

Let me experience beauty again, let me explore something deep. Give me problems, please give me problems. I don't even know what happiness means - no I want beauty.

As soon as she will let me go, let the sound disappear then I can sleep. This little sound that she is making takes my entire concentration how can I possibly let it go. Soon, very soon, suddenly the sound will just disappear and I can sleep. Yes, soon the sound oh the sound, no stop, why will you not go? When will you leave me, stop! The sound, the sound when is it enough? You have had your laugh now let me go, I want to return I'm begging you, please. I've been here for long enough my life is standing still. Please, let me continue my life in Moscow. What am I to do, when will you let me go home? It can be any moment now, any moment. Let me check the news, check the news, check the news. Soon, yes? Very soon you will let me go home, that is right. To my home Moscow for I love her. Yes I love her so. All her different places that I know so well. I wonder if they still exist? How much has she changed? And does she even remember me? Oh yes she must remember me, and any moment now I will get the message that she wants to see me once again. Why does she not reply to my messages, why? Oh if I write her one more letter, maybe she will answer? Yes, any moment now she will write me. Let me out of this darkness and my life can continue. Soon she will let me go, yes! As soon as she will let me go, let the sound disappear then I can sleep. This little sound that she is making takes my entire concentration how can I possibly let it go. Soon, very soon, suddenly the sound will just disappear and I can sleep. Yes, soon the sound oh the sound, no stop, why will you not go? When will you leave me, stop! The sound, the sound when is it enough? You have had your laugh now let me go, I want to return I'm begging you, please. I've been here for long enough let me go...

I'm trapped in this endless loop. Trapped with myself, as my time flies away. These are days that will never come back. These are years that I could have spent with her instead of this loop. But she can reply any moment now, so how can I possibly leave this loop? There is no outside, nothing. No surroundings, no people they have all passed away. My friends, everyone that I know. Some of them stopped replying me; it didn't hurt too much. Those who didn't ignore me hurt me so much more as they stood in front of me. Yes we could talk, but we had lost the ability to communicate what is inside. All the different parts of their persona were now trapped behind a wall guarded by burning eyes on this fleshly body standing in front of me as a stranger. Now I'm alone and stuck. I'm confined to this burning circle. I'm walking on this line, reaching infinity and returning again from the other side. I'm trapped on the projective line with three problems. Alone. Trapped with three problems, three problems, three points to make. I know you, yes I do. The divisor of three points on the projective line. Do you hear me? I'm begging you please, do something, oh just do something! How many times have I asked and begged you to let me surrender? Then I look at this divisor. Just for a moment I forget everything and let go. I'm standing here in pure appreciation of this mathematical object who has helped me find connections between problems that seemed to be entirely different. Then I hear a crack. Then two more cracks. My projective line of trouble is crumbling. It is going somewhere. Oh thank you my friend, thank you. Oh thank you my divisor, the very ample sheaf responsible for the embedding of the projective line in the projective space as a twisted cubic curve; the famous Veronese curve. As the landscape is forming, I can see how the Veronese curve is lying on a cubic surface. In the horizon I can see something I had only ever thought of as a tale for the children. But there it is, tall and proud this mythical creature. The structure of the 27 lines on the cubic surface. Still as I can see these beautiful surroundings I am still trapped on my curve. I look down - down, down, down. I'm falling - falling, falling, falling. Falling into the darkest corners of my consciousness that I had hoped never to confront again. I close my eyes but I still keep falling down and down. I'm falling infinitely down, reaching the plane at infinity but I just fall right through. I dare not see as I'm falling, faster and faster, through these dark places. All the way around and right through and through the plane at infinity. Over and over I pass right through her. Then slowly I try to open my left eye although the light is hurting. I open the other eye while the light is burning right through me. I keep falling in this eternal hell. I look at the

plane at infinity with pure appreciation free from any lust. I understand that she is intersecting the cubic surface in a divisor. Her husband is the canonical sheaf, and together they are the sheaf of structure in this del Pezzo surface. I look at her and I smile for I am no longer alone. And there she is so very ample and smiling back to me: «*I have been looking for you, Malchik*».

Once upon a time, a little girl was living on a little piece of paper. Filled with curiosity she explored her paper while drawing her emotions and thoughts into the landscape. Then one day, a big bottle of ink appeared above her paper as a dark cloud. Then the rain came and the little girl ran as her paper was filled with a dark stain of ink, then another and another. Desperately the girl tried to extend her paper and find new emotions disconnected from her past, and as time past by she even began to draw as she did before. As she sat there drawing, a little boy was looking across her shoulder. Then he looked at her, and she looked at him. The boy was proving that any two curves must intersect, and so the girl drew a curve to the boy and a curve to herself. Then the boy could see, and he discovered the Picard group and so the girl draw him the Picard group. They looked each other deep into each other's eyes without saying a word. Together they had found the intersection point of their curves. They looked at each other and began walking towards the intersection. As they set o to run in joy a dark shadow was approaching. They ran for their life faster and faster. The boy couldn't take anymore and fell to his knees. He was eclipsed by the shadow of a large bottle of ink. The rain came and the little girl ran as her paper was filled with another dark stain of ink drowning the boy on his curve. The girl stoped drawing, but continued to extend her paper. Again and again, the world she knew was covered by large stains of ink. She extended the paper again and again in this eternal hell. She extended the paper all the way to the line at infinity where the paper glued itself together. She was trapped on the projective plane with nowhere to extend it, and with all her memories drowned in the ink. She sat there in her darkness without time, without memories. The girl was all alone on the projective plane. That was when she looked up and she saw that she was not alone. She was surrounded by beauty, by divisors, by transformations and by sheaves. She listened to to the humming of the creatures around her and realized how she could extend her paper yet again. She blew up a point to the line of directions into this point. She blew up another point and yet another. She blew up a total of 6 points. As the fireworks exploded she drew a cubic curve through the 6 blow-ups. The curve gave a sheaf standing in front of the girl. A sheaf so very ample that she made the blown-up surface crumble. It was going somewhere, and the girl quickly grabbed onto the curve she had once drawn to intersect with the boy's curve. The blown up points became straight lines and the plane was embedding in the projective space as the girl's curve started twisting into a cubic curve. There they were, the boy and the girl lying on the same cubic surface in projective space, each on a twisted cubic curve. I'm not good with endings, and I'm even worse with happy endings. So you will have to figure out by yourself if these two curves intersect or not.