

SOMETIMES, THE ONLY WAY TO FIND YOURSELF
IS TO LOSE EVERYTHING.

A NEW LIFE

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A NOVEL BY

A L I X A N

СОДЕРЖИТ
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ
БРАНЬ

18+

Alixan Alixan

New Life

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Аннотация

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Fight club

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A New Life

Life is not given to us only once; it is given to us anew every day so that we may understand. Each day we die, erasing our past selves, and begin life again, as if we were newborn children.

I, my name is Alexandr. Born in 1980. Now I am 20. I have a very different facial structure, skin tone, and my eyes are blue. When I walk, I limp. It is as if my legs below the waist are broken or giving me unbearable pain. No one remembers me, neither my family nor my other friends. I am an actor whom everyone has forgotten. I am left hanging in a life written as a void for myself. I can neither move nor think. My brain is frozen. It is like a fish with broken fins in an aquarium. Living like a corpse.

This is our home. Or rather, the old sofa, bed, and useless table and chair that I rented at the age of 20. An empty fridge. Is

there money to have something to eat? The fridge is empty. My stomach is so full of street scraps that sometimes it growls from emptiness and wails that I am hungry. What can I do, my friend? Unfortunately, you are my stomach.

I used to have a guitar. I earned pennies with music in the streets or in crowded places like the metro. I had forgotten my favorite pieces; now, whoever came made me play what they wanted for money. I was at the service of orders for pennies.

I had been in the metro since morning. Today, luck smiled upon me. I had enough money to pay for even 4 days. Today, I left the metro a bit early. I headed home. I took a taxi today. I had a lot of money; I was spending it where I wanted. Time passed quickly. By the time I reached home, 50 kopecks remained in my pocket. Now what will I do, but I had enough money to fill the fridge.

It would be right to call this money the dirtiest, most dishonest thing in life. Because it always makes us dependent on it. Even when moving, a person needs money.

Since ancient times, people created money first, then love. Love was created after money.

In ancient museums, there were very interesting, shaped currency units that were signs of money. In the traces of history, the mark of money remained everywhere. After all, what is this that has made us dependent on it? Actually, without money, everything would be meaningless. People would remain idle and unemployed, not knowing what to do. And perhaps humanity

would have died without ever being created. It means the Earth is spun by money. Its fuel is money; the living creatures that take in breath are people like us.

Very strange thoughts, right?

But this was the philosophy of life. Work and live.

There, I am at home. Who should I spend today with? Maybe a prostitute or... something. 50 kopecks left, oh you wretch, what can you do with this anyway. Whatever, I put the groceries I bought in the fridge. I prepared a beautiful meal with my kitchen chores. It was cooked very tastily. Truly, my manual skills were very good.

Maybe I should go work as a chef? Then my fingers wouldn't get tired as they did with the guitar.

Hello, what shall we do, what shall we occupy ourselves with? My cigarette is finished today. What will we do?

* I don't know, my friend, I don't smoke; I don't need it at all. You think.

* I am thinking, this useless brain of mine, neither a way out nor a proper result, I cannot think of any.

* You take it out and throw it somewhere; it's useless anyway.

* Why, does your brain work better?

* No matter how it works, we would have been caught in the last house, my friend. If we hadn't cleared out in time.

* That was your mistake. Your foot didn't stand straight, it hit the vase, and it broke. Immediately, noise upstairs.

* Yeah, it happened, whatever, let's not get angry, it's

something that happens. Let's steal bicycles, what do you think?

* How and where will we steal them? You know, in Genhand, there are long walls with stained photos on them. Pictures drawn.

* There is a place near there where there is no one. Like an underground passage. They keep bicycles in that place, which goes downwards and is locked with a lock that is not very useful, and they rent them out in the morning. It's not very dangerous, there is just one camera, and it looks to the side of the wall.

* So how will we get past the wall?

* We will go through the gap and steal them.

* Yes, it can be done. Good idea. Let's start the job now. How many bicycles will there be?

* There are many, since it's a warehouse, countless. Let's go now. What do you think?

* Alright then, don't forget the keys and the iron pliers, my friend. A hammer is also needed.

* Okay, you go out, I'm coming.

* Let nothing be forgotten, keep everything in your memory.

After he said that, I carefully looked at what was needed in the suitcase and packed it into the bag. And something caught my eye. It seems the pliers and most of the keys were not there. After all, I had hidden them during the last theft. How could they disappear?

* "Come on," my friend yelled.

* Be patient, I'm just clarifying some things and coming. There were only 7-8 hours left until morning. 3 hours to get the

bicycles out and do it without being seen. 3 hours were needed to hide them carefully as well.

Today is my daughter's birthday. She is turning 10. I am so happy. I don't know what to do. My friends are all gathered here with me, each one participating in this birthday with a gift and their loved ones. It made the celebration even more lovely. I love music. Today, we invited a musician with a guitar. His name is Alexandr. My friend liked his singing in the metro in the morning and invited him. He played very beautifully. I saw his hands moving over the guitar more seriously and better than the "sarkhand" [musicians] I listened to on TV when I was a child; he transformed the sounds into a pleasant performance.

Maybe let's test our guitar player.

* What is your name? Gabriel. Aha, great, now come here, you will play the piece I give you. If it's good, there is a restaurant; we will get you a job there. If not, I don't believe you can play badly.

* Fine, just tell me a chair and the name of the piece I will play.

* Come, let me give you a good piece, this is it, he let him hear a gentle piece sounding on his phone. The restaurant owner doesn't hire any musician without this. If you play it, you're ready.

...and that piece was so beautiful. When it sounded, it gave a harmony to every rhythm. This boy was truly a guitarist. In just the first minute. The stunned guests didn't know what to say.

* Gabriel, you are a genius. This performance should go down in history. Come, you continue, I'll record it on video.

When the performance ended, everyone applauded together. This beautiful performance had already enchanted everyone. The gathering continues. It is nearing the end. Someone entered the room. No one knew who this was. This man, wearing a gray coat and neatly polished shoes, had come for the guitarist. The restaurant owner had invited him as his special guest, just wanting to test him further.

* You must come with me.

At first glance, Gabriel was scared; this man looked like a spy or a murderer.

* Why should I come? said Gabriel, hesitant.

* The guests laughed. Everyone knew that this man was the restaurant owner's own person.

* "Aaa, our guitarist is very cowardly." Again, all the guests laughed together and began to talk among themselves. This gathering gave the atmosphere of a special reception in a real German country.

And Gabriel, not knowing what to do, joined him and followed.

The Restaurant Owner

And that great celebration looked even more magnificent than all the palaces where parties were held.

Again, because of his friend's fault, they were going to be caught on camera. One of the brothers walking in front was

running in a hurry with keys in his hand.

* Wait, where are you going...

* What happened? He stopped and looked carefully at his brother.

* There is a camera there. If you are seen, our job is finished, I will go down with you.

* Excuse me, I knew there was one just in front of the camera, there is one here too.

* There are in three places. If someone is on duty. If the camera monitoring team finds out immediately, our job is done. Wait. We have to find a long wire or something to cover the camera.

* Let's go back, this is a very scary job.

* No, don't be a coward.

* What will we do now if the guard is in his place? He will check us immediately. And our lives, which are already bad, will be in an even worse state. Let's go, it's not the time. If we get caught, what will our mother do? Do you want her to come to prison every day?

* What shall we do then? No, I'm going, you go back... Or stand on the side, tell me if there is any problem. Okay.

His brother went back from the camera in the warehouse. There were trash cans next to him. He rummaged through them. He found something long that looked like aluminum. He bent the tip and passed it through the fabric. He had to throw it onto the old fabric so that the camera would be completely covered,

otherwise they would see it.

On the very first throw, the piece fell onto the camera. Happy with this, his brother didn't go forward, but took a suitable piece from the trash can again. He continued with his next attempt. There were still two cameras ahead.

He solved one. Now two remained.

The little girl's birthday was yesterday. It is morning. She is opening the gifts given to her. The gifts include books, teddy bears, and rabbit dolls. After finishing opening them all, "So where is my dress, Father?" she called.

* It's a secret, not now, we will open it together in the evening.

He promised his daughter and immediately went outside, maybe to get into debt to buy the dress. Those who came yesterday were restaurant friends. All of them had brought gifts. Anyway, he went to the market and entered the department with children's clothing and 10-year-old outfits, looked at the well-shaped dresses one by one, approached the seller with the dress of the color she liked, and asked for the price.

* Only 50 Euros, it's not such a big figure.

* I don't have the money on me, maybe I can give it tomorrow.

* No, either buy it or get out of here. Do you think this is a free place for you?

* Is it possible for me to return it tomorrow?

* No.

* Is it possible for me to return it today?

* I told you no!

When he asked one more time, the seller grabbed him by the collar and threw him out. Falling face down, the father hit the ground, and his head split open. Blood flowed onto his face, and he slowly moved away from there.

* Why does only hunger bother me today?

The father, unaware of his blood, came home, entered, sat on the chair, and fell into thought. How will I buy the dress?

His daughter came running to his side, tapped on his shoulders with her fingers, "Father, Father, how beautiful, look, the toy, Barbie."

* Yes, it is beautiful, said the father, lost in thought.

* You, who are you, everyone is talking about you. Let's see your skill.

He placed a chair and invited him, "Please, I am waiting for you. Show me your skill. Sir, at your service." When he said service, "Neither I nor you are slaves. We are both free people." A while passed, the sound of the guitar performance spread into the room. It was as if the guitar's sound was spreading. And at this moment something happened.

* Sir, what happened?

* Your work is truly terrifyingly beautiful. This performance is like the Beethoven or Mozart of the piano. You are truly a genius, my friend. Your hands seem to bring a special harmony to the strings. You have specially revived and brought it to life.

But you cannot bring out that dead truth, you know which truth. The dead compositions of the past.

I am looking for truth more than music. There is a secret hidden there; when I find it, I feel comfortable. Come, let me tell you that truth. Hold your breath for a moment, end the thoughts in your world for a moment. Revive, go into the world filled with secrets under the sound of music, get lost there.

You know, my father would always say this, music is a work. Or it is a life. You have to hide among the sounds coming from its strings and unite with the sounds and voices.

* Look, I see this in you. You are talented. Come tomorrow, take care of your work; I don't like leaving work unfinished. Will you continue your work tomorrow or not? Say it clearly.

* Yes, sir. But how much is the salary?

* 800 Euros.

* Okay, I will come tomorrow.

* You are truly a good person, and believe my words, I said this. I am not praising you falsely, nor am I taking your time. Know that this is not a test. I don't bring fake musicians to my restaurant...

* Anyway, come tomorrow and start working, brother.

The manager, this person who had spent his life in poverty, knew the language of everything. He had built this restaurant with his own labor. He paid attention to every detail, to having everything in its order, everything in its proper place. He always walked around with a plastic bag. Because he feels nauseous from lack of air. Our manager, who has asthma. He was always in a coat, like Hitler of Germany; everything was special about this

man. It was as if every move he made, even the step of his walk, was special.

- * Hello, beautiful girl, how are you?

- * Hello, sir, thank you very much. What can I do for you?

- * Just bring me some cold water, please.

The girl, who ran for cold water, was afraid of the master. Because no matter how much of a smiling, pleasant person he was, he was also such a careful, strict person. He even looked at the dirtiness of the glass. Because for him, the first thing was the cleanliness of the restaurant and keeping it attached to the customers.

- * Sir, the Radelblers want to hold a party today because of this. They want to ask for your permission.

- * Do they have money?

- * No, they just want to hold a banquet for their daughter.

- * No problem, they can pay later.

The brothers finally stole the bicycles and took them to their home. To the house with small rooms. They took out the extra things in the room. They packed the bicycles inside and they will sleep outside today because there is no space.

- * Do you know what will happen to our mother if we get caught? Do you know why we are like this?

- * Because our problem is money.

- * And the only problem God created that turns people into servants is money.

- * Then let's do this, so our mother doesn't worry about us.

Let's abandon these dirty jobs.

And at that moment, the door opened. Police officers with weapons in their hands entered and told them, "Hands up," and took them outside. The inside was full of bicycles.

* But what will happen to our mother? one of the brothers asked.

* But how will our mother be, my brother...?

* Shut your mouth, to the police station.

Everyone has a desire in their heart, and that is what keeps life going. It carries people toward immortality; the light of the sun that is born every day with a new desire also rises from the desire within you to the far reaches of the sky.

Their mother did not know. Not about the children, not about the theft. She thought her sons were studying in the city. That they were students.

Furthermore, on the day of the theft, she was going to prepare a package and send it to them. Just at that moment, she heard the ringing sound, took the receiver in her hand,

* With a short, sad voice, as if she knew she would hear something bad about her sons, she picked up the receiver.

* Hello?

* I am Captain Daniel from the police department bothering you. I am calling you to your local police station in the town where you are.

* Her mother did not know what to do with the phone in her hand, she placed the phone device neatly in its place. Why is he

calling? What have they done again? These children don't even know what peace is, since they were kids.

* Now they must have fought, that's why he's calling. She put on her clothes and left this old house for the station.

The mother, the hollows of her eyes were clearly visible, her skin had aged, the beauty of her youth had vanished and disappeared. And when she spoke, she spoke with great difficulty. Old people should live comfortably, without problems, because they are face to face with death at every moment.

She left the yard.

Indila was a beautiful girl. Her eyes were black, her long eyelashes and coy look added to her beauty. Indila had been working in this restaurant for a long time. She was one of the female workers, she took care of the cleaning. Indila was far from her own homeland here, in another country, on the other side of the seas and oceans. Just because her mother and father separated, she moved and came here with her mother. Sometimes she also performed music. Her main job was washing dishes and working in the restaurant like other female workers.

One day, that is today, the restaurant manager called her to his side. He asked, "Do you know Gabriel?"

* No.

* I am talking about the guitarist who performed today. Did you hear his voice?

* Yes, but I haven't seen him in person.

* I want you to sing with him, you have a beautiful voice, don't

let it get lost and disappear with dishwashing.

* What can I do?

* You will just perform together today because we have special guests at the restaurant.

* Now go get ready, take this money, pay attention to your attire. The dress you buy should be such that everyone will like it when you perform.

Indila looked at the money, truly it was the first time she had this much money.

* Sir, I need a little,

* No, I am thinking of both you and, more than you, myself. Come on, don't be stubborn. Go buy a good dress. And also be quick because the guests will arrive soon.

* Indila, not knowing what to do...

She left. To the nearest clothing store.

Gabriel was at his work, fixing something on his guitar strings. The guitar had remained as a keepsake from his friend. He had passed away a long time ago. His friend always played more beautifully. Everyone watched him with admiration, and they went crazy in front of this beautiful symphony.

Maybe the secret was in the guitar, maybe it was in the guitar.

Gabriel had learned from him what he had learned. That is why the restaurant owner, Mr. Hense, had heard a strange soul, a strange atmosphere in his performance.

This guitar, which fills empty pockets on cold evenings of black nights, was truly an invention; every finger that touched it

found the path that led to the heart. This guitar, which gathered people on its own in the evenings, the people who stopped and stood for this performance in the metros were not stopping in vain.

Gabriel, who considered the guitar his life, would never part from it. In the end, everyone was happy and applauding.

In the mind of everyone passing by on the street, these performances found their place.

And here, the guests gathered. Everyone took their place.

Everyone in their place, women whispering...

In everyone's eyes, there was anticipation, an anticipation from a moment before.

The father and his daughter, not knowing what to do, were about to be hit by the ball coming from the front. The father quickly pulled his daughter aside. The ball hit the father's shoulder directly and fell to the ground, even though the ball hit with a blow slightly hurt his arm. But he didn't say anything. Because they were children. Since his own child was next to him, he didn't say anything. They are kids, they don't know, nothing will happen.

* The children who saw the ball were scared. They were afraid that if they approached, he would say something.

* Feeling this, he smiled at the children and said, "Don't worry." Come, take the ball. But don't play here, play on the side. The children took the ball with joy and moved away from there.

* Father, I also want to have friends.

* Listening to these words of his daughter, he felt a little sad, sighed about something, and watched the flight of the birds in the park.

* He took a piece of bread from his pocket. "Come, now we will play with the pigeons."

The girl quickly ran, jumped down next to her father, and was happy.

* To call the pigeons, he crumbled the bread in his hand and scattered it aside. The pigeons coming one by one slowly gathered here.

The girl took the bread, and like her father, she crumbled it with her hands and threw it to the pigeons. But the bread crumbs she threw fell close. "You play, I will sit on the bench and watch you, don't be afraid."

The girl was not alone today because the weather was hot and beautiful. Many had come to the park for rest. The father sat on the bench and was lost in distant thoughts. His mind was still on his debt. How will he pay so much money? The money was so much that to pay it, you would have to rob a bank or rob a family and run away. Even the end of these would be like this. Either crime or borrowing and falling into new debt. Now what debt will we fall into? The thinking Tenri, crime? Maybe I should apologize to the restaurant owner, let him give the money. There is no other way out. If the restaurant owner were a human person, he would give the money without thinking, just as a gift.

The girl threw bread crumbs to the pigeons and was laughing,

shouting, as if she were talking to the pigeons.

* Come, my daughter, let's go. You've played enough. Let's go home, the weather is getting cold.

* The girl was stubborn, wanting to stay with the pigeons for a longer time.

* Come, let's go, the weather is getting cold.

* Okay, let's go.

The girl's eyes remained on the pigeons. Thinking, she said to her father,

* Father, maybe let's keep pigeons, they are very beautiful. I would play with them every day.

* Okay, but today we have a lot of work.

The father's mind was still on the debt.

Along the way, not knowing what they would talk about, he was going towards home. The girl, on the other hand, talked along the way. She planned what they would do and where they would keep the pigeons.

Indila was choosing a dress for herself at the store. She had changed into various dresses. But she couldn't find the one she liked most. The seller brought various dresses. But Indila, who didn't like any of them, finally found her beautiful outfit. Surely everyone would like this outfit, which looked like a real wedding dress decorated with stones and beads. Indila chose the last dress she wore and then glanced at different shoe models. There was a lot of variety. Dresses, outfits, shoes, home goods—it was a real women's store. Both cheap and expensive clothes could be found

here in the town.

Time 14:35

The restaurant owner, next to the tables, standing next to the arrangement of the chairs and the people coming, greeting them, saying "welcome," as if finding a path to hearts. The restaurant owner was very careful; not a single mistake of everything would escape his eyes. He met the guests one by one and said "welcome" to everyone. And they always loved him for this simplicity. Simple and humble. Simple and a human person. Almost all the guests had arrived. Gabriel also finished tuning his guitar. The owner had told him that you would perform with the girl. He, without knowing the identity of the girl, was waiting for the girl. Indila found a room, changed her clothes, wore the stone-beaded dress, and came to Gabriel with the shoes on. The guests' attention was on the girl. Truly, this girl was very beautiful, in this outfit she looked like an angel. The guests were whispering, talking among themselves. Some looked inside. Some were busy with the food arranged on the table.

Gabriel's eyes were on this girl. He had never seen this much beauty in his life. This girl who came greeted Gabriel. She extended her thin, delicate hands to Gabriel. Gabriel was frozen, confused, not knowing what to do.

* Are you Gabriel?

* Yes, he stuttered, and you?

* Indila.

It is summer 2015, exam time. Sorry, I mixed it up today, dear

readers. Today is the day Gabriel and Indila first met.

* Gabriel stood up slowly,

* Please, sit down, he said.

* Don't bother.

* No problem at all, miss. Gabriel had lost himself. Now his mind was on the girl, or rather, on her beauty.

Confused, with trembling hands, he almost dropped the guitar from his hand.

The girl was a little confused. Seeing this sudden movement of Gabriel, she couldn't find why he did it suddenly. And then she smiled, "I think he saw me." Most of them do this anyway. "I'm already used to it."

Gabriel took the guitar in his hand. "Will you be able to perform?" The songs the owner told him. "Yes," the girl sounded.

Mother was at the police station. The sergeant called mother to his side, "Sit here, be calm, don't worry. Hopefully, your sons' situation will be resolved without any problems."

* I want to know what my children have done. After all, they are university students. Last time we had met and parted. There was no problem.

* Mother, by God, we don't know either. Soon they will call you. Be ready.

* Okay, my dear.

15 minutes passed. As time passed, the mother's heart was constricting even more. It was about to pop out of its place.

Feeling this, the sergeant went into the room of the captain of

the crime investigation department of the station.

* Hello, may I come in?

* Come in, what is needed?

* The mother of those two brothers who committed theft has come. She is very excited.

* Call her in.

Mother entered the room. "What is the problem with my two sons?"

* Mother, welcome. Please sit down. Listen to me carefully, I see how excited you are. Your sons don't have a problem, they just committed bicycle theft. They took the bicycles from the warehouse and hid them in the apartment where they live.

* Oh, what will happen to this in the end...

The father escorted his daughter home. He returned to the restaurant. A big event had happened in the restaurant today. Today the restaurant owner had called everyone for a feast, his friends living an expensive oligarch life. A little time passed. The feast began. Gabriel performed the music he was told with the guitar in his hand, and Indila's singing added more beauty to this stage. Now the father was here, he entered the restaurant with these broken thoughts and didn't know what to do. Because today the restaurant's tables were full, it was a big celebration. This man with tired legs. Slender, emaciated. The father, with hair covering his cheeks, was a stranger in this celebration. Everyone was laughing, the celebration of expensive people continued. Only the father was sad. What should he do, return back? Maybe

go directly and ask the owner for money. This man, who was standing by the door, was lost in thought and frozen. The waiter passed by me.

* Please step aside.

Why was this father, whom everyone was happy with, bad? What was he thinking about? Of course, the money. How much was the debt? 20,000 Euros. For this money, you would have to murder a rich family.

* Yes, please, he said, and moved aside.

* Who are you waiting for?

* No one, I'm just standing.

The waiter looked at my clothes and was a little hesitant, as if. "Just don't stand here, move forward, there's no fee in the front anyway, take your place, sit down, eat, drink. Looking at you, you look very poor."

* No, I wanted to meet with the manager.

* The manager is there, he answered, pointing with his hand.

* Thank you very much.

The father was lost in deep thought, how would he approach? He was still lost in thought, should I go or not? If he went, what would he say?

Should he say directly to give money? And the money is not in a small amount, 20,000 Euros is not just any money.

He thought, what should I do? I will ask later. And here, he finally approached.

The restaurant owner was watching the hall at his work.

Someone distracted this man, who looked carefully at everywhere.

It was the girl's father.

* Please, what do you need?

* Can we step aside and talk?

* Come on, let's go.

Kancay invited him to the VIP hall of the restaurant. There was a little silence in the hall. Neither of them spoke. Neither the father nor Kancay.

The father planned how to say his debts. Kancay was waiting for him.

This money had grabbed him so much by the throat that he himself didn't know what to say.

How to say, what to say.

Finally, Kancay spoke.

* Whatever you have to say, go ahead and say it.

Kancay showed his watch, "I have time until this time." His cheap watch's hands showed 5 o'clock in the evening. "When this clock finishes, they will kill me. Or my daughter," they threatened.

This man, who got up and looked at the clock, found that the hands of his watch actually showed 5, but he couldn't find at what time they would threaten him.

* They gave me time until 8 o'clock at night. I have heard about you from my friend.

* Who is your friend?

* Daniel.

* Yes, I know him. But you know that with such a simple acquaintance, no one gives anyone money. Wait, but I will help you, but you will work with us, okay?

* For a lifetime without pay?

* No, your salary will be given. Do you know why? Because you fell into debt because you didn't work. Many people know me anyway. My father was one of the millionaires of this city. It's an inheritance left from him, I also run this restaurant and a couple of other objects. The money you see as millions, I earn in days. Just come, work with us. And don't borrow, okay?

Police station, mother and children.

Two children, to be more precise.

His mother, sitting with her head bowed in this situation, didn't know what to do. Because she knew that if the money was not given for the sons and the bicycles were not returned. If the additional compensation was not paid, it would be heavy. Maybe a criminal case would be opened for them and they would be given a sentence of years in prison.

The mother, leaving the station with her head bowed, didn't know what she would think, who she would go to and ask for money.

She didn't know.

Ps. Dear readers, in this time I am writing, I don't know how the end will be.

But I am still continuing.

Happy reading to you.

The mother who came home along the street wanted to visit her sister. Her sister worked in the restaurant, in Kancay's restaurant.

Her sister's husband was not home. But her sister was home. A long time passed. It seemed to her. It was as if the mother, whose enthusiasm for living had fled, had turned her back on life.

* Why are you so sad?

* Sister, something happened. How are your children?

* Nothing, they are fine. She couldn't say that they were in prison. How would she say it, in what way would she say it? Wouldn't she be ashamed that they were thrown in prison because of bicycles? And not one, but two at the same time. With this wretched body of mine, where can I find the money? Where can I work?

* Tell me, sister? Why are you so downcast?

* If something happened, let us know.

* I just traveled a long way, that's why my heart is hurting.

* No, something happened, you tell me, if you don't tell the truth, I won't let you go?

* Today a call came from the station, both your sons are in prison.

* Who is it, from which station?

* From the station near Dimitry Street, apartment 45.

* From 45?

* Yes.

* Tell me, what were they thrown in for? What happened?

* It was theft from a warehouse.

* Then let them return the bicycles, maybe they will release them.

* They are asking for money.

* How much?

* I don't know, but the compensation is high.

* By God, I don't have that much money, you know that my husband is a laborer. I also don't work. We are spending our days with great difficulty. Otherwise, I would help you.

* I know, what will I do? I wonder if someone could help.

* Yes, a millionaire lives in the neighboring town, he hires people, I think he also pays their debts.

* What is his name?

* Kancay.

* Which city is that place?

* "Our restaurant," come, let me write the name on the phone, look.

* Yes, I found it, exactly here, Kalia.

* Help me tomorrow, let me go there, there is no other cure, at my old age what will I work at?

The book will continue.....

Kancay was interested in the cleaning work remaining from yesterday's gathering in the restaurant.

Everywhere, tables are being cleaned again.

Waiters and cleaning ladies were working without getting tired

of their work in this restaurant with a wide area.

The interior looked like old German cities. The walls, built like German villas, were decorated with allegorical pictures. In these walls, which had pictures of various animals, sometimes expensive portraits. Or it was painted with cheap forest pictures.

Approximately 200 workers were working in the restaurant.

Gabriel was again in his place, but his mind was still on that girl. Indila. It hadn't been forgotten. How she performed. It was as if the music spreading from his fingers had united with the girl's words and created a beautiful aura.

Both the words and the beauty added a special color here. In her blue eyes, it was as if something was hidden, as if she was calling out to Gabriel, asking if he liked it. Gabriel, without letting the eyes leave his memory, when he thought... Suddenly someone touched him. Gabriel, who was in thoughts, woke up to the touch. It was Kancay.

* What happened, are you okay? You are in thoughts.

* No, I was just checking the strings.

* You can tell me, a guitar without strings is like a person without shoes. It's as if a person is walking on muddy roads, his feet sink into it. Well, a guitar without strings also sinks into the mud.

* Yes, sir.

* What happened to you, you are downcast. A little thoughtful too.

* Just yesterday's gathering tired me a lot.

* I know, Indila is beautiful, maybe your mind remained with her, huh?

* If you want, I can set her up for you, he laughed.))

* No sir, forgive me, let's change the subject.

* Okay, busy yourself with your work, I'm wandering around here.

* Okay.

Just at that moment, Indila entered, and Gabriel saw that face again. Those looks were not ordinary looks, the heartbeat increased. The blood in the veins was already flowing in a different way. His hands were trembling, his eyes were on her face. "What is this," he said. Gabriel had moved away from himself. "Return, Gabriel, she is just a girl. Her name is Indila." Gabriel, correcting himself, finally seeing the girl approaching, to ensure she wouldn't know, thought and played with the strings.

* How are you, Gabriel, she laughed.

She knew that when Gabriel saw her, he would lose himself. And she knew that he seemed to love her, she laughed a little more.

* Thank you, I am fine.

Quickly, he lowered his head and was embarrassed.

* They say this guitar is different. It makes everyone who performs it famous or profitable. Is it true?

* I don't know, do you believe in the power in the strings?

* But the touch of the fingers is also needed.

* Of course, if your fingers are not good, the performance

won't be that good.

Mother, which mother whose children were still in prison. She came to the restaurant to Kancay with her sister for her sons in the town.

Surely she would either borrow money or God will smile upon us and make us happy.

They say Kancay protects every person from misery. He helps. May God keep him healthy, if only he would help us, so my two sons can get out of prison.

Her sister searched for the restaurant all over the town. The restaurant had been known by the locals for years; whoever you asked, they would ask "Kancay's restaurant" and show the place.

An old person was standing in front. Looking at the newspapers in front of the shop.

* Hello, elder, do you know Kancay's restaurant?

* The old man's color turned white.

* I don't know!

* Why did you say it so angrily?

* Because that person is deceitful. He puts people in his trap and deceives them. That's why I don't know Kancay.

* How does he deceive?

* The old man put the newspapers in their place and walked away without answering.

* This is a very strange old man, her sister complained. Let's go, maybe someone helped us.

Along the way, with her sister who was moving away, they

saw a cafe in front and approached.

* Yes, we know it.

* 100 steps ahead from here. There is our cafe next to it. You will see our long, tall restaurant. Look, that is Kancay's restaurant.

.....

We came. Finally, both of them entered inside with feelings of joy. Kancay was making one of the maids clean the floor at this time.

The maid and Kancay looked at the side where the door opened.

Two sisters were coming towards them.

* Hello, who is Mr. Kancay here?

* I am.

* What happened? he asked.

* Mr. Kancay, we have very serious business with you. We would be very happy if you helped.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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