

The Tunneling machine

Written by Irina Harets

Tunneling machine

Boy

Voices (2 female)

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Tunneling machine: I am a tunneling machine. I have strong jaws ahead, I bite into the rock, I chew stones with my jaws. I am an insatiable punching machine, gouging an unfortunate rock, that stood by her own for centuries and chaste built stones. I bother everyone around: birds, rats, trees, especially centuries-old layers of stone. But I have a goal - the opposite side of the rock. I'm sick of taking the climbing equipment and falling off a cliff for centuries, forming new layers of rock from the bones. I just want to go through the rock without wasting my life stopping all my shoes. I don't want to give birth in caves, drink from puddles, wipe itself with a burdock. I want to get to the opposite side, and then come back. And then go through the rock again as long as I like. I want to feel the taste of victory, rejoice in the fact that I managed to confirm this with another passage through.

At the beginning it was cool, there was a starting adrenaline, a full fuel tank. The work made it necessary that my rear part sees the sun or the moon, has enough air, the front part furiously devours the rock. Maybe. My back can see the light and feel the wind. Somewhere in the middle of the path there was a collapse. There are kilometers of rock over me. I could want to become a rat to climb through the slots of this tunnel and go out into the sun. I could want to become a worm and bask in a moon shadow. But I am a tunneling machine, here, under kilometers and tones of stones. Behind is a collapse. In front is a blind wall, If rock only took the to breathe, just one breath and you crunch... God forbid her to sneeze. Then I found out what claustrophobia and a panic attack are.

Waiting. Well, come on, get down. Inhale or exhale. Fall, fall, a damned bitch, fall, fail on me. Silence. Waiting. Only an owl. Owl, you're a symbol of wisdom, aren't you?

Boy: She's just a bird. Do you want a tea?

Tunneling machine: With milk?

Boy: And with honey.

Tunneling machine: I want it.

Boy: Hold it. What's up with you?

Tunneling machine: Collapse.

Boy: What will you do?

Tunneling machine: I'll write a resume. It's a good time to write a resume.

Boy: Do not agree to a minimal.

Tunneling machine: OK.

Boy: It's like a storage cell.

Tunneling machine: A storage cell?

I am a tunneling machine. I have strong jaws ahead, I bite into the rock, I chew stones with my jaws. I am an insatiable punching machine, gouging an unfortunate rock, that stood by her own for centuries and chaste built stones. I bother everyone around: birds, rats, trees, especially centuries-old layers of stone. But I have a goal - the opposite side of the rock.

Boy: Yes, one letter, three numbers.

Tunneling machine: Is this code?

Boy: A cipher. But you know that cipher.

Tunneling machine: Just me.

One letter and three digits. The cell door slammed. Silence, so well. Not scary, even in the dark and in isolation. It's not scary... The air... we breathe, breathe, remember that I have gills, you just need to drink water and everything will work out. It worked out. The Tunneling machine has a gills. That's okay, no abstraction. That's how the car works. Suddenly they knocked. It's not a boy. He does not knock, has the right not to knock. Well, into the side wall, I thought. Maybe they'll give water through the crevices somehow? Even if I get flooded, I have gills. If they knocked on top, I would be scared.

Female voice: Do you hear me, are you slept with my husband?

Tunneling machine (hopefully): Are you asking?

Female voice: No.

Tunneling machine: That's when I thought it would be better to knock on top. It's at least clear, it's... What's in there? Is it more interesting? Is it warm, sea? No, let there be a river. River, you don't need salt, there's fish. You can breathe under water without heavy scuba diving. Stupid, I forget that I have gills. And fly, be sure to fly. I know how it is, I often fly in a dream. Easy and warm. And everyone is surprised: she knows how to fly. And you are, of course, I am unique, see how easy it is, I can surprise...

Woman's voice: You slept with my husband.

Tunnelecopal machine (hopefully): Are you asking?

Female voice: No.

Tunneling machine: And on a raft floating as it felt like a river, we kissed. We drank alcohol and kissed, and in the tent we making love, stumbled and tasty. I restrained myself from screaming, because I felt good, because only with him it happens so well. And in the morning we crawled out: happy and careless. And we crawled to the nearest stream of wine, so as not to be sick after yesterday, so that it was cool. This drug addiction. And then again a raft. A river that hurrying, and we are not. Bay leaves in the water. We knew it was algae, but for us it was a bay leaves. Warm dark water, a lot of water, clean-clear. White lilies, high falcon, heron, storks, at night screaming owls and owls, rain. And I see everything with your eyes. I'm under your skin, and you're under my muscles, sometimes under your bones. Banal expressions, they are often used to emphasize intimacy. I will use it because it seems to me that it is closest to my sensations. And then I'll come up with mine. There were people on the raft, strangers, different people, native people, but we were together.

Woman's voice: You slept with my husband.

Tunneling machine (hopefully): Are you asking?

Female voice: No.

Tunneling machine: We quarreled, grappled with horns , blamed each other, were angry, did not talk, but always slept together. I cried, he was confused, angry. Both slammed the door. We complained about each other to their parents, but when the night came we slept together. There was no meanness, neglect and real anger. At night we forgot who was to blame, pressed against each other, hugged. In the morning we pretended that the conflict was not yet over. We fight, we grappled with horns, we blame each other, we are angry, we do not talk. We sleep together. No meanness. If there was room for him in my storage... but he will have his own cell, or maybe he already has. We'll fly there together. I'm gonna laugh 'cause he told me how he was flying, like he was swimming. Boy... Who flies like that! it will be necessary to teach you so that without tension it is easy.

Woman's voice: You slept with my husband.

Tunnelecopal machine (hopefully): Are you asking?

Female voice: No.

Tunneling machine: In the grass that smelled of carrots, in the river, carried by the current, in the sea illuminated by salute, on its bed, on other people's beds, at home, away, in Prague and Warsaw, on an inflatable mattress and on a tree in the desert, and in the car. But the herb, smelling of wild carrots, was unforgettable. We smelled like carrots. We ran to the river to calm our tired and happy bodies, and fell asleep under the blue of the sky. How could you?

Woman's voice: Did you slept with my husband?

Tunneling machine: Do you ask or suggest?

Silence

Tunneling machine: And when we go to bed, I can look at his face and rejoice. Seeing him slowly fall into sleep. To think we both have to lose weight because it's getting hard. He's big, and I'm half him. He's big, and I'm small. It's bigger, I'm bigger, but the proportion remains the same. And our children are already wow, which means that we are not small either. Then, on the raft, one of the people was looking at me and wondering how you were doing this? You're so small and he's a bull, he's gonna crush you. He must have heard and been jealous. You must have heard, too. But I didn't see you after us. I told you, he's great. He covers me, and sometimes covers for me. And I'm for him and for his sake, I appreciate it. More than 20 years.

Woman's voice: You slept with my husband.

Tunneling machine: You need to change the cell and the cipher. Although with age you remember new passwords so hard...

Well, what's in there... It didn't collapse. I'll drink tea, I'll continue the resume. What is this owl scaring? The Guardian of underground wealth, as sources writes. Well, I'm under a rock, maybe there's some wealth. Exactly. Wealth. This is what the whole situation indicates. I actually like owls. Companions of sorcerers. What a great owl Harry Potter had. White beauty. The boy said that he had owls. Not a very interesting bird, he says, crows are more interesting. And once an owl almost cut his face with her claws, protected owl's chick. Ornithologists they're so... are cynical, as are doctors. Resume...

Stress resistant, creative, kind.

Knock

You conspired, I have a collapse, the rock is about to collapse over me a kilometer away, a resume, tea, and you knock.

2 female voice: Ask me how I am here?

Tunneling machine: No, not you. I won't ask, I don't want to.

2 female voice: Because you are selfish.

Tunneling machine: Okay, I agree, I'm selfish. Although I did not sleep with your husband?

2 female voice: No, I didn't have a husband, you sterilized me, forgot?

Tunneling machine: No, but...

2 female voice: What but... it is not but, it is a sentence.

Tunneling machine: Sorry, it was a forced measure.

2 female voice: No, I'm sorry.

Silence.

Tunnel machine: Did you want to have children?

2 female voice: I wanted to have this opportunity.

Tunnel machine: Did you have a good time with our family? Because you were welcome. We loved you.

2 female voice: You loved me, but moved me to the dogs.

Tunneling machine: We all moved to the dogs.

2 female voice: And only I suffered.

Tunneling machine: Not true, it was difficult for everyone.

2 female voice: Why did you settle me with dogs?

Tunneling machine: We all moved to live with them.

2 female voice: Then you euthanize the dog. Insisted.

Tunneling machine: She was tormented and barely breathing.

2 female voice: Then people got another dog. Then they euthanize me. Why?

Tunneling machine: I gave you a walk on nature, be free.

2 female voice: You treated the dog, did two operations, but I was euthanized.

Tunneling machine: And I loved you like a little girl, like a child.

2 female voice: You gave the majority a chance, treated.

Tunneling machine: They had chances.

2 female voice: What about me?

Tunneling machine: And you had a tumor.

2 female voice: And you had a tumor.

Tunneling machine: You have an inoperable...

2 woman's voice: The child would not be euthanized.

Tunneling machine: I did not euthanized. But. When they suffer, it's worse.

2 female voice: Ask, how am I?

Tunneling machine: I try not to remember you, when I see you in the photo it hurts me. What do you think?

2 female voice: I am not.

Tunneling machine: But you talk to me.

2 female voice: Heard about phantom pains?

Tunneling machine: Yes.

2 women's voice: Have you ever had them?

Tunneling machine: No.

2 female voice: Well, now there is.

Tunneling machine: Forget. Forget. Something unique in the resume to add. Something that always worked for me. Resume, resume, I...

I know how to work in virtual reality. In the primitive helmet thing, that they put on their heads and take control panels in their hands. I have my own device. I'm looking for a house for them. I can find a house for you, but it will still be my

house, and you will have a choice whether you want to live in it or not. Some live in my house as a long guest, some refuse. Keep this in mind when hiring me.

My flower has a beautiful text about the home. She wrote it by hand and lazy to type. When it was ripped out with a roots. Again the banal phrase - ripped with a roots. How many years of war and how many ones were torn out with a roots. I hear this phrase so often. Then I stopped reacting. This is such a block, I know what a block is. This is when you go through the bomb shelter, and they tell you, - All the first classes sat here for several weeks.

You see shabby walls, desks, some beds and you don't feel anything. It would seem that children - react, shudder, cry, fight in hysterics - nothing.

Then the parents came down, they say, there was nowhere for the stone to fall. Zero reactions.

One toilet for everyone, clogged on the next day.

Zero reactions. They tell some more ferity - zero. And then you see the door, it says "careful, dogs," and you're like this:

Oh, what about here?

And in response:

Dogs, you're not leaving them, you're responsible. It's not kids, of course, but... so all the owners brought them together and closed them in this room.

Then my roof blew off. No one noticed this, because I am stress resistant, I have already written this on the resume. But I didn't have a block on the dogs. Now there is. Now there is a fuse in this topic. But there is no house. It's still unclear where I am? Where am I from? What am I for? They burned napalm in memory of the genus. What's my great-grandmother's maiden name? I will never make up a genealogical tree. How did they manage to preserve memory, language, traditions in the West? They were pressed no less than the center or east. Or maybe more.

When you walk along the empty beach of Egypt, you are the king, because there are few tourists like you. Bedouins are running after you and asking for money. This reminded me of the scene of Bender and Kisa, in "12 chairs." "Give me the money! Give me the money!" Bedouins run after my boy, who is still white, not tan, which means the first days on vacation and potentially with money, and start well to process it.

You tell me we were drunk.

Tunneling machine: Well.

Boy: And that we were ready to purchase everything.

Tunneling machine: Early days.

Boy: So there are early days. There is not much money.

Tunneling machine: So why did you promise them everyone!

Boy: They asked so. Tell people in Egypt not to drink local drinks, let everyone buy in Duty Free.

Tunneling machine: I'll tell you.

Boy: And about scuba diving.

Tunneling machine: Good.

Boy: About the desert, just dirt.

Tunneling machine: Dirt.

Boy: And as you said to the Bedouin: Don't touch my husband.

Tunneling machine: So they stuck around you... It was funny.

I told you, I have gills, so I don't need scuba diving. Tunneling machine enters the underwater diving point. There are Egyptians. And nearby are the Polish: Chesha, - the Bedouins say to the Polish, and continue communication in Polish.

"How are you doing," they turn to me? "I'm doing well," I answer. - You know that we are from Ukraine.

- YES, but you understand very well in Russian.

- Polish too.

- What do you want, woman?

- I will not communicate with you in Russian. But I don't know English well. I teach it a half of my life and I don't know English well. We must endure. I'd rather talk and understand English when drunk. But you have a problem. I'm sober.

- Fuckkk, - extended the Bedouin. And he looked at my boy with the hope of help.

- Glory to Ukraine, - the boy grinned.

- Glory to heroes, - shouted someone from a distant corner of the room... There are few tourists, because the Moscovites were told that they should not go to Egypt, there are terrorists, that is, when they allow the Russians to put their military bases on their territory, then there will be no terrorists in the country, there will be friends - Egyptians. And Bedouins suffer, because a Russian tourist is a large piece of bread. They know Russian for him.

"What are you!?" says the Bedouin, "You are fighting, you are brothers, you need to find a common language."

"You have become brothers with Israel," I ask.

Silence. Many tourists from Russia rested in Egypt.

"And I can both in Ukrainian and Russian," says our guide, "I'm from Kiev.

- In Ukrainian, - we ask. -No difference, - the tourists in the group answer. - We too from Kiev.

- Perfectly, so, we wanted to open a Ukrainian school in Hurghada. Asked for help from Ukraine. She said she could supply us with the Ukrainian flag. But pay attention to which mosque.

Who am I? Where am I from? Why am I? But dear employers do not pay attention. I'm the one practicing skill. I know everything, I am able to do everything and if I am not able, then I will learn. Just don't offer a minimal. So got it. To do high-quality, emotionally and energetically costly work for so little money. Do not retrain me as a programmer, someone needs to be in this world not a programmer.

You see, I know how to make a moan high-quality, complain effectively, touch the nervous endings. Tears and snots flow in streams, and cleaners drive them into rivers with mops. In the rivers they are baptized and begin their crusades. Well, it's time to remember God. The one from the capital letter. When there is no way out and no help, everyone goes to that capital letter.

"Daughter, you need to repent," Mom said.

"Why?"

You need to repent, otherwise you can't bear the child, you see, from the second month on preservation, she insisted.

- And what to repent of?

- That you are sinful.

"Mom, what am I sinful about?"

"I will write to you on paper, and you will read to the priest.

I read everything and was surprised.

"And what?" Is it my fault for everything you wrote here?

- Amazing. I didn't know.

- You read, nothing will be superfluous.

"Yeah, I'll read it, Mom.

"Read it.

"Why should I say all this to this masculine and unpleasant man?"

"He's an intermediary between you and God.

"What if your God doesn't hear me without him?"

- So it is necessary.

"To whom!" Mom!?

I'm a tunneling machine. In my tunnel, even with a collapse, it becomes pretty. No one sees scars. And I'm so super duper. Everything knows how, I know everything, I guessed everything in the world. As for me I am wiser than an owl. No, I'm an owl. I'll get to the bottom of it, the opposite end and see the sun. And then I will take excursions to my children and grandchildren. I will have an interesting excursion, but on the excursionists there will be protective helmets, like at a construction site. Because expositions, locations, routes are dangerous. Take care of yourself, babies, here grandma met... Mirror. Fishing. The fishing rod is in my hands, and the float floats in the mirror. Pecks, pull! Who got on the hook here? Yes, kids, they put on helmets because mom-grandmother pulls out... plaster...

- Roller skates? - with a mixture of emotions from amazement to "Oh, my god! what assholes!" the doctor of the trauma center asked us.

"Roller skates," we nod joyfully with our heads, swallowing with a laughter.

- Childish!?! - clarifies the doctor.

- They stretched for 45, - with delight in voice reported my, then another 30-year-old boy. - Stretched, - the doctor repeated, - professionally examining the immobile leg of the boy. "Why are you filming this?"

I, barely holding the camera, which tremble with fits of laughter, explain:

- It is possible to fix the whole process, from how the roller skates stretched to how the boy stretched.

Clearly, the doctor simply answers, looking at the X-ray. - The radiologist complained to you that you laughed in the office, he could not fix.

We just have a bout of laughter.

Don't you hurt? - the doctor asked the boy again with surprise.

It hurts - the boy answers with swallowing tears of laughter.

And don't you feel sorry for him? - once again the doctor appealed to my adequacy. It's a pity, "I laughed in tears," but you would see... Or rather, if you heard her train to pronounce the letter -RRR-. Because dad (points to the boy) said:

I will buy rollers skates, if you say not loliki skates, but rollers skates. She begged it, and it turned out, and she still has two. But there was no such size of rollers...

So you bought 45... -

We have an attack and tears again.

- No, we bought the elder, for her birthday.. today, "I say.

- For the elder one - the doctor asked again - And why did I ask? "

She knows how to explain, pros - the boy laughed.

Okay, the doctor exhaled, we went to set it. I do not allow filming.

I'm a tunneling machine. I am a strong, stress resistance machine that sees the target and goes to it overcoming obstacles.

Boy: Did you tell that we were boozy?

Tunneling machine: No.

Boy Why?

Tunneling machine: I am always ashamed.

Boy: But I'm not.

Tunneling machine: I know.

I know how to take glucose alcohol in the veins. It was once a common practice to stop preterm birth. The uterus relaxes and stops shrinking, the child has a chance to mature. And now the child is standing in a protective helmet on my excursion and watching me throw a fishing rod in the mirror, like in a river. There is a wonderful expression: God gave mother - he will also give a psychologist. Look at me, kids! That grandmother mom caught. Come on, pecking at maggot. What's on my hook? It's a chair. A regular chair, but with a hole in the middle. Why? How why! It is convenient to go to the toilet when you cannot reach with your feet. I can skillfully raise a person and put him there. I looked at the slot how my grandfather does. He holds Grandma's shoulders, nothing she slips, she's not heavy, she doesn't have one leg even. By the way, when I saw an uncle in our yard with two legs and crutches, I sincerely asked: Why do you need crutches? You have two legs! Grandma doesn't have one... Uncle laughed, and went on, relying heavily on crutches. Already I think cerebral palsy, or paralysis, but then I was just surprised. And when my grandmother still had a leg, I ran after the burdocks. Because burdocks, as my mommy grandmother said, because she has been babysitting me since I was 8 months old, because burdocks soften the pain. Do they really relieve the pain of sarcoma? This is because grandmother lived a lot in the country, under high-voltage wires, "mom-mother explained to me.

"Manechka," I remember grandfather despair, " Manechka, say something", grandfather seated the limp body , the pain of it was already adjusted by drugs, on a chair. "Manechka..." And then Manechka's corpse was on the balcony, and my dad, Manechka's, was the eldest son, grated a horseradish nearby. Because at the funeral you need a horseradish for jelly. Grandmother-mommy called me "curutyshechka." I've never heard anyone say that. Maybe, she came up with it herself.

And then on that chair with a hole, and I myself seated my mother's body, pierced by pain. She apologized for spending so little time with me as I was a child, she damned the Soviet system forced her to go to work, otherwise she would be a parasite. "And you were so sickly," this is about me, "Grandma called me and we waited for an ambulance together because you were dying. You were dying, no other way.

I should have been more in your life, "she never said the last phrase. What I still need. Tunneling machine: I just started complaining! Yeah, how I want it, how I want it! Why are you interrupting? Why you just need to talk about how damn successful, creative and beautiful you are. Why is it only interesting when you are a tunneling machine, not a broken old motorcycle block?

Boy: He will knock and stop.

Tunneling machine: It will not stop, it is scary, it is from above. It's a rock cracking.

Boy: Bruise!

Tunneling machine You don't understand, this is a collapse, I'm already under a collapse.

Boy: Don't yell.

Tunneling machine: Everyone says do not shout and you are there. You're becoming like everyone else.

Boy: I am like everyone else. I want to support you. But there are situations where you are on your own. I can't help you. Want some tea? You want Africa? You want wildlife? I can. But here you are...

Tunneling machine: On its own. Stop knocking. I got it. Shut up, you hear me.

The knock stops.

Tunneling machine: To say that I am afraid of a cancer is not to say anything.

The chair was dismantled. And then they were again assembled and put in a tent camp as a very convenient device under which a maggots breed.

I'm in a tent camp, my veins have black water flowing through my river. I am almost happy because for several years I lived in another region where there are no such rivers, a little water. What was called a stream in childhood is called a river in this region. I was sorely short of water. I didn't even save the pool. I have different veins on my two hands. On the left - the dream of a drug addict, any medical manipulation will be successful, and on the right - the vessels hide deep and reliable. Like water in another region. And the body is one. The body lies in a hammock, it is covered with a warm blanket, the body shakes, the body sleeps. For anesthesia was recently injected into the body and the doctor warned: "If cancer - I will remove the lymph nodes along with the organ." In the hammock lies a body without an organ and lymph nodes. And next to it is a chair with a hole in the middle. This is the throne, it is convenient for vacationers. Near my wide vein-vessel-river tent camp with chair and hammock. Come on, my psychologist suggests, put an imaginary chair nearby, and put all your cancer experience on it. What would you like to say to him? That's where the hilarious.

Tunneling machine: Faugh! I know.

Boy: Brave girl. Let's go swimming. You like swimming.

Tunneling machine: What about storage?

Boy: Well, I don't know... either get out or take it with you.

Tunneling machine: What about the collapse?

Boy: Oh... don't mind it! Well, there is one. You can turn back. It's easier, but the Boers are in front. Tunneling machine: I'm coming.

Then, underwater, on the 3rd dive to coral, when I was with gills, without scuba diving, I was attacked by panic. "Vira!," I show the instructor with a characteristic gesture, "Vira, quickly", the gills do not work, I suffocate." The Egyptian instructor quickly lifted me to the surface and there, waiting for me to swallow the air and calm down, said:

"You had a panic, you need to dive again. For if you do not dive now, if you do not overcome yourself, you will never dive again in life. "

My gills opened and we plunged into corals.

I thought it was cool people came up with punctuation. What you will put at the end: an exclamation point, a question or just a point...

Translated by Evgeniy Markovskiy