***My Hobby***

Frankly speaking, I thought, analyzed, tried to find in my life something reminding this mysterious concept hobby. But unfortunately or may be fortunately I have not found any similar. This word disgust me because it’s foreign, and even being the pitiful representative of my country, I am nevertheless it’s true patriot. But circumstances in spite of it force me to start writing, and with heavy heart I sit myself at the table and begin to state.

As it seames to me I have once already mentioned in one of my previous compositions that my life is ordinary and mediocre. I am a student. I think it talks about many things, if not about all. Yes, I belong to the huge brotherhood of the students. Yes, I relatively live by their being. Yes, I have imbibed their merits and lacks. Yes, it is hard to distinguish me in this waving and storming human sea representing the most "progressive" part of our society - youth. But in spite of it I’m not like they are. Perhaps, that is too courageous statement. Likely, I am too selfish and self-confident, but I have quite other interests then they have (certainly, I am talking not about all of them). I am the person of other epoch, other world, although I am connected to them by some things. In particular the computer is one of my enthusiasmes. I consider that this creation of human genius must and is able to advance the human race on the way of the historical progress. There are instants, when I want to comprehend it from different directions, to learn all it’s smallest details and characteristic features. But thereafter this glow suddenly becomes feeble and soon this heap of metal and plastic becomes only the impersonation of the symbol of inevitable wreck of the whole earth civilization. Therefore everything undoubtedly is relatively. In one moment a certain concept seems to you correct and natural, and then everything changes in a trice and you begin to censure and condemn all yours former points of view. I believe these vast reasonings deeper and deeper immerses me into the abyss indefinitely far from the theme of the prospective treatise, therefore, collected last forces, I continue. Another side of my life in part reminding this disgusting word hobby is my passion for the books. Though define it as unsatiable thirst or desire would be more correctly. However in spite of that is a passion, but it does not dim my mind and obscure my reason according to this I shall begin the narration.

Most of all I love novels 18-19 centuries. I adore that time’s classics-novelists. They wake something pure, gentle and beautiful in me. They allow me to rise above the whole world and soar…

- A silly dreamer. Come back to the ground!

Besides it is possible to find in these books rather extensive actual material, though it is doubtless that the main core of any novel is the theme of love. I adore France. Its life, thoughts, customs, history. Therefore I love the French novelists most of all, such as Stendhal, Dumas, Vinie, Hugo (I should note, that I have a weak knowledge in this area). And especially Hugo and Stendhal. Hugo has sown a grain of love in my soul, Stendhal has cultivated and strengthened it, has not allowed to fade. But how would be strong these geniuses, it is impossible to forget about such giants, as Homer, Dante Alighieri, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Franзois Rabelais, Prosper Merimie, Charlotte Bronte, Andre Maurois, Pushkin, Tolstoy and many, many others. All of them have influenced on the formation of my character. From the earliest childhood I was being accustomed to the books and forced to read them. I am very grateful to my parents for it. Nevertheless though their influence was very strong and frequently determining, but my heart belongs to the Victor Hugo and Marie-Henry Beyle (Stendhal).

Other insane passion is undoubtedly music. I like melodious ballads, sensitive rhapsodies, divine overtures, exotic songs very much. I have mixed these it would seem incompatible concepts so roughly, because the world of classical music exists connected with all other genres of music for me. I love them separately and together. Sometimes I adore classics and despise Pops, but then I can search with thirsty on the radio wave or in my own collection for something more cheerful, for, for example, Chopin induces melancholy. In spite of great variety of music bands I prefer DEEP PURPLE, LED ZEPPELIN and QUEEN. I **love** first two of them, but **deify** QUEEN. Listening this musical world’s empress I immers almost into the prostration, I dream and see various images. Sometimes I try to analyze something sensibly, but soon I pacify and simply have a relaxation. I am going in the dark corridor of life searching for the truth, desiring the light and then I hear the Freddie’s voice - I find out all that was wished, my bowl of life is full. It is necessary to admit that Hugo as well as Stendhal have often caused my tears, but Freddie has usually gave me a smile.

Probably I have given an excessive vent to my feelings. In such case I bring my apologizes to the reader. I have only tried to bring some heat and vivacity to this dry if not to tell an ice theme.

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