

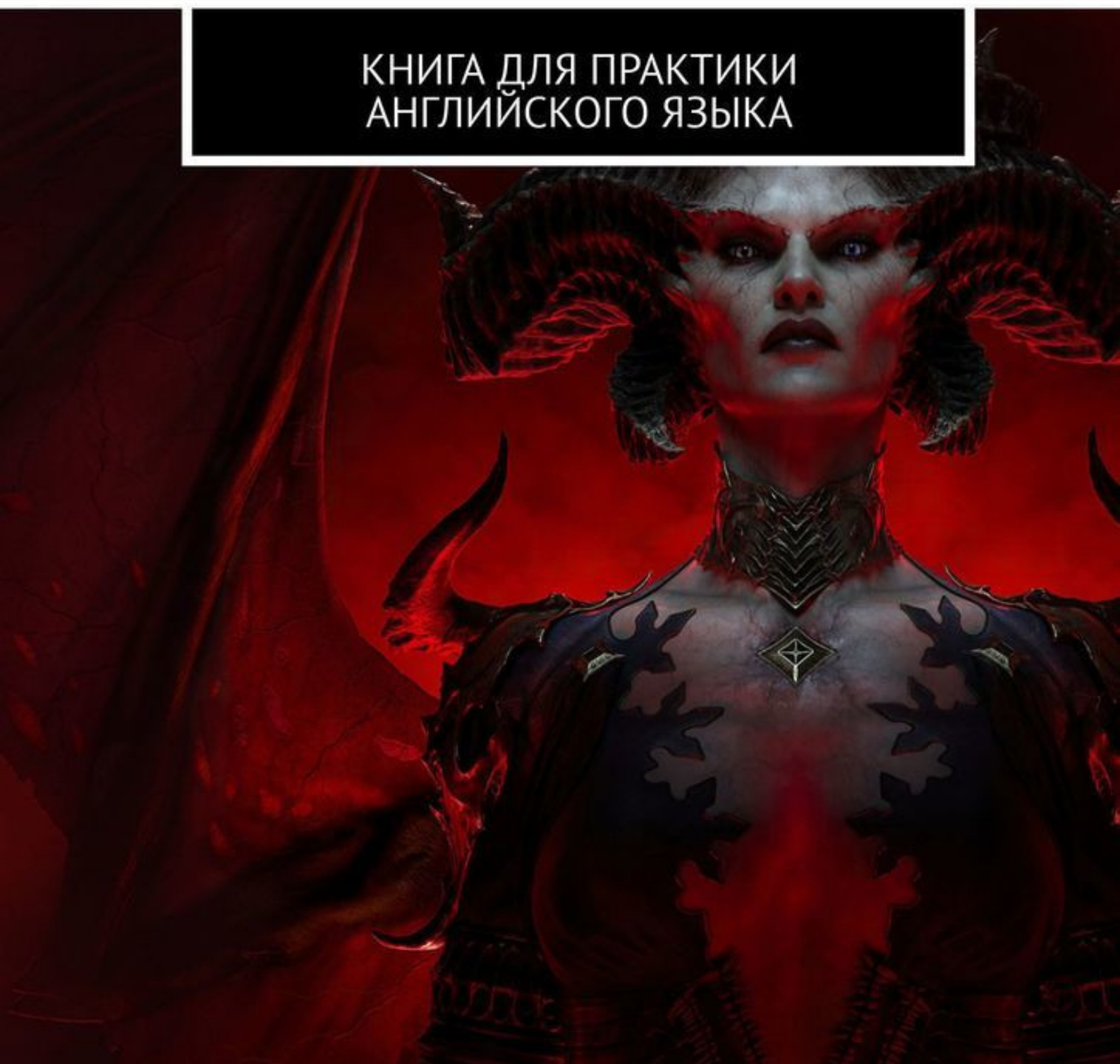
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ПЕТР ЛАСТОЧКИН

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# Devil in the words

КНИГА ДЛЯ ПРАКТИКИ  
АНГЛИЙСКОГО ЯЗЫКА



Петр Ласточкин

**Devil in the Words. Книга для  
практики английского языка**

«Издательские решения»

## **Ласточкин П.**

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Книга не очень-то и интересная, она банальна и рассказывает о небольшом промежутке жизни парня, который решил написать книгу. Её ценность только в том, что в ней современные слова и обороты, которые полезны для практики английского языка.

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**Devil in the Words**  
**Книга для практики английского языка**  
**Петр Ласточкин**

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## **The devil is in words**

- **A new book.**
- **First chapters.**
- **Walk in the park.**
- **Meet Sveta.**
- **Movie with my sister.**
- **Heavy thoughts.**
- **Meeting at the center.**
- **Job search.**
- **First work day.**
- **First salary.**
- **Second meeting.**
- **Last working day.**
- **Christmas.**
- **The book is finished.**
- **Departure for the dacha.**
- **Days at the dacha.**
- **Return to the city.**

## CHAPTER 1. New book.

Words have the power to change not only one person's life, but the entire world.

– I will never write a single worthwhile work. – Peter thought, moving his chair away from the computer desk. – Even if I find a suitable genre, I will never be able to stand out in it. There are tens of thousands of books, thousands of authors around, but who am I? I didn't even graduate from college and have no literary education. I just want money. I must admit to myself that all my attempts to write a book are a banal desire to earn a lot of money. Easy money. If I go to any forum, everyone will tell me that my lines are not worth a penny. Maybe I'm actually a graphomaniac.

Getting up from the computer desk, Peter went to the kitchen to pour himself some coffee. His mother was sitting in the kitchen.

– He came out again, let me sit here quietly, alone, without you. – she said, throwing a dissatisfied look at Peter.

– I just went out to get some coffee. I'll pour it now and leave. – he answered, and turning on the electric kettle, he went to the bedside table where the coffee was.

Taking his mug, he put a few spoons of sugar and a spoonful of coffee into it, and mixed it all thoroughly. When you thoroughly mix sugar and coffee before adding water, the coffee turns out foamy.

The water in the kettle boiled and the kettle turned off.

Peter poured boiling water into a mug and stirred everything thoroughly, after which he went to the refrigerator and took out milk from there.

– Are you even going to look for a job? – asked the mother. – You yourself aren't tired of sitting on my neck. – You are soon thirty years old, and you are sitting at home and doing nothing.

– I do. – Peter responded.

– And what are you doing? Do you sit at the computer all day? – the mother grinned.

Peter wanted to answer that he was working on a book, but he immediately realized that this would cause nothing but ridicule of him. When someone talks about being a writer, it usually causes nothing but laughter.

Peter remained silent. He added milk to the coffee, stirred it, and put the bottle back in the refrigerator. Without saying anything, he left the kitchen and returned to the computer.

The image of a social network was frozen on the monitor. Peter scrolled his page with his mouse. Just one post, not a single friend, and not a single message.

Having taken a sip of coffee, Peter pushed the mug to the side, pulled the keyboard closer to him, and typed «Graphomaniac» into the search engine. He was given an extraordinary text in which it was said that a graphomaniac is a person who writes a lot in order to be published.

– Well, I'm not a graphomaniac, I don't seem to write that much. – he thought. At the same moment, the bridge of his nose twitched. It was like a nervous tic. – What kind of attack is this, I'll never concentrate.

He took the coffee mug and took another sip.

– Okay, I'll start from the beginning. I want to write a book. What do I need for this? – Peter stared at the monitor and thought. – It's probably worth looking at what it takes to write a book. – Well, aren't I brilliant?

He entered the phrase into the search: – What does it take to write a book? – In response, he received several million links to sites where recommendations were given to novice authors. The bridge of the nose continued to twitch, which was very distracting.

The younger sister entered the room.

– Give me a computer, I need to draw a picture, we have a geography assignment. – she said, standing close to the table.

Silently, Peter crawled out from behind the table and lay down on the sofa that stood behind him, near the window. My sister sat down at the computer and started digging through the drawings.

Peter relaxed and tried to imagine what he could write a book about. Various ideas came into my head, about Elves, Orcs and Dwarves. But all this was too primitive and monotonous, besides, Peter understood that thousands of books about Elves and Orcs had already been written, and it was unlikely that his would become a bestseller. And he just needed a bestseller, because he wrote not for the sake of recognition, not for the sake of being known as a talented author, he just wanted to earn money, he dreamed of leaving Russia and settling in some two-story house, not far from the sea, preferably somewhere somewhere in Los Angeles, closer to Hollywood stars.

– Will you help me make a drawing? – asked the sister.

– No. – Peter answered briefly, immersed in thoughts about the book.

– Well, please, is it difficult for you?

– Yes, it's difficult for me now. Besides, these are your lessons and you need to do them yourself.

– Because of you, they'll give me a bad mark, and my mother will scold me. —

– Then go and draw what you need to draw, and don't look at pictures on the Internet. —

– I don't know how to draw, I can't do it.

Peter got up from the sofa and went to the computer.

– I can't help you, I have my own things to do. – Give me back my computer.

– I won't get out from behind the computer until you draw me a picture. —

– I won't draw anything.

– Well, that's it, then go lie on the sofa.

– Give me back my computer.

– Draw me a picture.

– What do you need to draw?

– Our classroom, view from above.

– And what's so difficult about this? Just draw rectangles and squares.

– I can't, I can't do it.

– What might not work out there?

– All.

– Okay, let's go, I'll draw you a drawing.

Together they went into the next room. Peter took a blank sheet of paper and a pencil and began to draw. After spending a few minutes, he drew a classroom that looked more like a bunch of rectangles and squares representing desks, chairs, and cabinets.

– Hold it. – he said, and gave the drawing to his sister.

– Thank you. – she answered.

Peter returned to his room and sat down at the computer desk. Collecting his thoughts, he again tried to think of something to write a book about, but his head was completely empty of ideas.

– Maybe just try to start writing, and then the path goes as it turns out. But about what? – he thought, bowing his head over the keyboard.

Glancing at the mug of coffee that stood in the corner of the table, he took it and took a sip. The coffee was no longer hot as it had been a few minutes ago, and its taste was no longer as rich as before.

– First you need to create a plan. – said Peter, reflecting on the book. – I'll come up with a plan, and then I'll write according to the plan. —

He opened the desk drawer and took out a squared notebook and a pen. Opening the first page of the notebook, he wrote: «Plan.» That's where all the thoughts ended. There was not a single idea, not a single thought about what a book could be written about. All dreams of a beautiful life and millions in royalties turned into emptiness, exactly the same as the one that reigned in his head.

– And how do these writers manage to write their books? – Peter got angry. – You need to look at someone’s book, understand how it’s written, how many scenes there are in one chapter, and how many words.

Having opened a website where free books were posted, Peter opened the first one he came across and began reading it. It was one of the most popular books in the world, selling over one hundred and fifty million copies. Peter chose one chapter at random and began to read it. Images and pictures, characters and their actions swam before his eyes, the world began to come to life in his mind, giving him impressions. The author was a master of words; he knew how to reach the reader’s consciousness. Peter was amazed by what he read, although he was not a fan of reading books, which made it doubly difficult for him to write them.

– Amazing. – he thought after finishing reading the chapter.

He highlighted the entire text of the chapter and copied it into an office program to see the word count. The number four thousand was displayed on the monitor.

– Four thousand words! – Peter was amazed. – And it reads so easily and quickly, as if there were only two!

He drank the rest of his iced coffee and created a separate folder for the future book, inside which he placed an office program file.

– Well, we need to come up with a name. – he thought. «But first you need to figure out what the book will be about.» Let’s say this book is about a writer who writes a book. You need to write down all the names that might fit.

Peter took the notebook that he had recently taken from the table and began to write down possible titles for the future book in a column:

«Peter and the Notebook.»

«Writer of the new century.»

«Young Writer»

«Only a writer.»

«The genius of the pen.»

«The devil is in words.»

«Master of Words»

«Genius of words.»

Having written several titles he liked, he began to choose the one that, as it seemed to him, could best suit the work he was going to write. After thinking for a few minutes, he settled on the title: «THE DEVIL IN THE WORDS.» He found it quite interesting and somewhat mystical. Now all that remained was to decide on the genre of the work and come up with a plot for it.

The bridge of the nose twitched again. Peter began to rub it with his fingers, as this tic greatly distracted him and did not allow him to concentrate.

– Go ahead already! – he blurted out.

The sister entered the room again.

– I need to do English. Help me translate the words.

– Come on, just quickly.

She put her English textbook on the table and pointed her finger at the words circled in pencil.

– Here are these, translate them.

Peter opened a translator in his browser and began to type English words into it one by one, the translation of which immediately appeared in the next column. The sister wrote down the translation, and then the sound of the word.

Peter fiddled with translating the words for about fifteen minutes, and completely lost the essence of what he was thinking about before.

– Thank you. – said the sister when she wrote down the translation of all the words.

– You’re welcome. – Peter called out.

Christina left the room and closed the door.

Peter returned to his book.

– Write a plot, or try to write how it goes. – he thought. – I'll see what they write on the Internet.

He entered the desired phrase into the search and began reading manuals for aspiring authors, where they wrote about how best to start writing a book. Most were inclined to believe that the book should be written according to plan. This was justified by the fact that if you write without a plan, you can forget what the book is about, lose the plot line, and in the end, simply abandon everything.

– Well, okay, if I abandon it, then it's not fate. – Peter thought, and opening the program in which he was going to write a book, he wrote the title in large letters: «THE DEVIL IN THE WORDS.» It looked impressive.

He took the mug, wanting to take a couple more sips of coffee, but the mug was empty. Then he got up from the computer and went to the kitchen. There was no one in the kitchen. He calmly poured himself some coffee and went back to the computer. The mood was working. Now, when the title of the book was ready, it seemed that the main work had already been done, and a little more, and the book would be ready, but not just a book, but a real bestseller that would sell millions of copies and make Peter one of the most successful writers. And then, for sure, he will have everything, a house, a car, and things that he wanted to buy, but could not, due to the fact that he was unemployed.

A dog ran into the room – a small pug that wanted to play. She grabbed onto Peter's slipper and began to pull it from side to side, wanting the owner of the slipper to play with it.

– No, Motya, leave me alone, I won't play with you, don't, go play with mom or Christina.

But the dog did not lag behind. Then Peter took off his slippers and put them on the table. Motya sat down next to the chair and stared at Peter.

– I won't play with you, just go. – he said, motioning with his hand for the dog to leave the room, but it continued to sit motionless and look at Peter.

Peter could not stand it, got up from the table, picked up the dog in his arms, and carried him out of the room. Having lowered it to the floor in the corridor, he returned back to the room and closed the door.

– Where did I stop... oh yes, the devil is in the words. – he said quietly, replaying all the previous thoughts in his head. – This will be a book about a writer. But this will not be just a book, it will be a real motivation for all aspiring writers who ever decide to write a book. Yes.

Having decided what the book would be about, Peter began to figure out where to start it. But absolutely nothing came to mind.

– The hero will be called Peter. – he thought, coming up with the main character. – Why complicate everything? The book is about Peter, who writes about a writer named Peter. Simple and clear. It's like putting two mirrors opposite each other. Am I not a genius? Peter, who writes about Peter, who writes about Peter. And so on ad infinitum. One writer writes about another writer who writes about a writer. There's definitely something to this. So, in St. Petersburg there lived a young man who dreamed of becoming a writer.

Peter wrote the first few sentences of the book. But the thought did not go beyond the idea. He sat for about an hour on the first paragraph, but still couldn't come up with anything.

Deciding to pour another mug of coffee, he went to the kitchen. Opening the refrigerator, he discovered that the milk had run out.

– The milk has run out. – he said when his mother entered the kitchen.

– So go get him.

– Give me money.

– Just give it, give it. How old are you now to still walk around with your hand outstretched and ask me for money? I could go and earn money myself.

Peter did not answer anything, but only harbored a grudge somewhere deep down. They were driven by dreams. He could not come to terms with the fact that he would have to work at a factory, live

like everyone else, and be content with little. He wanted more, he wanted to reach out to Hollywood stars, he wanted to be part of the star society, part of those people who have yachts, cars, luxury houses, and who receive millions in fees for their works.

– Here you go, buy two bottles. – said the mother, putting a hundred rubles on the table.

Peter went into the room and put on his pants and jacket. Leaving the room, he took a hundred rubles, put on his sneakers, left the apartment, closed the door, and went outside. Sun was shining. It was the end of September. There were several cars parked in the yard. Children played on the playground, and their mothers sat on benches reading magazines and books. Some sat bent over their phones.

Having reached the store, Peter went inside. He took the basket and immediately headed to the dairy department. There he ran into a girl from his building. She recognized him, it was obvious, they had seen each other more than once, but had never spoken. She drove an expensive car, apparently worked for some large company, and had recently acquired a young man who visited her from time to time. Peter liked her. He would like to approach her, but he was very embarrassed about his situation. Now, if he sold at least one book, as he thought, and made money from it, he could call himself a writer, and then he could approach her. But he was unemployed, and her car cost a million and a half, no less, and she looked quite serious. She didn't look like the kind of girl you could just walk up to, like some schoolgirl at a school disco.

Peter made an important appearance and walked into the dairy department. There he found milk on sale, for which he had just enough money, and took two bottles. He went to the checkout with the milk. His next door neighbor was standing there. He pretended that he didn't know her. He just stood behind him and put the milk on the moving belt. The neighbor looked at him, she clearly wanted to say hello, but did not do so.

The cashier knocked the milk.

– Ninety-nine rubles.

Peter took out a «one hundred ruble» bill from his pants pocket and handed it to the cashier. She took it, put it in the cash register, and took out a «one ruble» coin from there, giving it to Peter.

Having taken the coin, Peter took both bottles of milk and went home. He carried the bottles in his hands, since he did not have enough money for a package.

Returning home, he put the milk in the refrigerator and immediately turned on the electric kettle to pour himself some coffee. While the kettle was heating up, he went into the room, took off his street clothes, and returned to the kitchen with his mug.

The water in the kettle was just boiling.

Having poured sugar and coffee into a mug, Peter poured hot boiling water over everything, stirred thoroughly, and added milk.

Leaving the teaspoon in the kitchen, he returned to the room and sat down at the computer, in which the office program in which he was writing a book was open. Only one paragraph was written.

Having tried to continue writing the book, Peter realized that he would not succeed. Then he closed the office program and went on a social network to read something interesting about writers. He was a member of several groups, one of which published his short, fantastic story based on a computer game.

While drinking coffee, he began to look through the pages of the groups, which had quite a few posts. But none of them gave food for thought, none of them gave ideas. Then Peter turned on the music and tried to relax to find some inspiration.

## CHAPTER 2. First chapters

Morning. My sister was getting ready for school, rustling her clothes and backpack in the hallway. Peter opened his eyes and froze, looking at one point on the pillow. There was no desire to get up, and there was nowhere to go. At some point, he felt like a worthless creature who didn't even have a job. He closed his eyes and after a few moments fell asleep again.

Waking up later, he stretched and reluctantly crawled out from under the blanket. There was silence in the apartment. Lowering his feet to the floor, he put on his slippers and went to the computer. Taking a smartphone with a crack on the screen, he turned it on and looked at the time. It was half past twelve in the afternoon. Putting the smartphone back on the table, Peter took the mug and went to the kitchen to pour himself some coffee. Motya immediately ran up to him. Peter did not immediately understand what the dog wanted from him, but when he reached the kitchen, he realized that she was thirsty. Leaving the mug on the table, he took the teapot and went to her bowl. Having poured water into it, Peter returned to the kitchen, added tap water to the kettle and, placing it on the stand, turned it on.

The sun was shining outside the window.

Peter opened the refrigerator and looked at the food that was inside, trying to figure out what to cook for breakfast. His mother did not like the fact that Peter did not work and constantly ate at her expense. Therefore, she put some products in the bottom drawer so that Peter would not take them.

Taking two eggs and one sausage from the refrigerator, Peter went to the stove, lit the gas, put a frying pan on it, after which he crumbled the sausage into it and drove two eggs into it. Closing the pan with a lid, he went to get a mug to pour some coffee.

My head was empty. No ideas, no interesting thoughts, nothing at all, just an empty desire to drink coffee and eat scrambled eggs.

Taking a mug from the table, Peter poured sugar and coffee into it, after which he poured hot water from the kettle, which had just boiled, over everything and stirred thoroughly. Leaving the mug on the table, he took milk out of the refrigerator, added a little to the coffee, put the bottle back in the refrigerator, and once again stirred the coffee, which was now with milk.

He sat down on a chair and took a few small sips from his mug. Fried eggs were sizzling in the frying pan. Taking the plastic remote control, Peter turned on the TV. One of the channels was showing his favorite series about witches. He thought that he could also write something about witches, but this had already happened, and it turned out that he did not invent anything of his own, but only borrowed other people's ideas.

– Where do all these writers get their ideas? Am I really so mediocre that I can't come up with anything interesting? – thought Peter.

Leaving the coffee mug on the table, he went into the room to turn on the computer. Having pressed the button on the system unit, he returned back to the kitchen and turned off the gas under the frying pan. The scrambled eggs were ready. He put it on a small plate, after which he took ketchup out of the refrigerator and squeezed some into the scrambled eggs. Putting the bottle of ketchup back in the refrigerator, Peter took a plate of scrambled eggs, a mug of coffee, and went into the room.

The computer booted.

Peter sat down in the computer chair, put breakfast on the table, and connected the Internet. Going to his social network page, he looked at the messages. There were no new ones. Breaking off a piece of scrambled eggs, he stuck it on a fork and put it in his mouth, beginning to chew thoroughly.

– I should probably wash my face. – Peter thought when his drooping eyes began to prevent him from reading posts in social network groups.

Leaving the scrambled eggs and coffee on the table, he went to the bathroom, where he thoroughly washed his face and brushed his teeth. Returning to the computer, he continued his breakfast.

There wasn't much to read. There was nothing new in the news, and the jokes that were published in the groups were repeated again and again, and each time they became less and less funny.

Peter quickly ate the scrambled eggs, washed it down with coffee, and took the plate to the kitchen, putting it in the sink. Returning to his room and sitting down at the computer, he tried to think about the book he had started writing. He opened the office program in which he had written the first paragraph of the book and re-read it. To his disappointment, he did not find anything brilliant or talented in this paragraph.

– What if I don't have literary talent? What if I'm completely untalented? – thought Peter, looking at the few lines that hovered on the screen under the large heading: «THE DEVIL IN THE WORDS.»

He got up from his chair and went to the window. Pulling back the curtain, he looked into the backyard, where there were many poplar trees and cars parked on the side of the road. He lived on the first floor, and looked up at the trees, which created the feeling that the house was almost in the forest.

Peter tried to come up with the first chapter, to spin a plot in his head that he could use for his book. Alas, there was no plot.

He returned to the computer, sat down in his chair, took a sip of coffee, and opened the website where the most prolific authors were published. Among the most prolific, Peter discovered those who wrote over one thousand novels.

– A thousand novels! – Peter exclaimed, peering at the numbers and trying to imagine what so many books could be written about. After all, he himself could not come up with a plot for even one, and there, one man, wrote a thousand books.

He took another sip of his coffee, trying to come to terms with the fact that he wasn't a genius. After all, if he were a genius, he could easily figure out what to write about at least the first chapter of his book.

Turning on his favorite song, he leaned back in his chair and threw his hands behind his head, beginning to reflect on the plot of the book. Basically, he imagined that he wanted to write a book about a writer who writes a book, and then it gets picked up by a publisher, and the writer makes a ton of money from it. But he had absolutely no idea what to fill the chapters with. After all, an idea is literally a couple of lines, and each chapter should be several pages long. Publishers took at least eight author's pages to print books, which is almost two hundred and fifty pages of text. Peter didn't want to write a story; ideally, it should have been a novel, or at least a small book that wouldn't look like a brochure from a newsstand.

As time went. Peter sat at the computer and wrote down a few sentences from time to time. The text of the book grew. The second and third paragraphs appeared. Peter even thought that if he wrote at such a speed, he could finish a whole chapter in a day. It was only necessary to catch the impulse of inspiration. Some authors wrote twenty novels a year, which is almost two novels a month, that is, at least one thousand pages of text per month. It was quite possible to write one chapter in a day, and moreover, Peter felt that he could do it.

He gathered all his thoughts into one and began to write. Lines began to appear on a white sheet of paper on the monitor. Dialogues and scenes appeared, characters began to do something, they began to come to life, becoming not just text, but characters who had their own desires and thoughts.

In a burst of inspiration, Peter sat at the computer until lunch. He managed to write an entire chapter in literally three hours. The chapter was small, only two and a half thousand words, but for Peter it was a real achievement, he felt the strength to create. However, there was no plot as such yet. He simply wrote down what came to his mind.

The sound of keys clicking came from the corridor. My sister returned from school. Motya ran out into the corridor to meet her. She took off her briefcase and went to her room. Peter watched her through the slightly open door.

Taking the mug, he noticed that it was out of coffee. He got up from the table and went to the kitchen to pour something new.

Turning on the kettle, he poured sugar and coffee into the mug, and when the kettle boiled, he poured hot water over everything, adding milk at the end.

He returned to the room, but his sister was already sitting at the computer, heatedly discussing something on a social network.

– Now I'm sitting at the computer. – she said, typing a message.

Peter put the coffee mug on the table and went to the kitchen to watch TV.

There was still a series about witches on TV. It was shown almost all day. Peter sat down at the table, leaned his elbows on his hands, and began to watch him. Several episodes were shown a day. Most of them repeated, adding only one new one per day. Peter looked thoughtfully at the TV, but it was obvious that his thoughts were somewhere else.

After half an hour, he couldn't stand it anymore and went into the room to get his computer back. Sitting on a chair in the kitchen was not as comfortable as sitting in a chair at the computer.

– How long are you going to be? – he asked, turning to his sister.

– I don't know, I need to wait for an answer.

– How long will you wait for him?

«I'm telling you, I don't know.»

Peter went back to the kitchen. He returned to the table and continued watching the series. He remembered seeing the books that the series was based on and thought that maybe he should write something like the series too. It seemed easier to write that way. But these thoughts still did not solve the main problem; they did not give ideas on what to fill the chapters with. The idea could be embodied in a story, put into a few pages, write that there was such and such a guy who wrote such and such a book, and then it was published, and he made a lot of money. But it was a story. Story! Not a book. No one has ever made money from stories, and not many have made money from books.

– I'll write one chapter a day, and in about twenty days I'll just finish it. – Peter thought, pondering his book. – The main thing is to have a desire to write. Although, perhaps, you should treat this as work, not wait for the desire to appear, but just write. But what if no lines are written at all? Give up everything? Admit to yourself that you are mediocre and have no literary inclinations? What about dreams? You won't be able to come to terms with the fact that you will never have anything. Think about it, where else can you make money? You will end up as a loader at some factory, where you will work from morning to evening. And all that will happen in your life is a bottle of beer and computer games. – He put his head on the table. – No, you can't do that, I have to think of something. I have to find a way to make a ton of money, but how?

My sister came into the kitchen. She had a textbook, notebook and pen in her hands.

– Help me do the math.

– Let's go to.

Together they went to Peter's room. The sister sat down in a chair and put the notebook on the table, giving the textbook to her brother. He took it and began to read the problem. Having read it completely, he comprehended everything that was said in it, and began to dictate a decision to his sister. She began to write it down in her notebook.

Peter was tired of standing with a textbook in his hands; he would rather sit down at the computer and continue working on the book, or at least search the Internet for some useful articles or blog posts that would help him write. He tried to solve problems from the textbook as quickly as possible, dictating solutions to his sister.

Having finished doing math, Christina got out from behind the computer and, taking a textbook and notebook, went to her room. Peter sat down in a chair. It was a moment of relief. He was so used to his chair that he received incredible pleasure from being in it. Everything in his room was done in such a way as to enjoy comfort, which Peter valued very much. He bought all his things when he worked at the factory. He worked there for a couple of months, and was just able to save money to buy a computer, a sofa, and a computer chair, not to mention other small things, such as a table, a bedside table and a carpet.

Working at the factory seemed like absolute hell to him. He hated the whole world when he was carrying heavy sheets of iron, or dragging them from the truck to the workshop. But there was nowhere to go. He woke up in the morning and, trying not to think about fatigue, went to work. Walking down the street, he tried not to notice cars and people who, as he believed, lived much better than him. They were happy, it was evident from their smiles. And anger accumulated in him. He never wanted to answer questions about why he was so sad or dissatisfied. He had no reason to be pleased. He wanted a yacht, he wanted a car, he wanted a separate apartment and a life, the same as the one that Hollywood stars had, but instead, a factory.

When he quit his job, he had no regrets. Of course, he understood that his mother would be unhappy, that she would be angry with him and let all the dogs go the first time, but he could not continue to work, his dreams were too colorful. He didn't just dream, he believed that he deserved a better life.

– Do you have money? – asked the sister, entering Peter's room.

– No. Where do I get them from?

– OK. I will go for a walk.

– Okay, go ahead.

The sister left the room. Keys jingled in the corridor, a clicking sound was heard in the lock, after which the door opened. Christina went out into the entrance and closed the door behind her. Peter was left alone in the apartment.

– Almost four o'clock in the afternoon. Maybe try writing another chapter? – thought Peter, looking at his watch. – Why not.

He opened the office program in which he wrote the book and continued writing. At first the text was difficult, there were no ideas for a new chapter, but after half an hour, Peter signed, and the glory began to appear on its own. Text began to appear on the empty sheets of the monitor, filling them.

Peter did not notice how four hours had passed. He realized this when the front door opened. Getting up from the computer, he looked out into the corridor. It was the mother. In her hands was a bag filled with groceries.

– Did you buy anything for tea? – Peter asked, turning to his mother.

– Yes, I bought it. Go and unpack the package.

Peter went out into the corridor, took a bag of groceries from his mother, and went to the kitchen. He pulled out all the food and put it in the refrigerator. A package of chocolate wafers was bought for tea. Peter opened it and took three strips. He returned to the room and sat back down at the computer. Taking a bite from the waffle strip, he took a mug to wash down the waffle with coffee, but the mug was empty.

Putting the waffles aside, he went to the kitchen to pour some coffee. He did this quite quickly, trying once again not to catch the eye of his mother, who at that time was fastening the leash on the dog's body to take her out for a walk.

– Close the door behind me. – she said, since closing the door with a leash in her hand was inconvenient.

Peter took the keys and went to the front door. The mother left the apartment and he closed the door behind her.

Together with the keys, he returned to the room, sat down in a chair, put the keys down, took a bite of the waffle, and washed down the coffee. A mild taste spread throughout the mouth. He glanced at the monitor, looked at the text, then at the word count. The second chapter was finished. A feeling of self-satisfaction and joy reigned in the mind. But, despite the fact that the second chapter was finished, the whole book was still ahead. It is unknown how many chapters will need to be written for the book to look complete. Maybe twenty, maybe thirty. But where do you get ideas for so many chapters? This was probably the main question that tormented Peter. But now, he tried not to think about it, the main thing was that he had finished the second chapter. Five thousand words were over. It was a small segment of the entire journey, but it was very significant. Yes, Peter was not the same genius as those who wrote several hundred novels during their lives. But Peter believed that if he managed to write at least one book, it would certainly become a bestseller and bring him good money, with which he could buy everything he loved to dream about.

## CHAPTER 3. A walk in the park

– Take a walk with Motya today. – said the mother, getting ready for work.

Peter was in the kitchen, pouring himself some coffee to cheer himself up. It was not early morning, about eleven o'clock. Usually at that time his mother left for work. My sister was already at school. Only he, alone, did not go anywhere, and did not do anything except wander around the house all day. At least that's what his mother, sister, and all those who knew about him thought. But Peter himself thought differently. He believed that he was on his way to becoming a rich and famous man. He believed that he would be able to write a book, that his book would be loved, and that he would be able to earn good money from it, which would be enough for him to buy a separate home, a car, and a girlfriend, whom he did not have.

– Okay. – Peter answered, pouring hot water from the kettle into the coffee and sugar.

The mother packed her things, took the keys, and left the apartment. Peter was left alone, with Motya, who climbed onto a bench in the corridor and, curled up in a ball, began to doze. She often did this, but as soon as some sound was heard on the landing, she immediately jumped up and began to howl, so much so that everyone immediately ran to calm her down so that he would stop barking.

Having stirred the coffee and added milk, Peter took the mug and stood in front of the window, watching the rare passers-by who went about their business. Peter felt a little uneasy because he had nothing to do. He felt like a parasite, a parasite, almost a scum of society. However, after taking a sip of coffee, all negative thoughts disappeared at once. He remembered the book and imagined that he was not a parasite at all, but a writer. Yes, he didn't work, yes, he rarely left the house, yes, he had practically no friends, but all this did not stop him from living in his own world, which seemed to him much more interesting than the one outside the window. Although, it is unlikely that his world would find at least some understanding among people. He was unemployed, and this was enough to consider him unworthy of attention.

Together with the mug, Peter went into the room where he sat down at the computer. Placing the mug next to the monitor, he opened the office program in which he wrote his book. Scrolling to the bottom of the text, he wrote the subtitle: «CHAPTER THREE.»

– Can lighten up a boring text with some action? – thought Peter, trying to come up with a new chapter. – Let's say Peter was writing a book, and then, unexpectedly, aliens fly to earth. Thousands of spaceships descend on the planet and hover over cities. This is an invasion, nothing less. Everyone is trying to escape, and Peter finds himself in the thick of things, he becomes a hero who needs to save the world from foreign invaders. Why not? But on the other hand, I'm writing a book about a writer, just a boring book, where a guy will write a book, why add to the plot everything that thousands of pages of text are already written about? Yes, bad idea. I'd rather not add anything fantastic and mystical. It was still not enough to insert into the plot about the writer, some vampires, or werewolves. No, it won't be anything like that, just a boring book. The book should be boring, it's not a movie. Also, what if I'm an intellectual and my book is intellectual? All intellectual literature must be boring. I don't know what the reader needs. Maybe what readers want to read is a boring book with a boring guy doing boring things. I play roulette. I am writing a book, but whether it will be published and whether millions of copies of this very book will be sold is not up to me.

Peter threw all thoughts about aliens, demons and vampires out of his head, leaving only boring thoughts about the gray everyday life of a young man who wanted to get rich. He tried to imagine his hero, tried to get into his head, to understand what he could think about, what he could want, what he could dream about. In the end, Peter simply thought about what he himself was thinking about, thinking about his own dreams. After all, the main character of his book, in fact, was himself.

– How difficult it is. And no one can guarantee that anyone will read the book at all. I can sit on it for a month, or two, or six months, and then some unfortunate critic will say: «There are too

many mental verbs in it, I don't like that.» And it doesn't matter who this person was, and whether he understands at least something in literature, he just doesn't like mental verbs, because some writer said that you shouldn't use mental verbs in books, that it's bad, that you need give the reader a picture. Yes, I'm probably just not so brilliant as to convey all the thoughts of a character in pictures and actions. The book is about one person, only one, who writes a book, and how can one not use mental verbs? – Peter thought indignantly. All he had was his thoughts, and these thoughts needed to be reflected on paper somehow. – Well, it can't be that I'm so mediocre! In any case, there will be someone who will like my boring book. Even if someone says that she is boring, I deliberately intend her to be boring. What's important here is the story, not the events that happen in that story. Maybe my hero will spend the entire book sitting at the computer, what now? Such a book, such an idea, such a plan that the main character will spend the entire book in the apartment writing a book. It will just be a boring book about a writer.

Peter drank all the coffee that was in the mug in one gulp and, getting up from the computer, went to the kitchen to pour another one.

Going out into the corridor, he noticed Motya, who was lying on the bench. He remembered that his mother asked him to take a walk with her.

– Later. – Peter said quietly and walked into the kitchen.

Turning on the electric kettle, he poured coffee and sugar into a mug, took milk out of the refrigerator, and sat down at the table, waiting for the water in the kettle to boil.

Peter was thinking about the book. He was trying to come up with a plot for the third chapter. The idea came on its own, and unexpectedly. He simply decided to describe his day, just one day in his life. Write about how he drinks coffee, how he walks the dog, how he washes his face in the morning. After all, it was his book, and he could write whatever he wanted in it. Yes, he took a risk, because publishers love books in series. They love books that have an exciting plot, and the plot of his book was as boring as his every day.

The water in the kettle boiled. Peter rose from his chair, took the kettle, and poured hot water over the coffee. Having thoroughly stirred the coffee and sugar, he added milk to the mug. Having put the milk in the refrigerator, he took a mug of coffee and went back to the computer, promising Mota that he would go for a walk with her later.

Sitting down at the computer, Peter put the mug next to the monitor and, pulling the keyboard towards him, began to write. He started in the morning. I just remembered one day from my life, took some fragments from it, and began to write it down. Words began to appear on the monitor. One, two, a whole sentence, and then a whole paragraph, and now the first page is finished. It seemed that inspiration had found the writer, but, alas, after five hundred words, everything stopped. Peter re-read the text. It seems that he wrote everything he wanted, but at the same time, there was too little written. Only five hundred words, but the chapter needed at least two thousand.

All thoughts disappeared.

Opening the browser, Peter entered his social network page. There were no new messages, but in the news everything was the same as a month ago.

– What to write about anyway? – thought Peter, staring at the monitor. – Although, why am I, I can just take ideas from my life, take any ideas. And even more, I can invent things that are not in my life. For example, I can come up with a friend for the main character with whom he will go to drink beer. Or he will go to a restaurant to eat a hamburger. I can write anything. The main thing is that the events do not contradict themselves, and that it is not boring. But, stop, I'm writing a boring book, then I can write about boring, hackneyed, annoying things.

The door of the room opened. Peter looked down and saw Motya, who entered the room and sat down next to the computer chair.

– Okay, now let's go for a walk. – said Peter.

Turning on the music, he got up from the computer and began to get dressed. He put on his pants, changed into his t-shirt, put on his shirt, then put on his sneakers. Approaching the window, he stuck out his hand to see if it was warm outside. It was warm outside, and what's more, the sun was shining there. And without even putting your hand out of the window, you could understand that it was warm there.

Turning off the computer, Peter put a harness on Motya, attached a leash to it and, taking his smartphone and keys, went outside. Leaving the apartment, he closed the door. Motya started barking. Her barking echoed through the entrance, causing Peter to almost tremble. This was one of the characteristics of his dog; she always barked terribly when she went out for a walk.

Leaving the entrance, Peter headed to the park, which was located a hundred meters from the scrap. You just had to cross two roads. Motya ran ahead, stopping near every bush and sniffing it.

An expensive car drove into the yard. Peter looked at him longingly, he wanted to have the same one, but he didn't even have money to go to the movies. But he was not upset, because he was writing a book, and he believed that when he wrote it, he would definitely sell it in large quantities.

Having let the car pass, Peter walked further towards the park. He crossed the first road, taking Motya on a short leash, and then walked along the lawn, about a hundred meters, and crossed the second road, the traffic on which was more intense than on the first. Immediately behind the road there was a park with a large pond and many apple trees. The park also had an asphalt road, round in shape, the size of the entire park. You could often see girls and boys going out there to run a couple of laps. This day was no exception. Several girls were running along the road, with toned figures, wearing tight pants and T-shirts.

Peter sighed heavily, staring at them.

– I wish I could meet at least one of them. – he thought, looking at their slender waists and rounded hips.

Motya pulled him to the side, along the path. Peter followed her, leaving the running girls behind. He left the main road and followed the path behind Motya, which continued to pull him forward.

– Every moment of this can be taken into a book. – Peter thought. – Absolutely everyone. You can take into the book all these people, all these paths, and even all these apple trees that grow around. But will this be of interest to anyone? This is a classic. Just life, without exaggeration, without a sharp plot, without lyrics and fantasy. A true classic. What if I really can become a classic?

Peter's chest filled with air. He was so inspired by his thoughts that his condition could be compared to schizophrenia, because now he imagines himself to be an outstanding classicist, capable of writing a novel no worse than those of the most outstanding classics of the world. He was ready to return home and create, write, fill pages with text, create new events, new moments, new thoughts. But first, it was necessary to walk at least one lap around the park so that Motya could do all her business.

A warm light wind was blowing. The sun was hot. Girls were running along the asphalt road, children were rollerblading and riding bicycles, and people with dogs were walking along the lawns. Peter walked along the path, not far from the roadway, completely immersed in thoughts about his book. Although most of his thoughts were still not about the book, but about how much he could earn from it. Million? Or maybe two? What if the book sells a million copies, and from each copy he receives fifty rubles? Fifty million? Peter's heart began to beat faster.

– This is a game with fate, a game with luck. After all, no one can say for sure whether my book will be popular or how many copies will be sold. – Peter thought. – It's like playing roulette. I'm writing a book, and I'm setting it free to float, and then, depending on your luck. It happens that people find treasures, or win the lottery. Yes, it's like winning the lottery. I'm writing a book and starting my lottery game. Whether I will be able to promote my book among thousands of other books, and whether people will buy it, no one knows.

A girl rode past Peter on a bicycle. Peter stared after her. Her figure drove him crazy. He really wanted to catch up with her, and get to know her, start a relationship with her, take her to the movies, and then to a restaurant, and then marry her, have children, and what not flashed through Peter's head as he looked after the charming of a girl who rode past him on a bicycle. But he could not do this, because he had no money. Anger at the whole world awakened in him.

– Why me? There are so many people around, and everyone has cars, money, relationships. Do I have anything? Why am I worse than others? – he turned it over in his head, looking around. – What a fate.

He walked around the park and went back to the house. Motya continued to sniff all the bushes that came along the way. Peter's mood dropped somewhat. He even forgot about the book. He was depressed by the fact that he had nothing, not even a job, while others had everything he dreamed of.

Coming out of the park, he took Motya on a short leash and crossed the road. Then he walked to the next road and crossed it. Having reached the entrance, he opened the door with a magnetic key and went inside. Climbing the steps, he reached the door of the apartment, opened it with the key, and entered. In the hallway lay the backpack of my sister, who had already returned from school.

Peter took off Moti's harness, and she ran into the room. Taking off his sneakers, he entered his room. My sister was sitting at the computer and watching videos of famous bloggers. Peter stopped and looked at the monitor. The sister stopped the video.

– Don't look. – she said.

– Why can't I look? I'm interested too.

– Don't look, just leave, why did you come?

– Actually, I live here.

– Go sit in the kitchen.

Peter took off his street clothes, put on his home T-shirt, took a mug with some coffee left in it, and went to the kitchen. There he turned on the TV, and sitting down at the table, began to switch channels, looking for something interesting. He stopped on a channel that showed a series about witches, which he really liked. He again began to think about writing a book about witches. But he immediately discarded them, because he was already writing a book, and he decided for himself that there would be no witches, no werewolves, or aliens in it.

Peter sat in the kitchen for about an hour while his sister watched bloggers on his computer. He drank two mugs of coffee, and even got tired of the chair he was sitting on. Sitting in a chair at the computer was much more comfortable and pleasant, and my back didn't get tired there.

– I'm done. – said the sister, going out into the kitchen. – You can go to the computer.

– Excellent. – Peter called, and got up from the table, took a mug of coffee, and went to his room.

Entering the room, he immediately sat down in a chair. All muscles relaxed. He put the mug on the table, opened the office program, and continued writing the book. He remembered walking in the park and wrote it all down. It was extremely difficult to come up with something fictitious, at least for Peter; he clearly had no talent for original ideas.

He wrote until the evening. Word by word, sentence by sentence. By the time his mother returned from work, he had finished the third chapter and, sighing with relief, closed the office program and leaned back in his chair. The plan for the day was completed. Logging into his social network page, Peter turned on the music and indulged in dreams of the time when his book would already be sold in millions of copies, and he would be a rich and independent person.

## CHAPTER 4. Meet Sveta

Peter woke up when everyone had already left, his sister went to school, and his mother went to work. For some time he lay on the bed, looking at the ceiling, and trying to gather his thoughts so that he could throw off the blanket and get up. There was no desire to get up. Peter imagined as if he had to get up for work every day, early in the morning, and then you won't lie in bed, won't soak under a warm blanket, get up, and that's it.

Having thrown off the blanket, Peter abruptly jumped out of bed, telling himself that this had to be done, otherwise he would lie in it until lunch.

The room was cool.

Peter put on a T-shirt and went to the toilet to relieve himself. Then he went to the bathroom. There he turned on the tap, washed his face, brushed his teeth, and carefully looked at himself in the mirror, trying to understand how talented or untalented he was. It was difficult to judge talent, or lack thereof, by appearance.

Walking out into the kitchen, he turned on the electric kettle and reached into the refrigerator to look for something he could eat. In the refrigerator he found eggs, sausages, cheese and ketchup. This was enough for breakfast. There was still cottage cheese on the top shelf, and there were yoghurts, but it was impossible to take them. My sister ate yoghurt and cottage cheese, and if Peter had taken them, he would have received a beating from his mother in the evening. But since there was no desire to participate in scandals, Peter did not take anything from the top shelf.

Taking eggs and sausages, he went to the stove on which there was a frying pan. Having cut the sausage into the frying pan, Peter turned on the gas and began to wait for the chopped sausage to fry. The frying pan began to gurgle. Taking two eggs out of the package, Peter beat them one by one into the frying pan. The frying pan began to gurgle louder. The eggs immediately turned white and began to bake. Having closed the pan with a lid, Peter put the eggs back into the refrigerator.

The water in the kettle boiled and the kettle turned off.

Peter took a mug, poured coffee and sugar into it, and then poured hot water from the kettle over it all.

Putting the mug on the table, he took milk out of the refrigerator and added it to the coffee, stirring it thoroughly again.

Having put the milk in the refrigerator, Peter turned on the TV and turned off the gas under the frying pan in which the scrambled eggs were being fried. He took a clean plate and placed it on the table, and then dumped the scrambled eggs from the frying pan into it. Putting the empty frying pan back on the stove, Peter took out the ketchup from the refrigerator and squeezed some into the scrambled eggs, after which he put the ketchup back into the refrigerator. Breakfast was ready.

Sitting down on a chair in front of a plate of scrambled eggs, Peter switched the channel to the one where his favorite series about witches was playing, and began to break off a piece of baked yolk, smeared with ketchup, with a fork. Having broken off a piece of scrambled eggs, he immediately popped it into his mouth, without taking his eyes off the TV.

– So many episodes for one series. – Peter thought. «And all the action takes place in one house.» This series was made by talented people, there are more than a hundred episodes, and each, in fact, is different from the others, even though all the actions take place in the same places. I wish I could learn how to come up with things like that. That would be cool. I could then easily write any book, even if its events took place only in one apartment.

Peter carefully watched what was happening on the screen, chewing his scrambled eggs.

– You need to understand the formula by which scripts for TV series are written. – he thought. «Having understood this, I can write any work without any problems.»

Peter thought about what needs to be taken into account when writing long stories where the characters are in a limited space. And at the same time, write in such a way that it does not look boring and tiring. You can describe every action of the characters, but in the end it will get boring, and if you describe everything in a nutshell, you won't be able to write a long text.

– Or maybe the texts in these series are not long at all, how do I know how many pages one episode takes? – thought Peter, continuing to look at the TV and chewing scrambled eggs with sliced sausage. «I guess I read too few books.» If I had read more, I would not have had any questions about what to focus on when writing a book. And I also want to become a writer, having read only a couple of books in my entire life. To write well, you need to read dozens, hundreds of books, so that the texts are imprinted in your mind, so that you know what to pay attention to when writing a text. Yes, I'm unlikely to be a writer. – something seemed to click in Peter's mind. – Damn, what are you thinking about, you have to tell yourself that everything will work out for you, that you will write a book, that it will become a bestseller, that you will earn a lot of money from it, that you are generally a talent and a hero of our time. Enough of this whining that you won't succeed and that you're not capable of anything. Get ready and go write!

Having finished the scrambled eggs, Peter put the plate in the sink, took a mug of coffee from the table, and went into the room, to the computer.

Entering the room, he turned on the computer, sat down in a chair, and placed a mug of coffee near the monitor.

The computer booted.

Peter connected the Internet and opened his page on the social network. Then he opened the office program in which he wrote the book. Scrolling to the very bottom of the text, he began to think about a new chapter, but no thoughts came to mind.

– We need to come up with something. – Peter thought, looking at the white sheet frozen on the monitor.

He switched back to the social network page. But even there he did not find any ideas.

– These are only fragments, short moments, literally one paragraph, or even worse, one sentence, but you need to write a whole book. – he thought. «You can't write a whole book with only one paragraph.» Yes, I went to a social network. I can write about this, but it's one sentence. And if I start describing in detail what buttons I pressed when I went to the social network, then the publisher will not like it, and he simply will not accept my book for publication. The book should be interesting, and what is interesting in reading about what buttons the main character presses to enter a social network. I already overload the book with descriptions of actions in order to somehow fill the chapters with text. Now I can only envy those who easily write books of five hundred pages and use a minimum of descriptions. Where do they even get the text from if they don't really describe anything, and at the same time use a minimum of dialogue? Maybe it's all about actions? More action. My hero is like a plant, sitting at the computer, and I'm trying to stretch these gatherings over a whole chapter. And in those books, by those writers, the heroes are constantly in action, events are constantly changing, developing, something is constantly happening there. But on the other hand, I'm writing a boring book, which means I shouldn't have any action. It's just a boring book, that's what I intended, that's what I want. A book that girls will hold in their hands and get bored with it, sitting over the text. And the text itself will be boring, repetitive, and formulaic. No originality. Yes, that will be the motto of my book: «No originality.» Why should I invent something that has already been invented a long time ago? If I can't write compelling stories, that means I'm untalented, and then I either shouldn't write at all, or I should write the way I know how to write. I'm not a writer. I just want money, I want to get rich, I wrote a boring book. This means that I don't need to try to stand out with the originality of the text. I'll just write a boring book, so boring that even the publisher will tell me: «Your book is the most boring and boring book I've ever read.» And then I will answer him: «It was planned that way.» «Really?» – he will ask. «Yes, of course,» I will answer, «It's a classic.»

And it is true. All the classics are boring. And for me, modern classics. And in general, it seems that I am starting to feel depressed.

Peter turned his attention to the social network. He typed the phrase «Depression» into the search, and he was given several dozen groups dedicated to depression. He chose the most popular group and joined it.

Posts hung on the monitor, to which various photographs were attached, with captions. The photographs were gray and dull, just like the mood of those who entered this group.

– What am I doing here? – Peter thought.

He started reading posts and comments on them.

Under one of the photographs, he saw a comment from a girl named Sveta, who was talking about her experience of struggling with depression. Peter carefully read the comment and decided to ask her.

– What to do if you think you are getting depressed? – he wrote in the comments to the photo, addressing Sveta.

The answer came within two minutes.

– First, try not to think about the fact that you are depressed. Thoughts about depression intensify the state of depression itself.

– I don't even think about her, I'm just writing a book, but no thoughts come into my head, and because of this, it seems to me that I'm starting to feel depressed. – Peter answered in the comment.

– What is this book about? – asked Sveta, writing in the comment.

– Well, it's about a writer. About how a guy writes a book.

– Interesting, I guess.

– I don't know, the readers will judge.

– If you don't know what to write about, then take a break and rest. This should help. Distract yourself from something else, watch a movie, or listen to music.

– Yes, you're probably right. Need to watch some movie.

– Go chat in private messages. – one of the guests of the group wrote.

Sveta wrote to Peter in private messages:

– Hello, if you want, you can write to me. By the way, why don't you have friends?

– I don't know, I don't communicate with anyone.

– Can I add you?

– Yes, sure.

Sveta added Peter as a friend. Peter did the same.

– Well, now you have friends.

– Yes, it's cool.

– Have you written a lot already? I'm talking about the book.

– No, only three chapters.

– It's difficult. You need to invent and then write.

– Yes, you have to sit for several hours on each chapter. It happens even half a day.

– Sorry, I need to leave, I'm at work now. Then the authorities came.

– Fine.

Peter's mood improved somewhat. He made his first friend on a social network, and it was a pretty girl. Peter took a sip of coffee and leaned back in his chair, folding his hands behind his head.

– Why not write about it. About how I met a girl. – Peter thought.

The keys jingled in the keyhole. The door opened and Christina entered the apartment. Peter watched her through the slightly open door. She took off her briefcase and threw it in the corridor. Then she took off her shoes and immediately went to Peter's room.

– Give me the computer, I urgently need to write to my friend. – she said, standing next to Peter.

Peter looked at the monitor, then at his sister, and reluctantly crawled out from behind the computer. The sister sat down in a chair and began to enter the username and password for her social network page.

Stepping away from the computer, Peter lay down on the sofa and stared at the ceiling. Now his thoughts were not absorbed only by the book, there was a place in them for Sveta. Peter didn't really look at her photograph, but, at first glance, Sveta seemed quite attractive to him.

After lying on the sofa for about ten minutes, Peter got up, took a mug with the remaining coffee from the table, and went to the kitchen to pour new, hot coffee. The sister was sitting on the computer, communicating with someone on a social network, and at the same time watching videos of popular bloggers.

– Make me something to eat! – the sister shouted after him as Peter left the room.

– Fine.

Having reached the kitchen, Peter turned on the kettle, put the mug on the table, and climbed into the refrigerator to figure out what to cook for his sister for lunch.

– Make me some dumplings! – the sister's voice was heard.

Peter closed the refrigerator and opened the freezer. From there he took a pack of dumplings.

– Fry them! – was heard from the room again.

Putting a pack of dumplings on the table, Peter lit the gas under the frying pan and poured some vegetable oil into it. Then he took a pack of dumplings, opened it, and counted out twenty dumplings, which he placed on the frying pan. The dumplings sizzled. Peter turned down the gas so they wouldn't burn and put the leftovers back in the freezer.

Closing the frying pan with a lid, Peter poured himself a new mug of coffee and sat down at the table. Sitting at the table, he began to watch TV. A program about travel was shown on TV. At that moment, Peter thought that if he could earn money, if his book was published and he would earn a lot of money from it, then he would certainly go on a trip too. I would go to some exotic country, to Egypt, or to China, or maybe I would go to Dubai. There were many places to go, but there was no money.

Having taken a sip of coffee, Peter stood up from the table and went to the stove. He removed the lid from the frying pan and, taking a wooden spatula, stirred the dumplings, after which he closed the frying pan with a lid.

– He might give up this whole writing thing. I don't like to write. I have to admit to myself that it doesn't give me any pleasure to write, especially when you have to write a lot, and you have no idea what to write about or how to fill the pages. – Peter thought, returning to the table.

He clamped his fingers around the coffee mug and stared into it. After taking a sip, he turned his gaze to the TV.

My sister came into the kitchen.

– Will the dumplings be ready soon?

– In about five minutes.

– Okay, I'll be on the computer, bring them to me when they're ready.

– Don't you need to do your homework?

– It's necessary, but I'll do them later.

– Come on, don't sit for long, I also need a computer.

– Okay, but most importantly, bring me the dumplings.

– Okay, okay. – Peter mumbled, taking another sip of coffee.

When the dumplings were ready, Peter turned off the gas under the frying pan, put the dumplings on a plate and, putting the fork there, took everything into the room. He placed the plate on the table in front of the keyboard.

– Bring some ketchup. – said Christina, taking a fork and pricking one dumpling on it.

Peter went back to the kitchen, took ketchup out of the refrigerator, and took it to his sister. She squeezed ketchup into the dumplings and returned it to Peter. He took it to the refrigerator.

There was nothing to do. All that was left was to watch TV. But it was uncomfortable to sit in the kitchen, my back quickly got tired, and the coffee had already left an unpleasant taste in my mouth.

Taking a mug of coffee, Peter poured the rest into the sink and, after rinsing it, put a tea bag there. The kettle was still hot, but not hot enough for the tea to brew. Peter turned on the electric kettle and stood next to it, waiting for the water to boil in it.

When the water in the kettle boiled, Peter took it and poured water into the mug in which the tea bag lay. The water turned dark brown. Taking a teaspoon, Peter crushed the tea bag, which made the water even darker. Having brewed tea, he took the bag out of the mug and threw it into the trash can. Then he put three spoons of sugar into the mug and mixed everything thoroughly.

After taking a sip of tea, he sat down at the table and stared at the TV, which was still showing a travel program. The program was interesting, it showed all the countries that were on the world map. Peter was surprised by how people lived in other countries, especially in countries like India, where they didn't even remove garbage from the streets and where there was no sewage system. People were too spiritual, they did not value life or comfort. This seemed strange to Peter, but in India it was normal. As explained in the program, Hindus believe in castes, and that later they will be reborn in another caste and will live like kings.

– This is all strange. Is it so difficult to keep the streets clean? – thought Peter, taking another sip of tea. «I wouldn't be surprised if they don't read or write books.» Where will writers and those who will read them come from in such a dump? Although you yourself are not that much of a writer. I decided to write a book, but I don't even know what to write it about. You write some boring nonsense, where each chapter is nothing more than a copy of the first chapter. But on the other hand, if there are so few varied events in the life of a writer, what now? Inventing tall tales about him writing a book and fighting space aliens? Stupidity. A boring book about a boring person.

– I'm done, you can go to the computer. – said the sister, coming out into the kitchen with an empty plate. She took it to the sink and went to her room to do her homework.

– Great! – said Peter and, taking a mug of tea, went to the computer.

Returning to the computer, he opened his social network page. Sveta was offline. Then Peter decided to write the fourth chapter of the book. He opened the office program, scrolled to the bottom of the text, wrote a chapter subtitle, and began to describe another, boring day of the writer. There was nothing interesting to come up with, and it was impossible to come up with anything, because the book was just about a guy who writes a book, and nothing more. Any imagination could spoil the plot, nothing could be added, and for an entire chapter I had to write a boring day, during which the main character walks from the computer to the refrigerator, drinks coffee and tries to compose a text.

The hardest part was dragging out the moments when it was necessary to describe on two pages how the main character cooks scrambled eggs and pours coffee.

Without going into details, each day could be fit into two paragraphs, simply by briefly writing that the main character poured coffee, cooked scrambled eggs, had breakfast, and went to write a book. But the publishers wanted at least eight author sheets, and for this, it was necessary to write at least three thousand words in each chapter.

Peter was clearly tired of working on the book he had in mind, because it was incredibly boring, at least for him. He was used to watching films where the plot develops quickly and energetically, where the heroes constantly get into some kind of trouble and are forced to fight monsters, but what happened here? Computer, social network, kitchen, coffee. Four components from which it was necessary to assemble a whole book. The publisher simply had to recognize Peter as a genius. Well, who else can write a book of more than two hundred pages, where the main character constantly drinks coffee and sits on the computer? It was boring beyond belief. The main thing is that this

boredom does not scare away readers, because Peter wrote not in order to write a book, but in order to earn money.

Peter sat over the fourth chapter until the evening.

Mother returned from work and was preparing dinner in the kitchen.

Christina entered the room, turning to Peter, who was just finishing the last paragraph of the chapter:

– You are very busy?

– Now yes, but what did you want?

– Go to the store with me.

– Why do you need it?

– I need to buy a notebook.

– Do you have to?

– Yes, I need a notebook.

– Okay, just come on a little later, I need to write a little here. Take mom's money for now.

The sister left the room and went to the kitchen to ask her mother for money for a notebook.

Peter continued to write. There was very little left. One, two, maybe three sentences, and that's it, the chapter is completed.

Having completed the last sentence, he looked at the number of words, it turned out to be exactly three thousand. This is exactly how much he needed so that in the end the book would turn out to be the right size. It would be unpleasant to write a book and then find out that it will not be published because it does not fit in size and only one author's page is missing. This would be creepy, because there were not so many publishing houses in Russia, especially good publishing houses that could promote the book.

– Let's get ready. – said the sister, entering the room.

– Okay, okay, I'm already getting ready.

Peter turned on the music, got up from the computer, and began to put on his street clothes.

After getting dressed, he turned off the computer and went out into the corridor. My sister was already standing in the corridor. Mother came out of the kitchen and handed Peter a hundred rubles.

– Here you go, there should be enough for a notebook. – she said.

Peter took the bill and put it in his pocket, after which he sat down on the bench and began to put on his sneakers.

Christina was already dressed.

When Peter put on his sneakers, he immediately went to the exit from the apartment.

– That's it, we're off. – said Christina.

– And don't be late, dinner will be ready soon. – the mother said in response.

Peter and Christina left the apartment, and then from the front door to the street. It was already getting dark outside. Lanterns illuminated the road. Rare stars were visible in the sky. Peter and Christina walked along the road next to the house. It wasn't very far to the shopping center, about ten minutes on foot.

First they walked through the park square, crossed the road, and walked along the sidewalk along another park. They lived in a residential area, and there were plenty of parks here.

Ten minutes later they reached the Mezhdunarodnaya metro station, where there was a shopping center. They went inside and took the escalator to the third floor, where the bookstore was located. In addition to books, the bookstore also sold notebooks. They went inside, and Christina rushed to the section with notebooks, and Peter stopped near the shelves with books. There were a lot of books, so many that if his book had suddenly appeared on the shelf, hardly anyone would have noticed it.

– There is a lot of competition. – Peter thought. – To make your way in literature, you need to have real talent, write beautifully, clearly, and about interesting events. It is unlikely that my book will succeed.

Walking past the shelves with books, he went to the section with notebooks, where Christina stood and chose a notebook for herself.

– Which one do you like better, this one or this one? – she asked, showing two notebooks, one had an owl on it, and the other had a panda on it.

– The one with the panda.

– Okay, then we'll buy it.

Taking the notebook, Christina went to the cash register. Peter followed her. On the way, she also grabbed a pen. Approaching the cash register, she gave everything to the saleswoman, and Peter handed her a «one hundred ruble» bill.

The saleswoman took the bill and counted out the change. Christina took the notebook and pen and went to the exit.

– Are you satisfied? – asked Peter.

– Yes.

– Great.

Peter developed a feeling of worthlessness. He could afford absolutely nothing. He looked at people going shopping, buying something for themselves, choosing, but he didn't even have the money to take his sister to a fast food restaurant and buy her a hamburger. Something in him shrank, so much so that he wanted to leave the shopping center as quickly as possible. All these people, with cars, cool phones, in expensive clothes, all this pressed on him from all sides, and it seemed that he was about to get dizzy and vomit right on them.

Together with Christina, they left the shopping center and went home. My sister was pleased. She didn't care about what Peter did, because she was only eleven. She had different values, and she did not believe that at her age a person should already achieve something. The same could not be said about Peter. He understood that he was almost thirty years old, and he had not even earned enough money to buy a car. But he didn't want a car, he didn't want to be middle class, he wanted to be a millionaire, he wanted to have a lot of money, so much that he could afford not only a cheap car, but also a yacht and a private jet. He was sick before living a beautiful life, he believed that he should live in such a way that everything around him should bow before him and give him what he wants. However, nothing bowed before him except the branches of the bushes, swaying under the pressure of the cool wind.

Returning home, Christina went to draw in a new notebook, and Peter, pouring himself a mug of coffee, went to the computer to listen to music and relax.

Logging into his social network page, he saw that Sveta was online.

– Hello. – Peter wrote in a personal chat.

– Hello. How's the book going? Have you written anything?

– Yes, I finished the fourth chapter. It was difficult, but I did it. I don't even know how interesting everything I write about is. It would be frustrating to write a book and find out that it's not worth printing. I was in a bookstore here, it was full of books. And how many more books have not been published? There are thousands of them.

– Yes, there is a lot of competition.

Mother entered the room.

– Dinner is ready, go eat.

– Yes, okay, now.

– I'll go eat, I'll come back later. – Peter wrote to Sveta, and got up from the table and went to the kitchen.

In the kitchen, on the table, there were plates containing boiled potatoes with fried liver.

Peter took ketchup out of the refrigerator, poured it into the potatoes, and sat down at the table. He quickly emptied the plate and, putting it in the sink, went back to the computer. Christina came into the kitchen.

– I'm here. – he wrote in the chat. – You're from St. Petersburg, aren't you?

– Yes, from my beloved St. Petersburg.

«We didn't really get to know each other.»

«We can do it now if you want.»

– My name is Peter. – Peter wrote jokingly, because his names were already written opposite the messages.

– And I'm Sveta.

– Very nice.

– And me.

Communication began to gain momentum, although it was boring. Peter asked Sveta about her interests, while simultaneously talking about herself, and Sveta mostly answered questions and showed practically no initiative. The conversation ended when Sveta wrote that it was time for her to go to bed, since she had to get up early for work tomorrow. Peter felt a little awkward, because he didn't have to get up for work. And he didn't even tell Sveta that he was unemployed.

– If she finds out that I am unemployed and dreams of making money by writing books, she will immediately stop communicating with me. – Peter thought, and therefore did not say anything to Sveta, deciding to leave it until a more opportune moment.

## CHAPTER 5. Cinema with my sister.

This morning was no different from previous ones and, perhaps, from future ones. Peter woke up when his mother was getting ready for work. The sound of bags rustling came from the kitchen. Opening the door, Motya entered the room and, jumping onto the sofa, lay down on Peter's legs. He tried to move her, after which she moved higher and climbed under the blanket. Opening his eyes, Peter stared at the wall. The gray wallpaper did not evoke any emotions. Keys jingled in the hallway, the front door opened and then closed. Mother went to work.

– One more day. Another boring, tedious, and pointless day. – Peter thought.

It seemed like he needed to get up, but Peter really didn't want to do anything. Perhaps it would be worth working on a book, but the mere thought of writing something, inventing something, was already giving him a headache. My temples began to pulsate, and my skull felt as if something was squeezing me. In addition, Peter doubted his literary abilities and the way he presented the material. There was no muse. There wasn't that inspiring feeling that would lift me off the couch and lead me to the computer to create, to write new lines. He wanted to fall asleep and sleep for a couple more hours, but the sleep had already disappeared.

– Okay, to hell with it. – Peter thought, and throwing off the blanket, got up from the sofa and went to the kitchen.

Walking past the computer desk, he picked up an empty mug.

Walking out into the kitchen, he touched the kettle. The kettle was hot. Mother drank coffee before leaving for work. Peter went to the bedside table, poured sugar and coffee into a mug, then poured hot water over them and mixed thoroughly. Then he took milk out of the refrigerator and added it to the drink, stirring it again, and putting the milk back on the bottom shelf.

Together with the mug, he went into the room, where he immediately turned on the computer, and sat down in a chair, placing the mug of coffee on the table. He leaned back and rubbed his eyes. The computer booted up.

At some point, Peter realized that he should wash himself and get himself in order.

Rising from his chair, he went to the bathroom, where he thoroughly washed his face and brushed his teeth. After wiping his hands and face dry with a towel that was hanging on a hook, Peter returned to the room and sat down again in his favorite computer chair. His room was somewhat reminiscent of an office, if you do not take into account the large bed standing near the window.

The computer has already booted.

Peter connected the Internet and opened a social network page. Sveta was offline. Having glanced at the news, Peter opened the office program in which he wrote the book, scrolled the text to the very bottom, and bent over the keyboard, trying to figure out what to write about.

Thoughts were difficult to get into his head, but what angered him the most was that these thoughts could be contained in two sentences. And I had to write at least three thousand words. Peter had no idea how to do this. It seemed impossible. He wrote one paragraph, a second, a third, covered a whole page, and then, looking at the number of words he had written, he discovered that there were only four hundred. But he had already run out of ideas; he didn't know what else to write about. After all, really, what can you write about when a person sits at home all day, at the computer. Taking a sip of coffee from a mug, Peter decided that he needed to somehow diversify the life of his character. But it was very difficult to do this, because according to the plan, the main character was unemployed, he had no money, no friends, nothing that normal people had. All he had was the dream of becoming a millionaire. An unfortunate person, and who would want to read about such a person?

– We need to have breakfast. Maybe on a full stomach thoughts will come to mind better. – Peter thought, and abandoning attempts to write the fifth chapter, got up from his chair and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

Having opened the refrigerator, he leaned on the door and froze, looking on the shelves for products that could be used to prepare breakfast. There wasn't much choice. Or rather, he was small. You could make scrambled eggs with sausage, or dumplings that were in the freezer.

– Scrambled eggs. – Peter decided, and took out a package of eggs and one sausage from the refrigerator.

After crumbling the sausage into the frying pan, he took two eggs out of the package and put it back in the refrigerator, leaving the eggs on the nightstand.

– Scrambled eggs yesterday, scrambled eggs the day before yesterday, and tomorrow, probably, there will be scrambled eggs too. – Peter laughed. – I can imagine if you write a book about this. In each chapter, the main character cooks himself scrambled eggs. And also describe it in detail, savor this moment in order to feel the mystery of preparing this dish. I think the publisher will throw the book in the trash after reading the first two chapters.

The frying pan began to gurgle. The sausages began to shrink and darken. Peter took a knife and eggs and beat them into the frying pan. The frying pan began to gurgle louder.

– I wonder if my vocabulary is enough to be considered a talented writer? Or is my place among graphomaniacs? – thought Peter, crushing the yolk in the frying pan. – A paper scribbler, that's what I am. Nobody will ever read my manuscripts, because they are simply uninteresting, boring, and monotonous. I use the same words, I repeat myself, I even have similar sentences in each chapter, not just separate words. And this volume, eight author's sheets. Why so many, maybe I want to publish a small book, like that writer, Spaniard, or Portuguese, whoever he is, wrote a book, only one hundred and fifty pages, like, and a circulation of as many as sixty-five million copies. But I live in Russia, where can I go? There is only one publishing house, and it requires eight copyright sheets. No choice. Writers are doomed from the very beginning of their careers. No creativity. You can write a brilliant book with six author's pages, but it won't be published because that's not enough. And then you have to figure out how to make the book longer. Ultimately, it's just text, just a bunch of letters for someone to read. Seriously, who cares what is written in the book, if it is logical, then that is enough. You would think that in each chapter I will describe in detail how the main character cooks scrambled eggs. Yes, it's repetitive, but that's life. If this is the protagonist's life, what can I do? I can't write that he orders himself pizza and beer every day, when he doesn't have a ruble in his pocket, because he is unemployed. It's kind of creepy.

The scrambled eggs were ready.

Peter took a clean plate out of the dryer, put it on the nightstand, and turned the scrambled eggs into it. Taking a fork, he went to the table. Having placed the plate with scrambled eggs on the table, he took out ketchup from the refrigerator and squeezed some onto the scrambled eggs.

– But seriously, if you think about it this way, how many times can you repeat one word in a paragraph, from a literary point of view? – Peter froze over a plate of scrambled eggs. – If I want to write that the main character took a frying pan with scrambled eggs, dumped the scrambled eggs on a plate, then squeezed ketchup onto the scrambled eggs, crushed the scrambled eggs with a fork, and then began to gobble up the scrambled eggs on both cheeks. How many times have I used the word «scrambled eggs»? And how will the reader perceive this? Maybe he will throw the book on the floor, jump on it with both feet, and start stomping on it, shouting: «Cursed be the day I bought this waste paper!» That's the problem. I am only a writer, I write because I feel like I see images before my eyes. And this, by the way, is a cool idea. – Peter put the ketchup in the refrigerator and straightened up to his full height. «I'm just a writer, and what I write is just how I see the world that surrounds me.» And if all my words fall crookedly on paper, then let it be so, because I'm not Shakespeare, I'm a worker of the pen. – Peter smiled. – Well, aren't I a genius? Am I not capable of writing a work of genius? And isn't what I write brilliant? No matter how I write it. Well, really, how do I know whether I'm a genius or mediocrity? Maybe I read my text, and it seems primitive to me, too simple, but in fact it is brilliant, this is the highest level of literary excellence, and all writers

will kneel before me, praising my talent. How do I know that by describing in each chapter how the main character cooks scrambled eggs, I am writing a work of genius and not a boring graphomania? Okay, we need to eat.

Peter sat down on a chair, turned on the TV, and began to eat scrambled eggs. A program about travel was shown on TV. There was no series about witches. This upset Peter a little; he liked to watch a TV series about witches, in those moments when he went into the kitchen to eat or pour coffee. Although he also liked the program about travel.

After eating the scrambled eggs, Peter returned to the room, where he immediately sat down in the computer chair and took a few sips of the now cooled coffee. All this time, he continued to think about how best to write a book, and what to pay attention to, to actions, to a description of the area, or to the thoughts and emotions of people. Or did everything have to be in harmony?

– Shakespeare had no descriptions at all, only dialogues. But he wrote plays. – Peter thought. «But it doesn't matter what you write, the main thing is that it sells well, that people like it.» Play, prose, or poetry. Although I probably went overboard with the poems. Poems will never be popular, not in our world. It is enough to remember the people you can meet on the street. But looking at them, it's generally difficult to say that literature might be of interest to anyone. Yeah, how am I going to get rich from one book? I'll only sell a thousand copies, that's all. If it gets published at all. Ha! What if they don't take it? Well, will I have to write another one, or should I abandon this matter? Abandoning is not an option. I will have to work in factories, carry iron, and have lunch in the back rooms. Horrible. I can't even find an office job because I don't have the necessary education. I'm doomed. It was as if I was part of a lower caste, the loader caste. If I were in India, I would not be able to oppose anything to this, and all my dreams would forever remain just dreams. After all, what do I have in my life is real? Nothing. What awaits me in the future? Nothing. I am doomed to hard and low-paid work, to live among poverty and drunkards. And nothing will change my life. Writing a brilliant book is the only chance for me to get out of all this.

A familiar melody began to play on the smartphone. Mother called.

– Yes? – Peter raised the phone to his ear.

– Go for a walk with Motya. – said the mother.

– Now? – moaned Peter, who was in the mood to write a book.

– Yes, now, is it difficult for you?

– No, it's not difficult.

– Here you go.

– Fine.

Turning off his smartphone, Peter put it on the table and, turning around, looked at Motya, who was lying on the sofa.

– Well, are you going for a walk? – he asked the dog.

She stood on her paws and wagged her tail. Most likely, this meant agreement.

Peter turned on the music, got out of his chair, and began to get dressed. He always dressed to the music so that it would not be boring. Motya jumped around him, arching her back and resting her front paws on his leg.

Having finished putting on his street clothes, which usually hung on a hanger in the room, Peter went out into the corridor, put on his sneakers, took the leash, and fastened the harness on the dog. Returning to the room, he turned off the computer, took his smartphone and keys, and went to the exit.

Going out into the street, Peter walked towards the park, leading Motya on a leash. Motya happily ran along the curb, sniffing every bush that she met along the way.

They crossed the road, walked along the lawn to the next road, crossed it, and found themselves in the park where they usually walked. Peter did not go to the main road that circles the park, but

decided to take a walk around the edge. Although the weather was good, it was already autumn and it was cool, which made it not very pleasant to hang around outside.

He walked slowly along the sandy sidewalk, watching Motya climb in the grass and relieve himself. Raising his head, Peter saw a girl jogging in the park. The girl had long blonde hair and a slender figure, and the tight clothes gave her a sexier look. Then Peter remembered Sveta, and realized that he had not really looked at her photographs yet, did not know what kind of figure she had, slim, or athletic, or maybe she was even fat. After all, he only saw her main photograph, in which he couldn't really make out anything.

– Okay, then I'll take a look sometime. – Peter decided, continuing to walk slowly forward along the sandy sidewalk.

Motya stopped in the grass and began to sniff something. Peter tried to pull her back, but she did not give in. Then Peter came closer to see what the dog was sniffing. It was a black wallet. Peter was overcome with a feeling of curiosity. What if there is money in it? Now he could use some personal money, because he has been sitting at home without it for so many years.

He walked over to the wallet and picked it up, looking around in case its owner was nearby. But there was no one around.

Peter took the wallet with both hands and opened it. At the same moment, goosebumps ran across his skin. He saw greenish bills lying inside. He quickly closed his wallet and put it in his pocket, deciding to count the money at home.

– Motya, go home! Let's go home! – he began to pull the dog, but it resisted. – Let's go, let's go!

He quickly walked back towards the house. The dog obediently ran after him. Without stopping anywhere, he walked to the house, took the dog's leash off, threw off his sneakers in the hallway, and walked into the room where he took out his wallet and took out all the money from it. There were five and a half thousand rubles inside.

– You can't imagine anything better! – Peter blurted out joyfully. – We need to go buy something.

Having decided to buy a bottle of caramel soda, Peter took five hundred rubles, put on his sneakers, and went to the store. He was in a great mood. He reached the store, went inside, took a two-liter bottle of caramel soda from the counter, and went to the checkout. There he gave the cashier five hundred rubles and received four hundred rubles in change. Satisfied, he returned home along with the soda.

Putting the bottle of soda in the kitchen, he took off his sneakers, then all his street clothes, put on his home T-shirt, and went to the kitchen. There he took a large glass and poured soda into it. He closed the bottle and took a few sips. Bubbles of gas hit my nose and tears flowed from my eyes. But the feeling was pleasant.

Pouring more soda into the glass, he closed the bottle and put it in the refrigerator. Taking the glass, he went into the room and sat down at the computer. Relaxing in his chair, he turned on the music and began to slowly sip his caramel soda, wondering what he could do with the money he found.

The keys jingled in the lock. It was Christina, she returned from school.

When Peter remembered his sister, the idea immediately came to his mind to go to the cinema with her. He had long wanted to take his younger sister somewhere, but he never had money, but now he had it, and this was a great opportunity to go with her to the movies and to some fast food restaurant.

He went out into the corridor and turned to his sister:

– Do you want to go to the cinema?

– For what money?

– I have.

– At your place? Where? – the sister grinned.

– It's a secret, but I have it. So, are you going to the cinema?

- Well, I don't know, but what kind of films are there?
- I don't know, let's go and see. Then you can still go to the restaurant.
- In a restaurant?
- Well, yes, fast food. Eat a hamburger.
- Let's. Shall we go right now?
- Yes, let's go right now, what are we waiting for?
- Do you have a lot of money?
- We've had enough.
- Well, how much?
- It's a secret.
- So, say.
- Five thousand.
- Where did you get?
- I found it when I was walking with Motya.
- Will you buy me a notebook?
- I can give you money for it.
- Let's.

Peter took four hundred rubles in change from his pocket and handed them to his sister.

- It's all for me?
- Well, yes.
- Cool. – I put the money from my sister into the child's wallet. – Let's get dressed.

Peter went into the room, where he quickly put on his street clothes, then turned off the computer and went out into the corridor, where he put on his sneakers. Christina stood in the corridor and waited for him.

- Did you take the money? she asked.
- Yes, I took it.

Leaving the apartment, Peter and Christina headed to the shopping and entertainment complex, which was not very far from the house. There were restaurants, a cinema, and many shops where you could go and buy something.

- Will you tell your mom that you found the money?
- Don't know. May be. Or maybe not.
- There is a store in the shopping complex that sells notepads, should we go there?
- Can.
- Before the movie.
- Fine.
- Shall we go to the restaurant after the movie, or before?
- Come on later.
- Fine.

They walked along a long nine-story building, crossed the road, and headed towards a huge shopping and entertainment complex. Having reached it, they walked through the automatic doors and, once inside, headed to a store that sold all sorts of things and in large quantities. Notebooks were also sold there, one of which Christina wanted to buy for herself.

Having reached the store, they went inside and walked along the rows with piled goods. They reached the shelf where the notebooks were, and Christina chose one for herself, the one she liked best. Taking it, she went to the checkout. Peter followed her.

- After paying for the purchase, they left the store.
- Now to the cinema. – said Peter.
- Let's go to.

They reached the box office, where tickets for the sessions were sold. Having chosen a film, Peter bought two tickets, but he had to lie that his sister was already twelve years old in order to be allowed in. Having bought popcorn, they entered the hall and took their seats. The film ran for about two hours.

When the film ended, Peter and Christina left the cinema hall. Christina was delighted with the film. Peter was also pleased.

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