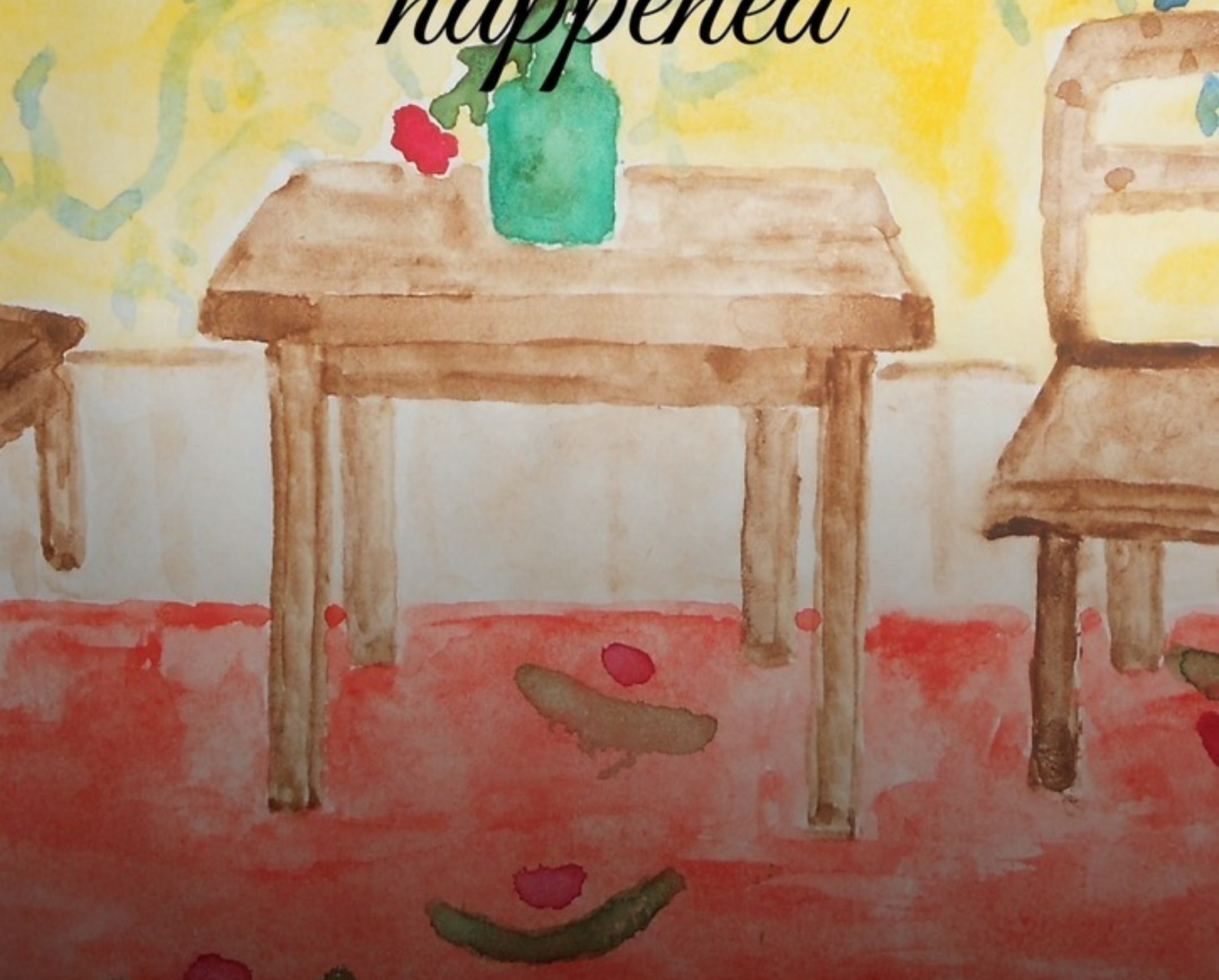


Oleg Melokanov

*How it all  
happened*



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«Издательские решения»

**Molokanov O.**

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A story about some curious coincidences in a modern woman's life, her personal thoughts about that and unexpected way out. The author has used a fragment of his own picture in the book cover.

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# How it all happened

## Oleg Molokanov

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INTRO

Believe it or not – at the moment when Pete came into this world, he was laughing. Specialists state – and it’s a scientific fact – that any baby, before he or she sees the light, passes through unbelievable sufferings. There are lots of reasons for that: baby’s organism gasps, for its lungs are only unfolding; mom is screaming – and while she screams, baby’s heart nearly stops pumping thus causing oxygen hunger; vaginal muscles in the birth canal compress child’s head like vice clamps. In spite of all that Pete did not shed a tear; at the moment of birth he was laughing, and that’s it. Dr. Eugene G. Khovaev, a gynecologist with a 30-years’ experience and author of a Ph. D. thesis about progressive methods of ovarian cyst surgery, highly appreciated in due time all over Moscow, was immediately called to hospital to investigate such an extraordinary case. The aged doc, who had seen so much in his life, gave the baby a scrupulous survey: during the procedures he was bending brows, sighing, and in the end, lost for proper words, just said, “What a strange... abbreviation!”

Nonetheless, the fact was that something really extraordinary had happened, and no one of the doctors could find a more or less reasonable explanation for Pete’s case. The latter, against the odds, staying at maternity clinic, was developing quite well – without any abnormalities in his organism. Before leaving the clinic Linda, Pete’s mother, was told about the peculiarities of her case and asked – if she finds any reason for uneasiness in terms of baby’s mental or physical health – not to take the boy to her district child health centre but visit the special one they had recommended, and do that as soon as possible. In advance, they sent there all the Linda’s documents dealing with her pregnancy, as well as information about baby’s height, weight, appetite, and so on. It was a good thing that the staff of the maternity clinic had enough wisdom not to give publicity to this case – organize a special council hard on the heels or, even worse, invite media. Thus they preserved a huge mass of mother’s nerve cells; after all, she herself was very startled with what had happened.

We are riding before the hounds, though. First, it is worth mentioning that Dr. Khovaev, right after what he had seen, requested Linda’s prenatal record and studied it with great attention. To those who have little to show in medicine, the further facts may seem dull and even annoying – but we can’t ignore them if we want to arrive at a comprehensive picture and to make sure that nobody accuses us as illiterate manipulators. After all, everyone has his own opinion about this or that phenomenon, and nobody deprives him or her of the right to have it. So, in Linda’s record the experienced gynecologist *didn’t find any warning signs*:

the patient was registered in her district maternity welfare centre and submitted to blood, urine, vaginal smear and ECG tests; then she was examined by a therapist, an ophthalmologist, an ENT specialist and a dentist – no alarming symptoms;

clinical blood analysis – no inflammatory processes in organism. For the first time – as prescribed – general analysis was made when the second month of pregnancy started, and further was repeated every month before delivery occurred. There was suspicion of anemia, but it turned to be false – further tests prove that. Changes in quantity of red and white blood cells, blood platelets and their proportion; Hb level; red blood cells sedimentation rate, and clotting tendency of blood – everything within normal limits;

biochemical analysis – no operational disturbance of internals. First made on the date of patient registration, one more at the phase of 30-week pregnancy, no additional analysis recommended;

blood glucose test – passed on the date of patient registration, and once again at the phase of 30-week pregnancy. No glucose level increase registered; no patient's complaints registered re clinical symptoms of diabetes, such as sharp thirst, excessive urination and skin itch;

hemostasiogram – test passed on the date of registration and at the 30-week phase; in terms of prothrombin ratio, clotting time, bleeding time – within normal limits;

blood tests on alpha fetoprotein, Serum Beta hCG Qualitative, and pregnancy-associated plasma protein-A (the latter interested Dr. Khovaev most of all, since it determines the risk of having Down syndrome and dropsy of brain) passed at the phase of 18-week pregnancy and were computer-processed, as prescribed – within normal limits;

pregnancy sickness – first registered at the 10th week (early phase). Patient's complaints: depression, weakness, nausea, increased saliva flow, vomiting up to 5 times a day. Weight slightly lowered. Specialists prescribed special therapy course (correct, as Dr. Khovaev mentioned to himself), namely promenade and moderately warm meals in small portions. After the course negative symptoms disappeared. Further weighing on regular basis at home showed that the patient's weight loss had been a casual fact;

at the 25<sup>th</sup> week Patient passed the 2<sup>nd</sup> sonography (as planned), which determined baby's gender (male); body structure – within normal limits; no congenital malformations; volume and quality of amniotic fluid – within normal limits; placenta location and state – within normal limits;

womb; uterine tubes; ovaries; changes in lacteal gland; blood supply of kidneys; metabolic activity; cortisone and estrogens and progesterone percentage; protein, carbohydrate, lipid, mineral and water turnover – all within normal limits;

vitamin C, A, B1, D, and E doses – prescribed correctly;

skin surface – light brown pigmentation registered on abdominal line, nipples and areolas; no *striae gravidarum*;

since the 30<sup>th</sup> week the patient visited clinic every 2 weeks – she received her prenatal record;

at the 34<sup>th</sup> week the patient passed Doppler sonography – it showed that the fetus had been getting enough oxygen and nutritional substances;

at the 36<sup>th</sup> week the patient once again passed vaginal smear test and blood tests (AIDS, syphilis, biochemical) – normal findings; the last ultrasonography showed normal state of placenta, fetus' height and weight; fetal presentation – cranial; amniotic fluid – hydramniosis;

according to doctors' information, the patient obeyed all their recommendations and passed tests in due time.

As you see, it turned absolutely impossible for Dr. Khovaev – at least soon after the act of delivery – to explain the newborn baby's laughter basing just on the medical point of view. Moreover, first months and even years of Pete's life made it unnecessary to take him to doctors at the special health centre: the boy was growing and developing as all ordinary kids. God bless him hereafter. Our world is plenty of miracles, and very often medical science and science in general are unable to explain them. Why, for instance, pig's liver assimilates into human organism? Why blind people feel keenly their friends and relations and everything that passes around, and some of them predict what happens in future to those who want to know their destiny? Why is it possible to teleport objects? Our case – Pete's laughter at the moment of birth – belongs precisely to this category. And if we really want to know the matter's essence, we suggest some extraordinary thing. Let's study his case, say, "from the very past". We will put aside the result (laughter) and return to the situation that had led to Pete's birth. To put it straight, we will remember in detail how he was fathered, thus giving you the opportunity to make your own conclusions.

## LINDA AND TWO ABORTIONS

When Linda got pregnant for the third time in her life (with Pete), she was already 30. It was for this reason that she decided to carry the fetus to term, despite her vague wifehood prospects. To be honest, not vague – there were none. No family could be born out of Linda, Pete and Pete’s father, and under no circumstances. But let’s wait a bit and not explain everything right now – towards the end of the story we will form a proper opinion.

Linda’s body was penetrated by quite a number of male organs. Those “visits” began in the graduating class of secondary school and frequently repeated in the period when she worked in a publishing house. This is precisely the period that we take as the starting point of our story. There is no sense to tell how Linda had lost her virginity, to speak of her first love and its loss... Each and every woman remembers such things with sweet pain for the rest of her life, and these things are really interesting – but we have set ourselves quite another task. We must explore the circumstances which led to conception of Pete as fairly and open-mindedly as possible, and that’s why we will mention only details directly linked with this conception – those which in one way or another worked towards Linda’s pregnancy. There is no need to turn on emotions describing our characters’ childhood, their fledging years, their achievements and failures; in this case the reader might choose himself a favorite character to support through the whole narration process. As a result, somebody will take Linda’s side, somebody the side of a man of hers; readers will try to figure out who is right and who is wrong – and this work, instead of being a serious investigation, runs the risk of turning into an ordinary piece of writing. We cannot afford such things.

In terms of average statistics, there were plenty of men in Linda’s life. It is in woman’s nature to get faithful to a man after a more or less prolonged sexual relationship. To put it in general terms, a woman step by step turns into a domestic goddess wanting to spend the rest of her life at the fireside with her dear; but in Linda’s case such scenario was absolute nonsense. To begin with, she nearly did not care of her appearance. She looked beautiful, but in contrast with her female friends never tried to present herself in a favorable light. She had long eyelashes, but she never put mascara on – further still, she never bought mascara; she had a model’s legs, but she never wore slimfit jeans or pants – she preferred skirts, for they were more comfortable. Her female mates liked that, and here we see one more law of female nature: the less you, my friend, attract men’s attention, the more it is favorable for me. O.K., it’s time to picture Linda in more detail. Her hair was thick, with copper shade; she was a bit pug-nosed; her eyes were grey and a sort of mongoloid; her lips and teeth ordinary-shaped; her breasts perfect and with big hard nipples; her legs were long and straight but looked a bit childish – the same – childishness – could be said about her thighs; her pubic hair was maroon, soft and abundant – Linda wasn’t very much concerned about shaving it, say, every week. To apply the finishing touch, we should mention that she was rather tall – 5’10””. Of course, Linda could not be called a Hollywood star, but men found her quite attractive – and that’s for sure she was.

Abortion #1. Before her first pregnancy, which occurred when she was 24, Linda sometimes thought she was barren, but she didn’t care of that in the slightest. She had no husband, no boyfriend – no man at all who could have wanted their common child and keep house with her. “If I meet such a man, I’ll pass medical tests and find a way out”, she used to think. “Today in medicine they use cutting-edge technologies, and thus...” At the same time, her female mates were having kids born one by one. Linda had no time to mark birthdays in her diary; she felt slight envy at them and hoped one day her triumph comes too. Nevertheless, she had no complex on that. She was as far from complexes as an armless man from fishing a coin from someone’s pocket.

The story with her abortion is a bit extraordinary, and we hope it sheds a little light on peculiarities of Linda’s organism and temper. She could only get pregnant in some extreme situation – not whilst making a jump with a parachute or anything like that – but anyway amid some uncommon

environment. God knows why, but her “classical” sexual contacts in a cozy and warm bed, with soft kisses and tender stroking that women love a lot – they never led to pregnancy though neither Linda nor her partners had taken precautions. What if her ovum only accepted male spermatozoids when she passed through something resembling a shock? And when the situation was favorable from common point of view, her birth canals refused to work? It’s difficult – if actually possible – to give the answer; we’d rather turn to further events to clarify a lot to ourselves.

Linda met Ed on his first working day in the publishing house. Actually, it was supposed to happen, for their desks stood side by side. Linda’s job consisted in translating news blocks from Russian into English, and her boss asked her to let the newcomer into the work they were obliged from now on to provide as a team. For the last couple of years the information volume passing through their company had grown, and Linda herself could not handle it already – that’s why she needed an assistant, and they hired Ed. Ed seemed to be about five years younger than she, most probably fresh out of university. He was a tall and slim dark blonde with thin beard and deep voice. Linda couldn’t decide if she liked him or not – actually, love at first sight was not her cup of tea, be he even a doll. She did not worry much about her new mate’s attributes, especially height and thighs, to which the majority of women pay special attention. Walking behind whatever man, Linda was far from staring at his thigh muscles rolling under pants; she was as well far from imagining how the owner of the muscles makes rhythmic movements lying on her in bed; she never thought of how she’d squeeze those thighs, how she’d feel their power and strength with her own fingers.

After a brief talk with Ed she knew everything she was, say, curious about. He had really got a university diploma in Linguistics, and it happened only a month ago; besides, he had good skills in computer software but very little experience in the work he was intended to do. “That’ll come with time”, Linda said to put him at his ease, “the main thing now is get involved in all that shit as soon as possible”. Having explained to Ed all the peculiarities and pitfalls of the working process before lunchtime, Linda rose from her desk and suggested going to a café situated right in their building. “You need to test the waters all around here”, she said with a chuckle and made him a sign to follow her downstairs. July was coming to end in Moscow, and it was so hot in daytime and towards evening that it seemed too much exertion even to breathe.

When they came in, all the windows in the café were wide open, welcoming sun rays and sounds of the city in: Linda and Ed heard pretty well cars moving along, shredded dialogues and clattering heels in the street nearby. They sat down to their table right after the local advertising event had started. A man about 40, with handlebar moustache and in a Bavarian suit, was standing opposite a microphone explaining the rules of the game: the one who buys a bottle of beer, opens it right here and finds the letter B – first in the name of the promoted brand – at the inner side of the cork gets a plastic case of 12 bottles with “luxurious beverage that has no rivals”. Whose the idea was, Ed’s or Linda’s, that a bottle of cold beer in such a heat wouldn’t go amiss – it doesn’t matter. The main thing was that Linda found the needed letter on her cork, and the good-humoured moustachette, who was spreading around him a fragrance of sandal-tree, handed her the prize. The ceremony was accompanied by a round of applause from the thin audience in the café.

Now we must point out one more serious thing, which will help us know deeper further ups and downs in Linda’s life. The fact is that Linda had been always seeing her unexpected gains as a gift of God and taking them in dead earnest. She understood pretty well the difference between winning in a card game or in a dancing contest – here your victory depends on quite a number of nuances, such as cut of cards, audience’s sympathy, and so on – and a gift that you get “from nowhere”, just what had happened in the café: you snap your fingers and you get it! Linda had very few gains of that sort in her life, and though the sum they cost had been ridiculous, she saw them as the finger of Fate, and after such blessings she usually expected more positive changes in her life and was sure they would come very soon. “This prize is only a part of something big”, she thought. “Wait a bit, and you’ll get much more!” In the café at that moment her feelings were just the same.

Let's go ahead. What happens when a team wins beer? Exactly – players kill it all as one. So, when the working day was over, Linda and her newcomer mate headed off to Gorky Park with half of the prize – six bottles of beer. The resting six were given to coworkers. They were sitting on a bench near a big fountain drinking their beer, and when only two bottles were left, they bought tickets to the panoramic wheel. There were few people around the attraction – maybe due to big heat or because it was a working day. When their cabin went for the second round, Linda felt sick. It's hard to say whether it was booziness or height or both reasons at once, but when the cabin reached the highest point her sickness turned unbearable. No wonder that at that moment she forgot about all good manners. She slipped down off her seat and, standing on her knees, leaned over the cabin door. Her stomach was convulsing, and some yellowish liquid flowed from her mouth. Ed jumped to his feet to help her, but at that moment a blast of wind put Linda's skirt up – and he saw her bare buttocks and brown pubic hair spread from both sides of her G-string. Ed got so excited he could not control himself. What he did the next moment was dropping on his knees behind her, tearing aside the white bottom stripe of her G-string and penetrating her. His momentary erection was partially caused by the beer he had drink; before they bought tickets to the wheel he began to feel the urge to piss but did not have time to think about eventual consequences. After a few awkward movements back and forth with his body he got it off. At the first moment, knocked out by sickness, Linda didn't even realize what had happened. Orgasm remains out of the question. It's worth mentioning that neither people in neighbor cabins nor grannies selling tickets on the ground saw anything strange on the wheel. Standing on their knees, Linda and Ed remained out of vision thanks to their cabin door. The only thing people saw was a girl who had felt sick – but such things are not rare on a panoramic wheel. Second, nobody suffered from her vomit, and when Linda stepped on the ground some old tender-hearted ladies took her arms and asked if she needed help. Linda shook her head and sat on the nearest bench. In a second Ed was beside her. Embarrassed, he asked her to wait a bit, for he urgently needed to visit a toilet. She never saw him after.

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