

V. Speys

Book-12 Gravity cyclone novella



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A novel Fayeton, tells about a family of characters in the story What was the fate of the children of the heroes, their adventures, and further life, and work in the representative office of the Earthlings' Diplomatic corps? Narrated in the final Book-12 "Gravity cyclone", novella.

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Chapter 1

– I'm Medusa! I am Medusa! Welcome! – the broadcast was silent. The power of the spacecraft's engines was enough to keep it at one point in space. For an hour now, the woman astronaut called the ether. Captured by an unknown attraction, the ship slowly slid into the cosmic abyss. There was nothing there, no stars, no distant galaxies. Only blackness, the edge of the universe. The fuel gauge warily signaled the end of the last emergency supplies. Two minutes later, the engines were silent. Like a stung horse, the ship rushed from its place and with acceleration, thrown out of the existence of the Universe, rushed into the abyss. Beads of sweat beaded on the woman's beautiful face. Helplessly squeezing into a chair, she trembled in anticipation of the inevitable. When a bright flash outlined a white ball at her feet. The cosmonaut shuddered and thought: «This begins!» – closed her eyes. Her imagination drew incomprehensible signs and symbols to her. To get rid of their non- passing current, she lifted her eyelashes and saw the shimmering figure of a humanoid. No feelings were displayed on the alien's impassive cold face, only his eyes, huge and expressive, slightly slanting, gray eyes, looked warmly, affably. In his hand he held a bundle of phosphorescent tissue. He stretched out his hand, inviting the woman to take it forward and making it clear with a gesture that it was necessary to quickly put on this robe. Soon, two flashes lit up the ship's cockpit with bright flashes. Three UFOs sat inside the module. They were each in their own chair, but they were taller than a man, about 2.5 meters. The humanoid woman sat on the left. Unlike the two men, she had thin lips, all round ears, four fingers on her hands. Snub noses with two nostrils and egg- shaped faces. There is a touch of eroticism in a woman's clothes. Her spacesuit- outfit exposed part of her hips and chest. The collar is deaf and high. Men, on the other hand, had a low- cut neckline in their overalls. Suddenly, two blinding flashes flashed in the middle of the ship's space. And in their place, two figures were outlined. The first was a humanoid and the second was a female astronaut. Their silvery spacesuits glittered in the rays of energy flashes in the overflow of lightning. For another moment, the brightness of the

clothes faded, and an earthly woman appeared before the UFOs. Fear shone in her brown eyes with helpless lights, and the confusion, frozen on her face, could not tell her whether to laugh or cry from the joy of salvation or the grief of a trap. Finally curiosity won, and she stared at her saviors with interest. All three laughed strangely, the gap in the mouth just extended. Obviously, the cosmonaut's train of thought became clear to them. In the center sat a broad-shouldered man, larger than his comrade. He was saying something quickly. The confused woman was invited to sit down. Until the end, not believing in her salvation, she carefully touched the chair with her hand. And the humanoid that was still nearby, as if waiting for this command. I went to the niche opposite and fastened myself with two belts while standing. The initiative in the conversation passed to him. He immediately introduced himself:

– I am a robot MB twenty. You will succeed.

“It is he who encourages me,” the astronaut thought. And she sat down in a chair to be surprised again: «How does he know Russian”?

– I know five hundred thousand languages spoken by intelligent beings living in the Universe. And others. – said MB twenty. Obviously, he was not aware of the feeling of modesty. He was very talkative and talkative, coped with:

– Isn't it scary? – soothed, – What kind of plaque do you have? What is your name? Where do you live? – this smart robot asked a lot more. The woman was shy for the direct gaze of the huge inquiring eyes of the three aliens. Finally overcoming the awkwardness, she introduced herself:

– My name is Elena Gratsis. I come from Latvia from Riga. – all three listeners and the robot nodded their heads as a sign of understanding, as if they already knew all this for a long time. But Elena only for a moment doubted her guess, then realized that the robot, in vain, would not have asked her. And in turn, emboldened, she already asked her own question: – What does this sign in the form of a hieroglyph on the belt buckles of the owners of the module mean?

The eyes of the UFOs were impassive. But the robot talked about the contacts of Extraterrestrial Civilizations with people. That contact occurs selectively, although they are numerous.

– Space worlds are looking for people on Earth who can easily

understand. – instructively explained MB- 20.

“It seems to me,” Elena interrupted him, “that I am like you. – to which the interlocutor answered in the affirmative, even named deviations in the physical structure of the body. Elena blushed deeply, but refrained from commenting. And finally, having regained control of herself, began the conversation in a calm direction.

– You will forgive me, but it all looks like a dream!

– Your feelings of stiffness in movements, do you mean that?

– No, no! – the astronaut protested, – I mean everything that happens now with me. After all, a minute ago I fell into the Black Hole. – Elena looked inquiringly at the UFOs. They exchanged glances. Their faces were silent. Only the thin lips of the robot were touched by a slight smile, or rather a semblance of a smile.

– You, Elena, were doomed. You could have died, we saved you. – said MB- 20 from his niche and fell silent. His unblinking eyes stared at the opposite wall. Apparently it was already off. The astronaut thought about it. Then, she remembered that her thoughts were not a secret for the module pilots and decided on a trick:

"Tell me what prompted you to save me and how did you find my ship?" she thought. And with curiosity she began to examine the backs of the UFOs. The man turned, his pointed ears with tassels on top of his head accentuated the predatory profile of his short, upturned nose.

"Like a lynx." – not willingly thought the woman.

“Well, that's the way we are,” the pilot said, not at all embarrassed. Elena blushed again, but did not look away. And the humanoid continued:

– We and you and many other civilizations belong to organic life. But there is also living inorganic matter, this is the Supreme mind of the Universe. Plasma form of living matter, consisting of three varieties; blue, green, black. From Human to Plasma form, there are various types of civilizations that are at different levels of development. I do not want to read lectures I'm afraid Elena will tire you. But, you will understand it yourself. – he paused and began to look at her point- blank. It suddenly seemed to the woman that the body was immersed in some kind of magnetic field and was losing weight. This state lasted for a split second. The cosmonaut regained control of himself:

– Forgive me for being immodest, I mentally asked you a question. Don't you understand?

– No, why? It's just that communication etiquette on your part does not allow reading

thoughts of others, even though we understand what you think earthlings.

– Excuse me, then I will repeat it aloud. What prompted you to save me? – The UFOman looked at Elena in surprise, then said:

– You see, we are watching your civilization, in general, the formation biosphere, etc. After all, you are our children, very unreasonable children. – He sighed, lowering his eyes, then raised again and continued, – You have brought your planet to a catastrophic state, we are worried about the biological balance. We want you to become smarter and use the full extent of opportunities. Your body, your being and lived for the joy of each other.

– Sorry, but the level of technology that you have reached is many times over

exceeds ours. – the astronaut tried to object.

– Yes. But, our technique is combined with human capabilities, – while the pilot looked at the robot, – and sometimes there is no difference.

– No, it's not convincing! You'd better help us, share your secrets,

knowledge. Otherwise, just watch. Elena could not resist, began to complain with annoyance in her voice, – To spy? Spy? – to which the pilot smiled only slightly. The woman – the pilot at this time pressed some keys. A hole has formed in the wall of the module.

– Ask. – The UFOman stood up to his full height and gestured Elena to the exit.

Chapter 2

The sharply defined exit, against the background of the whitish fog, looked like a frame hanging on the milky- white wall from which the painting had been taken out. The Pinot was the first to step into the fog, then the female pilot. Elena hesitated.

– Be bolder, bolder, don't be afraid. – she heard the encouraging voice of MB- 20, which still stood in the niche of the wall. And she stepped into the white mist. behind the white shroud of the entrance there were steps leading down to the green dewy grass. Startled, the astronaut ran down the steps and found herself on the green grass. Before the amazed gaze, the village of Jurmala, familiar from childhood, opened. Here she lived with her parents until the age of six, until the seed moved to Riga. Somewhere the sound of the sea was heard, and in front, near a pine grove, was their house. Elena forgot everything in the world from surging feelings. She ran forward. Her legs, it seemed, carried her to childhood, at that distant time. Outside the house, in a light haze of fog, she saw the figure of a man in a black pea jacket. He pounded a board to the wooden wall of the house, working with a hammer in concentration. And something in him was painfully familiar and dear. My heart suddenly fluttered, a hunted lark fluttered in the cage: – Father! Elena screamed. She rushed forward. The man turned around at the cry, raised his shaggy wheat eyebrows in surprise and looked coldly with chilling indifference at the approaching daughter. Elena stopped rooted to the spot a meter from him.

– Father! already quietly, almost in a whisper, she said. The man raised his eyebrows to the top again, then indifferently looked at the figure of his daughter:

– Hello. – he finally said, – I don't understand what you want? – the cold alien tone in her father's voice cooled Elena's surging feelings. Tears of their own accord ran down the poor woman's cheeks, she mechanically reached for a handkerchief in her overalls pocket and only now discovered that she was wearing a round transparent helmet, ideally fitted to a tight- fitting silver body, an extraterrestrial spacesuit.

– Oh, father! – burst out again through her almost sobbing. Somewhere far away, images from distant childhood began to awaken in consciousness. Everything down to the smallest detail, so familiar in this courtyard. Everything. And this flower garden, and the path to the house. It was beyond her strength. She took a deep breath, coming to her senses and suddenly, like lightning, a thought struck: «So after all ... HE ...», – I didn't want to think about it, but annoying thoughts drilled my brain, “dead, dead, dead ...” – she was 12 years old then, when her father did not return from the sea. Mom said then that their ship sank and all the fishermen were killed. But how is it, why does not he know her? Elena insistently repeated:

– I'm a father, Lenochka, your daughter! – she said in Latvian. But the father already looked with cold blue eyes and said:

– I don't know who Lena is, especially her daughter! – he turned away and went to the stack of boards for a new one. I began to look for a suitable board there. The daughter blushed. helplessly threw up her hands, turned around, looking for help. The pilot of the UFO module was already hurrying to her: – Let's get to know each other better. – trying to distract the woman, he began: – My name is Eet. But my companion ...

– Eola. – stretching out her hand, according to earthly custom, the UFO pilot introduced herself.

– Eola, almost namesake. – Recovering a little, Elena answered, shaking her hand.

– This is the planet of the dead. The energy counterparts of every deceased live here on the ground. As if they continue to exist here.

– Well, why doesn't he remember? – Elena exclaimed impatiently stamping her foot like a capricious girl.

“You see,” interposed Eola, “the universe is in perfect equilibrium, based on this ... – she did not finish. My father was already returning with a board on his shoulder. The UFOs rushed to take Elena to the module. Sitting there, in a comfortable chair, she was surprised to find that she was wearing her onboard spacesuit, only without a helmet.

– Are you wondering how we do it? – Eet said, – Very simple. But this is not subject to disclosure, so we will not tell you Elena in some secrets.