

**I CAN SMELL THE
SCENT OF RAIN**



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Аннотация

A romantic story about a blind artist who, since childhood, lost the ability to see the world in colors. He will find a person who will show him all the colors of the world, and in return will share with him his unique spiritual world, full of colors invented by him.

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This story is a kind of riddle, and ordinary logic cannot be solved until the very last page. Not often seen, so

deeply and penetratingly revealed, the difficulties of human interconnections on the agenda. In the course of the story, there is a noticeable internal change in the protagonist, from impulsiveness and emotionality towards balance and prudence. This is a subtle psychology for our heroes. And they will have to understand each other and feel that even some non-human pathologies have no meaning for love.

The August sun heated the asphalt unbearably strongly, and from this it seemed to little Sam that the cracks with which the road was dotted were left by the rays of the sun. They drew a net at the bus stop, went downstairs, leaving their signs on the road surface, and ran away

– Sam, do not come close to the road, I am now, – the mother's voice was alarmed, but the boy was used to the fact that she was taking care of him all the time. Probably all mothers do this, and this is completely normal. The kid squatted down near the bus stop, examining a small bug that hurried along the side of the road towards the grass. Then he took a leaf lying nearby and covered the insect. The bug got out almost immediately, nimbly fingering its paws and rushing to where it could hide from danger. He again repeated his play with the leaf and laughed fervently when the bug crawled out again and rushed to the grass at double speed

Later, when he becomes an adult, and when in his life there is an understanding that he is not like most, these minutes will pop up in memory with enviable regularity. This day will dream

at night, forcing you to wake up from your own scream and understanding that nothing can be changed. He will remember everything: the color of the wings of a tiny bug, and these cracks on the asphalt, and the hot smell of exhaust gases and the city. He will remember every little thing in the world, which in a minute will lose all colors for him

He managed to turn his head to the right, watching as his mother closes the gate behind him, having previously taken out of them the carriage in which his sister was sitting. And when he began to straighten up, rising to his feet, something huge hit him from behind in the back and back of the head. It didn't hurt, just for some reason trees and a sky flashed in front of my face, such a desperate blue that it seemed that it did not belong to this world. And then there was nothing. Just emptiness

Subsequently, he will not immediately understand why the bright and interesting world has ceased to be such. Why time passes, and the darkness around does not disappear. He will fight for a long time and courageously for the right to see at least once what he has become accustomed to in five years of his life, but this fight will be lost in advance

He will learn to see colors in his world, he will idolize colored dreams, which will be very rare. He will create his own galaxies, in which there will be only colors and shades. And he will expect that someday a person will appear in his life who will share with him a piece of his world, and he will teach him to see what is available only to him

They

The inconspicuous door, upholstered with leatherette, did not inspire any confidence. Although, if Eve began to look for trust at the door, then it was time to think about whether everything was so good in her life

The girl thoughtfully bit her lower lip and, taking a breath, pressed the bell button. The strange feeling of anxiety that overcame her, as soon as she left her apartment, with every minute it intensified, and now it has reached a critical point

“If only they didn’t open it!” – a cowardly thought flashed in the backyard of consciousness, which was immediately discarded as inappropriate. It might have been foolish to come looking for work in this apartment, but... The job was done

Silence reigned outside the door, and anger, interspersed with relief, began to grip her on the sly. So her worries were not confirmed, but why was it necessary to make an appointment if you were not going to open the door for the visitor?

She pressed the bell button again and counted to ten, deciding that now, with a clear conscience, she could leave this seemingly cramped staircase. The front door swung open so suddenly that the girl jumped away as if scalded. On the threshold of the apartment stood a tall man who looked at her with piercing blue eyes. He was silent, and she was silent because she was afraid to say even a word, trying to calm her pounding heart. The man moved his gaze lower, from her face to a light jacket, and then began to look over her head – Hello, – resolutely pulling herself

together, said Eve, holding out her hand to the man. He looked down at her face again, but ignored her outstretched hand. And she frowned – Hello, – the man’s voice was low and deep, causing a strange feeling that now there is only this baritone that I wanted to listen to and listen to. – You must be from the agency?

Eve nodded, unbuttoning her oversized bag and pulling out a folder containing her resume

“Yes, I took my resume with me, and in general I have experience as a secretary,” she said, feeling that she really wants to make a good impression on this man. She handed him the folder, but now he was looking only at her face, not taking his eyes off him. Then he stretched out his hand, timidly touching the folder, and removed his palm, smiling a strange smile – Come into the apartment, I don’t think my neighbors are interested in knowing what kind of work experience you have, – the man’s smile became open, and he stepped aside, giving her the opportunity to enter his apartment

It was gloomy in the spacious apartment, and the owner was in no hurry to turn on the light. He generally behaved strangely: closing the door behind him, turned around and began to look for her with his eyes. The girl stood in silence, watching the man with some degree of apprehension. To be honest, she did not like this kind of adventure, but right now she needed this work more than ever

“Sam,” the man suddenly introduced himself, holding out his hand. For a split second, Eve had the thought of not responding

to this handshake, as Sam did some time ago, but the next moment her palm slipped into a hot, strong palm and she quickly squeezed her fingers

“Eve,” she replied, and flinched as Sam laughed softly, not hurrying to let go of her fingers

The silence between them dragged on, and it seemed to her that the touch of the man’s hand was burning her skin. He squeezed her hand slightly, weightlessly running his thumb over it. Such a simple... caress caused a whole fire of emotions inside the girl. From strange excitement to the desire to immediately disappear from the scene of the crime

She reached out her hand, pulling her palm out of the captivity of his fingers, and he started, as if coming out of a state of thought

“Come on, I’ll show you my office,” Sam said, touching the wall and taking a big step forward. His behavior was rather strange, but it seems that he was not going to harm her yet. She shrugged her shoulders and followed him, finding herself in a few seconds in a large, but almost unfurnished office. A table and a large chair, a sofa and a coffee table, and a carpet on the floor. In the corner there is a small bookcase on which books are in disarray – Right here, – He slowly walked to the table, brushing his hand over the polished surface, – Computer. It was only brought in in the morning, and Harry told me that he had installed everything necessary for work. Maybe you can see it yourself?

Who Harry was, Eve didn't even know. Anyway, Sam so calmly told things that seemed to him ordinary that it seemed that she simply had to know them – Okay, now we'll see, – the girl agreed, removing the bag from her shoulder and arranging it on the couch

Sam sighed with relief, turned around and walked towards the sofa, sitting down on it. Eve turned on the computer, absently drumming her fingers on the table. It was necessary to discuss with Sam the conditions of work, for example, why he needed it. Just do the work of a secretary, writing down something, or she will also have to carry out some errands and travel on business – Everything is fine? – came the quiet voice of a man, and Eve shuddered, turning her head at the sound. He was sitting on the very edge of the sofa, leaning on his knees and folding his fingers into a house. He looked ahead of him, as if he had asked the question not to her, but to the wall opposite – Yes, all the necessary programs are here, you can see for yourself, – nodded Eve, distorted by his behavior. And in response I received a sad crooked smile and the unexpected – I hear and smell the scent of rain. Do you like rain?

Eve involuntarily glanced out of the window, which was framed by light curtains swaying from the wind. The sky was indeed clouded with low, leaden clouds, which threatened to spill on the ground with a downpour

“I love you,” she answered simply, watching the clouds creep across the sky, almost touching the rooftops. – I think he is very

handsome. In general, this element is very beautiful – Its aroma is very beautiful, – Sam smiled, as if listening to something accessible only to him, – It is gray and wet, it smells of dampness and Neva. And the cold grass that lies on the ground, bending down to it from its weight

Eve shuddered again. She had never thought about rain in such a context, but now for some reason a picture of a shower was so vividly drawn before her eyes. And everything that Sam described was exactly there – So what about the computer? Can you work on it? – he suddenly asked a question, translating the topic in a different direction – Yes, but what should I do? Eve frowned, puzzled by the man’s behavior – Nothing complicated, – he turned his gaze to the window, and then took a deep breath, as if trying to hear the scent of rain, – Just write down for me what I will dictate

“Okay,” she shrugged, sitting down at the table, “and what will it be? – It will be a novel. – Sam thought for a second, closing his eyes, listening to something that was known only to him, – It will be called “I hear the scent of rain.”

There was a long pause. Eve looked at the face of the man sitting on the couch, frowning, trying to figure something out. It seemed to her that some piece was missing in the puzzle, but she did not know which one it was. Everything that was happening to her now seemed somehow unreal. This is the place, the way the owner of the dwelling behaved. She seemed to open the door for herself to something new and unknown, or to some ordinary

things that she used to look at in a completely different way. But how can a worldview become a completely different angle after a few minutes of communication? She shivered from this wonderful sensation and from some kind of sweet anticipation that spread through her body in hot waves – Can we try it now? – Sam asked quietly, looking at the window

And she nodded automatically. Just about... Right now, this door will open slightly, and she can see even more or not see anything unusual – Answer, – the man asked in the same quiet voice and for her the last piece of the puzzle fell into place – Yes

The voice was hoarse because Eve was worried. The world around her has subtly changed. He absorbed something new, for which now there was a place. And from this second on, she will allow herself to study this “new”, and how it will end, while she is not given to know – Her aroma has filled the entire space around, subtly woven into his usual way, – Sam’s voice, a pleasant baritone, visibly spread in the office, reaching the most secret corners. She hastily opened a new document, and her fingers nimbly hurried to clothe words in captivity of letters. – He never seemed to himself someone more than he really was. He is used to the fact that he has his own world, full of light, shadows, colors and colors invented by him. And she walked along the very edge of his world, leaving an indelible mark on it. And it smelled like rain, the scent of which he had heard so often before. But now it has forever acquired a completely different shape, taste and shape

Sam fell silent, and Eve stopped too, who thought that the

man was talking about her. And then he suddenly turned his gaze to her, looking just above her head and continued – He wanted to understand what she was, but he could not see her face, her figure, the color of her hair. I wanted to touch her skin, feel her velvety under my fingers, to know what it felt like... To feel her further when she was gone

She cleared her throat, suddenly realizing that she was just listening to him, forgetting to record. An open boyish smile spread across Sam's face and he chuckled

“Forgive me for being in such a hurry. Are we doing it? – It turns out, – the girl's voice was still hoarse, – I just listened and forgot what to type. Could you repeat what you just said? – No need, – he got up from the sofa, continuing to look somewhere at the wall in front of him, – Can we start tomorrow? Hours, say, ten in the morning?”

The fact that he was in no hurry to discuss with her neither the amount of payment, nor the number of working hours, nor how long she would work with him, embarrassed the girl a little, but she understood only one thing: tomorrow she would be here by the appointed time, even if now it turns out that he is not going to pay her at all. – We can, – she agreed, getting to her feet, – Then see you tomorrow – You will forgive me, Eve – I'm completely inhospitable, and to be honest, not a very sociable guy. So if you have only one desire – to run away, I understand

Eve shook her head, then caught herself, and came closer to him – I don't want anything like that, – the girl took a bag from

the sofa and put it on her shoulder, – Tomorrow I'll be at ten

She walked towards the corridor, for some reason completely reluctant to leave this place, and slightly turned around near the front door, hearing the hastily-measured steps of a man behind her – Tomorrow I will. At ten, – the girl repeated once again, because she suddenly began to think that tomorrow this apartment and he would not be in the world. And from this it was somehow scary and bitter

Morning

Eve turned her cell phone over in her hands, glanced absently at her watch and sighed. There was still a lot of time until ten o'clock in the morning, and she was already impatient to leave the apartment and go to him – Tony, you'd rather be late! She shouted towards the exit from the kitchen, frowning her thin eyebrows. The brother constantly strove to lie in bed a little longer than expected, but right now it angered the girl more than ever – I'm coming, I'm coming! – shouted in response her brother, who, judging by his voice, was annoyed no less than his sister

She sucked in more air into her chest and exhaled it in even slow portions. She did not understand the reason for her excitement, but she realized that it would disappear only when the girl found herself near that very door. Eve got up from the table and went out onto the balcony so as not to splash out on her brother all the emotions that were inside

The sun had already risen high, despite the early hour,

announcing that summer would soon come into its own, but while the girl breathed in the cool air, smiling happily to herself. It's nice to feel the birth of something new when it resonates so closely with your inner feelings – Hey sistr, by God, you will raise the dead from the grave, – complained the brother, who went out onto the balcony with a cup of coffee and a cigarette. The girl winced, – the brother did not change his morning habits. – I thought I'd sleep a little longer today

She waved her hand in the air as the smoke of her brother's freshly lit cigarette enveloped her

“You think so every day,” she retorted, leaning on the balcony railing. “But today is not the case. Father really hopes that you will go to college on the first try, do you remember that?”

She couldn't help smiling at the sour expression on her brother's face. Tonny would be much more enthusiastic about getting a job that didn't require much brains, and would forget about studying for the rest of his days

“I remember, I remember,” he muttered, sipping his coffee noisily. – Reluctance to spend such a wonderful day on this, today it finally does not rain

Eve smiled even wider, glancing at her watch at the mention of rain. Almost eight in the morning. This means that you can safely go to your brother at the institute, and then – immediately to Sam. Most likely, she will arrive much earlier than the agreed time, but it will not matter – just not to be idle now – Let's go, parasite, – she kindly teased her brother, returning from the

balcony to the kitchen, and heard him following her, muttering something displeased under her breath

The girl got out of the car, leaving that one not far from Sam's house, and slowly walked along the sidewalk, not paying attention to the rare passers-by. If we really admit to myself, then this kind of feelings that she now felt for a complete stranger were unusual for her. Perhaps, once upon a time, as a fifteen-year-old girl, she experienced something similar, but had long forgotten what it was like

And now she is slowly walking down the street, enjoying the warm day, and her eyes are almost blue in her memory every now and then. Who see nothing

Or do they see? And yesterday she just dreamed that the man is blind? How stupid she would be if her assumption was wrong! And at the same time, this strange world of his, into which she fell yesterday, so strongly attracted her that she could not help herself. Just think about it! The scent of rain... She had never thought about it in such a context, but now she understood – all these images that Sam described yesterday were in her head. She just never thought that they related to the smell of rain

Eve shook her head, realizing that she had already reached Sam's entrance, and discovered it only now. There were still twenty minutes left before the appointment, and the damned hands of the clock did not want to move at least with any decent speed

She folded her arms across her chest, thinking about whether

to come to him a little earlier than the appointed time, and only decided to dial the intercom code, as something inexplicable made her turn her head to the right

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