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НЕЗАКОННОЕ ПОТРЕБЛЕНИЕ НАРКОТИЧЕСКИХ СРЕДСТВ,
ПСИХОТРОПНЫХ ВЕЩЕСТВ, ИХ АНАЛОГОВ ПРИЧИНЯЕТ ВРЕД
ЗДОРОВЬЮ, ИХ НЕЗАКОННЫЙ ОБОРОТ ЗАПРЕЩЕН И ВЛЕЧЕТ
УСТАНОВЛЕННУЮ ЗАКОНОДАТЕЛЬСТВОМ ОТВЕТСТВЕННОСТЬ. This
book contains three terrifying, fictional — but not entirely so — stories. They're
spine-chilling and evoke genuine emotions, the kind of raw fear that hits deep.
Before you start reading, it's worth weighing the pros and cons — and only then
dive in. It's a psychological thriller! Get the hardcover edition. The cover was
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Before starting, I immediately ask the publisher to check the entire book very carefully. Please look at the text before publishing it. **This is a psychological thriller**, and I ask you to check everything and if you refuse, send me a notification with requirements for what needs to be corrected. Please, this is very important.

And now a disclaimer. All coincidences with real faces, people, and events are random. I do not know what is going on in everyone's life and mind, and therefore I cannot predict everything. The book contains scenes of drinking alcoholic beverages, tobacco use and substances banned in all civilized and developed countries (there is no name and no propaganda), the presence of obscene language, a description of violence and a story about events and actions that may seem immoral. The author does not recognize or support all of the above, and in no way encourages it. I've never been involved in anything like this, and I don't recommend it to others. Everything will only be used to fully immerse yourself in a dark story that should never have happened. This book should give you the right ideas. **Family is the most important value, you always need to be decent, moral and moral, a person with a capital letter.**

Dear reader, if the publisher encourages the release of the book, I must warn you. The book is not named for nothing. In it, I raise rather hackneyed topics, but since these problems still exist, it means that it is worth paying attention to them (this obviously will not be superfluous), in the hope of making the world a better place. I put meaning into each line, used a lot of techniques and got a complete work.

It consists of three stories, each of which is essentially a psychological thriller, and each of them can make you think, be afraid, horrified, in general, cause any reaction, absolutely unpredictable, for which I am not responsible. Therefore, I ask you to read this book only for adults who have made such a choice themselves. By the way, I'm not against adaptations, so go for it — just be sure to invite me to the set, please!

But again, this book is **a psychological thriller**. Each story contains more than one problem, and all of them are possible in reality. That's why I ask the publisher for a hard check, and the reader to think a hundred times. I expressed these stories so darkly that as I reread them and made the final edits, I was horrified myself. When you create something like this, you become an unwitting participant, so I'll need a little rest after this book. Most likely, I will no longer create in this style.

The first story «Parenting» raises the issue of the development and participation of parents in the child's life. The future of children depends on the parent, and it tells about the absolute neglect, constant beatings and moral and physical humiliation towards the child. Which of these things can it be? The story tells about the most radical outcome.

The second «Crime» is about poverty, what poverty can bring a person to, and what he then becomes capable of in order to survive. (ohfive is very radical)

The third «Fall» is about treason. Two loving people, but this is just an illusion created by one for the other, which then will bring only trouble and horror (very radically).

Knowing that these stories may or may not be real adds to the horror of reading them, and if you're willing to embrace the «Horror of Reality» and accept the possible consequences, take a flag.

If you decide, then I wish you great luck

Upbringing

The silence in this apartment wasn't just a lack of sound. It was a predator. She crept along the corridor, peeked into rooms, licked the walls with her rough tongue, and when she was sated, lay down on the chest of seven-year-old Kirill, squeezing the last of the air out of her lungs. He knew the beast's habits. When the silence became particularly thick and booming, like an eardrum before an explosion, you could expect trouble.

The slam of the front door was a detonator. Keir was sitting in the corner behind the door, pressing his back against the cold wallpaper. He tried to become a shadow, if you freeze hard enough, you can deceive time, make it pass by. My mother's heels clattered in the hallway, sharp, irritated, driving nails into the parquet floor. Behind them, my father's heavy, insinuating tread. Not footsteps, but the heartbeats of a huge beast. Stop at his door.

Keir squeezed his eyes shut, clenching the sleeve of his jacket between his teeth so that even the creak of his jaw wouldn't betray him.

Today was a matinee. He was playing bunny. A coward hare, as my mother said after reading the script. «The type is yours.» He was given a cardboard mask with one ear. The second one came off during rehearsal, and the teacher, a tired woman with sad eyes, simply taped it up. At the matinee, looking into the blinding spotlight that made tears flow, he forgot the words.

The quatrain, so simple, slipped out of my mind like a startled bird. The hall full of other people's parents giggled. The laughter was thin, but to Kir it was like the roar of a waterfall washing him into oblivion. He stood there, white, with his ear taped on, and молча opened and closed his mouth in silence. My mother was sitting in the third row. She wasn't laughing. She looked at him with a look that was neither angry nor disappointed. There was disgust. A dull, physiological revulsion, like a dirty stain on a new dress.

The door to the room didn't open. It exploded.

His father's hand, huge and greased with technical grease, grabbed him by the scruff of the neck like a puppy and dragged him to the center of the room. Cyrus didn't resist. Resistance is an additional pain. He went limp, hoping that gravity would make him heavier, stop this flight, but it didn't.

«Look at me when I'm talking to you!»

My father was growling, and that growl was mixed with the smell of alcohol and something sour. My mother was standing in the doorway, her arms crossed over her chest. There was a look of righteous anger on her face, mingled with the pleasure of being right.

«We plow for you like oxen. Working hard so... so you can embarrass us in front of everyone?»

A stab in the back. Not a slap in the face, but a punch to the spine that sends sparks flying from your eyes.

«Are you a moron?» Answer me! Are you sick? We ask you, мразь you ungrateful scum, are you normal at all?

Cyrus dropped to his knees. The pain wasn't the main one. The main thing was the voice. That sibilant whisper of his mother's as his father pounded him on the back and shoulders.

«All children are like children. Svetka from the accounting department has an excellent daughter who plays the violin. And I have... Zand what do I need it for? For what sins? Why did I give birth to you in the first place

She said it almost matter-of-factly, and it made me feel sick. His birth was a sin. He himself was a punishment for them. And his thoughts? Who needs them, these thoughts of a downtrodden animal? His wishes?

Summer, ten years. They sent him to a school camp-not because they wanted to give him a break, but because he got in the way. And there, in the stuffy assembly hall, smelling of bleach and old mattresses, he saw him for the first time. A telescope. A real, albeit small, educational one. An elderly

amateur astronomer, invited to teach the children about the stars, gave everyone a peek through the eyepiece. When it was Cyrus's turn, he put his eye to the cold metal and was gone.

There, in the velvety blackness, strewn with diamond dust, hung the moon. It was not a flat plate, as from earth, but a huge, living ball, pitted with craters and wrinkles. Kir's breath caught in his throat. My heart, which was usually squeezed into a ball, suddenly straightened up, pounding hard and evenly. He felt something he had never felt before — awe. And a strange, aching sense of home. It was as if his real home was there, in the midst of these cold, distant suns, where there were no screams or the smell of alcohol. He watched until the astronomer gently pushed him away, making room for another child.

He was silent all the way back on the bus, pressing his forehead against the dusty glass and looking up at the darkening sky. For the first time in his life, a dream was born in his head. Not the desire to get a toy or candy, but a real, big, like the universe, dream. He wanted to study the stars. He wanted to know why they were burning, why they were falling, what was hidden in the black holes between them. He wanted a telescope, even if it was the smallest and cheapest. He decided to ask, for the first time in a long time, he dared to want something out loud.

In the evening, when his father, tired but relatively sober, was watching TV and his mother was knitting in a chair, Cyrus came up to them. He hesitated in the doorway, crumpling the advertising booklet the astronomer had given him in his sweaty hands.

«Mom... Dad... I've been thinking...»

His voice was trembling.

«Well?»

«Can I...»

He stammered, feeling his stomach turn cold.

«Can I have a telescope for my birthday?» I... I want to study the stars. It's so beautiful, you should have seen...

Silence. My mother stopped knitting. My father turned his head slowly, very slowly. He didn't scream. He was looking at his son with a new, genuine amazement mixed with rage.

«What?» A telescope?

— There are inexpensive ones there... I'm just really...»

He didn't have time to finish. My father jumped up from the sofa, snatched the booklet from his hand, and tore it in half without looking at it. Then again. And more. Small glossy shreds fell to the floor like dead butterflies.

«He's going to study the stars!»

My father roared, and there was only anger in his voice.

«My mother and I are working two jobs, we can't see the white light, and this parasite wants to stare at the sky!» What are you going to eat, you fucking astronomer? Stardust?

«Maybe we can buy him a spacesuit, too.»

My mother spoke icily, picking up her knitting needles again.

«And a rocket.» To fly away from here and not come back. The dreamer was found. You must first earn the right to dream, puppy. In the meantime, you're zero without a wand. Losers, a rag, a disgrace to the family. What kind of stars do you like?

«It's all nonsense, it's the school that spoils him, the books are stupid. That's it, no more libraries. Tomorrow you'll come with me to the garage and learn how to fix a car. At least it will be of some use. Forget about that.

Cyrus stood over the shreds of his dream, looking at the galaxies and nebulae that had turned to trash. At that moment, it wasn't just hope that died inside him. The certainty that he had the right to want at all died. This was the most important lesson: your desires are garbage. Your aspirations are nothing. You are a function. You need to be comfortable, quiet, and inconspicuous, period.

Eleven years old, high school. The teacher of Russian language and literature, Lidia Sergeevna, was the only person who looked at Cyrus normally. An elderly woman with tired eyes behind thick glasses, she saw things that others didn't want to see: his hidden mind, his sensitivity. One day, after another dictation, she asked him to stay after class.

— Kirill, you have a very good syllable. You can feel the tongue. I just found out... There is a literary contest, a city one. Subject: «My future». I want you to write an essay and apply.

Cyrus was taken aback. A contest? An essay? His?

«I can't do it.

«You can, you should try. This is your chance. The winners go to Moscow, to the Kremlin Christmas Tree, which is prestigious. And I'll help you, we'll work together after school.

Capital competition.. He's never been further than his neighborhood. This thought was so bright and bold that it burned from the inside out. For a week he lived in a daze. Every day after school, he stayed in an empty classroom, and Lidia Sergeevna helped him hone each phrase. He wrote about how he wanted to become a writer. How she wants to help children like him. How she wishes there was less violence in the world. These were his innermost thoughts, which he did not trust even to the tattered diary. And now they were on paper. And the teacher, reading the draft, took off her glasses and wiped her eyes. She didn't say anything, but the gesture made something inside Cyrus leap toward the light like a sprout from under asphalt.

Parent-teacher meeting. They didn't take Cyrus with them. He stayed at home, sat in his room and stared at the door without breathing, imagining Lydia Sergeevna telling her mother about the contest. About his talent. Maybe Mom will understand. Maybe she'll look at him with different eyes. Maybe it will... be proud?

The door slammed. Heavy, masculine footsteps echoed down the corridor — which meant that my father was there, too. This is bad, very bad. The door to his room swung open. His mother was standing in the doorway, her face contorted with a rage he'd never seen before.

«A writer, then?» A star astronomer and now a writer? Yes, you are a genius, it turns out!

«Mom, I -»

He tried to say something, but she flew over and slapped him across the face. Then again. And more.

«You! How dare you! You dare to write this?! You dare to embarrass us in front of the whole school?!

— Write what? I'm just...

«I dream of a house where there will be no screams. Where parents respect their children» Are you talking about us?! Yes?! Did you tell that old fool that we were beating you?! I'm going to kill you myself, you ungrateful thing!»

My father was standing in the doorway молча, smoking in silence, flicking his ashes on the floor. His silence was worse than a scream.

«Do you understand what's going to happen now?» Custody will come to us! We may lose our parental rights! Because of you! Because of your fantasies! You let us down at the monastery, you scum!

His mother grabbed his hair and brought her face close to his.

«I didn't mean to... I didn't think -»

«You can't think at all!» No contest. No capital. Tomorrow you will go to this Lydia and tell her in front of everyone, in front of the whole class, that you are a liar and a dreamer. That you made all this up. That your parents are good, and you're an ungrateful brute who wants attention!

The next day, he stood in front of the classroom, choking back tears. Lydia Sergeyevna looked at him, and there was no condemnation in her eyes, there was pain and pity. So deep that it would have been better if she had hated him.

He stammered out the words he had memorized. That he made it up. That he wanted to be famous. That he's a liar. His voice was breaking. My classmates giggled. And at that moment, he died for the second time. His belief that someone could help him died. That adults can be fair. Even the best teacher in the world, faced with the will of his parents, was powerless. She never asked him to stay after school again. She averted her eyes as she passed. I gave up like everyone else.

Twelve years old, parents' day at school. There was an open day at the school. Parents were shown classes, drawings on the walls, crafts made of plasticine. Cyrus never looked forward to this day. He knew that his crafts — a slanting, lopsided boat with tin soldiers — would be the most shabby.

The music teacher, young and enthusiastic, organized a small concert. Children played instruments, sang, and recited poems. Cyrus did not perform. But he was standing backstage, pressed against a dusty velvet curtain, watching Lenka Somova shine as she played a simple tune on her violin. Like her mother, sitting in the audience, clutching her hands to her chest and crying with emotion. Keir imagined for a moment that he was in her shoes. That he plays the violin and his mother is crying with happiness. But he didn't have a violin. He didn't have anything at all. Except for the desire to stand on stage like this one day and feel not fear, but pride.

After the concert, he found the teacher in an empty classroom. She was putting music together in a folder and humming to herself. Keir hesitated at the door for a long time before she noticed him.

«Cyril?» Did you want something?»

— Anna Pavlovna... Can I... can I try it too?» Do you want to play something?

The teacher looked at him carefully. She knew him as the quietest, most downtrodden boy in parallel. Always bruised, always with a blank stare.

«You can, we have a free piano. If you want, stay after school. I'll work out with you. Is free. You have long, musical fingers, you know. Maybe you have a talent.

Talent. The word burned him like boiling water and warmed him at the same time. He ran home as if on wings. For the first time, he wasn't afraid to open the door. He stormed into the kitchen, where his mother was peeling potatoes. About the piano, about free lessons about music.

My mother listened in silence. Then she put down the knife, wiped her hands on her apron, and looked at him. Not with rage. With a tired, murderous indifference.

«Do you think we have money for music?»

— But it's free! Anna Pavlovna said...

— Free cheese only in a mousetrap, and even if it's free. You better think about it: why do you need this? So that you can spend your days strumming around and stop your father from resting after his shift? So that your neighbors complain? It's all self-indulgence. Go do your homework instead. You have a C in math. That's what you need to think about. And the music... You'll still get on my nerves. Go on, don't get in the way.

He didn't go, didn't disobey. The next day, he sat through all his classes as quietly as a mouse, and when the last bell rang, instead of going to the music room, he trudged home. Anna Pavlovna met him in the corridor a week later, a question in her eyes. He looked away and walked past her. She didn't call out to him, or understand, or just forget. What's the difference. The music died in him before it was born. Another sprout was uprooted and left to rot on the asphalt.

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