

Alive house

Chapter 1

So, he could really be called an oddball...

Not as naturally as Professor Trelloni from "Harry Potter", but in any case an extraordinary person. This is not just my opinion, many people have thought so. His work colleagues, with whom he could not find a common language for almost two years of work; his acquaintances, with whom he rarely saw each other and even during such meetings he always allocated a small amount of time, which he never violated. Even his neighbor Mrs. Stoyanovych considered him aloof because he never gave her the compliments she often needed.

Even on dates it was not easy for him to be a real gentleman, it seemed that he was trying to squeeze out the last drop of gallantry that still remained in him.

At work, he always managed to attract the attention of disgruntled management:

- You didn't come to the weekly team building again! - shouted Mr. Wojciechovsky, whose upper lip was twitching from anger and his cheekbones were playing, and sometimes it seemed that a crack might appear on his face.

- I forgot about him, - answered Oscar completely calmly.

- Do not lie! On Friday, I reminded your department about him and the fact that attendance is mandatory - Mr. Wojciechowski tried to break Oscar's extraordinary calmness and make him feel ashamed for his actions - and you, as usual, ignored! Do you understand that this is a requirement of our corporate psychologist?!

- Everything is fine with my psychology, - a clear answer was heard.

- If I were you, I wouldn't be so sure! In general, you will be fined for this emission and it is irrevocable.

Oskar, seeing no point in continuing the conversation, gathered his things and went home. Another working day "counted", as he often liked to say.

To be honest, he did not see the job at the toothpaste factory as permanent, as his final stop. In his almost 20 years, he managed to get a rented apartment, an old Ford, and a Falkland bull terrier. After finishing school, he decided to take, as it is called in America, a "gap year". In general, he had a rather specific view of the benefits of academic education. He believed that the modern world will soon simply not be able to withstand the number of people with academic education. Nevertheless, in the future he saw himself only in the field related to space. He liked not only to admire the boundless dimensions of the universe, but also had a clear conviction that in the distant future humanity will be forced to leave the Earth, moving to another planet.

Most interestingly, he had a self-made metamap at home where he tried to paint in detail what would lead him to his dream of becoming a space entrepreneur. Why not

scientists? He was convinced that there is less and less time left for frank theorizing, so you need to try, try, create, fail, so that at least the next generations of entrepreneurs take into account his mistakes and do not allow them in their own work. Therefore, it is absolutely not surprising that his favorite author was Isaac Asimov, whose collections of works took pride of place in his library.

It cannot be said that he was a skeptic in many matters, but in some cases his desire to break everything into atoms led to rather unusual quintessences that sometimes surprised him. So, for example, he believed that people will never know, despite the level of scientific and technological progress, who created man. In his opinion, to give this truth? For example, if it were scientifically proven and confirmed by facts that man was created by God, so what area of human life would it benefit? It would not help to invent a cure for cancer, or to create a colony on the moon, or to shut up all the politicians of the world who want to fight against their neighbor. He had this weird idea that people are computer game characters that run around, earn points, and finally, where would you see computer game characters know who made them, really, because they don't care .

On the way home, Oscar was completely "agree" with the weather that stood outside the window of his Ford and, it seemed, she also did not understand the reason for the fine for unnecessary team building.

At that time, a gray autumn day reigned in the world. He brought sadness to anyone who dared to succumb to this mood cities immersed in depressive apathy, faded trees that did not radiate the joy and incessant movement of the summer season. It seemed that the whole world at that time was caught in the lens of a black-and-white camera, and therefore all other colors would simply dissolve under the influence of one solid black cloud, which was ready to float for an eternity and in the future, covering the sun's rays, preventing the earth from being illuminated. . Entire capitals found themselves in such a general, all-absorbing atmosphere of immeasurable longing, and therefore such iconic buildings as the Escorial or Schönbrunn simply blended into the gamut of nearby buildings, and what to say about small towns and cities, one of which Oscar lived in.

Lately, he has started to feel bored with work, monotonous schedule, and some other things that can be classified as "routine" with absolute certainty. He automatically started scrolling in his head about his future routine, and this did not bring him the slightest comfort.

The radio broadcast news about refugees, show business, and elections in the United States. It seemed to Oskar for a moment that soon the problems of refugees will be taken care of more than the problems of the inhabitants of Europe, in principle, as now.

He drove up to a small two-story house. His apartment was on the second floor, so he, taking his mail, began to climb slowly and lazily upstairs, as if counting the steps one

by one. Falkland was waiting for him outside the door, who was always lying in the corridor when the owner arrived. Throwing his jacket somewhere deep in the closet, Oscar threw his things and mail into the living room, and he himself went to the kitchen to get something to eat. Today there were only a couple of advertising booklets and one letter from the post office. "Again from the insurance company," thought Oskar, but the address was written in Ukrainian on the outside. Oskar opened the envelope, which contained two letters: one in Polish and the other in Ukrainian.

The following was requested in the letter:

“Dear Sir, Oscar!

Before her death, your grandmother, Melania Zahirska, in her will, bequeathed to you her house at address_1. To accept the inheritance, you must appear before a private notary to receive the following instructions.

Notary”

Of course, Oskar had a grandmother who lived near Boryslav, Ukraine, but due to circumstances, they did not communicate much. It cannot be said that this news made him rejoice, since he had more uncertainty from such an unexpected turn of events. Nevertheless, he decided to go, he did not yet know how to manage it at work, but he wanted to change at least something in his life.