Zyudov

2003

Zyudov had just graduated from university. After all his hard work, he had finally received just a diploma. Nothing else--no job, no friends, no money and no love. In fact he was in deep educational debt. However, despite all this, he remained positive. He smiled, laughed and acted like he did not care. Everyone loved his attitude-- almost everyone wanted to become acquaintances with him, but he did not know what to do. Whenever someone greeted him, Zyudov would run the opposite direction in fear. The reason why he had such poor social skills is because of his childhood.

As a child, Zyudov rarely saw his parents. He was brought up by his “neighbors”---they talked one way, but acted another. Zyudov did not enjoy this, but he could not complain, since no one in a farming village would care at all. His parents would come home from overseas once in a while, on strange occasions.  And even when his parents came to visit him, it wasn’t very friendly.  Zyudov did not have any siblings--it seemed that he was an accident. He was alone for almost all of his life.

But young Zyudov was now ready to take on the world. Clean haircut, fresh clothes, a computer--- all things that he had to buy himself. Zyudov was brilliant, hardworking, prudent and prosperous. He wanted to move to another country, like the US to work. But first, he had many things ahead of him, such as the language barrier etc. He couldn’t wait for a bright future-- Zyudov studied hard and dreamed harder.

2005

After a rather lengthy wait, Zyudov could finally move to the USA for work. His application was easily accepted, since he had graduated from a prestigious university with near-perfect marks.. He was confident about his future, and was ready to pursue the American dream. He was afraid of almost nothing: going alone-- he was used to it, language barrier--he can understand and speak English rather fluently. He took off early in the morning and arrived in New York City late at night. Once he arrived in New York, he was tired and wanted to rest before moving into his new apartment.

On a second thought, “Taking a rest is a waste of time”, he thought. He looked at the address of his new home, and began his journey.

2006

In his first year in a new country-- he felt like home! The success and isolation he had received back in his native country was still with him. Zyudov had a very good paying job in a promising software company. However, he still felt isolated-- learning english was useless to him, since he never had to speak any. The boss just gave him work and Zyudov coded it. Zyudov was happy to avoid speaking at all costs. But in heart, he was feeling desperate. Whenever he saw couples or happy groups of people, his heart hurt. He was confused, but he knew the truth.  He was never part of society and never will be.

2009

Zyudov took a look at his clock on the wall. “2:39 AM”. He then stared at his computer screen. He was hours away before he could actually compile the code so it will be ready later this afternoon. He had spent the last few hours fixing a memory bug that he had come across in the script. As he was coding, he was also learning how to code with the language and the same time. It was hard to learn new programming languages all the time and keep up with the pace of work.

Zyudov grunted frustrated as he came across another error. To calm himself down and stay awake, he took a sip of cold coffee before to continue working. As furiously he typed, he thought of other things.

“What will I have for lunch today?”

“What happened yesterday.”

“Who won the last Arsenal match?”

“What is the weather like today?”

‘Hmmm I will--”

Zyudov had just made another error in the code. His faced slowly started to glow red and his arms were shaking. He stared at the screen with vile intent, but he soon calmed himself down.  Yawning, he thought

“I am very tired. I should sleep.”

8:45 AM

Zyudov suddenly woke up.

“Why am I asleep?” he screamed. “I am not even finished my code!”

He scrambled out of the couch and furiously turned on his computer. His jaw dropped. He had forgotten to save all of his earlier work. He had just lost all of his work. Zyudov stared at the blank computer screen, in burning white anger.

“I give up.” he sighed.

Zyudov scrambled back onto the couch to sleep.

“I might as well skip work then. This is way too shameful”.

2 Weeks Later

For the past 2 weeks he never went to work. He was simply too afraid to talk to his boss, about why he was not able to finish the task. He was also afraid of being fired by his boss.. He wanted to take no risks-- “after all if you don’t try you won’t fail”.  Failing to finish the task hurt him badly-- he turned from a bright, hardworking and efficient individual into a total dirty, disgusting and a lazy monster. This made Zyudov was too frightened to go outside to the real world, simply he felt so shameful and depressed. He needed some kind of solution.

Zyudov sat on his growing heap of dirty pizza boxes. His eyes were swollen and his head was pounding, because he could not sleep well. He sighed again, and decided to bust open another bottle of beer. While drinking, he realized that he needed something to eat-- he would call for pizza delivery again. In about half an hour, pizza came.

As he was eating, he thought about life outside.

“What have been happening lately? How was his work situation? Who won the last night’s game?”

But to answer these questions he had to communicate, which was something that he no longer knew how to do. Zyudov’s eyes started to get watery as he thought about this. As he was thinking, he soon remembered about his overdue rent. How will he pay for all this, which he no longer had a job? How will he face the landlord? Then he remembered his student debt-- Zyudov collapsed. He felt very confused--it was the first time he had problems with money. It was also the first time he had problems with authority. Zyudov started to mediate, trying to find a solution to his aggravating problem. The only one that he could think of was alcohol.

A week has passed. Zyudov still had no solution. Thinking for one just made him madder. He tried to consult for help, but he had forgotten how to speak much at all. He was also becoming disgusting; he had not bathed or shaved in nearly a month. Dirty and poor, Zyudov sat on a chair. Suddenly, he had an idea. This idea was called revenge. He was furious at how society had treated him. Weeping uncontrollably and shivering, Zyudov put on his jacket, and stepped in the footprints of a mass murderer.

“Let’s make some friends.”

2020

Zyudov was executed with lethal injection on May 5th, 2020 at 7:30 AM. His last words were: “I’m sorry.”