


Tales of The Fly Hunter: Insomnia

 Mr Pistachio · Follow
4 min read · May 2, 2022

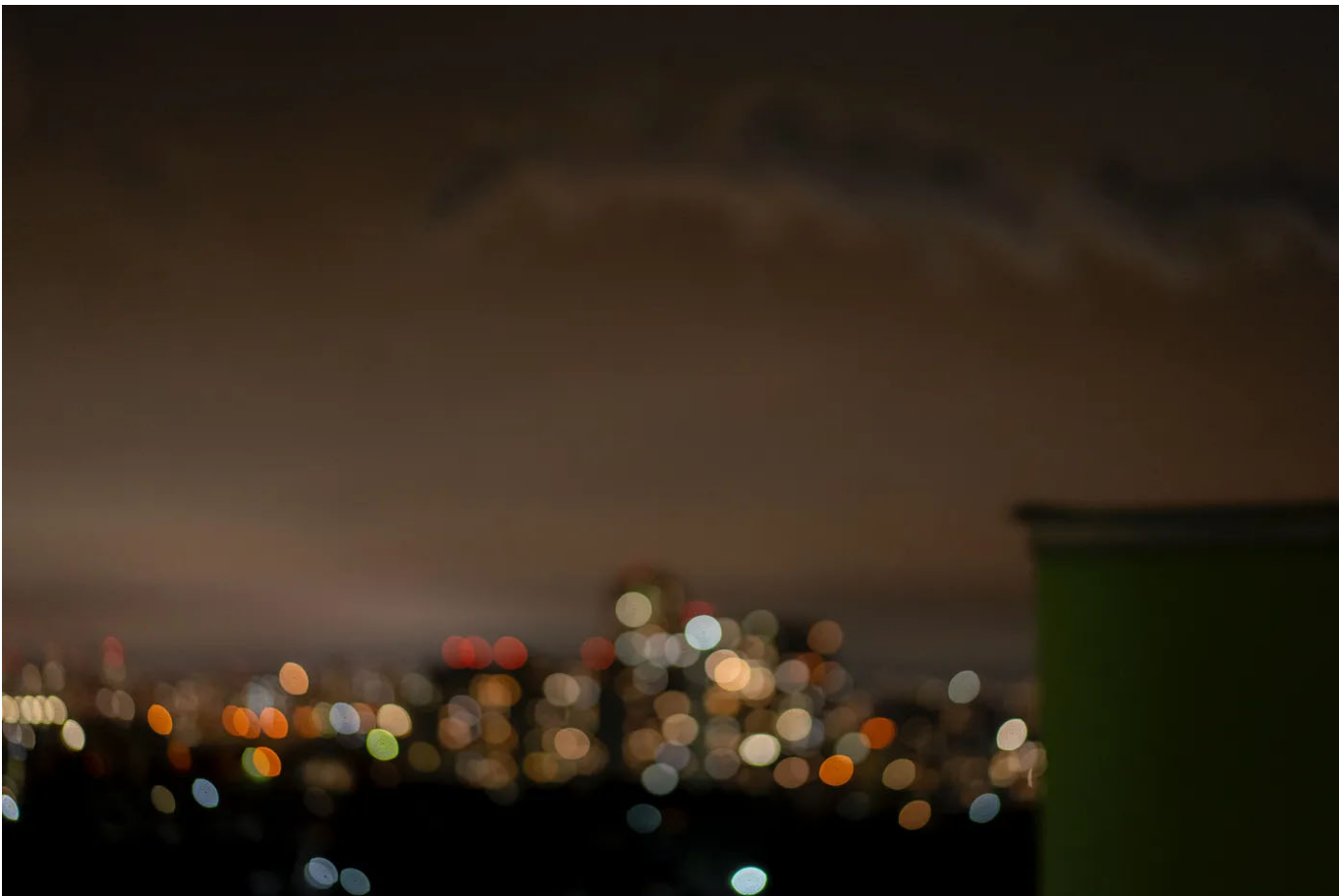


Photo by [Anastasiia Krutota](#) on [Unsplash](#)

Night city... Infinity of lights fills the darkness, here are the names of various shops and cafes burning with neon light, the light from the headlights of cars, scattering of garlands on trees, colourful shop windows... Everything connects in some kind of fabulous cycle of light, light in the night. .. Behind the walls of high-rise buildings that bring their share of light into the night space, people live from a thousand square windows... It's clear that people live there because a city without people is impossible. The city needs people... And there are people, although they are very different, not at all similar to each other, although, however, there is something that unites them, makes them the same.

Because it has just rained, some of them are now strolling the streets at night, leaping over puddles, and the freshness of the air provides a wonderful experience. The light from lanterns and shop windows is now mirrored in the puddles' mirror. The asphalt is no longer black; a wide variety of light now floods over the roads, the paths that people stroll along... Why didn't they come up with a different term to describe us? It's sometimes revolting that we link ourselves more and more with each age. And how do they wish to be associated with one another? Years of persecution,

disagreements over skin colour, and fictitious beliefs about the Creator. A group of youthful males and ladies are lounging on the railing, laughing and joking. They're probably looking for a way to be together, or maybe they're just looking for a place to hide from loneliness... Boys aren't quite the angels. I once saw how they cracked down on one of their own, blaming him for the recent beating by another company. Walking a little further, you can see another such company, further still ... Their skin colour varies greatly and they often look at each other. Breakdowns are unavoidable. Older people pass by them with a quick step, apparently in a hurry to go home. For them, the street has ceased to be interesting, they are warmed by the warmth of their home, the silence of their home, where you can just sit alone with yourself. Some of them are now watching TV, at least those having it at home, some are drinking tea in the kitchen or something warmer.

After some time has passed, a dream enters the apartments with a light, inaudible stride, carrying with it a mysterious and unknown universe. Gradually, the lights in the windows go out, late cafes close, people leave the streets, and just lonely street lamps remain up all night, illuminating the road for passing strangers...

After a little more time has passed, the sky will begin to lighten. The first tram will run down the icy rails, transporting weary commuters to their jobs. Shops will then open. Children will go to school, placing notebooks in bags and swallowing breakfast on the way. As a result, each person lives his or her own life, following his or her own path. As the years go by, people get older, maybe smarter. They try not to think about death, they try to be happy... Occasionally, when they look at the billions of stars scattered across the night sky and listen to the distant noise of trains passing somewhere, some extraordinary feeling comes to them. Nostalgia for something unknown cuts into the soul, at such moments they sometimes cry ... They recall difficult yet colourful childhood, mothers, all their lives. From these memories comes sadness. Wet eyes look into endless space, memory tells of the past, the heart beats faster...

Then everything passes. The grey routine takes its former place, occasionally joy, smiles, more disappointments, sadness. The old clock on the wall is counting the time... Time is running out! But people still do not think about death, hold on tightly to life, console themselves with bright hopes, and take cheap pills. The heart is still beating... So far it is still beating. Years pass, diseases come...

People are all different, but by the way, there is something that makes them similar — it's fear. Fear of being alone, fear of the future, fear of death ... Feelings of guilt and hopelessness, in the end, the meaninglessness of life. The city sleeps... I crawled out of my smoky shelter, to the balcony edged with rusty railings. It's amazing how quickly we, with our seemingly completely different physiology, filled the homes of people — there was not even a need to adapt anything. Except that in most of the greasy beds sheltering my brothers, it was necessary to cut a hole for the tail. And on such a bed, in my case just a felt mattress, on the parquet floor, I tossed and

turned for half the night. Tomorrow again to the plant, to the dirty layer of chiefig people, vile grub and rooms soaked in sweat and oil. I don't know if it's nighttime romanticism or wounds from yesterday's stabbing fight, but the night blindness has already vanished, leaving me with a slight feeling of hunger and a dozen cigarette butts.

Nft

Novel



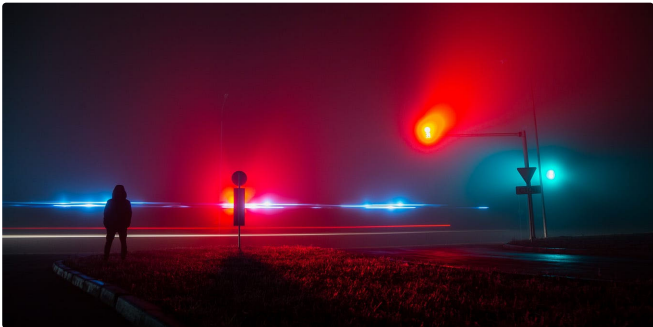
Written by Mr Pistachio

3 Followers

Follow

Hey guys! It is an official page for our Mr. Pistachio NFT project. This is a collection of 8888 uniquely generated #NFT with amazing assets!

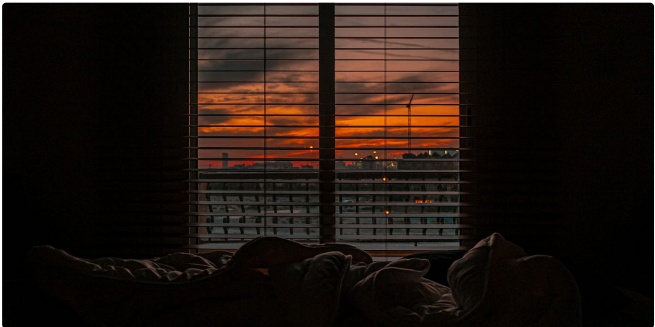
More from Mr Pistachio

 Mr Pistachio

Tales of the Fly Hunter: Newspaper Clipping

At one of the last press conferences of the American ufologist Cooper, journalists aske...

3 min read · Sep 3, 2022

 Mr Pistachio

Tales of the Fly Hunter: Dorm

After school, I entered an institute in another city, in Western Russia and settled in a...

4 min read · Aug 31, 2022

 1 