

## *Life on three wheels*

### **Part I**

We had quarreled. Perhaps, after a long and smooth road, unevenness becomes a very necessary condition. In fact, such a compulsion was addressed to us as well.

After a long walk in the rain, my legs took me home involuntarily. After drying my hair I ended up in bed exhausted. Despite my complete lack of energy, my eyelids did not assume the position of a sleeping person by any means. . The deep image of sadness was in my mind.

In the pitch darkness I noticed shadows, three shadows to be exact. Along with their appearance, I was also visited by a slight fear. Three beings in human form: Love, Justice and Lie. Love was completely covered in red clothes. The left half of the face had a gentle smile, and the right... and tears were pouring down the right side. There seemed to be a magical gap between these two halves... anyway. Justice changed its characteristics every minute, once eyes were closed, once ears, once apparatus for speaking. And the black-clad Lie, I thought he was the most optimistic of the four of us. He was always smiling. But this was not the smile we all know. It seemed like this was a smile about some secret...

We loved each other, the planet assigned our halves to each other. Although the so-called fate is not to my liking, but after finding the only one, you understand that you have chosen the most right, the most blessed of the several fateful paths given to you. His and my choice was difficult. We were talking about disappointment and malnutrition of the soul. We all bided our time until we realized that it is impossible to find what was lost and to ignore what is coming.

### *Part II*

“What attracts you the most in the sky.” he asked.

"Distance," my answer was not late.

"What?"

"Here, the distance."

"Isn't it the shine of those stars that fascinates us?"

"Look how far they are from us, but we are still fascinated by their beauty. At the same time unattainable, but so desirable. Knowing that the stars will always remain for us something like an unfulfilled dream, we still dream..."

Taking my hand in his palm, he said:

"Only one has the right to bring unfulfilled dreams to sky."

"Love?" I asked half-confidently.

"Love..."

Everything was more wonderful than we imagined, you know why... people are not gifted to predetermine the future. Unfortunately, we are also not gifted to appreciate the moment and live it. We humans are interesting creatures, aren't we? When nothing stops us from living happily, we ourselves begin to hinder ourselves, and instead of wanting to fight the obstacle, we give up on our lives. Bridges - a system of dethroning absurd dreams. When you have an insatiable desire to use that system, just remember that you can jump straight from above on someone else's dreams that were related to you, but you remained ignorant.

"I am Love. I made you wait for a long time, I'm sorry. But many times you strayed yourself from the path that I had prepared for you, just for you. But please, don't consider everything that happened to you as a life experience. No, love definitely doesn't look like that..."

“I am the Butterfly, or the same as Justice. I have a very short life. In fact, you are very lucky because I am here. You know, only after losing me, people believe that I really exist. Having lost me, they try to look for me in a hopeless state, but unfortunately I am already dead.”

“I am Lie. I own all the wealth of the world and... people. I live...” Lie finished, leaving the speech halfway.

We were walking on Yerevan streets. The light of the street lamps constantly reminded us of something that by loving the light, we found each other. Even though the darkness was not less preferable, the light still won.

At a little distance, we noticed an old man who was watching the passing of the magnificent looking and distinctive personalities living in the center of Yerevan with a longing gaze. My friend approached him. After a sympathetic greeting, he wanted to know what is the reason for such a despondent look and how he can help. The old man did not give us the expected answer. He suddenly began to tell about his past. A disastrous and seemingly irresistible past. He told me in a simple and detailed way how the doctors told his wife that she was terminally ill, how they overcame the insurmountable together. And what is most important is how love opens the doors of all positive things and locks the door of evil with an eternal lock, of course if injustice and lies do not interfere. My friend considered what happened to be no coincidence, and the old man's words a box of instructions, which he kindly gave us.

The year 2020 seemed to be a year of endless losses, endless nightmares. We were constantly losing everything that we thought was inviolable. Second by second, we lost love, the person in whose arms we found ourselves, gazes in which we lived, steps that led to the good, to the world of infinity. A month after the start of the war, he was killed...

### ***PART III***

Let me talk a little more about myself. She loved life, perhaps she hasn't stopped loving it even now. Despite everything, she smiles and considers tears to be such a personal phenomenon that she will be punished by her own ego for crying in public. If you cry, then only in the darkness of the night, so that the walls and ceiling of your room don't suddenly feel. Perhaps such a wonderful example of my mistrust of the world will not be found.

I know that it is very difficult with the owner of my ego. It is as difficult as threading a needle with a ragged thread, as difficult as sailing against the tide in a stormy ocean. But despite everything, he loved me and I loved him.

It seems to us that we are individuals with our own self, we are strong even alone, but believe me, alone we are nothing, we have nothing, but to provide presence for existence would be a luxury to call life. And we understand all this in the deep darkness of the night, the darkness in which even feeling your movements seems incomprehensible to you. The owner of my ego approached the damp, wet window. She opened it and noticed a small puppy outside, who had been looking at the window for too long, more precisely at me, after hearing the sound of the window. An incurable loneliness was reflected in both of their gazes...

What about him? He was the unexpected lavish gift of my pointless existence. His gaze - a deep, misleading, confident, life-giving, but at the same time killing gaze. He was different from the rest: in addition to the external pain, he also saw the pain inside of passersby and lived with it. Very often there was no strength left for one's own problems. He is the best incarnation of my ideas.

"Do you love him?" Love asked with a smile on his face.

"I love him," I answered firmly, but at the same time scared.

"That's right, because I'm here." said Love with admiration. Turning his face to the other side, Love continued. "And do you think that it is possible to lose him one day?"

"It's impossible," I answered without fear.

"That's right, because I'm here." intervened Justice.

"It's not right, because I'm here too." - Lie grinned.

"You've always loved ruining things." - Justice fumed

"If you carry out your mission indiscriminately, I will be powerless to destroy anything." while saying the words, Lie`s smile widened, as if he himself was surprised by his frankness.

Love was still silent. Justice moved closer to Love, in a similar way moving away from Lie. But all the same, it didn't stop the Lie from inflicting huge blows on Justice.

"Everyone shows their hatred towards me, while they can't imagine their own life without me.

And you, Justice, have been secondary for a long time, if not tertiary. Love is a name made up of false promises, unfulfilled emotional dreams. But you know, I thank you. You have helped me a lot and you still continue to do so, because it is with your promises that I am completing my conspiratorial function. I think this time will not be different from the previous ones and I will be able to announce the end of my wonderful project within the given time."

Although Love has always been distinguished by his modesty, this time she could not keep quiet.

"You have never been able to complete your work alone and you will never be able to. Injustice or inexperienced Justice always comes to your aid. Or maybe your friends hiding under the guise of Justice, Ingratitude, Jealousy... Without them you are nothing and not even your stupid smile can save you."

Lie answered without making a single facial movement.

"Rightfully so. Maybe without them I will be able to live somehow, but without you I will crumble to dust in seconds."

Justice and Love were friends, it's true they often argued, but they always ended with speeches about unity. After Lie's words, Justice took Love's hand and started whispering something in her ear. A few seconds and Love began to cry, the half of the face with a smile was also covered with a river of tears. I didn't understand anything. Love crawled over the wall and sat on the ground, on the wet ground, it was all tears.

The three of them appeared on the first day of the war. First they introduced themselves, and then they began to look for their place in the house. The closest to me was Love, then Justice, and Lie... Lie was smiling from a distance. My thoughts were sorted when I noticed that Lie had two boxes in his hands. Actually, it was his turn today and that was the reason for not standing in the same line as the rest. On this one day, everyone had to be honest, that was the dictate of the universe.

Lie immediately opened the box and the unexpected happened.

“Today in my imaginary box are the victims. Those victims who were searching for Love and Justice all their lives, but you were busy teaching life to faithless humans. With such a step, you ignored them and their lives and feelings. And I hate you...”

#### *Part IV*

On October 25, at 10:30 am, the news of my eternal loneliness was announced. He was killed... During the last month, sleeping for 2 hours already seemed like a luxury, but it was only the compulsion of my body, not my desire. When I woke up, I was suffocated from the inside by the insatiable desire to go for a walk. Some invisible force pushed me out. I was walking as if I had lost something very precious in the streets of Yerevan, but I didn't know what or who... We didn't have information from him for a week, but I always slept with the hope in my heart that no one would suddenly steal and take him away.

I had been walking for 2 hours already, and I didn't know where I was going. All the Armenians I met on the road were empty in their eyes. Seeing the black ribbons, names in Armenian letters, and surnames ending with yan at every step forced me to walk in a bowing posture all the way. They died for our today's second, minute, hour, for our tomorrow, all that the Armenian never learned to appreciate. You can disagree or harshly criticize me, but this will not change the course of Armenian history.

While I was walking, my mobile phone rang. It was his uncle, the person who introduced me to his family. There was a long silence, as if the cruel disaster was buried in that silence. And I realized everything, I lost him again, but this time the loss was eternal... And I blame myself. We always realize too late what is the meaning of our imaginary life and how not to lose it in any way. We had an argument and from that very moment the calculation was started. Were we so blind and deaf that we could not see or hear the whisper of the stopwatch hand? They say that people are different from other creatures of nature in thinking, intelligence, but now I feel stupid...

After the sad course of events, when I arrived home, I noticed that Justice was no longer there, he had died. He was killed by the impudent Lie and his inseparable teammates. And he took Love with him, from the very first moment of his death. But another Love will remain forever in my heart. Despite everything, the Lie was still there.

“How are you still here?”

“I live ... always. I am immortal...”