

## CHAPTER 1.

A howl, a vile, monotonous howl, a dull, rusty needle penetrated my sleepy brain. I sat up abruptly, without opening my eyes, and started fumbling with my hand under the bench. The first shoe was found at once, the second, apparently, had flown somewhere in the corner. There was no time to search, and I ran out into the street barefoot.

The icy frozen mud dug into my heels with sharp lumps and finally woke me up. It was dusky outside, though the horizon was already turning orange. "It must be five in the morning. Or nine," I thought. I didn't have a watch-no one in our village had a watch-but we tried to measure time by hours and minutes out of habit. What's the point though - in any case, the air-raid alarm would wake us up in the morning, and in the evening everyone would go to bed when the sun went down and it got dark. The alarm went off, and I groped my way into my halfway house. I would not be able to sleep anyway, I had to find my noodles, eat nettle chowder, and get ready for work.

Yes, yes, that's right, to work! I'm one of the lucky ones who got a job. I mean how to get a job - on the party line. Back in the early twenties, I enlisted in the Young Guard, where I served the great leader and the Motherland faithfully. I fought the fifth resistant column, wrote denunciations on unscrupulous citizens, and so on. And as a result, now, in 2028, the party remembered my former merits and recommended me to the chairman of the village council as a loyal, his man, who should be employed by the party line. Chairman Semenyich took me as his assistant and gave me a huge salary - 15 billion rubles per month! This is a lot of money by our standards - just six months is enough time to buy a pair of Chinese sneakers or a new tee shirt. In general, my business has been on the upswing lately. What do I do at work? Nothing - Semenyich put me in charge of the diggers. It's a boring job: you follow men and women all day long and watch them digging up soil, carrying it on a wheelbarrow and dumping it into 20-ton containers.

Where does the soil go, you ask? I don't know. Nobody knows. One day, one smart guy asked Semenyich, where do these containers go? To which Semenyich replied, "What the fuck do you care?" - Then Semenyich took out his cudgel and hit the wise guy between the horns. No one asked Semenyich what and where, but rumor has it that the land is being exported to China.

Who cares what and where? The main thing is that there is work - thanks to the leader for that. Back in the dashing twenties, he promised to create 20 million jobs, but he failed then - at that time there was a great bloody war for the Russian's peace in Syria and Ukraine. The decaying West in those harsh years tried in every way to destroy Russia, because the Western fags cannot live peacefully while we Russians are free to breathe our Orthodox air.

Ah, the times... And you could once breathe with your chest full, but now you can't. Take a deep breath and you'll cough. The air has become filthy. Sometimes it's all right, but other times the east wind brings the stink - it hurts your eyes. Semenyich says it's the goddamn Finches poisoning us, but one crazy oldtimer, who wandered into our village last fall, said that there's a Chinese factory thirty days away to the east, which smelts some heavy metals. But Semenyich mocked him and whipped him with a whip. Well, the oldtimer died. But whether he was telling the truth or not, nobody knows. Thirty days on foot is an insanely long time, it's not

one pair of wicker booties you'll wear out before you get there.

I'm distracted by my booze-boosting thoughts... It is probably true what Semenyh says - it is time to go to church in the district center, otherwise demons take over my mind, and I begin to question things that initially should not be questioned.

So our great leader in 2025 kept his promise and gave us twenty million jobs so that everyone who was suffering and poor could earn a slice of bread and a nice nutritious shit on a shingle. Some of them, like us, are carting around dirt in containers and others are digging metal where there used to be a dump site in the city. In general, everybody is busy.

While I was indulging in demonic thoughts and questioning the ideals of our perfect world order, the sun peeked out from behind the horizon, and rays of light penetrated through the muddy glass of the window, illuminating the soiled walls of my dwelling and the straw mattress on the bench. A boot was peeking out from under the bench, and I bent sharply and grabbed it, put it on the bench, and began to wrap the damp wrappings around my foot.

Boots... Oh, they're expensive! But without them in this weather you'll wipe your feet with blood on the frozen mud, there's no way out, and you may get two billions, but you'll have to buy sandals. Or go to the woods yourself, cut and weave. Yeah, easy to say, but the license for the collection of balsa cost 40 billion and is valid for only 2 weeks, so it is cheaper to buy balsa booties. There was one clever one here, named Fedka, who decided to just go to the edge of the forest and cut balsa, without a license - for free, so to speak. So he was spotted by Chinese drones in two minutes, and five minutes later a group of Chinese gamekeepers wrapped up the flippers and dragged him into the woods. I don't know what the gamekeepers did to him, but no one ever saw Fedka again. Rumor has it that the Chinese skin poachers alive for their forest, and someone says that they don't skin them at all, but take them to fly larvae farms, where they put them to sleep and process them into nutritious mincemeat that they use to hatch their maggots. The fly larvae farm is not far from us, only three days away, if the boots are comfortable and the shoes are strong, but if you are barefoot, then you can limp for five days... But what am I saying?

Anyway, Fedka went to the forest to steal balsa, and he was caught by the Chinese and punished in his own way, the Chinese way. Maybe we ate Fedka afterwards, because the bread we are given on coupons is made from maggot's flour, and maggots are grown in the fly larvae farm, which is three days away if you walk in comfortable sandals.

Booties buy more profitable, well, at least safer, the more we as patriots simply must support domestic producers. But I dream of Chinese sneakers! I have been dreaming for a long time, but I do not tell anyone so as not to jinx them, because you cannot tell your secret dreams to anyone - demons can hear and jinx them, then go to church, put candles to ward off demons. And one candle costs as much as two hundred million. And you have to put them at least five, if you come to church. Oh, my little Russian Orthodox Church... I have to go to church on Easter and light a candle for our great leader. As soon as I get my paycheck, I'll go and buy the biggest candle I can get, for eight hundred million! If you go out at dawn you'll be in the district center by nightfall, the main thing is to be there before dark, because in the district center when it's dark, there's a curfew - the Cockssux can catch you hanging about and beat you to death with their clogs.

And I also dream about a woolen coat, but all winter I was freezing in a leaky jacket, which I inherited from my great-grandfather - it was my fault, idiot, last year I lost all the coupons

for deadwood in the cards to Semenych. This year, as soon as I get coupons, I will run to the woods to collect deadwood.

While I was thinking and thinking, my feet brought me to the center of the village, where the villagers were already gathering for the morning inspection. It is a tradition in Russia to hold a morning check, where they count those who died during the night or ran away, so as not to cook for them and not to transfer the food. Well, and report to the district center, because if someone escaped from the village, the district center must send a detachment of Cockssux in pursuit, so that they caught a runaway and for the edification of others flogged with rifles on the main square of the settlement.

Today, thank God, nobody died or escaped, so Semenych counted everyone twice and said in a resounding voice:

- Dear, residents of the village of Verkhneye Skolenostanovo (the Uptown of Kneestandinguppers)! Tomorrow we have a great holiday - the Great Victory Day of our ancestors in the Great Patriotic War! Tomorrow you, the glorious descendants of our great grandfathers, will receive your holiday 100 grams of vodka and a holiday food ration of 125 grams of bread from the Leningrad blockade. But we, as true patriots, are obliged to make a present to our great victorious leader and, in accordance with Decree No. 279, raise the norm of production from 10 to 14 containers of rich soil. So now we all work without a lunch break and finish the working day an hour later.

But Semenych was wrong - for an hour, for two, or even for 75 - only Semenych has a watch, so we are going to work until the sun goes down, because you cannot put much with a shovel in a cart in the dark.

- Work, work! What the fuck are you doing catching flies with your fuckin' muzzles? Shovels in your teeth and in the field, or I'll cut your rations! - Yelled Semenych, then turned to me and said: - Hey, you! Stay where you are, there's a market!

Semenych always called me "Hey-you"; in principle, he always called everyone "Hey-you," and you have to figure out where he was looking, if he was looking at you, then you were Hey-you, and if he was looking at a crow, then the crow was Hey-you.

Anyway, I stood up, and Semenych came closer, breathed on me with his delicious, appetizing breath, and continued:

- I'll give you a letter, hide it deep down so that even the Cockssux at the checkpoints won't find it, give you two days leave, and you'll rush on a ferry to the district center to the deputy there. Tell him it's from me, give him the letter, get the box, and come back quickly. You got it?

Of course I got it, but I told Semenych:

- "Semenych, why the fuck are you bullshitting me? What century do you live in? You've got electricity at home, and you've got a scrambler. Your deputy's got all that too, so why the fuck would I do that?"

- I can't write on the yokelnet, it's a secret thing, and the yokelnet can be hacked by the feds, and they can listen to the special communications. You're a clever scrapper, you know it all too well. Do you want NATO soldiers to crush you?

- No," I said, "I don't.

- So that's it, pack up and go. I'll give you 500 million roubles for a business trip. You'll have a great meal in the district center - you can buy good sharpshooting without coupons there

in the Russcrapersellieshop.

Of course, I was happy about the money, but my mood was spoiled by the fact that I would miss today's "News with Dmitry Sickelove," which the loudspeaker on the pole in the center of the village broadcasts every day at noon. We, all residents of Verkhnyaya Skolenostanovo, run to the center at lunchtime every day, after a quick balmy drink, not to miss a single word from our loudspeaker pole.

*One of the radio programs broadcast over loudspeakers in central squares.*

***"From the Skrepetzky Informbureau"***

*Today, tw<radio transmission interrupted by interference> twentieth year near Moscow at the range to destroy uncertified contraband, our Orthodox bulldozers in an unequal battle defeated 7 tons of Nazi cheese, 12 tons of Polish interventionist apples, 4 tons of phallic German kilbasa and 16 GDR geese that threatened our stability, our great power economy and our leader personally."*

Once upon a time, when there was electricity in the village, there was a TV set in every house, and we all enjoyed watching it. Oh, what wonderful times those were! And what wasn't on there! Every day we saw how our victorious troops were crushing the terrorists in Syria, how Ukrainian rebels were fighting for Russian's peace in the Donbass, and the missiles, what supersonic super missiles, destroying Washington, we watched on this miracle box! But all good things come to an end...

One day they said on TV that the world energy crisis had started, and now every scrapper resident had to pay 100 million rubles per kilowatt-hour. We had no work by then, so we started saving electricity. We used to take the wonder TV box to the square, put it on a pedestal that had been left over from some Soviet-era monument, and watch our beauty in droves. But even that pleasure did not last long - one fine day, the electricians came from the district center with a group of Cockssux and announced that starting on such and such a date of such and such a year, in accordance with the decree number 426, all the Scrapnuts must pay 500 million rubles a month for the rent of the electric grid, in short - to pay for the wires. The decree is undoubtedly a good one, for the benefit of the Motherland, but no one had any money in the village at that time, so the electricians and the Cockssux cut all the wires, wrapped them up, got into a car, and drove away. No one else in the village had ever seen either electricians or linden electricity. Except Semenyuch. Semenyuch had solar panels on the roof - real Chinese ones.

Thinking back to the past, I wandered north toward the district center, not even going home. What would I do there? I had some chowder in the morning, but I had nothing to pack for the road, and it was only a 50-odd mile walk. The weather was fine, the sun was shining, the mud had melted and ice worms were seeping into the boots. Oh, it's beautiful! Spring!!! Birds were flying over the fields overgrown with weeds and cawing merrily.

A long time ago, in the unforgotten dashing twenties, we ploughed these fields - back then we still had tractors in our village, and you could buy diesel at any gas station. These lands were still considered ours, I remember, we were sowing rye and oats until the energy crisis hit. That year we could not find money for diesel fuel and did not cultivate the field, and in the fall an official from Roscrapselhozrazor came to us, and fined the village - that they say, that we do not cultivate the land. But so fined that after a month there came bailiffs, took our equipment and shot the chairman of the village council at that time. Since then, the fields were overgrown with weeds, and everything was fine, but after a couple of years, the same official who fined us came and said that the fields are not ours now, as we do not use them, and therefore, in accordance with decree number 379, from that day he, the official, gives these fields to a conscientious user. And since we, the locals, are nominally assigned to these lands, we are also leased to new owners. Then they brought Semenyuch to us and declared him the new chairman, ordered us to obey him in everything and to comply. At first we thought that your chairman did not tell us what to do, we would not obey him. And what did Semenyuch do? And Semenyuch took out a scrapophone and called the district center, and OCON (Special Cockssux Unit) rushed there, whipped the whole village with their lashes, and the two scrappers were taken away, and no one ever saw them again.

I climbed the hill, panting, caught my breath, and looked out into the distance. A strip of river gleamed on the horizon. It was a pity that it was out of season; if it were autumn, I could

have had a nice lunch on the river, with such delicious reeds growing there, it would be delicious! Before, when we were still sowing the fields, none of us knew that cane root could be eaten. It tastes like rotten potatoes and onions, but it feeds you better than swanbush and nettles put together. You can eat a lot of bulrush and walk around contentedly, farting and not wanting to eat for about two hours, and you're getting stronger and ready to turn over mountains of black soil. One thing is bad - according to the law you can't eat reeds - if caught, you may be sentenced to hard labor. Of course, Chinese drones are not protecting rivers and marshes - besides forest they are not interested in anything - but if one of them sees it, he can report it to FSB, and they will catch you and beat you up to pieces. That's why you have to eat reeds quietly, so no one will see you.

Previously, I remember fifteen years ago, it was not customary to write denunciations on each other, somehow even considered bad luck, but then the times were different, and there was no benefit. Now the FSB rewards snitches pretty well - for every snitch they give you an extra ration, and if you write a hundred snitches in a year, they might even give you something valuable.

There used to be fish and tasty frogs in this river, but one day they all died out and the water turned sour - you get drunk on it and your stomach hurts for half a day afterwards. I remember that Fedka, the one who was killed by the Chinese, two years ago started a rumor that the Chinese had built a factory in the east and were pouring waste into the river. But when Semenykh heard it, he kicked the gossip columnist in the teeth and said that he was a fake, and if he continued to intrigue, Semenykh would kick him out in front of everybody on the main square. Fedka shut up. Fedya was a mutineer, it's not for nothing that the Chinese killed him. As the saying goes: "God is not a prick, he sees a bit," he punished Fedya for his lack of faith.

*One of the radio programs broadcast over loudspeakers in central squares.*

***"From the Skrepetzky Informbureau".***

On February 14, 20<radio transmission interrupted by interference> , the State Duma of the Russian Federation approved in the first reading the bill "On the disposal of potential pensioners. The bill provides for the destruction of the national threat that is individuals who have treacherously reached pre-retirement age. The new pension reform will allow our law enforcement agencies to destroy unauthorized potential pensioners, along with contraband European products. Hundreds of new super-technological landfills will be built in the vast expanses of our immense homeland to dispose of potential pensioners, creating thousands of jobs. Remember, citizens - retirees are a threat to our stability. Millions of hungry, beleaguered retirees are destroying our modern economy, undermining our spiritual staples and rocking the boat. Near-retirees are breeding uncontrollably, spreading pockets of contagion across the country. Only by working together can we deal with the ubiquitous enemy. Your relative, friend or neighbor may be a latent pensioner. Always keep this in mind and report suspicious individuals to the local FSB offices.

Together we will win!  
The enemy will be crushed!  
Victory will be ours!  
Hurray, comrades!"

The sun was at its zenith when I descended into the cursed valley. It's a deadly place, God forbid you should stay here, and if night catches you here, you'll lose your mind, or even your life. Rumor has it that a family of cannibals lives here in the dens of the underground. Cockssux should be sent here to clean up, but they do not do such things, they say they do not have the authority to catch cannibals. The Cockssux are mostly fighting against the fifth resistant column and hunting spies.

In the old days, shortly before the energy crisis, there was a village in this valley, called Flyfuckersovo - it was a prosperous settlement, fifty yards, and all rich, bastards, bourgeois on bourgeois. They had chickens, pigs, even two cows and a horse in the village. Oligarchs...

At that time the reform of education began, the modernization of educational institutions. Everywhere, all over the country, schools were transferred from the Ministry of Education to the patronage of the Russian Orthodox Church. The reform was expensive, but necessary, because the Ministry of Education showed its incompetence in the modern world. The Orthodox Church shouldered the burden of educating the children. And who, if not the ROC, understands best of all in images and education? All over Russia teachers have been chased by foul brooms, books pseudoscientific have been burnt, and on schools have broken roofs and have erected domes.

So, what do you think the Flyfuckers did? And they rebelled, they recorded a video appeal to the leader, where they kneeled and yelled: "Putin help me! Putin help me!" And they put it on the Net - at that time almost everyone had access to the Net. The crazy fuckers begged the leader not to modernize their school, but to leave it as it was. So they made God angry and he cursed them.

The next day, African swine fever broke out in Flyfuckersovo, instantly spread throughout the village and spread to the Flyfuckersians. Well, at least the Sanskrepedemstantsiya quickly responded - together with the Rosgvardia unit surrounded Flyfuckersovo in a tight ring, imposed quarantine and burned the damn village with flame throwers, along with the pigs and Flyfuckersians

Since then, the cursed ruins have been standing there, overgrown with swan, and rare travelers have been passing through these places. But rumor has it that some fly-flies escaped that time, hiding in the cellars, and they are still catching lonely scrapers and eating them in their burrows underground. I don't know if it's true, nobody has seen underground cannibals, and those who have seen them, won't tell anybody anything.

I have been living in this world for many years, but I still do not understand how it can happen - a man lives next to you, he lives. He looks like a good worker - and goes to church in the district center, and the news from Sickelove listens every day, and works for the good of society, and then one day he becomes a bastard, a traitor, a fifth resistant column. Take Fedka, for example - he was a normal guy, he worked for the good of his motherland, he used a truck to carry the black soil, and then, just like that, he started talking about Chinese factories. He was beaten and dragged to church, the priest twice drove demons out of him with a poker, but he kept talking and could not stop. Semenykh whipped him and was even going to cut off his long tongue, but failed - Fedka ran away into the woods to steal bast for a loaf, where the Chinese huntsmen caught him.

That's how it happens when you can't defeat demons inside yourself, they take hold of your mind and do disgusting things. You are no longer happy with the supernovae hypervelocity rockets that Sickelove talks about, and the hatred for Ukrofascists and Armenobenderovs



disappears somewhere. And if you have hell demons living inside you, you can even start to sympathize with our enemies. God forbid.

The crunching underfoot was the head that was left over from the cursed village. Here, if you look around, you can find a lot of metal - the Flyfuckers residents lived richly, every yard had an axe, as a matter of fact. When metal reclamation took place in Russia, the peasants of Flyfuckers hid their tools and metal utensils. Cockssux and Russian guards dug the whole village, but did not find much metal. They were satisfied with a little - they tore sheets off the roofs, and expropriated motor vehicles. In our village at the time everything was raked out completely, only what the law prescribed - 400 grams of metal per person, the rest was taken.

And it was not a pity as everything was for the good of the Motherland. It takes a lot of metal to make rockets and tanks. Today you hide a nail, but tomorrow it will be not enough for a rocket, and the day after tomorrow the NATO soldiers break your dugout, and you will be chewed up on the square. No, all our villagers gave all metal honestly, nobody hid anything. Although we have suspicions that Fedka hid an axe in the woods. Eh, I wish we could find his treasure...

On the other hand - it's inconvenient to dig black soil with wooden shovels, with iron ones we'd gather more containers, and Semenych would give us more rations. Dreams...

A rapidly increasing roar was heard in the distance, and in a few seconds a Chinese attack helicopter flew out from behind a hill and darted fast to the west. There must be a riot somewhere again. This winter the Chinese brothers helped our homeland a lot. Somewhere in the Urals, a general went mad - or maybe he didn't go mad, but demons got into him - so he started a riot, an armed mutiny. Together with their officers and soldiers, they seized stores of weapons and food, then captured the town of Putinberg (formerly called Chelyaba), occupied it and established their demonic ways there. They shot all the governors and deputies on the main square and began distributing arms to the people. The Cockssux and Rosguardiya could not do anything to them, because they were not trained to fight with armed men. Then our great leader sent there another general and his army, and what happened there is unclear - in general, the second general was possessed by demons too, and he joined the rebellion. And now our homeland would have been trampled by NATO boots, if it were not for the Chinese brothers. They saved our great motherland. I remember several hundred planes and helicopters flying back and forth over us until they wiped the damn city off the face of the soil.

Now only one helicopter flew to the west - it was probably not the city that revolted, but a village. Cockssux and the Russian Guard are not always able to cope with the rebels, especially if the rebels resist.

Last year, two ogres stabbed an entire group of Cockssux with knives - they could not do anything to them with their rifles. It is good to whip a lying man with a lash, yes - it hurts, of course, but not fatally, but against the knife a lash does not work - the knife, it beats to death. In our settlement Semenych took away knives from all of us long ago, so we wouldn't cut each other up. He was right - give us knives, we all kill each other.

So, last year, two ogres came to the district center from the forest, they probably wanted to steal salt, but the Cockssux stopped them because of their stupidity. In general, these Cockssux squealed like pigs. Local people all at once hid in their houses, no one came out to help. The chairman and the deputy there even have guns, but they didn't help the Cockssux -

they were scared. Anybody would hide here. They killed the Cockssux, went to the Roskreprodmag, piled salt and matches, and went back into the woods. No one would even look for them. Cockssux and Rosguardiya have no authority to look for cannibals, and the Chinese do not give a damn about them. The main thing for the Chinese is that ogres don't cut down their forests - and ogres don't. Soon the Chinese will cut down the forest, and there will be nowhere for the undead to hide... although... they will dig holes in them, and try to find them.

Eh, winter-winter! Winter is good - we have to work less, the day is short and there are weekends. The first winter, when we just started to collect soil in containers, it was hard. The ground was frozen, we couldn't reach it with a wooden shovel. Nobody had scrap at us - during the reclamation all scrap metal, axes and shovels were expropriated by Cockssux and melted. Semenyuch beat us with a whip and did not give us rations, but all the same - the soil does not dig with a shovel.

Then Semenyuch went to town and came back with three crowbars. It went well, but it was still hard. The crowbar freezes my fingers, and my palms bleed quickly. Nobody wanted to use a crowbar, everybody wanted a shovel. That is when Semenyuch made the wise decision that crowbars should be used by downcast fags. Cleverest man! There were no fruitcakes in our village before, but Semenyuch quickly found out whom it was time to put down. He chose two of the worst-performing peasants, took them to the village council, and turn them into fruit cakes in a fudge packer manner style as they should be. Roosters - he named them.

Then he put a hole in their spoons and made them live in a separate harem. Now only roosters work at the hardest and dirtiest jobs. He is the wisest man, though sometimes I think he overreaches, but my father in church says that all authority comes from God, and here I agree with him. After all, if the boss is in anger or rage, then it is our merit, so we deserve it. And if the boss is always angry and unjust, it means he is put for our sins, we have to bear it, it is our redemption. It is written in the Holy Bible - the more you bear, the more God is pleased with you. It is our crosses, it is not for nothing that we are called "cross-bearers".

And Semenyuch - he is just, he loves the truth. He did the right thing this winter! Senka made a statue of our leader out of a manure on Christmas weekend, and he looks just like him. And Senka, the sly-ass, makes excuses: I didn't want to, it just happened, like, he says, I wanted to make a rocket, a supernova hyperluminal, but it turned out to be a leader. And he looks at me slyly and smiles smugly. So Semenyuch did not turn him in to the FSB, but he did not even rape him mouth for such blasphemy, he just whipped him with a whip and deprived him of a three-day ration. The kindest of souls!

And that he steals - it is not proved, and the other one will not steal? Put another chairman, he'll steal even more. Anyway, Semenyuch doesn't steal, he takes half of our rations to the common, and the common is a sacred thing.

And if you make a mistake yourself, you're to blame yourself.

Fyedka was always bluffing - he said it was not right to steal, like rations were sacred, there was no community, Semenyuch was lying, he was stealing our rations, so he should be punished for that and raped, and if that didn't help, he should be staked. Is it possible to stake a living person? It is not Christian. And we were given power by God, and it's not for us to grumble against it, it's our business to bear it. That's what the priest says. As it's written in our blood, so be it. Fyedka's a mutineer, a mutineer... He's probably roasting in hell right now. He thought he was the smartest, he kept trying to change things, he wouldn't stand for it. A prideful

asshole, and pride is a mortal sin. Look at you, trying to go against God's will! The Chinese didn't kill him for nothing... Good riddance to him.

There's a rotten tree lying on the road, and it's beckoning: "Come here, come here, crush me..." I couldn't resist - I was too hungry. I chose a sharper boulder on the road, approached the tree and started picking it. Bark beetle larvae - what can be more delicious? Tender, soft, tastes like pine nuts. I wish I could roast them, but I had nothing to burn them on, and I could not make a fire to attract unnecessary attention. I was so carried away with hunting that I did not notice how the sun was leaning to the west and creeping to the horizon. I would not make it to the district center before dark, and you can not go there at night, if the Cockssux catch me, they will catch me dead. At least I've eaten the worm! We'll have to sleep somewhere by the side of the road. It's cold, dark and scary. No wild animals, of course, but some undead or cannibals... That's what really frightens me! In the early XXI century there were a lot of animals in our region, but we poisoned them all ourselves when we cultivated the fields and sowed them - they poured a lot of chemicals into the soil to increase the crop yield and all the animals died. It did not like our chemicals. It was a pity, of course, but what can you do - fuel was expensive, and you had to spend so much money to cultivate the field and sow the seed, that you had to use chemicals to bring about a good harvest and pay for the fuel.

I must build a tent before it gets dark, otherwise I will freeze to death. I picked up dry weeds of the last year and made a house, climbed inside, plugged the exit and fell asleep.

*kilbasa... A huge kilbasa, immense in size, growing right out of the ground, and I couldn't see the top of it behind the clouds, and a man was hugging it and eating it up, taking huge bites out of it. I'm walking towards it, and my legs are cotton, and I'm trying to run, but I can't. And the man turns to me and laughs like hell. I looked closely, and it was Fedka! I shouted: "Get lost, you're going to hell, stop eating kilbasas!" - And Fedka is laughing again. He laughed and said:*

- *What makes you think I should be in hell?*
- *Because," I said, "you're a prideful asshole and a mutineer!*
- *So what? Who says I have to go to hell?*
- *The priest at church said there's a place in hell for people like you. The priest is a man of God, he don't lie.*
- *Has your priest seen God?*
- *I don't know, I don't think so," I said.*
- *But I have," says Fedka, "there he is, God! - and points to the kilbasa and hugs it.*  
*And I shout:*
- *'That's not true, God can't be a kilbasa, my father would have told me!*
- *Has your father seen God?*
- *I don't think he has, but he's read the Bible, and it says what God looks like.*  
*And Fedka to me:*
- *That's what the Bible says, that God is a kilbasa. Have you read the Old Testament yourself?*  
*I said:*
- *No, I haven't.*
- *That's the thing," says Fedka, "you haven't, but you're bullshitting me. It says in black*

*and white that God is a kilbasa, and he made man in his own image and likeness. And since man originally as a kilbasa could not walk, he gave him legs and arms, so that man could weave his feet into stilts, and then he made the head, so that man could eat and see where he was going.*

*- NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! - I screamed and woke up.*

It was daylight. I was dreaming about it...

I got out of the hut and started squatting to warm up. The sun was about to rise, we had to leave - if I hurried up, I would reach the district center quickly.

I couldn't get the dream out of my head, it was a kilbasa God! Tell anyone - they'll laugh. Eh, kilbasa... I can't even remember what it tastes like - I only ate real kilbasa when I was a kid, in the wild nineties. My dad worked at the collective farm, they were paid in groceries. My father was a shit-cleaner on the farm. Of course, they didn't give him wages in shit - only Semenyuch could give such wages - but back then the farm gave milk to the cheese factory, and bulls to the meat factory, so those factories paid the collective farm with their products, and the director, in his turn, gave the workers wages in kilbasa and cheese. It was hard times, those nineties, sometimes there was nothing to eat at home except kilbasa and cheese. Then the leader came to power and stability came - stabilizers came to our village from Moscow and privatized the collective farm, took credits for it, bankrupted and closed it, gave away all the cattle, and let the collective farmers go free... I haven't eaten kilbasa since.

Well, no, there were a couple of times, my mother bought kilbasas from the pension in the store, but those were fake, made of toilet paper and soy. I don't know why the fake soy crap was also called kilbasa...

*And suddenly Fedka's voice rang out clearly in my head: "For there will arise false christs and false prophets, and they will give great signs and wonders, to entice, if possible, the chosen ones..."*

- I screamed, and, clutching my head, I ran north.

I didn't run far, I ran out of breath. Yes, running is not my thing. You mustn't run from difficulties, you must face any danger, or your ass if you're afraid of pain. That's what hit me so hard, it's not like bark beetle larvae are supposed to be this bad. Of course, I have had glitches in my life, but that was when I was on a binge, after a long binge, and now I don't drink at all - Semenyuch only gives us alcohol on Soviet and Orthodox holidays, and not much of it. By the way, Fedka said that Semenyuch was stealing our liquor, but no way, Fedka. He's dead and gone, the pissed dog deserves it.

And really, what kind of God does he look like? Not a kilbasa, anyway... I wish I could read the Bible, but I can't find it - all libraries and books were burned down during modernization of the educational system, and my father-in-law will certainly not give me his Bible, and in general, priests do not allow anyone to read the Bible. They say that in order to read the Bible, one must be a true sinless believer, but otherwise you won't understand anything. And how can you become sinless, if the priest says that we were born in sin? Maybe they're really hiding something from us. What if the kilbasa is God?

Who read the Bible? And even if someone has read it, and it doesn't describe God, who wrote the Bible? Why should we believe that the author of the Bible saw God in person and then described Him and didn't lie about anything? And if God did appear to the elect, why wouldn't he

appear as a human being, that is, as a kilbasa with legs for walking and hands for weaving, and, accordingly, a head for eating into it and seeing where the legs go? Yeah, questions, questions...

Fedka, for example, died and saw God as he was, so he won't tell anyone anything now. In order to tell, he must first be resurrected. These days, if you resurrect yourself, they'll say you're a zombie, and then they'll kick you back in before you can say anything! Yeah, that's it...

Oh, Fedya Fedya, so many questions...

I'll go to the district center, give a quick note, and go to church. I won't waste money on food, I'd rather buy a candle. And if there's anything left, I'll donate it to the church, because I feel that the demons have completely overpowered me. And I need to ask the priest what God looks like. Maybe he has seen him or read about him in the Bible.

The sun was already high when I climbed the last hill, from which I could see the whole valley with the district center in the middle. Oh, how beautiful this metropolis is! Only Moscow is better than our district center, in which I have never been and will never be. This village is large and wealthy, and lives in it, according to various sources, about a thousand scrappers. The people here live richly, very richly - in fact, everyone has a job. Some collect soil in containers, some collect deadwood for export, and some build new fly larvae farm. The fly larvae farm, of course, is a huge project, city-forming enterprise, hundreds of jobs.

But most of the district center residents, of course, work on a rotational basis, at the Teletsko-Chitayskaya Kanavka. That's where the real earnings are, where China pays for everything - so the workers who dig the ditch from Teletskoye Lake to China have not only an increased ration, but also cosmic salaries. They all have high-tech tools, even iron shovels, not like ours... Yeah, the Chinese need our water, so they shell out the money. What about us? You pay us, we'll dig. Our leader even said that the Teletskoye-Chinese ditch is the future of our great country, it's an investment into our children. What kind of children? Our chicks haven't given birth in five years; that is, they give birth sometimes, but usually to dead kids. Ever since they built bunkers all over Siberia for storing radioactive waste, our chicks have stopped having babies. Why - I don't know, scientists from Skolkovo proved a long time ago that radiation is a myth, and there is no radiation and no one has ever seen it, like it was invented by the yankees to scare us, the crossbreeders. It's true, Sickelove said on the radio that radiation exists, but for us, the Siberians, it's only good - our immunity from it is strengthened, and our life is prolonged. I don't know whose truth is greater. We argued with the men for a long time and came to the conclusion that radiation does not exist, but it is beneficial.

But the women, bitches, did not appreciate the usefulness of the radioactive stuff they brought from all over the world and dumped in the mines - they stopped having babies. It's even easier without kids, as Sickelove said - the scrappers should live for themselves first, and let the Chinese have kids.

In front of the district center there is a checkpoint with Cockssux, it is better not to sit and wait for an individual invitation, you go in, show a document that you have a vacation and a special passport to the district center, take off your clothes and wait while the Cockssux search you. This time, the Cockssux didn't search you too much - they just felt my clothes and shook my boots. I have no pockets, there is no need for them, there is nothing to hide there anyway, and if something important - it can be plugged in the winding, it will not fall out. This time they

didn't check my ass, I guess they weren't in the mood. And the Cockssux love this business, in other people's asses. Well, they're not like that - that's life.

Of course, they didn't find the dough - I had it in my hand, and they didn't think to check it in my hand. If you want to hide something from the Cockssux, clench it in your fist - they don't know that you can hide things in your hands, trying to find forbidden things in your ass. What's there to hide? It's just a stash. I've heard that about ten years ago, when Russia was just starting to fight against Western products, the most shrewd people managed to smuggle expensive cheeses and kilbasas up their asses, and the most sophisticated ones even smuggled Polish geese. But this did not last long, our great leader eventually built a six-meter fence between Russia and Europe, and that was the end of the smugglers' laziness.

The bourgeois in the district center live prosperously, yes. There are practically no dugouts, the houses are made of stone. We had wooden houses in our village, built under the cursed Soviets, but they all rotted away, and the ones that didn't rot away were burned down when the fire happened. There was no material to build new houses, so we dug the holes for ourselves. And here in the district center, there are scrappers living in houses. Bastards, I wish I could burn them all...

It didn't take me long to find the deputy's house. I knocked on the gate and a dog barked behind the fence. Fucking dog! It's been a long time since I've seen a dog. Long before the energy crisis, we all used to keep dogs and cats: dogs to guard us, cats to catch rats and mice. But then the leader and the party imposed a tax on pets, and since no one had any money, we put all our pets to sleep. For a while it was possible to meet wild dogs behind the settlement, but after the energy crisis, we ate them all. At first, the only pets we had were rats, but rats are very cunning and only live in places where they can steal food - and we, scrappers, had nothing to steal, we ate all our food by ourselves at once. The rats starved, then ate the mice and went somewhere. Into the woods, I guess.

And here's a dog! That's what an MP means, he can afford to pay tax. Bourgeois...

The deputy came out, grunted, I bowed before the gentleman and gave him the letter. The deputy read it for a long time, moving his lips, looking at me from time to time. Then he said: "Wait," and left.

I stood and counted crows that were sitting on the roof of the neighboring house. I counted to twenty, when the deputy came out again and handed me a paper:

- "Here, take the message, you go straight down this street, behind the crossroads you'll see a building with a part of the sign above it - 'Pain...' - that used to be the hospital. Go inside, there's a Coksuck at the entrance, give him the paper and do whatever he says. You got it?"

- I got it," I said.

The hospital, the gatehouse... Yeah, here's the Coksuck. I give him the letter. Coksuck reads it for a long time, moves his moustache, looks at me and says: "Follow me". I follow him, we go into a dirty office with peeling walls, Coksuck says: "Look out the window" - I turn around, look out the window, I see a flash and the light goes out...

***It is dark, silent, some incoherent conversations through the water - I cannot make out a single word. Suddenly the darkness clears and I see Fedka.***

*- So, are you convinced that God is a kilbasa?*

- No," I say, "I haven't been to church yet, and I haven't talked to the priest.

- You don't have to go there," says Fedka, "No priest will admit that God is a kilbasa, it would destroy the world order, and we'd have to change everything in people's ways. This is a great mystery. Have you ever wondered," says Fedka, "why in church, when you take the sacrament of communion, they say, 'Eat Christ's flesh and drink blood,' what kind of cannibalistic ritual is that? Think about it!

- Well, they give you a piece of bread and a sip of wine, there's no cannibalism there...

-That's just it! - says Fedka, -Do you think Christ was made of bread and wine?

- Well, I don't know.

- So I'm telling you, the priests are hiding from us that God is a kilbasa. They do it on purpose, and they rewrite the true commandments and give us something that benefits them, and they hide the kilbasa from us - they give us bread instead of it. The flesh of Christ is bread! Just think about it - bread, how can bread be flesh? The flesh of God is kilbasa!

- I don't know, I have no reason to believe you, Fedka.

- Do you have any reason to believe the priests? By the way, I don't want anything from you. I don't ask you for money for temples, and I don't make you buy candles. So I have no reason to lie to you.

- I'll talk to the priest anyway. I'm going to church now. By the way, where am I? Where's the Coksuck? How do I get out of here?

- Don't worry, you'll get out. The operation will be over soon.

- What operation?! - I yelled.

- What do you mean what operation? They're cutting out your kidney! What did you think? You came yourself and brought a letter from Semenyich, saying that you are a healthy scrapper and that with your kidney Semenyich is paying off a card debt to the deputy. Do you remember last year, last fall, Semenyich made everyone in the village play cards and left everyone without coupons for deadwood? So then he went to the district center with those coupons and played with the local deputy, and he lost everything and got into debt...

My eyes were blurry. I jerked, the shabby ceiling graying above me. My body was hard to listen to. My lower back ached.

## CHAPTER 2.

### "RUSSIAN KOCKSUXX MOTORCYCLE UNION".

The girl moaned and wriggled. Egor bit her nipples. Her breasts were falling into her mouth and wouldn't let her breathe, about now, but... A sickening, dull howl cut through the air, the girl began to melt, Egor grabbed her, trying to hold her, but the girl was dissolving... Egor opened his eyes and began to spit out feathers. The fluff from the torn pillow clogged his mouth and nostrils. The raped pillow lay between Egor's legs.

- Oh, I wish I had a girl..." Egor mumbled, stretching.

Time to get ready for duty. Egor served in Roskosmos, the newest, modern organization - the Russian Kozachy Motorcycle Union. Roskosmos for short. Yep.

There was a company called Roskosmos that tried to launch rockets there, but after the fiftieth unsuccessful launch the scientists from Skolkovo investigated and found out that the firmament had slammed - that is there used to be a window in the firmament above Baikonur, but after prayers of the Skolkovo group the hole got filled and there was no way to get into the space. Naturally, the rocket-launching office was dismissed as useless, but the Cocksuxx's motorcycle union is the pride of the nation, centuries-old traditions in a modern interpretation. The Roskosmos came into being when an Orthodox biker named Doctor, from the Gay Wolves club, teamed up with the Coksuck army near Moscow. Together they became a mobile Coksuck unit, the steel fist of Russian Cockssux.

Egor stood up, shook off his feathers, and began to dress. "I'll drop in on Zinka after duty," thought Egor. Today he was to patrol the outskirts of Zarechye.

A small town in terms of inhabitants, but stretched out in terms of territory. Most of the city is the private sector, and Zarechye is a slum adjacent to the forest. The place is very dangerous, before there lived mostly alcoholics and beggars, but now, on the contrary, there are a few scrapers in each shack.

After the energy crisis, the water in the city disappeared, the elevators stop working, the heating is gone, life in high-rise buildings has turned into a living hell for anyone who lived above the 2nd floor. The strong and brave members of the proletarian ranks began pouring into the private sector in an avalanche - what a massacre the apocalypse had turned out to be! There was no Rosguardiya in the city by that time, so there was no one to stop the rabid scrapers - they were cutting each other up for nothing. The strong survived, God took away the weak and sick. But there was a discrepancy with the women - bitches did not begin to bear it, and gathered the last belongings and went to the Chinese small town that was 30 kilometers upstream. The Chinese, of course, took the women, almost all of them, except that the old and crippled women were kicked back. The Chinese have a shortage of women - they appreciate them. At least as many as you can bring them, they will take everything and pay you in Yuan.

So it turned out that there were no women left in Abitofadrag town. Almost none left - a couple of dozen cripples and old women. Our mayor and the chieftain have wives. And the priest has a priestess, of course. But those grandmothers that are left, they live well now. Men are queuing up to see them and showering them with presents. If you count, then to go to the same Zinka - a ticket for five piles of deadwood, the money to transfer - almost a billion rubles, well, or 7 yuan. Not everyone has that kind of dough, so most scrapers in the harem go to the



roosters, where the rates are lower.

Egor fastened his belt, slipped his personal gift knife into its scabbard, jammed his belted lash behind his belt, and went out the door. It smelled like piss in the stairwell - it looked like the neighbor was peeing in the stairwell again, the bastard. He was too lazy to take the bucket out, peeing in the stairwell or out the window. And there's nothing you can do about it, he's a foreman at the fly larvae farm. If you beat him up, the mayor will cackle, and the chieftain will force him to be beaten by other cocksuxxers.

The barracks where Egor lived was elite. It was only two stories, made of wood, didn't need much wood for heating in winter, and there was a latrine and a well in the yard. The mayor's office tried to tear the place down about 20 years ago, but there was no place to evict the tenants. But after the energy crisis, the Godfather-chieftain found a place to put the tenants. They were kicked out into the street. So, it is a great house - the fact that the lower timbers rotted, it is not a problem. They made a sills and the house is as good as new. And only the elite lives here, brigadiers from the fly larvae farm, and Cockssux, and not privates, but Rat-nicks.

Egor was a sergeant and even carried his personal knife on his belt. Ordinary Cockssux were not allowed to carry knives, they only had a whip. But Rat-nicks had bayonet knives, and the chieftain of local ranks was a centurion, so he could have a sabre.

"Oh, a saber..." - sighed Egor dreamily. You can cut your head off with it. Even if they had axes, the axe wouldn't dance against the sword.

The chieftain also has a pistol, a real Makarov. A pistol is a super weapon. It's a pity that you can't get cartridges. Moscow allocates ammunition and uniforms to Roskockmos, but nothing reaches Siberia - it dissolves on the way. Once a year they bring from the region a dozen pairs of worn-out boots and a couple of lousy caps - and serve as you like.

Thanks to the mayor - he supports the Cockssux, feeds them and pays their salaries. And the mayor has no choice - no one but the Cockssux will guard his fly nursery. And the fly nursery is a large-scale enterprise, it brings trillions of rubles to the mayor. Well, if it's normal money, it's thousands of yuan. The whole city works for the mayor, and the mayor feeds all the neighborhoods, the breadwinner... The mayor is a strategist - if he hadn't started breeding flies in time, they would have eaten each other long ago.

Boots took Egor to the embankment. It was only a little way to the outpost. The scrapers were already hard at work, some knee-deep, some waist-deep in water. It's strict in the fly nursery - working day is from dark till dark, by dawn you have to be in the river with a net and a bucket. Fishing for the maggots.

What did you think? The maggots feed on the holy spirit? Yeah, right. The maggots, to grow and be fat, want rotten food and shit, and where to get it? Scrappers themselves don't produce enough shit to feed the maggots, so they catch it in the river. Thanks to the Chinese - 30 kilometers upstream they built a huge pig farm and a town for their workers. So they pour shit from pig farms and sewage from the city into the river. At first, I remember, the people of Scrap Metal grumbled that the water had become salty and smelly in the city, even in the wells, but then they got used to it. But the food for the fly nursery is plentiful - take a bucket, a net and go, in the river. You can catch a bucket in 10 minutes.

After passing through the checkpoint, Egor entered the outpost. The formation was beginning on the parade ground. Egor recovered himself, tightened his belt, buttoned up and stood in formation.

- Urat-nicks, to me! - rang out across the parade ground.

The windows of chieftain's office faced the parade-ground, and now godfather, sticking his red face through the window, yelled:

- Come on, run! Move your asses!

Egor and two other Cockssux ran out of the ranks and, squelching boots, ran to the office.

In the office of the chieftain, as always, smelled of sweat, socks, and cigarette butts. Egor grimaced - he'd given up smoking long ago, so he couldn't stand the smell of tobacco. He was afraid of draughts and didn't ventilate his office. Rarely did he open the window to give a valuable instruction or to call someone.

- So, fighters, - said Godfather importantly. - Today the patrols and the combat duty are canceled. You've got the mission. Now the mayor's bus will be here - load up, three squads, and go to the village of Asslickers. This is the district center, a hundred kilometers from here - you'll get there in five hours. You get to Asslickers, jump out of the bus and fuck the local Cockssux - according to our data, there are no more than fifteen of them. Then you divide into two groups - one runs and kills the deputy, the second - the chairman. The deputy has a gun, and he's fucking crazy, so I'll give you Makar - you'll answer for him with your ass. In short, you fuck the deputy and the chairman, then get back on the bus and go to the river. Those faggots have built a fly nursery there - burn it the fuck down! And if you can get it done before dark, you can go poking around the asshole town. Maybe you'll find some broads. If anything, bring them all here. The mayor will give you 100 yuan for each one.

- One more thing! - The chieftain opened a drawer, took out a bunch of keys and threw them on the table. Squad Leader Kudelman!

- Yessir! - One of the Cockssux stretched out and put up his hand to his cap.

- Kudelman, you're the only one here who served in the army?

- That's right, Mr. chieftain, I did.

- Well, Kudelman, I give you the guns. If anything happens to it, I'll kill you. Don't shoot unless you have to, there are only two bullets. Do you understand?

- That's right, Mr. chieftain, I understand.

- That's it, get the fuck out of here, wait for the bus at the checkpoint," said Godfather, waving his hand languidly and leaning back in his chair.

*One of the radio programs broadcast over loudspeakers in central squares.*

***"From the Skrepetzky Informbureau".***

*New supersonic missiles are put into serial production. One hundred thousand missiles will be put into service in the first half of the five-year period. Minister of Attack, Commander-in-Chief of the Army Vitaly Leontievich Mudko stated that the Armed Forces of the Russian Federation are capable of repelling an enemy attack at any moment. Moreover, within two hours our army is ready to launch a counteroffensive.*

*The Government of the United States of America did not react to this statement, but according to our intelligence information the US President is in a panic. Our national leader commented on the silence of the U.S. Congress with the following words: "Nobody listened to us. Listen now. They can count, let them count...".*

The bus crawled at a snail's pace over the potholes. Sickelove was broadcasting on the radio without shutting up. He talked about the achievements of Russian science, Skolkovo developments, new rockets put into mass production, and, of course, the greatness of our leader:

- The State Duma of the Russian Federation voted in its third reading to raise VAT to 76%. The President of the Russian Federation commented on this government decision: "Take it with understanding," said the leader of the nation.

The mayor allocated an entire bus! How much gas did he buy and, more importantly, where? Probably from the Chinese. After the energy crisis, Russian gas stations tried for a few months to stay afloat, but because of lack of customers, they got into debt and went bankrupt. At first, they just stood empty and abandoned... And at one point, they were stripped for metal and building materials. The Chinese, on the other hand, had plenty of fuel. Since China bought 100 percent of Rosneft and Gazprom, fuel in China is practically free. The Chinese didn't drink gasoline, but to sell it... Selling - they are strict about it. Selling gasoline to non-Chinese citizens is severely punished. Although our mayor is not an idiot, he definitely has Israeli and American citizenship, and if he manages to get gasoline, it looks like he has Chinese citizenship too.

Yashka Kudelman, who was sitting across from Egor, did not let go of his gun. He twisted it both ways, took out and put in a clip, jerked the bolt, caught the cartridge, took out the clip again and loaded it. Yashka's eyes were shining; he seemed about to start licking the gun.

"I wish I could hold a gun in my hands," thought Egor. But Yashka wouldn't let him - he was a stingy one.

Yashka Kudelman is a cowardly but sly wimp. He served in the army in some cyber forces in the times when there was internet in Russia. Cuckkoz, I think they were called, those cyber Cockssux. They fought the fifth resistant column and liberals - they wrote comments, liked and disliked them, and in general their service was not too hard. Naturally, they never held any weapons in their hands. And the chieftain, of course, was well aware of this fact. But he gave the guns to Yashka, and why?

Because that Yashka was the chieftain's fucking nephew! Egor felt the seat beneath him

begin to rapidly heat up. He closed his eyes and tried to relax, trying to extinguish his righteous anger.

chieftain Ivan and Urat-nick Yashka Kudelman are hereditary Ural Cockssux. They came to us in Siberia after the Ozersky incident. The incident was classified, and the town of Ozersk was quarantined and no one was allowed out. But the Kudelmans managed to escape from Ozersk before quarantine. To tell the truth, they were ill for a long time and went bald, but they did not infect anybody. And then senior Kudelman went to serve in Roskosmos, went to the regional capital a couple of times, and - boom, six months later he was a centurion and chieftain. So he kept Yashka with him.

The bus bounced again on a bump, Cockssux soared to the sky, but hitting the ceiling with their caps and hats, they landed sharply.

There was a loud clicking and ringing. Something warm covered Egor's eyes, and his ears were ringing. Egor wiped his eyes with his sleeve. There was blood on his hands, red stains on the glass. Yashka was lying on the floor under Egor's feet. The top of the Coksuck's head was gone.

- Fuck!!! Stop, stop!!! - yelled Egor.

- Fucking motherfucker!!! Kudelman will shit all over us, he'll wrap our guts on his fist and pull it out of our asses!!! - Vanka the lame, the junior uriadnik from Yashka's squad, walked and shouted. - He'll cut his hands and feet off for Yashka! He'll piss in his mouth, then shoot him!

The Cockssux dragged the younger Kudelman's corpse out of the bus, and now crowded around him.

- He-he-he, he won't shoot! - One of the Cockssux chuckled, - we have the gun, and only one bullet. And anyway, we had nothing to do with it - he gave that motherfucker the gun himself. The chieftain told Yashka not to shoot unnecessarily - apparently, he had a hankering for it.

Cockssux laughed. Nobody felt pity for Yashka. Scrapers long ago got used to the fact that someone was always dying next to them.

The bus driver, the mayor's man, came up to the Cockssux:

- "So, boyz," the Cockssux grumbled, they did not like to be called boyz. In the Coksuck concept, a man means a powerless slave.

- Where did you see boyz, you stinky coyote? - Vanka the lame interrupted the chauffeur, - You'll see men in your fly larvae farm! We are mister Cockssux to you.

The chauffeur laughed and continued:

- "Well, gentlemens Cockssux. I don't give a fuck how many of you motherfuckers die on the way. I've been told to bring you to Asslickers and then back, and to do it as fast as possible, because the town is unprotected. Take your self-shooter and load him back up. It won't have time to go bad. When we get home, you'll take him to the fly larvae farm, like scrapers are supposed to.

There was a time in Russia when people didn't give a damn about the natural riches that God had bestowed on Russians. For example, corpses were buried in the ground, or even burned. Not only was energy wasted, but useful biomaterial was also destroyed. Now, of course, no one does that. All corpses must be turned in to the nearest fly-sweepers - it's the

law, and there are huge fines for violations, if, of course, there is someone who can be fined. But those who donate a corpse are honored and respected, with coupons, for example, for bread. And you can get bread at any branch of Roskreprodmag.

The Cockssux dragged Yashka's body into the bus and threw it between the seats. Egor wanted to get his pistol, but it was in a bloody puddle, and he did not want to get dirty - he was already speckled.

- Limp! You're Yashka's deputy, git the gown!!!

- Nah, I don't need that stuff," said Vanya, "especially since I don't even know how to shoot.

- What the fuck do you know, - said Egor, - didn't you play computer when you were a kid?

- Yes, I did," said Vanya, "but I forgot anyway.

It so happened that none of the Cockssux served in the army. Some of them got a waiver in their time, some were in the penal system when they were kids. It so happened that over the past 30 years it was no longer honorable to serve in the Russian army, and only the most patriotic villagers did their duty for the homeland. Egor himself believed that he did not owe anything to his homeland, so in his time he first smeared himself, then took a loan from Rosskreprekreditbank and bought a white ticket.

- What the fuck is there to remember - you take out your gun, point it at your opponent, and pull the trigger.

- All right," Vanka lifted the gun with two fingers, walked over to Yashka's body, wiped the gun on the hem of his blazer and put the barrel behind his belt.

- Don't shoot your balls off! - the Cockssux laughed.

The bus had been crawling along the track all day, now and then bumping and now and then scratching. At one of the bumps the muffler flew off, along with the exhaust pipe. The driver didn't waste any time on repairs and threw the muffler into the interior of the bus. The engine screamed and the cabin reeked of smoke, but the brave soldiers bravely endured all the inconveniences, because patience is one of the facets of spiritual resilience, a line of the nation's identity, as His Holiness Patriarch Pirill once said.

Once upon a time, about ten years ago, the highway here was pretty tolerable, and you could get to Asslickers in an hour and a half. So, what about small holes in the asphalt, not a problem - slowed down, drove around. Now... Trenches and ditches, small islands of asphalt were visible here and there, the old pavement was distorted, fluffed up and sticking out in shards, like teeth of prehistoric dinosaur. If you saw a road like this, you would probably think that it was the war, at the very least, or nasty yankees came and destroy it on a purpouse. But no, our Chinese brothers helped. They are the only ones who have been driving around in recent years. Multi-ton tracked and wheeled tractors hauled timber and containers of black soil to the nearest town in winter and summer. In each major city, the Chinese had their bases where raw materials were partially processed, put into railroad cars, and sent in endless trains to the east.

We drove up to Asslickers toward evening, rousing the entire district center with the roar of a powerful bus engine. The Coksuck wagon bellowed like a tank column, scaring away

everything alive for half a kilometer around it.

In front of the checkpoint there was a board with nails on it, as expected. The bus stopped, squads of Cockssux poured out of the bus and took up positions.

The roadblock was empty. The district center, too, was as if it were extinct. Not a single living soul. The scrappers lurked...

The bus, raising clouds of dust, flew into the center of the village and braked sharply. The doors swung open, and the brave Cockssux landed in enemy territory. The troops were immediately divided into three squads: one commander was Egor, the second was Vanka the lame, Yashka Kudelman's deputy, and the third was sergeant Sergei the Gypsy.

- All right, guys, let's do it this way: I go to cover the chairman, Limp goes to the deputy with his eagles, Gypsy guards the bus.

- Hey, no! - Limp yelled. - Why the fuck should I go to the deputy? You do it yourself, chieftain said the deputy might have a gun. I didn't sign up to be shot!

- Why are you shouting? Godfather gave your unit a gun, so go to the deputy!

- No, no, no, no, no!" Limp denied it.

Egor, getting angry, shouted:

- Give the gun to Gypsy. Let him and his unit bend over the deputy!

- Why the fuck it on me? - The Gypsy protested. - I can't shoot!

- Fuck... - gritted through his teeth Egor.

- Let's do this," said Vanka holding out Makar to Egor, "now we go together to fuck the chairman, and then the deputy.

"Well, I guess there's no other choice," thought Egor:

- Let's go.

The first task was to find where the chairman lived. The group of Cockssux went to the nearest hut. They knocked on the gate, waited, then one of the Cockssux jumped over the fence and opened the gate from the inside. The detachment broke through the fence, broke down the door of the house, and went inside. They searched all the rooms and nobody was there. The same procedure happened in the second and third house. The village was empty.

In the fourth house two plates of hot nettle soup were on the table. Egor scratched his turnip, found the lid of the cellar and opened the manhole. From the darkness four frightened rounded eyes stared at him.

- Oh, there you are, you pissing cunts! - Egor exclaimed cheerfully. - Out, you fuckers!

Two scrapers crawled out into the light of day. Both of them were about fifty years old, stooped, dirty, wrapped in some rags, with sandals on their feet. One of the underground members seemed to be a woman, the other seemed to be a man - but who could tell?

- Stop shaking, we will not beat you. Now, you show us where the chairman lives, and you can go with God.

The scrapers shook their heads furiously.

Egor kicked them into the street, and they hurried forward, lurching and bouncing. The detachment followed them.

Egor grabbed one of the scraper by the scruff of the neck and asked:

- Where are your Cockssux? Why is the roadblock empty? We've been here an hour - haven't seen a single one.

- So, the other day they were stabbed by cannibals, five Cockssux gave their souls to the God, and three are in the hospital. And five more ran away for help, and haven't come back yet.

- So, you got a lot of cannibals here? Are they too much of a man-eater?

- No, there were only two. They came from the woods, stabbed the Cockssux, took the salt and matches from the store, and went back into the woods.

- Holy-saint, holy-saint! - the second scrapper crossed himself.

Behind a large gray building of ancient Soviet construction, the squad turned into an alley.

- Here's the house - the scrapper pointed at a two-story brick cottage. - Shall we go now?

- Fucking hell... - sighed Egor. The cottage was brick, the fence was wrought iron, the gate was high, and there were bars on the windows of the first floor.

Cockssux stopped and gaping at the fortress.

- So? How shall we storm it? - Someone from the Cockssux asked.

- With your ass, you fucking joint! - Egor answered. - We'll find a ladder and climb through the windows of the second floor.

The Cockssux came to the gate. One of the fighters jumped up, grabbed the edge, pulled himself up, threw his leg over...

In the courtyard rumbled, the Coksuck fell back, and Egor again splattered with blood and brains.

- He's got a gun!!! - Vanka the lame shouted, and galloping like a rabbit he galloped down the lane, ran over the wattle and daub of some scrapper's hut, and disappeared into a thicket of motherwort. Panic broke out, and several Cockssux ran after Vanyka.

- Retreat! - Egor shouted, and tactically staggered back around the corner of the Soviet building.

His thoughts rushed headlong through Egor's mind: "What to do? What to do?! Don't fucking do anything, back to the bus!"

- To the bus! - Egor commanded.

The squad jogged toward the abandoned vehicles. A gunshot, a scream, another shot came from up ahead. Shotgun blasts. The squad stopped.

"Fuck." - Egor thought.

There was a rumbling noise from the back, and the Coksuck on Egor's right was tossed forward. He collapsed incongruously into the road dust and shook his whole body. There was a black hole between the poor man's shoulder blades, from which a dark liquid was gushing out in jerks.

Egor was lying on his back, looking up into the sky. The huge moon, like a festive pancake on a spade, hinted at the hopelessness of mortal existence. My heart was pounding frantically in my chest, and I was short of air.

Muddy memories, like fragments of a nightmare dream, flashed in Egor's head - shooting, falling Cockssux, someone's torn arm flying past his face, running with obstacles, weeds tangling in his feet, countless falls, running again...

My palms and knees ached. Egor cried with helplessness.

Who, who knew that the chairman could have a gun? Well, okay, a deputy, according to his status he should have a Makarov, but shotguns? In Russia, back in 2020, firearms were taken away from the population. They paid a huge amount of money to all those who turned in their guns, as well as to those who turned in those who might have guns. And here's two shotguns in one township. That's fucked up. That's fucked up.

Egor clutched the grip of his pistol frantically: "One round. One fucking bullet! It's only to shoot yourself, and that's if you hit your brain the first time."



### CHAPTER 3.

- He has obvious nephroptosis. No one will give you even 100 yuan for that kidney, so I don't see the point in taking out his other kidney.

- Well, what else is there to cut out? A liver or an eyeball?

- Young man, I'm telling you, the market is overflowing with scrapie organs. Even if I take him apart completely by parts and salt the blood, you won't even recoup the cost of the gasoline to take them to the nearest Ministry of Health and Horticulture. Age, young man, the age of the donor. All the organs are old and badly worn out. Your Semenyich didn't have a donor 15 years younger? Of course, the best option is a child.

- What am I supposed to do with a kidney?

- Young man, you have a dog - so give it to him.

The conversation died down, footsteps were heard, and the door creaked open.

I mumbled, trying to get up.

- And who is that we have woken up, so cheerful and happy? Lie down, young man, lie down. You cannot get up now.

- What for? Why did you do that?

- Did what? Oh, you mean your kidney, don't you? Be thankful, young man, that we removed that rotten kidney - you had stones as big as an egg in there. If we hadn't removed your kidney, you might have died trying to pee in a couple of years. But I'm not asking you to pay for the surgery. Our kind-hearted deputy paid for your treatment. Yes, Fyodor Yevlampiyevich is a great man, he has repeatedly proved with his tireless care for people that he deserves the title of people's deputy.

The voice faded away and faded away, a red veil covered my eyes...

*Fedka, biting off huge slices from God, chewed and chewed loudly.*

*- I want one, too.*

*- You can't. - The God you believe in requires your submission and humility, and the true God Kilbas does not like slaves, for slavery and kilbasa are incompatible. God Kilbas patronizes the rebels, and you eat your nettle chowder and kiss the chairman's feet for letting you tear your back on the Chinese, and on holidays double ration of bread from the maggots. How do you feel without a kidney?*

*- I don't know yet...*

*- How will you live now?*

*- Same as before, only without a kidney...*

*Fedya laughed.*

*- Aren't you afraid that tomorrow Semenyich will lose your ass in cards?*

*- I'm afraid. Well, what can I do alone? It's not Semenyich, it's life!*

*Fedya laughed out loud again.*

*- You're incorrigible. That's why the great Kolbas can't stand you and left your world... Don't you want to punish Semenyich? Burn down his house at night, and put him on a knife or a stake?*

*- Of course I do. But I can't. My father said that power comes from God, and everything it does is God's will...*

- What kind of will of God is that, to cut out a man's kidney and feed it to the dogs for no reason at all? What are you so guilty about?

- I don't know, maybe I got pride, maybe I committed adultery in my sleep, or something else I sinned with...

Fedka laughed again, tears came to his eyes.

- Does it mean that you became proud somewhere accidentally or in a dream you fucked a woman, and God punished you for it so cleverly that he made Semenych lose you in a card game? Does your logic suggest that God is an elaborate sadist?

- No, Father says that God is love...

- If God is love, then removing a kidney is an act of love?

- I don't think so. God would not have taken a kidney from me, if it had pleased him, he would have created me immediately with one kidney.

- So Semenych wasn't acting on God's behalf?

- So it turns out...

- So you didn't want to punish Semenych?

- I wanted to, but I have no right to punish. Semenych must be punished by God or by a judge.

- Well, well, but do not forget that the courts have long been abolished and the power of judges transferred to the deputies. Which deputy are you going to complain to? Wasn't it the one to whom Semenych lost your kidney in cards?

- Then God will punish Semenych!

- You're so fucking annoying! God fuck you and fuck you! He made you in his image and gave you free will. He finally made you an arm, a leg and a head. And if God gave you two kidneys, then you have to manage them yourself, not some Semenych! Don't you understand? And if someone steals your kidney, you have every moral right to take it from the thief. Blood for blood, kidney for kidney! Lawlessness should be punished by lawlessness!!!

- I'm not an outlaw, I'm a decent scraper! I will seek the truth, he who seeks may find! I'll complain to the leader!!! He's good, kind, he loves us and protects us from the ukrainians and yankees!!!! He just doesn't know what's going on here!!!

Fedka clutched his head.

- You're such a dickhead... Are you going to Moscow?

- I won't get to Moscow, but I'll get to the governor for sure! Our governor is a man of God, appointed by the leader himself!

- Wake up, young man, wake up! It's morning, it's time for you to go home. I'm discharging you. Your stitch is strong - if you don't jerk or lift heavy things, it probably won't come apart. Put a plantain on it three times a day. If you get festering, tuck in the hem of your shirt and let the flies lay their larvae. The maggots will eat the rotten tissue and leave the clean flesh untouched. That way it'll heal. Here's a note for the chairman for two weeks release from work... Now go with God.

I slowly, with difficulty, sat down on the couch, with my legs overhung. Then I stood up, straddling the couch. My lower back ached with every movement. My legs were shaky and my hands were shaking.

- Doctor, could I have some pill to make it hurt less?

- Yes, yes, of course, young man. Our Russian pharmacological company recently tested a new super analgesic drug.

The doctor handed me a wooden stick

- Here, young man, clench it in your teeth and squeeze as hard as you can when it hurts.

- Doctor, it's a twig! Will it help me?

- Of course it will, young man. Do you really doubt Russian medicine? Practice shows that this remedy helps in ninety cases out of a hundred, and in just a week the pain will be gone like as if by magic. Unless, of course, you die. But if you do die - alas, as you must understand, no one is safe from death.

The weather outside was fine. The sun had just risen, and it was a little chilly. Sickelove broadcast the morning news from the loudspeakers. They live richly in the district center, they have loudspeakers on every corner:

*- ...is reason to be proud of our achievements. The new T-16 hyper-armored super-armored tank has also been put into serial production. The new tank incorporates all the latest achievements of Russian science. The design of the T-16 took into account and improved all the defects of the previous model of the tank. The tank's muzzle became 49 centimeters straighter and longer, and the tank driver's seat was replaced with a supertechnological bio-toilet designed by Skolkovo.*

*Sickelove's speeches poured oil from the loudspeakers and honeyed the soul:*

*-...has a base of hydrocarbon fibers. Skolkovo scientists tested this material and declared: hobblers made of artificial bast will be more wear-resistant. The Moscow laptepile factory named after Dmitry Kompotov ordered the first batch of the newest material...*

My eyes clouded over, then a tear of pride for my homeland dripped down my cheek and rolled down my face. I want to leave. I would have listened and listened...

How is that - the great leader raises the country, scientists make new discoveries day by day, plants and factories build new rockets and tanks, and all sorts of Semenychi cut out the kidneys of honest people and then even feed them to the dogs? This is an outrage!!! Our leader doesn't even know what's going on here in our Buttopolis district! That's it, it's settled. We have to go to the governor and tell him what the local authorities are up to! If God doesn't want to punish lawless people, the president will punish them for sure!

I walked, occasionally clenching the medical painkiller my doctor had prescribed me with my teeth. It really helped.

I had already gone a good mile and a half from the district center, when on the right side of the road from the bushes I heard:

- Shh-shh-shh, shh-shh-shh, stay where you are!

A Cockssux's trooper jumped out of the bushes, looking around, and, kicking his boots, ran up to me:

- Scrapper, that's great. What are you, from Flyfuckers, limping? What's up there, what do you hear? Have you seen any Cockssux? Who's talking?

- Olmnvmyhhmmm.

- Take your dick out of your mouth!

I took the painkiller out of my mouth, which I had completely forgotten about.

- Please forgive me, Your Highness, Mr. Coksuck. I wasn't talking to anyone today, I'm coming from the hospital.

- What's up, did you hear shooting in the night? Or screams?

- No, I'm out of surgery, I must have been stabbed, I slept like a dead man.

- I see what's wrong with you. You got anything to eat?

- Nah, I'd like to get something to eat.

- What if you're fucking around? Stop right there!

The Coksuck brazenly grabbed my sleeve, came right up to me, and started rummaging through my clothes, trying to find my pockets.

- No fucking pockets? Motherfucker! All right, get the fuck out of here, you sick fuck!

Coksuck went behind my back and kicked me in the ass. A sharp pain pierced my lower back...

- B-b-bitch," I hissed through my teeth.

- What did you cackle at?

- Nothin', mister Coksuck," I answered quickly, put painkillers in my mouth and, clenching my teeth, quickly hobbled forward. To mess with these Cockssux... He can whip you, and this one has a knife on his belt - he can stab you again.

Bitch, bitch, bitch! Where did that bastard come from? You can see he's not from around here. "Who shot him, who shot him, why?" There are almost no Cockssux in the district center, the cannibals thinned them out recently - there are five of them left. But they have nothing to shoot, they are not allowed to use firearms. Only the people's elected deputies can shoot. But who? The cannibals attacked Asslicker's village? And what is this Coksuck doing here? It is not clear...

So... It's 200 kilometers to the provincial capital, if we go through the fields, straight ahead. But I can't cross the river, and there's a bridge only in Kneelup town. If you go through it, it turns out 250 kilometers - I'll have to make a little detour. I can't walk fast, but I'll make it in a week. These boots are still, would not fall apart.

Spring was in full force. The green grass was sprouting through last year's weeds, the sun was shining, and the warm wind was caressing my skin. I loved hiking in the old days. I had a hobo streak in my youth. Sometimes I'd go to the middle of nowhere, as long as I didn't have to work. But that was a different story back then. There were fish in rivers and ponds, it was easy to catch them, you just had to have a fishing line and a hook. You tied it to a stick, caught grasshoppers or worms, fished for an hour - here was your meal for the whole day. Or someone else's vegetable garden, there's no problem at all - you can climb quietly at night, dig up half a bucket of potatoes, pick some cucumbers and go with the good, just be a hobo. You roast them on the coals, and you're full.

There's no fish in the ponds and rivers now, and nobody plants gardens. About ten years ago, before the energy crisis, our government decided that the treasury needed more money to build hypersurface rockets. And there was nowhere to get the money, because the yankees and the gay Europeans put useful sanctions on the country. So our God-elected power found a righteous solution - first, they moved the retirement age by five years. Then they thought about it

for a couple of years, and canceled the pension. But there wasn't enough money for the rockets, and the country had to be defended. Taxes were slightly increased, by about three times, but there was a problem - the tax can be taken only from the working man, who has an income. And in Russia at that time not more than 15% of the population worked. Our governme

nt made a move - all the unemployed declared self-employed and taxed. Well, for example, you do not work, but you live on something, right? So pay the tax. Garden residents and gardeners were equated to farmers, saying that they live richly and eat their fill, so they have to pay the state, otherwise what to build new rockets for? Is it necessary to protect vegetable gardens from the French? Yes, we do. So pay taxes.

Oh, those were the days... Many became hardened taxpayers, habitual debtors. They put them in penal colonies in whole villages. And in the colonies they have to be fed, bastards, and this again is a burden on the state budget.

That is when our leader made the wisest decision. He decided to collect the debts from debtors through donor organs. If you owe the state taxes - give a kidney, if you owe again - take out an eyeball or a spleen. And if you were a villain and stole a large sum from the leader, you could be completely dismantled for parts. There was a network of procurement offices of the Ministry of Health all over the country at that time - in every hospital, organs were cut out.

In the beginning there were even riots, because the people didn't like the new law. They liked to hide their taxes, but they didn't want to pay their debts. It was immediately obvious that there is not enough humility and spiritual crosses are weak, the enemies are plague. A lot of unreliable individuals went to the woods and wastelands, became cannibals. Some of them were boozing, but the Cockssux and Rosguardians quickly put them all to rest. I did not wait until I became a debtor - I went, trampled my garden, razed it to the ground, and in the fall I had very tasty silver fleece sprouts. The tax did not apply to silver fleece, but you could eat it up to your heart's content.

But now it is difficult with silver fleece and nettles - spring is early. Although morels should already come out, it is necessary to turn to the forest belt and walk there. I shall not die of hunger while walking to the regional capital.

Once upon a time, in times immemorial, the Soviet authorities paved the asphalt anywhere. From the city to the district center, from the district center to the village and so on - why, one might ask, no one even had cars then. So, the road builders had a habit of planting forest belts along the highway - where they put poplars, where they put fir trees, and somewhere just maples and shrubs of all kinds. Of course, there is no asphalt anywhere, but there are still forest strips. If you go a couple kilometers away from villages, there is a forest belt. The Chinese don't saw these strips, apparently they have enough taiga. So there are untouched trees - dense thickets, sometimes up to 30 meters wide! I turned off the road and walked under the crowns of giant poplars. Last year's leaves crunched underfoot, and dry twigs snapped merrily. Birds cawed happily in the sky. What a beauty... I even forgot that I had had a kidney cut out - my heart was overfilled with joy.

In a thicket of bushes I picked up strong maple branch, broke off thin knots. Here it was a staff, a traveler's friend. Walking immediately became much easier. Three legs are one and a half times better than two. I wandered and poked at suspicious heaps with a stick, stirred up leaves - if not, what if mushrooms. In the next heap the stick bumped against something hard. I pushed it again - it rang. I began to dig... Oh, my God, a treasure! This is a pre-crisis dump, the

traces of a highly developed prehistoric civilization! A bag of cans, cans, bottles, a bucket!!! A fucking galvanized seven-liter bucket!!! Priceless artifact!!! It's a little battered, it's a little rusty, the handle is bent, but there are no holes. I'm a multibillionaire! My head was dizzy with such sudden riches, and I knelt down.... Now I'm not going to have a trip, I'm going to have a resort walk, because you can cook food in a bucket! I took two empty half-cups with corks and put them in the bucket. A shard of glass, a very useful thing...in there, too.

The bucket! What could be more beautiful and convenient for a traveling scrapper? You can carry valuables in it, you can cook food in it, you can put it on your head when it's raining acid! The owner of the bucket automatically becomes a rich man in any village - while you are carrying water in buckets from the well, this bourgeois, with his nose high up to the sky, carries home water in a bucket. And everyone looks at him with envy, whispering behind his back!

Yes, in the old days you could buy this precious container in any store. But after the energy crisis and metal reductions, it became impossible to find a metal bucket. Plastic ones were sold at first, but then disappeared from store shelves along with the stores themselves.

They say you can buy a bucket, a canister, and even some of the utensils in the city from a dealer, but the prices there are insane, in yuan. And it's dangerous to buy on the black market - the Cockssux will catch you, they'll see you to death and confiscate your purchases. The law forbids you to use the services of a drug dealer. If you need something, go to the Roscrappeprodstore, but everything there is on coupons. But no one knows where to get coupons.

Yes, it's a complicated economy in our country - nothing is clear. But Sickelove said that we have to be patient, the country is moving towards a developed Putinism, and soon everyone will be happy, there will be so many coupons for each scrapper that they will not fit into their pockets... what pockets? I cut them off a long time ago.

They're just annoying, they get in the way. When Semenyich was appointed our chairman, he immediately decreed new standards for morning checks. So, every day at the morning meeting he made a search to see if we were hiding anything forbidden from Semenyich and the Motherland. Maybe we had some surplus goods, or had found something metal. At first we all stood patiently waiting for Semenyich to check our pockets. But then we just started unzipping our pockets and walking around like that all the time. Sometimes you forget, put your pocket back and walk around like nothing happened, and then suddenly you hear, "Hey, you, come here! What are you hiding, asshole?" And then the search begins...

God forbid, you'll find something, but you'll put it in your pocket and forget to give it back right away. And then Semyonich burns you and searches you? You won't be able to get away with it, he'll kick the shit out of you. Then you'll use a crowbar in the cold until your hands are bone-dry, and at night Semenyich will please you...

I got fed up with it, so I ripped my pockets and sewed them up. That's what everybody did. It's convenient and practical. The main thing is that I could see that he was an honest scrapper who did not hide anything and devoted his whole self to his Motherland.

Crows were shouting high in the trees. Everywhere, here and there, there were black nests. It was too high for me, even with two kidneys I would not be able to climb up there, and now, after the operation, I would not be able to climb up even half a meter. And so would gather the eggs - m-m-m, delicious! And it's dangerous to climb alone. Crows are vicious birds, they can kick you so hard that you learn to fly. Well, not really fly - dive. In our house three years ago

Kolya dived like that - he climbed for eggs and was beaten by a crowd of crows. Kolyan landed, but unsuccessfully. Since then he walks with a limp and receives half a ration. But how? He's an invalid, he can't make a full ration, why should he be given a full ration? I, for one, don't want to work him. It wasn't me who sent him out to get crow's eggs. He wanted a treat himself, so he climbed up the tree. I for one, too, would now savor the delicacy, but I do not climb - because I understand that if I hurt myself, no one will feed me. That's just it, yeah.

The sun has passed its zenith. How far have I walked? Not much at all, about ten kilometers. I'm walking slowly, I'm tired. My lower back was hurting even more, even the painkillers didn't help much. Now, behind the hill, to the left of the highway, there will be a sograh - there are springs there, I must fill up the water in a half-cup.

Half an hour later, I went down to the forest bush and found the spring. I got drunk to my stomach, filled the bottles with water, stretched out on the leaves, and covered my eyes - shhhiiiiieeet...

*Semenych was sitting on a small stool with his feet in a basin of hot water. The chairman wore only underpants and a accordion. Semenych was playing something, at first quietly and out of tune, then suddenly he played some tune and bawled:*

*The clavicle key is broken in half,  
And our grandfather Volodya had shrunk completely.  
He's decomposed into botox, Rosneft and Gazprom,  
And stability goes on and on and on.  
Somebody stole the pipeline yesterday,  
And everything goes according to plan.*

*And my scrawny soul wants to rest,  
I promised it I'd stay out of the war game.  
But on my hat there's a two-headed sickle, an eagle, a star.  
How touching, oops, the bottle goes the wrong way.  
And though the lantern is turned off for debts,  
And everything goes according to plan.*

*And my wife ran off to China,  
Said: "Keep drinking Boyar, watch Sickelove!"  
I shouted at her: "Fuck you! "I wish there was no war!"  
Then I caught up with her and kicked her in the ass,  
I've got everything going according to plan.*

*Only drunken Yeltsin was a good leader,  
And all the others are such crap.  
And all the others are enemies and such fools.  
Over my homeland, nuclear ash flew.  
I bought Korea magazine - it's all good there, too.*

*There's Comrade Kim Jong-un - the same as ours.  
I'm sure they have the same thing,  
And everything is going according to plan.*

*And under Putinism, everything will be fucked up,  
It'll be here soon, you just have to wait.  
Everything will be free there, everything will be fun there.  
Your parents won't ask you to give birth.  
I woke up in the middle of the night  
Everything's going according to plan.  
Everything's going according to plan.  
Everything's going according to plan.  
Everything's going according to plan.*

*Semenych stopped talking and stared at me:*

*- Hey, you! What the fuck are you looking at? You got a pair of eyes?*

*Semenych stood up abruptly, climbed out of the basin and, slapping his wet feet on the wooden floor, came toward me.*

*- Let's poke one of your eyes out..." said Semenych in a kindly voice and poked me in the eye with his finger.*

*- What for, Semenych?! - I shouted and grabbed the chairman's hand. Semenych screamed in a shrill voice and started to pull my hand out, but I held it firmly by my fingers.*

Suddenly Semenych disappeared. I opened my eyes. There was a crow fluttering in my hand, and I held it tightly by the neck. The bird was yelling and beating its wings on my hand.

- Hello! - I said, twisting the crow's neck.

The raw crow is not tasty, you cannot eat it without a knife - it is hard to bite. But it is very good when it is cooked.

I got up, found a rotten trunk of a birch, broke off a mulberry, picked up dry leaves. I put a half-cup of water in the sun at an angle so that a lens was formed, and the refracted sun rays were directed to one point. I put my palm up to it - yes, it burns. I put the corm there and sat down to pinch the crow. In some minutes the broom began to smoke. I blew it up by putting dry leaves on it. Here is a fire!

It is a good thing - a half-cup: to take water, and to make a fire, if the weather is sunny. Eh, a pity, now they aren't on sale.

Finished plucked the crow, gutted the carcass with a piece of glass, washed in the spring. Poured water in a bucket and put it on the fire. Oh, I wish I had some salt.

The broth boiled in the bucket, the crow boiled, and I looked around. Of course, there was little chance that anyone would pass on the road - today was a work day, there should be no loitering, but still my goggle played up a bit. Killing and eating wild birds can get you in trouble for at least 500 hours of community service. Poaching is harshly punished, yes. But that's what laws are for, to keep things in order. Otherwise, if you allow us, scrappers, to eat sparrows and crows, and catch insects without coupons, we'll quit working until we've eaten



everything. That's right, the government is no fool, they don't make laws out of their fingers.

I picked up a branch and poked the crow. That's it, I think it's ready. I took the bucket off the fire, poked the carcass with a stick, took it out, blew on it.

Mmm, tasty, damn! I burned myself and ripped off the thigh... this chicken is three hundred years old! As they say, a crow and water is a scrapper's meal.

After eating the crow, I swallowed the bones and leaned back on a bed of dry leaves. If I had listened to Sickelove, it would have been like going to heaven. Every day I could fill my belly like that... or at least once a week! Dreams... Hopefully, when Yellowstone blows up in America and the Russophobes don't have a clue about us, the U.S. will stop throwing knives in the wheels of our economy. That's when we'll be better off! I'll eat crows every day, we'll build fly larvae farms in all the villages, and most importantly - we'll have plenty of coupons, at least buy a bucket, at least an enamel basin, and all sorts of clothes... I'll buy sneakers, Chinese... and a sweatshirt... and I'll have dead wood to eat with my ass!

Dreams don't make it to the regional capital. I waited till the broth got cold. I drank as much as I could, poured the rest into one and a half cups.

I had walked another fifteen kilometers when the sun was inclined to the horizon. In two hills there would be Flyfuckers village - it's better not to go there in the evening, it's a dead-end place. I'd better stay here for the night. Panting and whimpering in pain, I crawled on my hands and knees, scraped up some weeds, made a tent, climbed in, packed the entrance, lay down on my belly and fell into darkness.

All night long I dreamt about something murky. I woke up in the morning from the cold, realizing that I would not sleep. I crawled out of my hole, took my bucket and stick and waddled southward, in the direction of Abitofadrag town.

The sun was a couple of feet above the horizon when I saw something shiny ahead on the road. Far away, I couldn't see, but something quite interesting. A few minutes later, when I got closer, I saw it was Boogieman with his cart. Fucking hell, that's all I needed!

Boogieman, yes, yes, that's right. Not the Boogieman the monster they scare kids with, but the real Boogieman, the one our whole ass-kicking neighborhood is afraid of. Boogieman took him, Boogieman took him, Boogieman took him away... It's not just scare stories. Boogieman only carries on his cart those cross-dressers who have been redirected to paradise. They're all dead. I mean, they're completely dead. He takes them to the fly larvae farm. A long time ago, I don't remember how many years ago, the State Duma passed a law "On Prohibiting the Destruction of Bioresources. They said - we do not have the right to throw away natural resources, which God gave to our great superpower. And they banned burying the dead. If a dead body dies, turn it over to a fly larvae farm. The fines for hiding corpses are not childish, if you can't pay - hello, Ministry of Health and Drug Control, where they will quickly cut something off to account for the fine. But if you hand over a corpse, they give you coupons for dried grenade. By the way, you can go straight to the fly larvae farm. The price is one-tenth of what you pay: If you sell a 50 kilo corpse, you get five kilos of this tasty nourishing product. Falls - this is not a swan, yeah. Protein is pure, it quickly makes your face round and gives you strength.

They haven't built a fly nursery in our area yet, so the nearest one is in Nemnopoterpitseevsk, and you'd better try to finish off a corpse there... you'll get skinned. It's almost fifty kilometers from our settlement, and from Zhopolizov it's more than a hundred.

That's why there are carts with corpse carriers going to villages and villages. Boogiemán is assigned to our district. He has a noble metal cart - the kind used to be in supermarkets. Boogiemán charges a small fee, 30% of the weight. He works honestly, you can't get that away from him - he takes away the corpse, and in three days he brings back the worms just in tic-tac-toe. But it's bad luck to meet him. Well, forget it, those superstitions. The priest at church said that all these omens are from obscurantism and that I should go to church more often and light candles so as not to be afraid of the dark forces.

Apparently, the bogeyman has turned his paws up and is taking him to his last journey...

- Hey, you, stop right there! What the fuck you got in your mouth? Where you going?

I spit out a pain stick.

- It's a pain medication the doctor prescribed. I'm going to Abitofadrag town.

- It's on the way. How about this: we go together, you help me a little, I'll feed you, we'll bring some dead fish to the fly larvae farm, I'll give you some grouse. Or with coupons.

- I'm not much of a helper after surgery.

- You'll hold the cart in front, so it won't tip over on the bumps and bumps. Nothing heavy.

- All right.

- Put a bucket over the dead man's head. What you got in there, a can and a half?

Throw it in the cart.

I did as Boogiemán said, grabbed the body wagon with my hand, and off we went. Poor Boogiemán, how did he carry it? The cart rattled and bounced, trying to get over every bump and bump.

- Don't worry, in half a kilometer there'll be an exit to a field road - it goes along the highway. It hadn't rained in a while, it was perfect.

I couldn't hold on to the corpse at the next bump in the road, and it went sideways. The body fell out of the basket, the bucket rumbled, the cans rolled to the ditch.

- What the fuck? - The Boogiemán yelled. - Don't sell your fucking face! All right, put the cart down.

I did, and we took the dead man by the arms and legs and threw him in the cart. It was a heavy scrapper, 60 kilos, though you couldn't tell from the look of it. The dead man's skin was covered with zonal tattoos. The man had had a hard life.

- You see, that's how it is: you live and live, everybody loves you and respects you, and then, suddenly, you went to feed the maggots. The people loved him, the whole village saw him off.

- And who's that?

- The chairman from Golokhuyevka. He was a good man. I spent time with him on Shinka, I've known him for a long time. A fair man. People respected him very much - when he got sick, the men carried him to the hospital in the district center.

- And what happened to him?

- Who knows, probably appendicitis. Your district doctor only knows how to squeeze boils and cut out organs. He said right away - medicine is powerless here, take the patient to

church. And the priest already made a diagnosis - it was intestine demons, he said, and he needed 50 candles and an exorcism rite. The whole village bought candles, but all the same, the poor guy died.

-At our place, no one will take Semenyuch to the hospital. Everyone is just waiting for him to die.

- Ha-ha, wait, wait! It's your destiny to wait and wait. If this Semenyuch dies, they'll bring you another one.

- Maybe they'll bring you a good one.

- So what? If you bring anyone, he'll be Semenyuch in half a year. What's wrong with your chairman, anyway?

- He's an outlaw, he does what he wants. He'll whip whoever he wants, for the slightest faults... with a whip...

- Don't you let him do all that? You run around snitching on each other, licking his ass. When Semenyuch chooses someone for a harem, have you ever stood up for him? You sit there shaking: "I wish it wasn't me..." He'll blow you all up sooner or later, because he loves it. Do you think a good chairman fell from the sky in Golokhuyevka? The men there burned the first head, appointed from above, along with the house, as soon as he bent his fingers. The FSB wouldn't leave the village for a month, and no one turned anyone in. And they gave the second head a black eye and he fled on his own. No one went to them to govern, and in the end, they were allowed to choose the chairman themselves. What about you? When Semenyuch suggested making a harem with faggots in the village, didn't you clap your hands: "Well done, Semenyuch, a wise scrapper"? And didn't you yourself appoint the first roosters? You chose two men, the weakest and harmless ones, and said: "Semenyuch, you are the most cocksuckers, cock them. You're all devils in the village, the only man you had was Fedka. How many times he proposed to punish Semenyuch, and what did you do? Did you support him? No, you ran around snitching on Fedya, saying he was stirring things up. Fedya couldn't stand your stupidity, so he left. But you tolerate it. You'll bear it and keep the Vaseline with you..."

I walked with my head hanging down. Boogieman, you can't tell anything... Bad man, hard man.

- Father said that power is given by God as a reward or for sins...

- Ha-ha, for sins... God gives... For your stupidity and cowardice, power is yours!

After half a kilometer, there was indeed an exit, and there was a well-paved field road. The cadaver carriage was a breeze, it was breathtaking and my lower back ached.

- Well, Scrapie, be patient for a while, and you'll ride in my cart! - Boogieman laughed again.

Fucking hilarious. Comedian, bitch. Garik fucking Batrutdinov.

- I'm light, not like that big guy," I nodded my head at the deadbeat, "I'm like 50 kilos at the most.

- I'll put stones in your ass and you'll pull it on the scale," Boogieman laughed again. - By that time, your Semenyuch will have worked your asshole so that bricks will fit through.

Bitch, he's a joker.

- Boogieman," I said loudly, "aren't you afraid of God? You say all sorts of nasty things and you're not afraid?

- Why should I be afraid of him? I've never asked him for anything, and I don't believe in

him at all. I hope he doesn't believe in me either.

How the fuck do you get rid of a man like that? Boogieman is Boogieman, nothing sacred.

In the afternoon we crossed a small stream. There used to be a bridge over it, but during a period of bridge falls in the early twenties, the concrete crossing collapsed. Fortunately, the river was not deep and only became a problem during floods. The cart was sticking with its small wheels in the muddy bottom, but with double strength we dragged the body-carrier to the other bank and sat down to rest.

Boogieman took a packet of cookies and a can of stew out of his bag. I stared at the treasure with my eyes wide open.

- Boogieman... You... you... Where did you get that?

- Where I got it, you're not supposed to know.

- Boogieman, how, where?!

- It's humanitarian aid from our sworn enemies that we want to bomb.

- Boogieman, why doesn't anyone know about this aid? Why don't we get it?

- You're not supposed to. You have to be patient, you're great martyrs, you have to suffer and then go to heaven. You don't have a cup, I take it? Well, I'll leave it in a jar.

My stomach rumbled and growled as Boogieman ate the stew, occasionally crunching the cookies. Finally, the torment was over, and the rural Hades handed me the can and a packet of cookies... Divine... Maybe Fedka was right about God.

I ate, smacking and slurping. Heavenly bliss... Meat, real meat... Damn Americans, how I hate them! They're making fun of us, the bastards sent us stew, real stew. We don't need their handouts... Mmm, it's delicious... I wish they'd bomb Yellowstone, the whole world was ripped off by those bastards... And those cookies! Real wheat, I bet...

- Boogieman, why don't the yankees send so much humanitarian aid that no one gets it?

- They don't send enough? The yankees send it all right, and the chinese send it too, the whole world sends it.

- Where is it?

- Where is it? The one that goes to the region, the governor partially sells it to Mongolia.

And what he can't sell, they bulldoze it at the dump.

- They bulldoze the food?

- Yeah, what do you expect? Destroying food is a spiritual staple. It's the nation's identity line, a tradition since Soviet rebranding. And destroying humanitarian aid is good for our economy. If we start feeding you, scappers, for free now, you will go completely fucking nuts, abandon the fly larvae farms, and stop loading the soil into containers. You can't be fed.

The Boogieman laughed.

- I feel sorry for you motherfuckers. Here you are, you're a vegetable, a potato in a hole. You live in the dark and you can't see anything around you, and you're surrounded by the same kind of brother-vegetables, all alike. You believe in some kind of God or leader, you keep asking them for something, praying to them. But they don't give a shit about you. Maybe they don't even exist. Maybe it's a figment of your imagination, have you thought about that? You only believe to make it easier to tolerate. Tell me, you scrapper, how are you different from a pig?

- Well, actually, it's an offensive comparison.

- And yet?

- Well, because I'm human: I wash, I work, I can read, I think with my head...

- You're thinking with your head, you're a brace. If you were thinking with your head, you wouldn't be loading soil into a container with a wooden shovel. You're different from a pig, you're different from a pig, because the owner, before he slaughters the pig, feeds it for a long time, fattens it up. But your master only fucks you up and feeds you those staples that died before you did. You, staple, are no longer the top of the food chain. The chain is closed, there is no top in it: you eat the maggots, and the maggots eat you. And you got to this point on your own, with your own feet, because you didn't want to think. You motherfuckers are used to having someone think for you and tell you what you want to know.

- That's a terrible thing to say, Boogieman. The devil sent you.

- The devil sent me! You're a fool. And what a shame, you'll die a fool...

We sat for a while, then Boogieman got up, got a big dirty rag from somewhere, soaked it in the river and covered the corpse. We moved on.

We walked in silence for a while, with the wheels of the carcass truck constantly rattling.

- Boogieman, - I said, - if you're so smart, why aren't you the mayor or Coksuck chieftain or at least the chairman? Why do you carry corpses?

- You know, you're a scrapper, I already owe it to eternity. My conscience does not allow me to destroy you harmless vegetables. I don't want to take any part in it at all. And I see no point in sticking up for you - you do not remember good as well as evil. You just do not understand it.

- You're a scary man, Boogieman. Listening to you as bathing in shit.

In the evening, we turned to a hole not far from the road, where among the thickets of maple trees, so that we could not see it from the road, there was a hut made of some rotten planks. The hut was two meters by two meters, with a low ceiling that was the roof of the structure. The walls on the inside were lined with boxes. An soiled floor, a small window covered with cellophane, and a fireplace in the corner.

- The Boogieman, you are, eh, the landlord? There's an iron stove over there - you're living the luxurious life, though.

- If you say anything about the cabin, I'll kill you. It's not mine. The people you call cannibals lived here.

- Lived here? What happened to them? Were they caught?

- Ha-ha, who's going to catch them? They left, closer to civilization - to Mongolia.

There was a table, a bed, and a long bench along the wall. Boogieman stoked the stove with the wood that was in the corner, then he got galettes and a can of stew. We had a hearty supper.

- If you're going to fit in here without me, leave the wood. There's a drawer under the bed, and there's salt and matches. Fall down on the bench, I'll wake you up early in the morning.

I lay down, stretching to my full height, and closed my eyes. The stove was pleasantly crackling.

- Boogieman, are you serious about the stones?

- What rocks?

- What are you gonna shove up my ass when I'm dead?
- What's it to you, you won't be here?
- What do you mean, ashamed...
- In front of whom? The maggots?
- No, what's that got to do with maggots? Just how am I going to get to heaven if you're going to shove rocks up my ass? And how am I going to stand before God, he sees everything, right?
- Don't panic, there is no God. Go back to sleep.
- You made me feel better, damn it...

*Fedka stood there chewing. How long can he chew, the bastard? Although I could probably eat kilbasa forever, too.*

*- Fedya, Boogiemán said that there is no God, and you say that he is a kilbasa. Which of you is right, who should we believe?*

*Fedka chewed, swallowed, and answered:*

*- Boogiemán is right: there is no God, but He is a kilbasa.*

*- How is that? - I was surprised.*

*- That's how. God - a voluntary thing. Boogiemán's God is not: He exists, but He doesn't exist. But for me, God is a kilbasa, and He doesn't exist either for you or for Boogiemán. But for me He is, because I strive for Him.*

*- Who is God to me, then?*

*- And you are a dumb shithead, for you God is whatever you are told to be.*

## CHAPTER 4.

*One of the radio programs broadcast over loudspeakers in central squares.*

*"Moscow Speaks!*

*On May fourteenth, 2028, a new, ultra-modern mechanical laptechnology factory was inaugurated in the scarcely-known city of Dmitriymedvedevsk. The weaving factory is equipped with hypernova equipment and accommodates 12 manufactory combinations. The production capacity of each combine allows producing up to three hundred pairs of clogs per year. This is a new word in domestic import substitution.*

*Now to the news of science: Skolkovo Institute of Science and Technology began to develop a new hypersupernanosonic mega-nuclear missile. The development of the project is estimated at \$48 trillion. In this connection, the Russian government is forced to resort to unpopular measures. The Federation Council decided: from June 1, 2028, VAT will increase to 86%.*

*"Accept this with understanding." - said the leader of the nation."*

All night long Egor hid in a pile of weeds, listening and praying frantically. He is shuddered with his whole body as the night birds screamed somewhere. There were no more shots fired in the village, but a few screams came from there at night. After each one, Egor began to shake. Once he even broke out to run, but tripped on some log and fell painfully. When the horizon began to brighten, Egor wandered toward the track. The dry grass under his feet crunched treacherously, and from time to time Egor stopped and listened. He had never been as scared as he had been last night. Yes, Egor was used to people dying like flies all around him, but it was usually the scrappers who died - they had to. The priest at church explained to Egor that it was their fate. But for a Coksuck to die like that... First Yashka shot himself, then his unit got into a meat grinder. I wonder how many brothers managed to escape? Who would have thought it would turn out like this? Someone must have put a curse on the squad. Oh, we should have gone to church before the raid, to bless the priest, and sprinkled holy water on the bus...

At dawn the Coksuck reached the highway and hid in the roadside bushes. The predawn silence was cut by the long mournful howl - the signal of the air-raid alarm. Well, it was time to get up for work. The whistle woke the whole world, wiped sleepiness from Egor, crows cawed somewhere in the distance. His stomach rumbled - he wanted to eat. Egor had coupons for dried grouse with him. In principle, if he got to the district center, he could buy some food in the Rosskrepmag, but it was very dangerous to go to Asslickers now. And Egor was not so fond of the Russian's peace and spiritual crosses that he could eat silver fleece or insects. The Cockssux were given dry rations, which consisted entirely of humanitarian aid - stew, cookies, dried fruit and other delicacies. And vouchers - vouchers are the most traded currency, well, after the yuan. No, a dollar or a euro, of course, is more expensive than the yuan, but you just can't find that kind of money.

Egor was looking at the track - what if one of the Coksuck survivors comes out? What to do now? Go home? And what to tell the chieftain? "They shot us like deer, and Yashka sawed himself off"? What the hell is he going to do to me? He gave Yashka the gun, so his nephew was responsible for the fire support. I had nothing to do with it. But in good conscience, I need to avenge my dead Coksuck brothers. How? There's only one bullet... Fuck that. Revenge is a dish to be served cold. So don't be in a hurry, and in general, let the mayor and the chieftain take their revenge. Personally, the assholes did me no harm, and the fact that the squad was shot - that's what the Cockssux are, to die valiantly in battle. They knew what they were doing when they enrolled at Roskosmos. Service to the Motherland is not only putting homeless pensioners on a bottle and whipping scapegoats with a cane. Sometimes it's time to die yourself. But Egor did not want to die. To eat stew and cookies from Coksuck rations - yes, but to get under the buckshot for it - too much. Why would a dead man need dry rations? No, I don't think so.

While Egor was pondering what to do, a hunchbacked scrapper came into sight, who, strutting like a crab, was walking slowly away from Zhopolizov. "Look at you, what a funny scrapper! - thought Egor. - He must have been a dowdy one - he had a strange gait, as if his troop of Cockssux had been coming all night."

When the deadbeat came closer, the Coksuck jumped out of the bushes, ran up to the scrapper, asked what was going on in the village. The scrapper mooed something inarticulate. "He's really down," thought Egor, and kicked the whip under his ass. The scrapper jumped up, skewed to the other side, and quickly scrambled down the road toward the horizon.

Egor sat in the ambush for several more hours. Toward lunchtime, the spring sun began to burn. Uryadnik was already pecking his nose when in his slumber he heard shuffling steps and muffled shuffling. Egor woke up, stroked the hilt of his knife and lay still, turning to listen. Two ragamuffins were walking along the road. Waiting for them to get closer, Egor jumped out of the bushes.

- Freeze, faggots! Face down on the floor! Hands on the back of your heads!

The scappers jumped, then froze for a few seconds and threw themselves to the ground all at once.

- Don't beat me, chieftain! - cried one ragamuffin. - It's not my fault, it's over there, Oleg said - "and let's go gather pinepinecones, nobody will see". And me demons have compelled, and I have agreed. My father told me that gluttony is a grave sin, but I couldn't help it. Don't kill me, chieftain! Kill Oleg, he's the one!

- Why Oleg, is he a saint or what? - The second scrapper snapped at me. - I, unlike you, don't illegally breed maggots in a cesspool.

The scrapers swore and argued, remembering their past sins and giving each other up.

- Kill Oleg, chieftain! Don't kill me, I love our leader and go to church, I always put candles for Roskosmos and for our government. And this gentile hasn't been to church for two fucking weeks, chieftain! - The ragamuffin was yelling, while he was quietly pulling a dirty package under him, trying to hide it from Egor unnoticed.

- Hands behind your head! - The Coksuck shouted, kicked the scrapper in the side, and pulled the greasy rag, tied with a big knot, out from under him.

- That's not mine! - the ragamuffin screamed. - It's Oleg's!

- Why in the fuck it is mine?! - The other scourge started to deny it. - You had it in your



hands, so it's yours. chieftain, kill him! He's the one who steals pinecones in the forest, peels and sifts them, and then eats them at home at night...

- Shut up, both of you! - Egor shouted and untied a knot - in a rag there was a handful of some small garbage.

- What is it? It is necessary to smoke?

- It is Oleg collected seeds from pinecones. He wanted to boil them to fill his belly. He just wants to eat, and he doesn't give a damn that he's plundering national resources!!!

- You cocksuckers..." The Cocksuck sighed disappointedly and dumped the seeds on the ground. - Well, get the fuck out of here, while you're still alive.

Yes, the times... Sicklelove was saying on the radio that the country's economy and GDP had reached unprecedented heights in 2027, and in 2028 the projected growth would be 800%, and that Russia would become the economic leader of the world in the next five years - but Egor had somehow not noticed it.

Seven years ago, there was an opportunity to make a fortune. By the decision of the government, the Ministry of Health and Medical Industry was opening all over the country and accepting donor organs. At that time, one could go there and donate an organ and they paid good money for it. For one kidney you could gobble up two months. It was at that point that those who had the most money made a lot of money. The chieftain of that time caught a bunch of unreliable scrapers, fined them, and took them to the Ministry of Health and Food. He was paid very well for this, and literally in six months the chieftain became a yuan millionaire and left for Mongolia with his family. Many people rose up on the organs at that time. Scrapers were being slaughtered like dogs, and the scrapers themselves weren't lagging behind. As a result, the organ donor market collapsed. Egor was young and stupid at the time, making sure that he didn't get his own organs cut off. Now Egorka would not miss such a chance - but you can't turn back the clock.

And those stupid scrapers became poor - all as one, you pick their pockets, and they're empty. No way! Many sly-assed bastards have had their pockets picked and stitched shut. Of course, if you search the motherfuckers properly, you might find something, but Egor didn't like to get his hands up other people's asses. Fucking scrappers, they don't want to get rich. They work with their hands down, no income, no savings, nothing. In a word, they're no use to the Cocksuck or the state, only a pain in the head. They walk around stinking and spreading the disease and lice - the water is not so expensive that you can't wash yourself!

But they are always demanding something, they are always rebelling. I remember, in winter their Cocksuck brigade walked for three days through the houses of the serfs, smelling the stench and whipping lazy bums with their lashes - they did not want to go to the winter public works. It is cold, they said, look - minus thirty they are cold, they say, their nails are freezing to their feet. So it's cold, so what? Somebody has to clear the snow in front of the mayor's office and at Cocksuck outposts. And who - a Cocksuck - will carry the deadwood? Bastards, I wish they'd die sooner...

Egor was walking down the road towards his hometown and was angry at the stupid, lazy citizens. His stomach was cramping, a second day without food. Dry rations were left on the bus, no one thought it would happen this way... Egor was not accustomed to deny himself anything, much less to starve.

Suddenly a flock of crows soared from the forest belt with a loud cawing.

Coksuck looked at the trees - branches of maples were black with crows' nests.

- And crow's eggs must be just as good as chicken's eggs," thought Egor, and headed for the trees.

Egor, like a wounded monkey, climbed higher and higher. Crows flew in the branches and shouted loudly. When Coksuck reached the nest and put his hand there, something suddenly covered his face and his ear hurt... And then it began - the crows, like flying piranhas, attacked from all sides at once, each trying to tear a nice piece from the sweet orthodox flesh of Coksuck. Egor realized that very soon he would be left without eyes, waved his hands and snapped down...

- Get up, you cockerel suck!

Egor opened his eyes. A bearded man was standing over him, poking him in the stomach with a stick. Egor jerked, but nothing came out. His hands were tied behind his back.

- What are you up to, you cross-eyed scamp? Untie me, quick! And you won't get hurt! Do you know who I am?

The bearded man grinned and kicked Egor in the side. The uriadnik crouched down and was immediately struck on the back with a stick.

- Ok-ok-ok-ok, I understand, don't hit! - The Coksuck yelled and sat down.

Beard grabbed Egor by the scruff of the neck like a puppy and put him on his feet.

- Go on, - Egor nearly fell down again because of a strong push to the back.

At first they walked for a long time through a field of weeds, then through a birch grove. Then again a field and finally came to a huddle, where in the bushes there was a clearing with three large tents and a fireplace in the middle.

"Gotcha, ogres..." - Egor thought in horror.

Bearded men and disheveled women came out of the huts. Approached, looked. Some skinny stooped man came close to Egor and smiled:

- And what kind of bird has it brought to us? - the man grabbed Egor by his shoulder straps and yanked him sharply. - Eat it, bitch! - the man hissed, grabbed the Coksuck's head and started to poke him in the lips with Coksuck's epaulettes.

Egor twisted his head, fell on his knees and cried out:

- Don't eat me, good people! Don't eat me, for Christ's sake!!! I'll tell you anything you want, I'll give you anything!!! Just do not eat, I beg you!!!

The ogres laughed, and the man who tore off Egor's shoulder straps leaned over and, staring into Egor's eyes, asked:

- Why is it "don't eat"? Are you something special?

- So I'm that - I'm also an ogre!

- Ogre? - The man asked again, and grinned crookedly.

- Yes, yes, I am, I am an ogre! - Egor shook his head.

- Who do you belong to, fag? We do not eat people. - the man turned to the bearded man, who brought Egor. - And why did you bring this shit here?

- What do you mean why? The donkey will drag the sacks, look how big he is. At least we'll unload the women. And when we get to the mountains, we'll trade them for a horse or a sheep.

Till evening Egor was sitting, leaning against a tree near the tent. The ogres were doing

something and talking on incomprehensible topics, discussing something, planning something. As Egor understood, the gang came from the north and was going to move further south, toward Mongolia.

In the evening the ogres had dinner. Then one of the women spoon-fed Egor like a baby. Then the man who had captured Egor dragged the uriadnik close to the fire, tied his legs, pulled them to his hands and entangled his limbs so that he could not move at all. The position was uncomfortable, but Egor passed out because he had not slept for almost two days.

Coksuck woke up at dawn. The fire was already burning with all its might, hissing and crackling. Egor's bladder was ready to burst.

- Good people, I really want to pee! - said Egor loudly.

One of the ogres came up behind him and untied his legs, then loosened the restraints on his arms and tied them so that his hands were looser.

- Sit on your ass and slip your hands under your feet forward.

Egor did just that.

- If you run, I'll shoot you.

Egor stood up. All the muscles in his body were stiff and hard to listen to. The ogre led him to the edge of the clearing and waited until the Coksuck had done his work. Then both returned to the fire.

The bandits ate breakfast, fed the prisoner, and began to pack. "What an outfit they have," thought Egor. The cannibals put on backpacks and shoulder bags, the man who had ripped off Egor's shoulder straps yesterday took a double-barrelled gun out of the hut and put it on his chest. A huge heavy backpack was also thrown over Egor's shoulders. The Coksuck even sat down from the unexpected weight. That's what a donkey means...

Until noon the group moved without stopping. The ogres were stretched in a long chain, and the Coksuck was walking about in the middle.

Egor was walking with the last strength. His legs were shaky and he began to dream of death, when the group came into a birch grove and stopped for a break. A backpack was taken off the Coksuck. Egor felt such lightness that it seemed that now he would jump to the tops of the birches and fly ... But no, the guy fell into the dry leaves and passed out.

And again Egor was awakened, fed, watered, put on his feet, hung his backpack, kicked his ass... And again the endless transition.

Fields of dry wormwood alternated with hills and groves. Streams, hills, fields again... Closer to the evening the group came to an abandoned village. Judging by the failed in some places the roofs and boarded-up windows in the surviving houses, the village was abandoned long ago. The ogres chose the largest sturdy house for camping, stoked the stove, ate dinner, tied up the Coksuck, and went to bed.

A tedious, freezing rain drizzled since morning. The sky was covered from horizon to horizon. Egor was soaked through and frozen to the bone.

For the third day the detachment moved south. The Coksuck's legs no longer hurt - Egor no longer felt them as separate limbs. It simply became the lower part of the body, which continuously stayed in another dimension - in hell. At another rest, one of the ogres took a

blanket out of his backpack, tore two wide ribbons from it, and threw it to Egor. Then she rummaged in another shoulder bag and pulled out a pair of brand-new booties.

He had always had a great disdain for scrapers and their newfangled shoes. But now there was no choice - the boots had blisters, making further movement unbearable. Coksuck changed his shoes and had an orgasm. Even though his feet were soaking wet, it was a thousand times easier to walk.

The ogres themselves were wearing rubber boots. A huge deficit in these times. What's not in short supply these days? Exactly, everything. The country doesn't have its own production, and there's nothing to buy from the Chinese.

As we headed south, closer to Altai, the hills became higher and steeper, turning into real mountains. By noon on the third day the gang had reached the river bank. The ogres took out a compass and a map, discussed something and moved along the bank downstream.

For a long time now Coksuck had no idea where they were. In the previous two days Egor could use the sun as a guide, but now, with the sky curtained by a dense veil, it became impossible to know where was the west and where was the south. The uriadnik stopped thinking about escape. Suppose he runs away, so what? Wild places - he'll get lost and starve to death. Or get into the clutches of other cannibals, who don't need the donkey, and make a pig out of Egor - I mean, devour him.

Maybe I should ask to go to Mongolia with the ogres? They say there's civilization there, and people don't eat maggots. There's plenty of meat there. I'll get a job herding horses or camels. It's possible to live. There's also a rumor that there's electricity and Internet in Mongolia. They don't make rockets there, but Mongolians don't need them. Mongolia is not a superpower, unlike Russia, the U.S. does not want to seize them, so there is no need to protect natural resources. You can live in Mongolia, wait until Yellowstone explodes in America, and then, as soon as Russia gets up from its knees, immediately and go back to the beautiful country.

Yeah, the bearded guy who tore off Egor's shoulder straps on the first day is called Fedya, he's kind of in charge.

- Fedka, Fedya! - called Egor.

- Why are you shouting?

- Fedya, will you take me to Mongolia with you? I won't run away and I'll help you in everything.

- I'll take you, I don't mind. But tell me, are you a Coksuck?

- Yes, a Coksuck.

- You're a Coksuck, a keeper of traditions and a bearer of the Russian's peace, aren't you?

- Yes, yes," agreed Egor.

- Well, in Mongolia you are sentenced to death for keeping and spreading of the Russian's peace. As soon as they find out you're a carrier of Russian's peace, they'll rip you to pieces. Do you need it? Come on, they'll tear you to pieces - it's not a pity, but they'll execute us, too. You came with us, so you could infect us. Mongols do not want to risk - they already have complexes about the fact that the Horde in the 13th century created the Russian's peace, established the power of Muscovy in Russia, appointed Tsar Genghis Khan and the whole system of the Russian's peace was organized from the wild principalities.

- And I won't tell anyone that I'm a Coksuck. I'll say I'm a boozier and an ogre, too.

- All right, we'll see.

The river meandered between mountains and hills. The river was winding between the mountains and the hills. The water, as it should be in Siberia, was filled with large quantities of pig shit. Apparently, there were Chinese pig farms somewhere upstream.

Behind another bend in the river the group came upon a trail and entered a birch grove that covered the shore and the mountainside. Egor had had time to make out a camp among the trees when there was a loud whistle from somewhere to the left and the detachment stopped.

Before the Coksuck knew it, their detachment was surrounded by a crowd of ragamuffins armed with crossbows. Egor cautiously put up his hands - what the hell, they'll poke him with arrows.

Fedka came forward and talked with them for some minutes. The ragamuffins disappeared as suddenly as they had appeared. Fedka waved, and the gang followed him to the mountainside. The grove was littered with paths that diverged in different directions from the mountainside like cobwebs. Walking along one of the trampled paths, Fedka led his ogres to a cave. "This is it, Alibaba's lair," thought Egor.

A cave? No, it was an underground multistory city, a large settlement, like an anthill. Torches hung on the walls of the grotto every few meters. It was a long natural corridor, then a huge hall, built up with tiered shacks, connected to each other by stairs and bridges.

Fedka left the squad at the entrance to the hall and disappeared into the alleys of the village. A few minutes later he returned with a bearded gnome and called after him. The squad looped through the cave between some buildings in half darkness. "Minotaur's labyrinth, my ass," thought Egor.

At the next turn the guide stopped and pointed his finger at the doorway of some incomprehensible building. Fedka's ogres took candles and flashlights out of their backpacks. The room inside was quite spacious. There was a table in the middle and bunk beds against the walls.

- A five-star hotel," said Fedka, "we'll sleep here.

Of course, Egor knew about the ogre settlements, but he did not think they were so huge. Sickelove repeatedly told him on the radio that in 2024 there was a zombie epidemic across the world, and that the worst hit were, of course, the United States and the European Union. This trouble did not pass also Russia, but, thanks to spiritual staples of the God-chosen nation, Russian people have suffered a little - only 40 % of Russians have turned to vile cannibals who have gone mad, have rebelled against the great Leader and have run to live in wood. Sickelove reassured the Scrapers, saying that cannibals are not a threat to stability and are only a temporary hindrance. They say, soon the Chinese brothers will help to destroy them, as they are helping Russia gratuitously - they are destroying the Siberian taiga.

No one was specifically engaged in the fight against cannibals. Coksuck brigades could not cope with such a strong enemy, and the Rosguardiya consumed a lot of resources, and it was difficult to send them out of the city. And no one knew how to fight in the woods and mountains and did not want to. And what for?

Sickelove told us that the ogres eat orthodox scrapers, catching honest scrapers, dragging them to their underground dens, dismembering, raping them, and eating them raw. But the local ogres, as Egor realized, did not eat human flesh at all. The underground city had its own rather large fly nursery, which functioned on the natural resources that the river brought. The cave-dwellers also kept underground pigs. The pigs were fed with maggots and grass. The maggots were raised on pig shit. The food cycle in the cave. Also, it seems, they have a goat farm in the woods - in summer ogres took turns grazing goats and mowing grass, making hay for the winter.

"They're settling in, and they don't even eat the maggots, they feed them to the pigs," thought Egor.

Fedka unpacked his backpacks, took out two iron shovels, and went somewhere for a long time. The ringleader came back with a heavy sack full of smoked fat and meat.

- So, ladies and gentlemen, tomorrow we rest, get cleaned up. Then we hit the road. Maybe the rain will stop.

## CHAPTER 5.

- As soon as we defeat America, another life will begin at once! Taxes will be lowered! They'll raise salaries tenfold, they'll give loans again! I'll buy sneakers first, and then I'll start saving up for a bicycle. I'll be fashionable in sneakers, on a bicycle, riding on the road, like a chairman...

- Yes, yes, - confirmed Boogieman, - but you'll have to be patient a little bit. In America a supervolcano will explode, and the dollar will collapse. That's when our bonded zero futures at the stock exchange will go up! The dollar is not backed by anything...

- Exactly! - I exclaimed.

- And do you know how much national debt the U.S. has? Huge, a billion billion trillion dollars! - Boogieman laughed.

- It's not funny! - I yelled. - The U.S. is just hanging on by printing dollars. They have no industry, no economy, they have no jobs, and all they have left are blacks and Mexicans and liberals. Faggots is flourishing and encouraged, everyone there is getting their ass handed to them, and it's considered fashionable. Gay pride parades...

- Sure thing, yes, that's right! It's a good thing we don't have that in Russia. Right?

- And look at what's going on in Europe? Nothing but Arabs. Sickelove says it's impossible to walk there. They slaughter sheep and rape Germans on every corner. And you know what's interesting? Germans don't mind being fucked by Arabs, because all Germans became sodomites long ago. It's the fashion in Europe to be a fagland, you will see.

- That's awful, it's a good thing we don't have fruitcakes, right?

- Why, we have them too, but we don't become cockerels willingly. In our country, those who have done something wrong are lowered by force, by decision of their superiors.

- Exactly. And power comes from God, that's what you said, isn't it?

- Yeah, if you mess up and the chairman blows a hole in you, it's your own fault and that's your fate.

- It's a complicated world with you double-faced idiots. Your God doesn't like faggotry, and your God-elected bosses fucking you whenever they want - how is that?

- I asked my priest about it, and he said: "God works in mysterious ways", - and in general, it is harmful for the bondmen to think a lot, because we do not have enough special knowledge. And you cannot think without knowledge, you can fall into arrogance, and you can displease God. I asked my father where to get knowledge, and he said that knowledge increases sorrow, and the less you know, the better for you.

- So why the fuck do you think then, scraper?

- Well, how not to think? What else is there to do? It used to be good, before the crisis, we had a vending machine with hawthorn tincture in our village - you drop a coin, you get a bottle, you drink it and you feel good immediately, you don't want to think at all. But now, they only give you alcohol on major holidays. That's why I think...

- What did you come up with?

- I didn't think of anything.
- What are you thinking about?
- What Sickelove says, that's what I think about. What else?

The field road ended, and we were back on the so-called highway, skirting islands of potholed asphalt and especially deep potholes. I held the cart in front, keeping it from toppling over, Boogieman pushed it from behind.

The corpse smelled like... like a corpse. Flocks of flies swarmed over our procession, and more and more with each kilometer.

Five times this morning we had to pull over to the side of the road to avoid Chinese tractors. Huge multi-ton machines, roaring with powerful engines, dragged long trailers with timber and containers.

- Boogieman, why is it that we have an energy crisis and China doesn't? They have electricity in all their towns and villages, and they drive cars. There's a tractor that eats so much diesel, it's scary to think about.

- Don't think about it, you have no special knowledge - you will become proud and God will punish you. It's bad for you to think - your job is to load soil into containers.

- You're always laughing and pussyfooting around me, but you never say anything of substance.

- That's because you should have thought of that 20 years ago. Ten years ago at least, when you could have made a difference. Now that's it, you don't have to think about it, you just have to be patient and go to the fly larvae shop.

In the afternoon we climbed the last hill, from which Abitofadrag town was visible.

- What is that, Boogieman? - The town was hidden in smoke.

- What do you mean, you can't see it? The pressure is low, the smoke isn't rising, and there's no wind.

- Where's the smoke coming from, Boogieman?

- Are you stupid or what? Something's burning.

As we approached Abitofadrag town, my pulse quickened. My heart was beating frantically in my chest. Panic was starting to overwhelm me. What was going on? The town was on fire in several places. I could hear crackling, shouting, and women's shrieks everywhere.

A tattered Coksuck in one boot jumped out of an alley and ran down the street. In several seconds, from the same alley a dozen of ragamuffins with knives and clubs in their hands jumped out and chased after the fleeing Coksucker. The pursuit was short - one of pursuers has thrown a club under Coksuck's feet, and he has fallen flat in a road dust. The ragamuffins came at the poor man with shrieks and gyrations, and began to beat him in every way they could.

And then I was as scared as I had ever been in my life. Terror paralyzed me.

- Boogieman, do you see that? What is it, Boogieman?

- The Cockssux have stabbed a Coksuck. But what kind of scrappers are they after that? They're already cannibals.

- Boogieman, are they going to kill us too? I can't run, Boogieman.



- Who the fuck wants to kill you? Stay here by the cart. I'm gonna find out what's going on.

I clutched at the cadaver carriage with my white fingers and didn't take my eyes off the carnage. The Cocksuck's body turned into a mess rather quickly. One of the ogres pulled a boot off the corpse, sat down, took off one boot from his foot and put on his trophy.

Boogieman staggered over to the rampaging cannibals and talked to them about something for a long time. The ogres waved their hands, pointed somewhere, and explained something to Boogieman.

Dammit, he's immortal, he doesn't seem to be afraid of anything!

- What happened? - I asked when Boogieman came back. - Is it the mutiny, revolt, Maidan? Like with the Ukrainians?

- If it was a Maidan, if only... Sickelove announced on the radio in the morning that the Kyrgyz-Tajik Horde had attacked Moscow at night, without a declaration of war. The Kremlin stoically resisted for seven minutes, but fell under the onslaught of the enemies. Part of the people's deputies managed to evacuate to decaying Europe, the other part did not have time - and the hordes massacred them. The leader, like a true leader, did not leave his state at the mercy of the invaders, refused to evacuate and hid in a drawer. The Horde found the leader and cut his head off, right on Red Square - your fairytale stability is fucked, scrapper. Sickelove said this was his last broadcast and called on the Scrappers to arm themselves and gather in the militias.

The world turned over in me, and I stood stunned, goggling my eyes.

- The governor said not to worry, and the mayor and the chieftain of that already fucked up town ordered everyone to get back to work - like it was all bullshit, the new Tajik-Kyrgyz government would be no worse than the old one. And the priest cut a crescent out of plywood, threw down the cross from the church, and put the crescent there. In general, the Scrappers rebelled, because the Cockssux began to beat them with lashes - and it force Scrappers to revolt, and Sickelove did not say, that it is necessary to be patient when somebody beaten you with lashes. So they revolt. So they killed the Cockssux, and the mayor, and the chieftain - in general, killed everyone. What the fuck, let's go...

- Where are we going, Boogieman?

- Let's go bury the body properly. The fly-fishing farm here burned down anyway.

It's called a state of shock - I was walking as if in a dream, where Boogieman directed me. I dug a hole with a stick, helped to dump the corpse, then buried it with my hands. The news did not fit in my head.

At the evening, sitting by the fire, I finally began to formulate mine thoughts:

- Boogieman! What to do now? How do I go on living? The leader had kept the country in an iron fist for 30 years, protected it, defended it. We'll all be lost!!! Tomorrow NATO soldiers will invade! And the Great Border Fence won't hold them back...

- You think too highly of yourself, you scrapper. You did not surrender for nothing to the soldiers of NATO, along with your Godhood, spirituality and traditions. You have nothing but hemorrhoids, lice and worms. And don't even expect a NATO soldier to come and do something for you. You're the one who got in the shit, so you get out.

- I don't understand you, Boogieman. I tell you one thing, and you tell me something else, in your own Boogieman language. Tell me in Russian, what do I do now?

- Do what you do best.

- What's that?

- Nothing.

- Do nothing?

- Yes, like you like to do. Do nothing to begin with. Then be patient, then do nothing again. Maybe it'll work itself out.

- Come on, Boogieman. What are you going to do?

- I haven't decided yet, but I have some thoughts.

The fire was crackling, sometimes shooting embers. Snowflakes flew above the flame and dissolved in eternity in a fraction of a second.

- Boogieman, do you think they'll put stones up the chief's ass when they take him to the fly larvae farm?

- I don't think so.

- Why not?

- More likely he'll get his asshole ripped all the way up to his ears.

Abitofadrag town burned all night. Revolted scrapers set fire to the City Hall, the fly larvae farm, the Coksuck outpost, and the barracks of those in power. Naturally, the fire also spread to the Scrappers shacks. The fires reflected red glares in the low-swimming clouds. A roar of distant screams and shrieks echoed through the night from the city.

Though I had been rather tired for the day, I woke up several times during the night and gazed in horror at the glow. It was frightening to think about the future. How should I live now? What would happen next? I wish I had some hawthorn tincture or gulp of sweet windex... This heavenly nectar instantly heals the soul and fills the muscles with divine power.

Once you drink it you realize at once that your truth is the most righteous in the world and that there is no other truth in the universe that could challenge your truth. And you are ready to crush hordes of enemies who doubted your Godhood. Oh, I could use a drink...

Boogieman woke me up in the morning:

- Wake up. Let's go to my base, I'll settle accounts with you for your help.

Over the past twenty-four hours, most of the city has burned out. I mean, the residential part, the private sector. The high-rise buildings were untouched, but no one had lived there for a long time. But the wooden huts were turned into heaps of steaming ash. Only the inhabitants of holes and dugouts were lucky. Fire did not touch their godly dwellings. As the proverb says, a hole under the latrine is a scapergoat's cantina.

Yes, the townspeople had a blast. Bodies were lying here and there in the streets of Abitofadrag town. Not to say, of course, that they were covered with them, but there weren't many residents in the town.

- I don't understand, why did they start cutting each other up?

- Why? Some people said they must be patient - the Tajik-Kyrgyz horde will come and put things in order. Others said - stop enduring it, we must gather in the militia and go to liberate Moscow. So they disagreed: some did not endure it, others did not militia.

- Boogieman, is that all? Is this the end of our great superpower? There is no more Russian's peace?

- How naive you are, you scrapper. As long as you are alive, the Russian's peace will be alive, because first of all it lives in you, in your head. After all, you are its carrier and distributor. Wherever you go and whatever you do - everywhere there will be a Russian's peace, because spiritual bonding is strong in you. Weaved, for example, booties from burch tree bark - that's a revival of traditions. Dug a hole next to the dugout, put over it a wooden booth with a hole in the floor - here's your spiritual staple cell. No one can ever subdue you and instill their faggot values - be proud of that, you scrapper. Be patient a little longer, soon Yellowstone will explode, and you will have a chance to spread Russian's peace all over the planet.

- Boogieman, are you laughing again?

- No, scrapper, I'm not. Nature has already laughed at you.

Abitofadrag town square was covered with corpses - scrapers, Cockssux, foremen of fly nursery in agroholding overalls - corpses that yesterday looked at each other with hatred, now, as if brothers, were lying in one pile.

- That's the way it is, a crossbones. Yesterday they were cutting each other, but today they are like brothers. And just think, the maggot eats them all with equal pleasure. The maggot is tolerant, he doesn't sort shit.

- Boogieman, what happens next?

- Nothing. You'll wait a little longer and go to heaven.

- What are you going to do now? There's no more fly larvae factory.

- I'll go to Mongolia.

## CONCLUSION.

The cave doghouse was warm and cozy. The ogres snored at random. The soft straw mattress gently crunched when Coksuck turned from side to side. Egor, though tired for the day, still did not fall asleep at once. He lay awake and imagined his future life in Mongolia. Mongolia, Ulaanbaatar... The dream of all cannibals and bushwhackers. The only country where there are no six-meter fences and towers with machine gunners on the border. Mongolia is a dream country, a free country with unlimited opportunities. Drink water from the river if you want, graze sheep if you want. You're your own king and god. If you want to do business, be my guest, no one's going to make you pay 120% of your income tax to the chief. If you don't want to serve the chief, don't serve him, and there are no chairmen. Do what you want, even if you have a camel.

All night long Egor was galloping on his horse over the boundless steppes of Mongolia in his sleep. I was surprised - when did I learn to ride a horse? After all, I had never seen these animals even close. Warm prairies wind was twisting his mustache and shuffling in his beard.

- Get up, Coksuck," someone strong grabbed Egor by his arms and legs and pushed him off the bunk.

In his sleep Egor saw Fedka's face on the side of the bunkhouse. The candle flames flickered, reflected in the eyes of the cannibal leader.

- The locals have found out who you are. They demanded that the whole village to look at you - maybe you did something bad to someone.

The strong hand of the cave-dweller grabbed Egor by the neck and dragged him after himself. The collar squeezed his neck. Egor tried to get to his feet, shouting: "I'll walk myself!" - But the ogre would not listen and dragged the uriadnik across the embossed stone floor of the cave.

It was light outside. The whole ogre tribe gathered at the exit of the cave. Egor was dragged to the clearing, put on his feet. One by one, the ogres came up to him and peered intently into his face. Some hissed curses through their teeth, some just spat silently.

- It was him, it was him! It was he who whipped my Mitenka to death with a whip! - some hunchbacked old woman in rags, pushing her tribesmen apart, burst forward, poked her finger at Egor, and shouted even louder, - It was him, I shall never forget him!

The ragamuffin waved her hand. Egor managed to see a boulder fly in his direction, quickly approaching.

The crowd roared.

A cloud of stones soared into the air.

## EPILOGUE.

Hello, my dear listener.

I decided to end this book on this note. Don't judge too harshly - this is my first attempt at writing and voicing. When I started writing, I planned to limit myself to a short story, but I got carried away. Especially for the book, I recorded several songs and did all sorts of sound effects. Don't try to draw parallels between the events in the book and our reality. The book is fiction, and the coincidences in it are coincidental. I wrote it for my subscribers on YouTube, and if I offended anyone's religious feelings, know this: I don't care, I didn't write it for you, and you didn't buy it from me.

I want to say a huge thank you to my subscribers for their moral and financial support. A special thanks to my subscriber from Yaroslavl for the gift of a tape recorder on which I dubbed the book. It's just that in Verkhnyy Skolenostanovo in Roskreprodmag no tape recorders are sold, and no one has even heard of such fag devices.

If I don't get into the punishing bottle of Russian justice soon, I'll probably write something else. Well, come on, crowbarbers, God grant you happiness, a house full of deadwood, and that your jar of hawthorn tincture never runs dry.

Semyon Skrepetsky  
2019.

## ABOUT AUTHOR

Semyon Skrepetsky is the pseudonym of a video blogger, musician, artist, and writer who hails from Altai Krai, Russia. He was engaged in architecture, farming, blogging, and painting. For his bright satirical anti-Russian activities, he constantly received threats of physical violence and criminal prosecution. As a result, in 2021 he left for Poland, where he received political asylum.

He creates paintings in the style of non-conformism. In his work he sharply criticizes the Russian political regime, Stalinism and the "Russian world" in general with the help of social satire. The total audience of the channels is more than 50 thousand viewers and readers.

You can see Semyon Skrepetsky's paintings on the website of the art gallery:  
<https://skrepeckiy.com/>

Translated by Alex Ross: «For my Good and respectable Friend – Semyon Scrapertsky».