets town's was about blood filled up. Workmen with clubs equipped, which about another country regions was taken, with the opponents was fraternity making. The deads which was the streets filled up didn't left the crowd scared retreated in houses. The population beginning by captures armed itself, in a fight on life and death casting.

The most western radio-stations which was transmitted and in Romanian language was much prolonged its emissions.

That morning day's was the acme of the foolish and regime's haughtiness. The dictator ventured to organized and the last masquerades, about a demonstration at which its blaze revolt's didn't succeeded in to died out with his ridiculous promises. In the contempt sign, a stone was stricken in one's cheek. In this time, his wife tried to stopped the opponent street's slogans with stupid movements, as a conductor which was about the personal orchestra booing.

The inform that Timișoara city its free, was shaken the crowd as an electric shock. The repression's forces was retreated, terrified by the firmness hurricane on which was roused as their personal recklessly. By outside, now it could to penetrated into the town the ambulances with the first humanitarian assistant, now didn't been meanced by the automatic-pistol storm of shots.

It was evidently that the system – *at least in that form* – was lived its last moments. In that day, the National Television performed the morning happening in poor trick's images...

... The distance storm of shots now was heard without the red point as the sky. It was the people shot!

... when arrived in the University Market, saw the hallucinating image of a tank which was cloven some which appeared that could been a barricade. The crowd terrified was running, hopeless tried its saving.

The asphalt was about bloody puddles pigment. Tenth's men was reap broke down.

Raised one's fist, but the revolt shout was transformed in a liquid and boiling hot stream. Sore pricks was broke one's body, tenth's wounds opening. About the dense fog of the death-crossing, saw the transfigured of fright face girl. On the other side as nothingness, the old professor on which he was usurped mild and conciliatory smiled, looking that it received him with one's opening arms, in an familiar as forgive gesture.

28.

WHICH ONE'S FISTS about anger clench, *comrade Kilotzki* cursed the night vault on which about just a few hours was stood against the bright storm of shots.

*How that it was possible? His youth could been a non-sense? The years which was for Party dedicated, for Working Class, for people, generally, his much-knew anti-fascist fight, then the effort which he was put for the enemy of class **defeating** – he couldn't thought that all useless was! Really didn't put all comrades an enough effort, may be just he didn't made all what was necessary, so now it was possible that outbreak as reactionary-bourgeois mentality, as an inadmissible rights?*

Ganshing one's teeth, he remembered how in that morning was booted *The Most Loved People Soon's*, supreme *catastrophe*, which for the first time in so much decades was given him the incertitude and breakdown feeling. After so much years as silence, in which *Working Class* was represented about *he* and *the other ones as he*, here that it was the silence spoiled, which *denied the revolutionary conquests*, the *historian rights* about they was *deprived* so much centuries.

Among the disquiet thought which was overwhelmed him in the last hours, he imagined as the nightmare image in which was came back the *descendants* of the *landowners* and *bourgeois*, even just *themselves*

exploiters, about those which had survived the results of *right's law of the revolutionary courts*.

... he saw himself and those identical him how went back with heavier chains in jails. In the marches towards and from the work points, each comrade exhausted was down broken. Once of them, he tried help. – „ Hey, you, live he their, mean Bolshevik. Live he alone, cause just in this night he will cross your paradise gate's, for could give the report to Karl Marx, your lord – he, he, he...” – *The comrade was deserted. An skeleton was he about becoming! And in the past he was knew him! What plump was once!*

The way exhausted was grew. About it's long, was an water-channel appeared. The guardians was shared out him shovels, commanded to plugged it. He was thrust the iron spade in the dark an fatt soil. At the two try hard, iron toot's some hard was hitten. On the cold iron was a skull materialized, which was leghtened it's hideous aspect in a gruesome smile: - „ In this place plugged me with forty years ago, when as you I came back by work and exhausted I fell down. He was hoed it, you'll plugged, what pit rubbish it's the history, hi, hi, hi...” – *The skull was occupied it's all visual beam.*

... No! Never! *This never will be happen.* He crossed the weakness moment. – *An regular communist didn't never had permission to had hesitation instants or coscience fits, excepting these which was promoted by socialist etics and equity!*

Was coming back, about the window's sash propping up. On the sky which was brighted about the public illumination unusual as strongly, was on stood out against the projection fire weapon's still for warning.

The phone stridently was cryed, his thoughts unity interrupting.

- *Hello! Give the passaword!*

- I am the agent with number twenty six.

- *Reception! At the intersection of the 367 North with 345 East and 346 West roads, it's a critical situation. Go on the rout and put in application the paragraph with number ten by the Regulations. Afterwards, you will report about the task fulfil on the straight cable...*

... - *Hello, you still are there?...*

But *comrade underground-fighter* didn't was to attentive. The play lights on the sky just was stopped. Vague, still was heard only the rattles, as an distant thunder.

- ... *Hello! Agent with number twenty six! Please, answer! You have a mission carry out! The unexecuted of orders will have heavier consequences draw at you! In this moments, Party ask...*

Hung up. His head was now drew only the red arch night which now didn't was disturbed about any bright point. Any low spirits, he went of one's armchairs by the living-room. As that, he took out by a plastic bag a old automatic-pistol which was in rags wrapped. The weapon's machinery was as dusty dirtiest. He never cleaned it. So, gave up.

But nevertheless he was aware of the must made his duty, proving his affection for *cause*. Went out.

In one's left, at some tenth's metres, near to an apartment-house which still was in built, a tower crane was turn-round its prelong arm with an unusual speed. But in that building-site didn't was the usual workers team which must worked at the nocturnal concrete workings.

By proximity now it was confused murmurs heard. Soon, it was appeared and the figures which was composed a small opponents group. The people was sign making to his home.

- Come and you! Come with us!

- Bottom with the communism!

- *Forty five years / We was ruled about some killers! It's enough!*

- You, old man, come with us! warmly somebody urged him. – You didn't been sick?

Just in that moment, was dazzlingly kindled the light's crane. Its arm at a rapid pace was turned round, and a blue small flame intermitted at indicated the place where was the crane's cabin. Tenth's sparks was by the asphalt sprugging. Frighted screaming, people was run, in a hurry scattering.

... In a late, came out about after the metallic panel where he was hiding place found out. Grateful, he saw at the equipment which now again was in dark, as though by from there was saving. He was again happiest. And, went into ecstasies fit, raised one's arm, *comradely greeting*.

Surprised cried, in one's of a part over jumping. A unawares burn slabbed one's shoulders, after itself broughting a slim blood stream.

The system still was efficiently! In start of a run enjoys he. The more youngest comrade as usual was at the post, without doubt protecting the System, the Cause and the Leader, the communist homeland independence and territorial integrity, the silence for all people! Now, he didn't alone felt: how could he belived even just a moments that the System for that was so faithful could be in danger even only for a night? But the Big Homeland of the Victorious Communism was stood with it's arms in the bosom?! He didn't believed that! And, founding the simple solution for this problem which for much hours insoluble looked, on the stairs dashed, lonely laughing.

Cătălin Rădulescu