

A movie poster for 'The Voice in My Head' (Голос в голове) by Alexander Chichitov. The background is a romantic, magical street scene at night. A young man and woman stand in the center, looking at each other. The man is in a dark coat, and the woman is in a light dress with a brown bag. The street is lined with ornate buildings and glowing street lamps. A blue, ethereal light emanates from the top, where the title is written in a stylized font. The overall mood is dreamy and romantic.

Голос в голове
Александр Чечитов

**THE VOICE IN
MY HEAD**

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«Автор»

2026

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Joy and fear go hand in hand. Christophe finds himself at the epicenter of events that change everything. He has a woman for whom he will stop at nothing. But fate has already placed the pieces on the board — and his move may not decide anything.

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THE VOICE IN MY HEAD

Doctor Richard Gemtrurg stared with a glassy gaze at the dark-blue X-ray image, only occasionally shifting his eyes to the young man sitting in front of him.

"Please tell me, doctor," Christoph began, bewildered, "is it just a migraine? Or something like that..."

In response, the doctor slowly got up and headed to the wide window, which was half-open.

"If you don't mind, I'll be completely frank. But I ask you to stay calm."

"You're scaring me," Christoph shuddered. "It's just a lingering headache, nothing more. Don't you get many complaints like this?"

Richard Gemtrurg turned away toward the street. The east wind was bending the tops of the maple trees in powerful gusts. Fresh air rushed into the room, flowing in cold, transparent streams over the doctor's white coat and gray hair.

"Dear Christoph, you're right: we have plenty of patients at our clinic." But not everyone's test results look like yours.

— So what's wrong with me?

— Right here, the doctor said quietly, pointing to the black spots on the image, "it looks very much like a malignant tumor. The biopsy we took earlier confirms this.

— Wait! Why did this happen to me? What could have caused it?

— Any of your habits... or nothing at all.

Christoph's head started hurting again, and it took an enormous effort for him to stay in the chair so he wouldn't fall.

"What should I do now, Doctor?" Holding back a wave of nausea, he asked.

— The council will meet on Monday. They will call you and inform you about the treatment plan. Don't take painkillers yourself. And most importantly, don't drive. In your condition, this can lead to irreparable consequences — for you and for others.

It took about an hour to get home. It was only half a street away from the bus stop where Christophe had almost fallen out of the bus. The heavy, scorching sun hung overhead, and the rare passersby huddled in the shade, seeking refuge from its blistering rays.

"Hi, Chris!" a familiar voice called out cheerfully. "What's the matter, old man, got drunk early in the morning? You're swaying as if you'd been run over by a truck."

Ан навязчивый aroma of coffee and cigarettes hung in the air. Opposite him stood a guy in a rich pink apron with "Café Galan" written on the back. There were a few small spots on the yellow T-shirt, and dirty blue crocs on her legs. He was casually flicking hot ashes onto the cobblestones, polished by thousands of boots.

— Hi, Otto! Christophe replied, barely looking up. "Maybe I should get drunk, but I don't know if I can.

"You look terrible."

"I know, Otto, without you. How's your work?"

"There were a lot of people this morning. I've worn my feet down almost to the backside. Now, as you can see, everyone has hidden away. Do you want a cup of coffee?"

— You know, Otto, I always loved dropping by your father's place when he was still alive. Now you own his little joint and you brew just as good. But I'm afraid that soon such get-togethers will be out of my price range.

— Come on, Chris. Not everything is measured in money." Come on, I'm buying. At the same time, if you want, tell me what happened.

When Christophe left the cafe, the yellow rays of the sun were already slowly sliding down from the streets, dissolving into the evening chill. The road home seemed endless.

— Where have you been, my love? Dora asked anxiously when Christophe appeared on the doorstep of the apartment. "I've called so many times, but there's no answer.

"I turned off the damn phone. I didn't want to see or hear anyone.

"And me?" Dora asked, pursing her pink lips and crossing her arms over her high, firm breasts.

Christophe hardly felt the pain—it receded, but not for long. His gaze slid over her legs and waist, covered by a thin translucent green robe.

—I..." he began quickly, but stopped, —I really wanted to see only you.

He wanted to be honest, but he didn't dare admit that even his beloved wasn't on his mind right now. The whole world began to look different. And yet, just a few months ago, he and Dora felt like the happiest people in the world.

After graduating from university, Christoph got a job as a physical education teacher at a school and worked there for almost two years. He liked the job, but, as is typical for a modern person, he was always short of money. There was no talk of a salary increase. So Christoph started working as a loader on weekends. He had enough strength and willpower to work double shifts, but after three months, he grew terribly tired of this workload. He still needed the money, but not at that price.

One day, when he and Otto were sitting in his father's cafe, his father suddenly said,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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