

Taciturnity

How little we have to say! How simple our language has become! Very rarely do we say more than one word. And how many accompanying words parasites, making speech monotonous. Typical topics for the conversation. So typical that their absence would not lead to any damage. After all, all the information can be taken from the Internet and without speech, just writing a word in a line... of Course, the twenty-first century is the age of the word... One word.

- Passport! - cheerfully proclaimed the Bank Manager.

- Passport, - I said, handing it over.

This Manager worked so briskly and lifelessly that he looked more like a Nutcracker than a man.

Then he showed me the brochure.

- Interested?

- No.

I continued to look at the pictures on the walls of the Bank.

-This?— he said, serving the second.

- No! - I answered, adding emotion to the verbosity.

He put the Bank card on the counter.

- Ask?

-Thank You.

I left the Bank. On the street there was a heat like the thick paint on the canvases of the Impressionists. I was hungry. "Where to eat?" the thought was spinning in my head. And here catches sight of a small cafe, comfortably veiled in already beginners the yellowing of the lilac bushes. Crossing the street, I entered the cafe.

- Menu?

- Menu.

- I recommend it, - the waiter said, pointing to one of the dishes.

-No, - I said after a moment.

A little run through the eyes of the menu, I finally made my choice.

-This, - I said, pointing to the menu.

- Very well, - he answered, running his pen in his pocket - book as a Wagtail runs its tail over the ground.

By the time you need has long been to move to work. But there was no pull at all, quite the contrary. But stay on the street, on this anomalous autumn sun, too, not like. I hailed a cab and got in the back.

- Where? - the taxi driver asked.

- Address, - I said, twirling the map on the touch screen in the back of the front seat.

- Got it, - the taxi driver said, looking at the on-Board computer screen, where the destination was displayed in a large, zoomed-in model.

On Zaostrovsky Avenue my "yellow crew" was met by a traffic jam of unprecedented magnitude.

"No time to wait, I'm so late, there comes"

- I'm getting out, - I said to the cabbie, handing over the amount on the on - board computer.

On the street since then, she became even more hotter. "Of course, in taxi the worked air conditioning, here is and seemed, that on the street can be lie, and why I seceded from taxi." In these reflections I unhurriedly having until buildings lobby station subway, more accurately anodyne past him.

A ragamuffin was circling the subway, now and then, pestering passers-by.

- Smoke? - he rushed to me.

- No! - I answered.

- Sorry, - he said.

It was nearly noon. The sun was shining in full force. The city itself seemed to melt in the heat, slowly turning to yellow jelly. "Not already whether in this year Golden autumn has turned into autumn drought, little, that rain not was so already the second day this heat and most a shame, that..."

- You don't know how to get to Gaworska street? - a middle-aged woman asked me.

For a second or two I thought about what she had said to me. "But why does she talk so much?"

- That way, - I said, pointing up the Avenue.

- A understandable, thank you large! - she yelled and ran forward.

Slowly going forward, I continued to think: "She is the first in a week, and maybe a year told me more than one word... she's kind of strange. What was I thinking? Ah, Yes... this heat, as autumn can be such a weather?" So I went on, dropping thoughts on the asphalt, which now and then mercilessly warmed yellow and low autumn sun.

Bio-note:



Dr. H.c. Natalie Bisso is a poet, novelist, essayist, and songwriter. She is the author of 13 original collections, more than 150 songs, and co-author of more than 200 anthologies. The poems have been translated into 45 languages. Founder and President of the International Literary Association "Creative Tribune". Doctor of Science Honoris Causa.

HONORARY WORKER OF WORLD LITERATURE AND ARTS" with the award of a silver badge. Corresponding member of the International Academy of Sciences and Arts. Academician of the International Academy for the Development of Literature and Art; Academician of the International Academy of Russian Literature. Included in the book "50 unforgettable women of Europe." Member of the Senate of the Federation of World Leaders, Honorary member of the World Federation of Leadership and High Intelligence A.C.; OUTSTANDING SCIENTIST FROM THE CONSORTIUM OF the International Academy of Ethics in India. She was included in the Platinum Book of the SPSA for active creative advancement and great success in her work. She holds many honorary titles of "MASTER" and "MAESTRO" from different countries. She is an honorary member of many Writers' Unions around the world. She has received awards, orders, and medals, including those under the auspices of UNESCO.