

Александр Чечитов

WILLIAM DUFFIE'S GAME

18+

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«Автор»

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William lives in Selbridge, a quiet provincial town in Ireland. Fascinated by the splendor of Dublin, where he and a friend have gone for a walk, the young man realizes the dullness of his previous existence. He sees how the big city ignites a thousand passions in people, and he is captivated. When he accidentally stumbles into a casino, William discovers a vibrant world that is completely different from his parents' home. In this place, there is no reminder of time or guidance on what to do. As each day passes, William becomes increasingly immersed in the game, losing track of time and fear. Morality gives way to the powerful forces of excitement, and now he is willing to do anything to satisfy his insane thirst.

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The thin point of a small metal needle slid across the wet skin. Suddenly stopping, it pierced the vein, digging deep into the flesh. The strong, dry muscles of young William Duffy contracted. He tried to stand up, but his body, pinned to the floor, refused to cooperate. "Wait, my friend," Ivan, with his heavy body and red beard, repeated, holding him down with a bear-like grip. "The doctor will finish soon. Just is patient."

"What the hell are you two doing?" William growled, baring his teeth at the men who were messing with him.

"Willie! You've had too much whiskey, but Mr. Yezersky," Ivan shifted the small gray eyes lying on his broad face in the direction of a short, clean-shaven man in a white coat, "kindly agreed to help you. And I had to hold you," Ivan continued, releasing William's hands, "because the attack was strong. Now I see you're feeling better. He was starting to recognize things."

William quickly ran through the events of the last few hours in his head. He'd had these attacks before, but this one hit his memory hard. Images flashed through his mind one after another. The last one was a memory from the gambling table. William had been so lucky that hot July evening. Then a dark, black curtain fell over everything. As William regained his senses, a small, kind-looking doctor stood by his side. Swallowing the lump in his flabby throat, he stared straight into his eyes, biting his thick, oily lip. William was silent, trying to gather his thoughts. He remembered.

"Brady! You're a spineless idiot," Lula said in a raspy, low voice. She was breathing heavily, and the air was damp from the afternoon rain. She was hanging freshly washed clothes on a clothesline. When she finished, she wiped the sweat from her forehead. The wooden chair creaked as it struggled to support her heavy body. Across from her, Lula could see her father's bald head tilted to the side through the open window. Worn out ahead of time by endless drinking, the old man slept in a worn, dirty armchair in front of a drumming TV. William crept into his parents' bedroom. Faded photos stared at him from the wall, and the air smelled of medicine.

– Ugh! You old fool! William waved at the indifferent portrait in a metal frame. Drops of warm, salty sweat soaked her hair and trickled down her thin neck. "College classes are boring; I wish I could go back to the casino. Throw my chips on the table and dance with the cool kids," Willie said dreamily as he returned to his favorite spot. The dust particles were disturbed and bounced around the room. Willie's young fingers quickly touched various objects. Ding. The tall glasses on the top shelf jingled when Willie bumped into an old gray cabinet.

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