

Твердохліб Калерія,
Київський університет імені Бориса Грінченка,
Інститут мистецтва,
спеціальність 025 Музичне мистецтво

Without bread

An even greater sadness embraced Petro. Over the past week, he had moved so much that he could not be known. The thought of the thought passed in Petro's head, all black, unlovable thoughts. Once, in the middle of the night, it flashed in his head: "...to confess? They will be imprisoned ... There with thieves, with robbers ... And isn't he a thief himself? Well, let them tie up in a bundle, lead ... And son? What about Horpyna? What will happen to the son then?"

- What! And now is it better? Now, a woman is not a woman to me, as if a child are not my child ... It will not be worse, though Horpina may find it easier to see me.

And the more he thought about it, the more he wanted to tell him everything, to shout, "This is me! .."

And his head was spinning. He walked quite frantic, and his staring eyes were sometimes so terribly shiny that Horpyna was sometimes frightened of him. And now it's time, he decided. It was on Sunday. He had already dropped out from the house and lived at home. He got up early and silently began to cope with the farm.

"Did you tell her everything?" - No, it's kind of scary. Let her know for herself how it will be done. And he was lounging in the yard, not coming into the house, because it was difficult for him to see a woman. It was just like lunch. At lunch, he dressed, looked at Horpina, and again thought, "Say?.." She silently struggled at the stove and did not look at him. He turned away, crossed himself, and left the house. Horpyna was surprised by Petro's praying. But she didn't stop him: it was hard for him to talk to him. She still loved him, and it was even harder on her heart when she remembered that her husband was a thief.

Petro walked quietly to the township. He was abused by people, and he did not see them - so his thoughts took hold. Yet he was somehow extremely calm. Just as when he was going to steal, just now, a strange calmness embraced him. But when he saw the circle of the parish community, his heart pounded in his chest.

What will he say to the community? Did they wait until they parted and tell the old man himself?

In the meantime, he was approaching the community. He did not remember how crowded between the people and down to the round. There was a clerk on the rink reading something. Petro waited. The clerk's voice was

reflected in his ears, but he could not understand the words. But he did not manage to listen to them. His head was burning.

What it is? The community was raped - the clerk read it. It's been a while.

He removed his cap and began:

- Good people! ..

The community subsided a little.

- Petro says something, listen!

- But what is there for him?

- Listen to what the man saying!

Petro caught his breath, he could hardly breathe.

- Good people! Forgive me for being a thief! I stole from the store ...

And having said that, he fell at the feet of the community. The community barely understood that Petro was calling himself a thief, because no one thought that he had been stolen from the shop. The scribe ordered Petro to be arrested, but the congregation did not:

“This is our good, so is our judgment,” people said. But the community did nothing to Petro. He scored three full sacks of bread. And then he was born for the second time. The community did not mind, but somehow heard with heart that Petro could get to such a thing, and no one else mentioned it. Petro himself gradually calmed down. And Horpina became his Horpina again, the same as it was first ... And they began to live again as they lived ...