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SERGEY SOLOVYOV

**THE COMING APOCALYPSE.
Awakening of the Dead
Princesses**



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«Издательские решения»

Solovyov S.

The coming apocalypse. Awakening of the Dead Princesses /
S. Solovyov — «Издательские решения»,

**НЕЗАКОННОЕ ПОТРЕБЛЕНИЕ НАРКОТИЧЕСКИХ СРЕДСТВ,
ПСИХОТРОПНЫХ ВЕЩЕСТВ, ИХ АНАЛОГОВ ПРИЧИНЯЕТ ВРЕД
ЗДОРОВЬЮ, ИХ НЕЗАКОННЫЙ ОБОРОТ ЗАПРЕЩЕН И ВЛЕЧЕТ
УСТАНОВЛЕННУЮ ЗАКОНОДАТЕЛЬСТВОМ ОТВЕТСТВЕННОСТЬ.**The
sixth book from the series “Legends of the Russian North.” Doomsday has arrived,
and as predicted, the Sleeping Dead Princesses are Awakened. A frenetic force
broke loose. The time has come for the Chosen One, who will do what was destined
thousands of years ago. The whole world will fall at his feet.

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Sergey Solovyov

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Prologue

The cutting of the submarine, even the cruising one, still seemed, in his opinion, very small, compared to a room in a good hotel in New York. Such a small and dull room, all made of metal, with an unpleasant source on top... Captain Dan Black was standing there, wrapping himself in a fur jacket, thinking why it was so damn cold. How they were brought into this Barents Sea! It would be much more pleasant in Florida, it's warm and good there. And he looked with growing anger at the German, also a captain of the US Army, recalling yesterday's conversation in the wardroom.

— Dan, the general told me that I should only bring you to the island. Radar does not know how to lie, and it is the long-awaited land in the sea. Cap, sign the check, I did my job, — the German said confidently.

— Nick, the chief warned you that you wouldn't want to land on the goddamn island with us. But the general said that I could double the amount of remuneration in case of need.

— Dan, I don't know how to say... Write an irrevocable check in the name of my wife, and that the radio operator would give the bank details as soon as we surface. Only so, in another way I do not agree.

— You don't even trust me, Nick! — answered the blushing sailor.

— On the contrary, Dan. We'll just die there together like true friends. I want you to live, but if these... creatures, you will be killed, you yourself understand, no one will give money to my family.

— Nick, you're very businesslike for a former Nazi, 'the officer laughed, slapping the German on the shoulder.

— I've had some very businesslike contacts here. Big lesson for life.

— Who did you see, Nick?" the American said, incredulously.

— Mr. Gatti. I flew to me in Britain, I was only captured then in 1942. There were harsh days...

— You surprised me, — Dan replied incredulously, "these people, they are just very influential. But you were a Nazi.

— You're being fooled by your radio, Dan. The main Nazis, these are not those whom the allies want to hang, but those who unleashed the damned war. Krupp, Siemens and others, those who gave power to Hitler.

— Weren't you a member of the NSDAP? Black joked.

— I was in the trade union and the Communist Party until 1933. We were against Hitler. But did they ask us???

— Don't be mad... And are you not angry with the Russians that they drove the Germans out of Prussia?

— Not very good... We have done them great over the years. And the fact that we were kicked out of Prussia is understandable. But why were the Germans expelled from Czechoslovakia?

— Well, what was there, on the island, in 1942?

— Hell there, Dan. True Dante's Hell, Tartar Homer. "Odyssey" read? The place where Ulysses reaches a Hyperborean island hidden by mists... The same place was described by Saxon Grammaticus in "The Voyage of Torquil." Well, the egg-heads from Anenerbe, fought and deciphered the location of this place to our misfortune. Moreover, the book of Mavro Orbini, with a fragment about Alatyir Island, served as a beacon for them. Well, they decided that Hell and Paradise were nearby, and since Alatyir is Novaya Zemlya, they thought that this place, called the Russian Sannikov Land, was always hidden by fogs. By the way, — and he laughed — the Greeks called this place the Hidden Island. Well, we came up... Three minesweepers drowned on rocks... There, the bottom of the sea is covered with sharp rocks, like anti-tank hedgehogs... We had one... With his head not very it was, he showed the way, he, they say, dreamed so... You know, the giant is like... Fregatten,

the captain shouted that he would be shot, and Hans only laughed, and shouted back that everyone was already dead in this place.

— And where is that Hans? Captain Black was alarmed, this guy would be useful here.

— The dead dragged him into the cave, — exhaled Nicholas Seedorf, — did not kill... Yes, Hans Van Wenden and it is impossible to kill. Although, I'll tell you honestly, you would not believe that Hans is such a big man, thin, high...

“And the dead... — and Dan made an expressive movement, as if trying to bite — are they like vampires?”

— No... — and Nick frowned, as if he remembered — very fast, do not speak at all, very tall — and showed, raising his hand above himself. They kill right away, they just beat them with clubs, so only the chop remains from the person.

— Nothing, we have “Tommy Ghana” with us...

— Bullets do not take them, and blood from wounds does not flow... The smell from them, — he turned, — well, dead... They see in the dark, or smell simply, but navigate without problems. So lights, candles, everything should be taken with you. The dead beat with clubs until they beat them to death, from our two only minced meat remained... Well, on the case, remember Dan. They walk around the island fifteen minutes apart. It takes about eight minutes to reach the entrance to the cave, no less... But there is fog, such a rain continuously drops... You can't see the sun. The grass is stunted, barely growing, not green, but colorless, flowers too... And there is another cave, with a crumbling vault, the dead do not approach it. But, I remember how Hans drove our boat. Well, then Baron von Wenden saved me, and helped to swim into the sea.

— We've got aluminium, Nick, so we're spot on... Can I leave the boat on the shore?

— No problem. The dead are only looking for the living, they are indifferent to junk.

“Thank you, Nick.”

— Radio operator, pass the message, — shouted the captain, giving the completed sheet, — and let them send confirmation that the message is accepted.

— Ok, Captain.

Captain Black waited with his hands behind his back. Twelve men were at the ready, the team of the best fighters of the fleet was waiting for the commander's order to start loading.

— Foreman, start loading. 'he finally ordered.

“There's a cap,” and the sailor saluted, putting his hand to the hood.

— Let's go Nick, — called the American specialist.

“Let's go Dan,” the German replied quietly.

Nicholas's face was sad, he seemed to walk with everyone. But he wasn't scared, no. Just knew he was going to die.

— Lieutenant Richardson!

— Me, Captain!

“You remain in command until I arrive. Remember. Don't send a rescue team after us, if we don't return in three days, then you are going home. I see?”

“That's right! The order to wait for you for three days!”

“Let's check the clock. We are waiting for us until the 17 day, exactly until 11 in the morning.”

— We'll follow orders, Captain, the lieutenant said firmly.

Captain Black had known his lieutenant for a long time, and he did not let him down. Neither in Sicily in 1943, nor in Normandy in 1944. But, they got into this for the first time... But he couldn't refuse.

— Get the boat down!

The metal boat, with twelve rowers and two officers, Black and Seedorf, moved away from the submarine's hull and moved to a thick fog, as if stuck to salt water.

Nicholas stood on the bow, with a pole in his hand, the captain sat on the stern, held his hand on the steering wheel, and Captain Dan controlled the engine. The motor of the boat was barely audible, everyone was silent, only Nicholas gave simple commands:

— A little to the left!

— A little to the right!

The boat went forward in this terrible place, where like water hung in the air, the smallest drops of rain fell continuously, but it was incredibly warm. Sailors only wiped water drops from their faces. Dan thought it was 4 degrees Celsius and washes more. But they were approaching the target, although the sailors, whining with fear, heard the hull grinding against the stones.

— A little faster, Dan, — Nicholas shouted, — we must hide behind the ridge.”

— Understood Nick, — the captain replied, — you, most importantly, do not fuss!

— Almost gone, Dan!

And for sure... It seemed, or rather, as if it fell out of nowhere, the shore of this Hidden Island... To the right of the bow of the boat, a stone ridge towered, visible in this white fog. Dan turned off the engine, and the sailors quietly raked to the shore, then the officers rushed into the cold water reaching above the knees, and the sailors grabbed their boat and dragged them ashore. It's good that everyone had rubberized pants...

— Douglas, — Black said quietly, — lead people behind the ridge, and quietly there... Look only through the periscope. I see?

— That's right.

— Forward!

And the team ran past the surf, hiding and the ship behind the stones. Nicholas lay on a large sand, and pointed his finger at something, hitting Dan on the shoulder. Seedorf raised his finger to his mouth, calling for silence. Black turned his head, and took out binoculars, pointed the lens...

Damn it... In the fog, more like shadows, there were people in fur clothes with sticks in their hands. Their gait was strange, almost bird, and their height was enormous.

— It's time Dan, you can't rush here, said Nicholas.

Black nodded, and took out a notebook from the tablet, and looking at the clock, put the time on the sheet. Time dragged on, the captain looked at his watch, and exactly fifteen minutes later another patrol passed.

— Douglas! — whispered Dan, — let the sailors take a double dose of pervetin. Everyone will recover, and check all the equipment, especially the flamethrower. Time-ten minutes

— That's right, cap, — the sergeant answered, and went to the subordinates.

The sailors began to pull up and check the ammunition, examined everything from each other, even laces on their boots. One at a time ran behind a distant stone, relieving need. They were applied to the flasks, drinking courage pills.

Finally, the watch of the islanders disappeared into the distance, Dan looked at the chronometer, and finally raised his hand, and the team of Americans ran, not sparing their boots, rushed to the entrance to the dungeon. The sergeant closed the detachment, watching that no one would be behind.

The soldiers' legs were imprinted in small stones with thin sheets of grass and blue and white buds of northern flowers. Everyone ran fast as they could, and as soon as amphetamine could help them. The distance was a little less than a mile, and damn it, they had to meet this devilish standard!

The first to drop into the opening was Dan, then Nicholas, with his face covered with sweat, and the sailors ran in one by one, followed by a sergeant breathing like a driven horse.

— How are you, Sergeant?

— Great, cap!

— Save the batteries. Sergeant, light the lantern at the tail of the column. Nobody, nobody, sailors, do not leave the formation! Whatever you see! Douglas, look, no one would be behind!

— We'll do it, Captain.

— Forward, Black commanded, lighting a flashlight, and led the column.

Dan illuminated the cave walls, and the floor, polished almost to a mirrored sheen, glistened like the finest Bohemian crystal. The granite of the cave passage was also processed, as if in a precut granite workshop at a cemetery somewhere in Cleveland! They passed by three doors, which became black from old age, but upholstered with gold plates still shiny in the rays of the lanterns. One of the sailors, looking around, took out a knife, and picked up the plate, and hastily hid the prey in his pocket.

— Keep up, — Douglas hissed in fury.

Captain Black trembled with impatience, hiding fear and horror from the place, and dreamed of a cramped submarine cabin. Previously, he simply hated desalinated water and the stuffiness of the ship, now he considered his ship just the best place, if not on earth, then at least on water.

— Nick, how long to go?

— Around the bend, Dan... You're about to see Sleeping Beauty.

The American did not believe himself, seeing here and now the delighted face of Seedorf. Damn, what was there to rejoice? Only Nick was smiling, and I think he was happy.

Black just shook his head, feeling the pitch darkness ahead of him with the light of a lantern. Here, and the long-awaited turn, and the stone vault of these terrible chambers.

“Here, Dan,” Seedorf whispered, lighting the room with a lantern.

One of the walls had a high white throne and the walls had eight crystal coffins... At the far wall, everything was in the dust.

In seven of them lay seven men of gigantic height, and in the eighth — a woman, or rather, a girl of extraordinary beauty, and considerable growth. Her hair was white, the dress was decorated with jewelry. She was not dead, with a disfigured face, but as if she was sleeping, covered with an ice openwork cover. Dan came up, took out a camera with a flash, and began to quickly take pictures of the hall. In excitement, he removed the camera, and hid the cassette in his boot, then shot more, scoring the last cassette with frames.

Nicholas smiled, and stroked the smooth lid of the crystal coffin, and without shame, admired the features of a beautiful virgin.

“Nick, then kiss her...” Dan whispered.

— Already, already Captain Dan, already... She did not wake up, — the German answered sadly, — it means that I am not worthy.

Black did not believe such words, and only shook his head. The heart pounded terribly, and so I wanted to get out of here. Fear and horror seemed to hang under the arch of this peshier.

One joy, it was easy to go, there was no dirt, as if they were cleaning here... Dan once again examined the floor of the room, and shone a lantern... Damn it, there was no dust!

— Nick, we're finished... — and he pointed to the floor of the hall.

Seedorf first frowned incomprehensibly, glanced from Black to the coffin, then to the granite floor. Dan would not believe that you could turn so white, literally...

— Captain Black, we have to get out while we're safe... Cleaners... They clean up dust here...

Dan nodded, and went to Douglas, who was staring at miracles, and took his hand.

— Sergeant, we leave, and faster. Ahead is a machine gunner, followed by a flamethrower.

— That's right, cap, — Douglas trump, and went to build his team.

— Next time, Princess, 'and Black blew a kiss to Sleeping Beauty.

The detachment went to the exit, the captain looked at the chronometer, and they seemed to be in time. Dan wiped away the cold sweat, already dreaming of a litre of whisky and then gin.

But then luck left them... At the very exit, they saw three dead men with brooms... Even these panicles were enough to beat the machine gunner to death, the flamethrower burned them quickly. The detachment fled to the boat, but halfway they were surrounded by the Dead, they attacked in groups.

— Hans, Hans! Nicholas shouted, seeing his comrade in the crowd of the dead, — run to us! Baron, come back!

But von Wenden turned around when he heard Nicholas's voice, but quickly disappeared behind the stones. Seedorf remembered the face of a friend. And here since 1942 the face of the giant has not changed at all.

“What, Nick,” Dan shouted, reloading the gun with a machine gun.

— Hans saw, among the dead... Exactly he, — said Seedorf, and again threw up Baby Garand and began to fire at the Dead.

“Can't it be, Nick,” Black doubted, “called out?”

— Dan seems to be the end of us... We must try to break through to that rubble.

“Exactly,” Black replied, reloading Tommy Gun, “Douglas! We go to the rubble!”

— Yes, Captain! Only the cartridges are running out!

Sailors shot and shot, but they could not kill anyone, and the flamethrower exhausted resources... The three dead were able to approach and Dan realised how fast they were... They mowed down six before their arms and legs were shot off, and these arms and legs crawled towards the Americans. The squad ran to the stones, but it was impossible to escape from the Living Dead, they did not know fatigue, and there were many faster living people. One person after another became victims of the clubs of the island's guards, and now, only Nick and Dan alone, climbed over the stones, while hundreds of three dead stood below.

“Run Dan,” Seedorf said, planting the captain on a stone plateau, “But I kissed Sleeping Beauty!” Remember that!

— Give me your hand! Black yelled, his hand, and he reached down, trying to catch the German by his convulsively splayed fingers.

— Goodbye! Nicholas shouted, dodging the club, and shoving with his foot an unkillable opponent who could not resist on slippery stones.

Dan even breathed a sigh of relief as he retrieved the rope from his backpack. But then Nicholas was knocked down, and Black closed his eyes, not wanting to see what would happen next.

The captain sat in the corner, directly on the bare rocks, with Tommy Gun and a gun in front of him. For a submachine gun, there was only one horn, but there was one clip in the pistol... The sailor looked almost lovingly at the smooth, and slightly rounded pointed bullets. He sat between ice columns, from which needles protruded, as if sawed out of rock crystal. Dan drank a couple of tablets of pervetin more to cheer up. He shook wildly, he took out a bar of chocolate, cut off the paper, and began to quickly swallow this food, completely without taste. It became a little easier, and he was able to catch his breath.

The American was looking at an old newspaper, and heard that they were climbing stones. There was no strength to run, but in the aisle they would catch up with him anyway, and the cap was about to die, all his people died, and it's time for him to see... He only looked where higher in this cave to hide the documents, just to find them. But he did not notice any holes or crevices in the rock.

The dead climbed into the cave, but stood rooted to the ground in front of the columns, as if woozy. They tried to go ahead, but as if something was not allowed, and they stopped. The American looked at it for a long time, then laughed, and slapped his knees.

“Well, I'll go then, since you're not going,” Captain Black said quietly, “my way there, obviously,” he said aloud, pointing to the tunnel leading like a fairy tale, no one knows where.

The American pulled up his backpack, and putting the lantern on the weakest light, and went, slowly and carefully into this tunnel. There was still no way back. At first, the move was ten feet high, and it was comfortable to walk. Black took off his satchel and took out a can of sausages. I had to eat, although I did not want to. He took out a flask of whiskey and drank half a cup for all his comrades. and ate this food. He sat and trudged on. Soon the ceiling seemed to have dropped,

and he doomed and crawled forward, and only the pervetin gave him strength. Soon, the ceiling of the cave began to grow and grow, and finally reached eight feet in height, but, he rested against the rock. Captain Black frantically threw his hands around the stone, and simply settled down, unable to move anymore. Damn, you still have to die of anger, as Black already thought. In exhaustion, he covered his mouth, and was forgotten.

The American opened his reddened eyes hard, not understanding what had happened, thinking that he had turned on the lantern in a dream. A ray of sunshine hit my eyes! Dan laughed with joy, and tapped the floor of the cave with his hands and feet, unable to restrain himself. So, he quickly opened his backpack, throwing away a couple of cans of canned food, and a rope with a hook! The sailor carefully turned the rope, and began to study the move up with the help of a lantern. He noticed half-rotten steps that could not be climbed. Before the exit it was ten feet, only something, but in height. Black thought, and decided to risk everything...

He pulled out a handful of pervitin from his backpack, washed it down with a sip of whiskey and threw the rope up... The hook caught on the third time. Dan pulled a rope with knots, took off his backpack, put the gun in his pocket, and a submachine gun behind his back. I climbed, well, the pills helped... I got out with difficulty, and the cold burned my face, Black wrapped himself in a blanket, and began to fish out his backpack from the bottom of the cave with a hook. He took out his goodness, wiped his face with snow, and smiled happily... Damn, he felt so good now, as soon as the day his parents took him to the fair, rode the carousel, and then bought ice cream.

I looked around, nothing was visible, and tried to climb the hill. I could still go, but I was afraid that I was about to get cut down... But in the distance, he noticed a rising haze, this could not be confused with anything. Yes, on the other side, but people are here!

Black just sat on the snow for joy... I didn't think I would be so happy with the Russians! Next to the mountain, not far from the mountain range, there were barracks, and next to it, on the mast, a red flag with a hammer and sickle flew. Dan discharged the machine gun and pistol, threw the cartridges into the backpack, and moved towards the camp. I thought, and took the documents in my hand, and raised them above my head.

He walked slowly, smiled with happiness that he got to people, did not bend down and did not hide until he heard a cry:

“Stop!

Dan Black sat opposite the border guard officer, as far as he understood and remembered the course about the ranks in the Red Army. The gaps are green on the border guard, three small stars and one enlightenment — senior lieutenant. In Russian, Black understood, but his accent was wild, but all early the captain arrived in a good mood, in his hand with a glass of hot tea with sugar, even a slice of lemon, in a beautiful cup holder. Warm, roof on your head. The main thing is that now he is among people, living people who smell like human, for example, tobacco... That's right!

— Senior Lieutenant, help yourself, said the American, putting a pack of Camel on the table in front of the Russian.

— Thank you, — the border guard did not become fashionable, — But, Mr. Captain, how did you get to Novaya Zemlya? Territory of the USSR!

— Yes, he was insane. I did not trust the sailor to inspect the skin of the submarine, I myself climbed into the rubber boat, and then the wind hit, carried away. In the boats, according to the charter, we have weapons, even NZ, in case of an emergency. That's how it is now. I was lucky that everything was in place, otherwise I would have died of hunger. Day in the sea chatted, then brought to the island, I walked among the mountains until I went to your outpost. My personal number... Report to the U.S. Embassy.

— Good luck, Captain. Against polar bears, the machine gun is weak, if only the white bear was teased.

— Of course, lucky, — smiling, the American agreed, remembering how lucky he was! — I am, in general, a happy person!

“Yes, you would know, Russian, how lucky! — Dan thought, looking at the Russian, — and how unlucky you are, to live next to such neighbors, the living dead and their lords”.

— The plane will arrive in three days, Dan Black, — said the Russian officer, noting the dates in the notebook, — and you will fly to Arkhangelsk on it.

April month 1946. Dan was napping, sitting in the seat of a passenger Douglas, with a newspaper on his lap. The plane landed in Arkhangelsk, a day later flew to Moscow. The central airport of Moscow, the Airport metro station, where people stared at the American, everyone tried to say hello to an ally in this difficult war. I went out to Mayakovskaya, walked a little, looked at the Zoo, but only sighed with regret, and quickly went to the embassy. The guards trumped at the entrance, and now, he was already inside, they brought coffee, and one of the workers, judging by the winters, a scout, took him to his place.

— Dan Black, submariner! our cunning man said, smiling broadly at each.

“Give me a piece of paper,” the captain asked.

Black quickly wrote the password numbers on white paper, and pushed the sheet back to the employee. He checked the numbers with the ruler, and already smiling broadly, screamed:

“President Truman is waiting for you... Where is the rest of the team?”

— Destroyed by the enemy, I miraculously got out.

— I see... Tomorrow by train to Leningrad, from there the plane to Stockholm, then to London, Greenland or Iceland and you will be at home.

— Great.

— Better spend some time at the embassy, the guest room is ready.

“I agree,” Black understood the intelligence officer from the embassy.

Washed, and went to bed. There was an idea to put a shoe with a film under the pillow, but changed his mind. It would look strange from the outside. But in the morning, after breakfast, the embassy car brought the sailor to the Leningradsky railway station. I went to a commercial store, bought three cans of black caviar, sparkling cognac and smoked meat and bread on the road. He could not spare money, he thought, he bought himself nesting dolls, bashlyk, and a Russian sheepskin coat as a keepsake. Valenka did not take, it was hard to drag, but unts... Willpower was not enough to abandon this.

So the docked car, the porter brought things in, and received money for tea. The captain hung an overcoat and a cap on a hanger, and blissfully lay down in a sleeping place... The eyes closed themselves...

He again saw in his sleep monsters with clubs, and crystal shiny coffins. The face in the coffin, and it seemed that the girl's lips trembled, and black eyes opened without pupils, and he could not say a word, and again a devilish knock...

Dan sat down and rubbed his eyes. The knock was repeated, and the sailor realized that he was already hearing it in reality.

— Who's there? 'he asked.

— Conductor. Could you make room, otherwise the person urgently needs to go to Leningrad.

Dan thought, even got up. I would have sent this guest before, so, not very far. But they helped him, these Russians, and curse, now he began to appreciate living people in a different way.

— If one, then no problem. But I scream in my sleep.

— Nothing, — a voice rang out in English, — I will stroke you on the head, you will calm down. And yes, I am alone.

Dan threw open the door, gallantly giving way to the lady. The girl smiled sweetly with densely painted lips. Dan helped take off his coat, as did his hat. The suitcase also helped to remove, and the guest remained in a dark jacket and the same skirt.

— My name is Irina, Ira. — she introduced herself, — I'm going to Leningrad.

— Glad fellow traveler. My name is Dan. Oh yes, — the American tried to joke, — are you not a spy? I'm forbidden to talk to spies.

— Really! — she smiled, putting her fingers with painted nails on the table, — I am just a journalist of the newspaper “Komsomolskaya Pravda.” I am writing articles, I went to the front, I was even on the battlefield on the Kursk Bulge.

— Well, as it was — and unnoticed by the captain, his face was twisted.

Now Dan, having been in a hellish mess, could really feel how the soldiers were in that battle.

“Hell of a place,” the girl said simply.

Black only nodded back, and took off his tunic, remaining in his shirt and tie.

“Would you like to have dinner?” Wagon restaurant? ‘the gallant officer offered.

They closed the compartment, and walked into the middle of the train, and had a good snack. Ira already laughed a lot, returning to the compartment, the travelers continued the business with cognac, but it all ended in bed. Dan was not a donkey, and did not believe in chance, and even more so in the appearance of such a beauty in his compartment. But now he did not care about spies, because people, like this beautiful woman, brightened up his night. And, nightmares no longer dreamed, only the face of a smiling Nicholas flashed.

— I wrote down the address, Denis, — and she gave him a piece of paper with the address, written in beautiful small handwriting, — I live in Leningrad, on Vasilievsky.

— As a memento, — Black smiled, and gave away a silver cigarette case bought in Moscow. True, there were a couple more of the same in the suitcase.

She did not deny, only kissed the sailor on the neck, and walked along the corridor of the carriage, leaving a light train of aromas of unfamiliar spirits.

Dan smiled, and sat down on the edge of the sofa, felt the heels of his shoes, and yet he turned. One heel was opened and the cassette was gone. But the other cassette was in place, in the next heel. Apparently, the girl decided that there was nothing in another heel.

“What are you doing, Denis?” he said to himself, for he knew who she was? Knew. Just think, one cassette. But what a woman..

Black reached the consul, and flew to Stockholm, from there to Reykjavik, and then Washington.

He was met at the plane, and two taciturn and gloomy guys put him in a great car and drove him. True, it is not clear where, the windows of the car were curtained. He sat between two guides, sat calmly and smiled. Among people, now returning from the other world felt very good. They arrived, and Dan was almost amazed. Actually, Captain Dan Black has never been to the White House.

“Captain, the president of the United States is waiting for you,” an officer dressed in a Marine Corps uniform told him.

They passed the corridors, and a long conversation awaited the captain ahead. Outside the oval office were several gentlemen dressed richly but discreetly. One of them went up to Black, and held out his hand, and introduced himself:

— Allan Gatti, I'm glad to meet you. Shocked by your courage.

Dennis looked at a representative of one of the most influential families in the United States. It was about him that Seedorf spoke, as the rescued officer recalled.

— We must develop the tape, — said the officer on duty.

Truman just nodded, and coffee was brought into the office. Mr. Gatti put on his glasses and sat directly to the screen. Soon the film was developed, and the viewing apparatus and the screen were ready, the light went out. The beautiful colored film conveyed the wonders of the underground chambers well, and no one uttered a word when he saw the dark doors upholstered in gold, the Shining Throne, and the Sleepers.

— I wish I was there, broke out at Gatti.

Everyone just looked at this person with surprise, mixed with fear, Truman even stood up, and immediately almost fell into a chair. Everyone else fell silent, unable to say a word.

— The Russians were unlucky, the president muttered.

Dan looked for a long time at the snow-white face of the Princess, hair, ice colors, covered by a kokoshnik, in the light of the projector, and quietly replied:

— And maybe lucky?

When the Dead Wake Up

Cellars of Tyne

Ilya Surov, a last-year student at the Faculty of Biology at Moscow University, worked at the Academic Institute in his profile. This is not to say that it was convenient to go to work, because getting from Veshnyakovskaya Street to Khoroshevskoye Highway is not very easy. Well, what to do? You can't order your heart, you suffered, you went. Every day by bus, to the Vykhino metro station, past residential buildings, a public garden, and several roads. What good, and there are plenty of cars here. But, on "Polezhaevskaya" their Institute, "Medico-Biological Problems" stood at the very corner, and it was not difficult to go from the metro to work. And now Ilya quickly walked along the sidewalk, and in front of him, as if out of nowhere, there was a fence of his beloved institution. He climbed the high stairs, showed the pass to the guards, and causing the elevator with a magnetic pass, began to descend to the seventh underground floor. Light bulbs 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 flashed on the elevator wall, and behold, the door opened, the usual marble breccia floor, an aluminum ceiling, and stainless steel chandeliers fashionable in the twentieth century.

— Good morning, Ilya, — the guard said to him.

Oleg Dmitrievich, it was he, in the always black chopovka, and with a rubber truncheon that reached the floor. Not because the stick was huge, but because the guard was small. Ilya himself habitually bent down, getting out of the elevator. With a height of two meters, you always need to bend over so as not to break your head. Small, and not only, Ilya often touched his head either behind the jamb, or behind the door, or behind the ceiling, at least put on a helmet, so that there would be no bumps. But here, glory to builders and academicians, the ceilings were high, four meters, more than his house, in an apartment next to the park, where he lived next to his mother.

He walked down the corridor, with the floor made of old and already creaking beech parquet, and the usual movement of the card from top to bottom, opened the door of the room.

— Hello! — greeted, respecting the seniority of other employees, Surov.

— Hello, young shift, — Yury Sergeevich Yaroshko was bored.

Yuri Sergeevich was a complete man of sixty-three years old, with a lush gray hair, an academic beard, and glasses in the style of "Nine days of one year." He dressed in simple corduroy pants and a plaid shirt, and a corduroy jacket usually waited in the locker if he had to go to the high authorities.

Two more employees worked under the supervision of the candidate of sciences Yaroshko. This is a senior researcher Golovanov Gennady Sergeevich, a man of about fifty, dry, if not skinny, and stooped besides. Sensible uncle, like everyone else here, in fact. Another was the complete opposite of Golovanov, senior researcher Khlebnov. He was a complete man, but very energetic, by the way. But his name was also, like Golovanov, Gennady, only his middle name was Kirillovich. But they were often called so simply — "Two Genes," or they simply spoke by their patronymics "Sergeevich" or "Kirillovich" And, sometimes a veteran of the institute, Vadim Grigorievich Veltishchev, came to them. Vadim Grigorievich was especially happy with Ilya, and usually called him only "granddaughter." The veteran was already 75 years old, but he kept vigorous, was energetic and always cheerful.

And now my grandfather was sitting at the table, studying the sample with a microscope. But, I must say this now, salaries have become quite good, but earlier researchers were interrupted, working part-time in morgues, processing the bodies of the dead. Here their knowledge was simply irreplaceable, and at least there they were welcome. Now there were many worries, they performed research for ROSCOSMOS, and for the army and navy. We recently went on a business trip to the North to study the fight against frostbite. But, I must say, my grandfather was called when he was to

work in a secure zone, where he was called on a call, and came for him, in order to spend, the guard was not in a black chopovka, but in a good suit.

The boiling electric kettle snapped, and Kirillovich got up to look.

— Stakhanovites, it's time to drink coffee, — Gena immediately spoke about the main thing.

— We started a coffee machine, — Golovanov joked, aka “Sergeevich”

— Rather a pack of Nescafe, Kirillovich added.

Ilya also took out a mug from the table, and sat down with everyone next to him. Artel cookies, part of the payment for part-time jobs and hacks, also appeared on the table.

— Ilya, here the worker turned up, if you want, we'll take it with us, — suggested the boss.

The worker was usually called the restoration of the face of the deceased, who received serious injuries. Relatives wanted a beautiful face, and an intermediary for 20% of the commission offered work to specialists.

Then there was a call from Yaroshko's work phone, and the head slowly and importantly picked up the phone. He did not say a word, only nodded to his grandfather. The old man rose sedately, finished his coffee.

— Well, I went... Granddaughter, hello! We will need to talk to you, — said Veltishchev as he left.

— What grandfather wanted to tell you? Kirillich asked.

— I don't know, — only the young man shrugged, starting to get close to the cookies.

The cookies smelled so seductive that even the athlete could not resist. So the student took two.

By lunchtime, the grandfather returned, waving the package, and his granddaughter sat down opposite the table.

— Let's go, we need to talk, — said Vadim Grigorievich Ilya, — you, an hour, have not married yet?

Golovanov covered his face with his hands, and Yaroshko quickly sat down on a stool. Khlebnov put a cold glass to his forehead. Actually, this speech was my grandfather's favorite.

— It's hard to find by height, grandfather, — was the answer.

And truthful. There was, so to speak, no one to choose Surov from. Young ladies came across him exceptionally short.

— So I found you! — and the old man laughed even more.

The young man shrugged his shoulders and went to the exit from the laboratory after Veltishchev. They reached the corridor, and the grandfather put the documents on a wide windowsill.

— Read it and sign it if you agree.

Surov went through documents on non-disclosure, on his new official duties. The case was very serious, but the money was offered quite good for two days of work a week — about forty thousand. But the prospects were so bright, you see, and the career will go forward. And not just by leaps and bounds, but by straight hundred-mile steps. Ilya began to sign.

— You look closer, — sighing, grandfather quickly said, — you will work with me. And it says that he must delete all accounts in Odnoklassniki, VK, Pikabu. The passage is simple in a special area — all things are in the locker, you go through the shower, naked, it is clear that you would not wet the clothes and put on white pants, shirt, bathrobe and... white slippers, — and grandfather sneered slyly, — well, what? I agree?

— Yes, there will be more time to write a diploma. I like everything, Vadim Grigorievich!

— Well, then go to the special officer, in the first department. If anything, he'll shoot you.

Like, so grandfather joked. Actually, they were already waiting for them. Surov signed the magazine, and the specialist put him in a chair and began to process him on a lie detector, asking moronic questions.

— Acceptably, — said the specialist, and sewed the document into Ilya's case, — well, everything seems to be.

— Okay, — said the grandfather, — go home. You will enter the course quickly. Our exit to work the day after tomorrow.

— Understood,” the young man almost regretted that he agreed.

The day was not easy, in doubt. Mother, Ekaterina Alexandrovna, did not say anything. The young man quickly collected a duffel bag, and left the house. The best remedy for stress, as you know, is the gym, and Ilya went there.

The minibus came almost immediately, the young man sat down and was slightly distracted, almost missed his stop. His two friends, Dima and Sanya, were already doing their best. Well, Dima talked about something with a woman of about thirty, and she smiled sweetly at him.

— Well, at least everything is as always here, — Surov immediately calmed down.

— Ilya, hello! — Dmitry greeted, with a can of new energy in his hand, — do you wave? — he suggested immediately.

The young man nodded and held out a glass. This thing turned out to be more shameful than the past, and Surov, with a great boost of strength, began to pull dumbbells. At the end of the training went to the soft hall to fight. Dima taught him and Sanya, and was a very persistent mentor. Half an hour of falls on mats, and practicing competent punches, and a strict coach, decided that the wards were free. Sauna, was the next stage of development. The bath completely returned the presence of spirit, because his friend Nastya came.

— Hello, — she immediately greeted, smiling fervently, — are you all healthy? ‘he added approvingly.

The girl was sweet and athletic, although it was impossible to call her beautiful. A sharp nose, a large mouth, a little wide in the shoulders, like any swimmer. But in a swimsuit it was simply incomparable, and one of its appearance improved the mood of a young biologist.

— Let’s go, I’ll teach you to swim, — I said already friendlier, and brought it into the water of the pool in a housekeeping manner.

Twenty-five meters forward, twenty-five meters back, and so on two more times. Nastasya’s technique was perfect, Ilya was not that very, but then he was released naiad from the reservoir.

The evening ended very well, and stupid doubts no longer tormented him. Slept, however, badly, tormented by stupid dreams, white faces, and gloomy, gloomy sky, and rocky earth. I got up early while my mother slept, quickly ate and shaved. Although he needed to shave only every other day, the bristles did not grow quickly. But I decided that it was necessary, they say that it soothes.

In the morning, I only sadly packed my bag, sat down on the track, and went to work, even though my legs did not go there themselves. He hardly showed a new pass at the checkpoint, went to the laboratory, to wait for grandfather Veltishchev.

Grandfather entered, looked around, and Ilya beckoned his finger to the exit.

— Good luck, — Yuri Sergeevich said to him.

Two, old and young, entered the inconspicuous door, behind it was an elevator, which Veltishchev called, leaning the magnetic card against the reader.

— Remember, granddaughter, and next to the cargo elevator — said the grandfather, raising his head up — yes, tall you, just like... Well, you’ll see soon, — the mentor grinned, and his face just sparkled with wrinkles..

The elevator moved very gently, not like the elevators in the foyer of the institute. They went down, and walked along the corridor, dispersing the darkness of the ol with lamps shining a ghostly white light. Another iron door, and behind it is a locker room with a dozen other clothes boxes. Grandfather gave Ilya the key to the box, the young man undressed, and went to the shower.

— What about the towel, grandfather?

— You’ll go through the shower room, you’ll take it there.

And exactly, at the exit there were sets of white clothes and the same slippers, and next to them were towels. Ilya wrapped himself dry, and put on a special outfit rustling with movements, and Veltishchev put a hat in his hand. There were no further locks, and they entered a large hall, akin to the factory floor, where everyone fussed, depicting violent activity.

— To us further, — Veltishchev cheerfully walked ahead, slamming on the polished floor with his rag shoes with a canvas top.

He again leaned a magnetic pass against the door, and they entered the room, the laboratory, where there was an oven. an autoclave, an excellent hood, a huge cabinet and a table with reagents and chemical dishes, there were two microscopes and a mass analysis unit.

— cool.

— I would say, not bad — said Veltishchev, moving his fingers.

All day they studied samples of human tissue, worked on good equipment.

— Okay, — said grandfather, raking sheets with data to himself, — granddaughter, your heart is good, do not faint? Heredity, there were no crazy people in the family?

— I didn't complain, — the young man was surprised.

— Come on, I'll show you one thing, your time has come. Do you love Pushkin?

— Everyone loves him, — not understanding what the catch is, answered Surov.

— Well, read from « The Dead Princess and the Seven Heroes”.

Sleeping Princess

Grandfather pressed the button, and the thick glass door went, opening the passage to the dark hall.

— Read it!

— The coffin swings crystal... -the young man began.

And in the crystal coffin

The Princess sleeps forever...

Grandfather adored theatrical effects, as if he served at the Academic Maly Theater with Yuri Solomin, and not in a secret laboratory, and conjuring over the switch, turned it on...

The hall was decorated with malachite panels, which gave the room a solemn appearance, as if the curators from the KGB also adored the theater. On a pedestal of black granite stood Something covered with a white veil, and with a well-set gesture Veltishchev dropped this curtain.

First, Ilya wiped his eyes, thinking that he could see it.

— Pinch you? — said the funny grandfather, — Yes, do not be afraid, I will not, you are not my grandmother.

On the pedestal stood, and did not hang on chains, a crystal coffin, covered with a lid, and illuminated by many light bulbs, so that the body lying in it was visible.

She was a girl, and very young, and of considerable height, no less than a meter ninety, with dazzling white hair styled in a braid. Instead of clothes, she was covered with a veil that reached the neck.

Grandfather stroked the crystal lid, dreamily covering his eyes:

— The beauty is not beloved... She was wearing a gold necklace, earrings, temporal rings, everything, believe me, made of pure gold. She was in a dark blue dress, silk, woven rolled pearls...

Find

— It happened in 1969, in the Kemerovo region, how they found her.. — the grandfather began the story, — I'm the same as you, only graduated from the University, only in Tomsk. The news came that the workers with the excavator fell into the underground void. People were pulled out, but they got it out of there. and he patted the lens. And the crystal coffin was in a golden sarcophagus. He is now in a special guard, the Princess is depicted there, galloping on a moose, two swords in his hands, and three human heads on his chest — and he showed on himself — dangle on a shoelace, such, count, a picture. And heads and smiles again... Work-eye cannot be torn off.

Well, they put this thing in the office, called a policeman, he was poor there, slept on stools until the find was taken out, or rather, our group did not arrive. There were two of us, they had to describe the find, and save it until the helicopter arrived in the village. There were few helicopters then, and we waited two days...

— Yes, comrade scientist, — the foreman of the police almost cried, — I can't look at it anymore... The second day dreams, her whole face, and then the grandmother ghosted.

— And what she said, — Veltishchev asked quietly, tilting his head.

He sipped strong tea with sugar from an aluminum mug, continuing to listen to the foreman. The servant had a hard time, but it will be even worse.

— Ordered a woman and threatened.. Go, honey, find the way to Babe Yaga, tell me what happened.

The young man looked at the policeman with some regret, and motioned to sit down.

— Seagull? Here are the sweets, Tomsk... — treated Veltishchev.

— Tut of vodka...

— No, well, there is alcohol, — and the scientist took out a flask and poured a quarter of a glass.

— And then... So bad from the front was not, especially after Kursk... I could not sleep. And then again... And you say, so they will be kicked out of retirement.

— Your name is Arkhip Sergeevich, — asked Veltishchev.

— Exactly. And you?

— Vadim. By patronymic, I suppose early, — the scientist joked, sitting next to the coffin.

Next to them stood Vitaly, Veltishchev's partner. Also young at all, a year older than his friend.

— Tell us... Vitaly asked quietly.

— Will you send me to the madhouse?" And then I know such ovegolovs, instantly in a straitjacket and in a sanatorium under a dropper, — the foreman made excuses.

— No, let's not say, — the two answered in unison.

— Okay, but it's hard to keep this in yourself too... Only brought here eight men this thing. I worked with documents, drank tea. Here is a call from the district — Arkhip Sergeevich, you are a well-deserved person, you must protect the huge values of the find. The sarcophagus is gold. Gold is easy, but the fool's head did not look under the bedspread, but doubly foolish that he looked after dinner... You yourself look — beauty is simple, and how alive. I ate, set the alarm, locked the door and slept.

It began, — and he waved his hand, — woke up, it seemed that the coffin was glowing, and she, as if her eyes were open, was light blue, and said, but I could not understand. Fell asleep. In a dream, well, for sure, in a dream, it seemed a white-white face, like a mask... She looked at me, and my temek burned. And then this one, in a blue dress, came... She already spoke in Russian:

— Go Arkhip to the Urals, to grandmother Digna, whom people and Baba Yaga call. Do not be afraid of anything, I will spend. Grandma will reward you with gold for the news about me, you can only say that Ilda sent. And a sign to you from me — and grabbed my wrist with my fingers.

And he wrapped the sleeve of a police shirt on his right hand, and the researchers saw the sign like a chicken's foot, bright red, like burnt iron.

— Just like in a fairy tale, — said the admiring Vitaly Borisovich, bypassing the coffin, — and the constipation is not easy, — and he ran his fingers over them, and the lid locks loosened, and the young man took it off, leaning against the wall.

— Be careful, — Vadim shouted.

— In that coffin your bride... — read Pushkin Vitalka, and smiling mischievously, kissed the lying girl on the lips.

— What are you doing! — Arkhip shouted, jumping up from the stool.

Yes, it was too late. Vitalik, their timid and modest Vitalik, jerked the hefty veteran back, pulled out the bolt on the door with nails, and ran towards the forest, not looking back at Vadim's screams.

— Vitalik! Veltishchev shouted again, but Arkhip grabbed him by the shoulders, and held him for so long.

— You won't find it now, And in the taiga you will disappear like that. I will tell the hunters, they will look. And from you, what tracker? He jumped crazy, like a meryachka grabbed.

— I did not expect this... — whispered Veltishchev, — what to do something?

— You look, kid, do not lie our tales... The hostess called him and went, — he added, finally drinking alcohol from a glass, — and I need to get together until Ilda drove me crazy.

He began to gather. He took off his police uniform, carefully folding it on the sofa.

— Can you wait? Am I the only one here?

— You see for yourself, Vadim. Apparently, my fate is like that...

— Arkhip, look at your hand! Veltishchev shouted happily.

“Why is there?”

— Look...

— Well. — without understanding the foreman said — what?

— Wrist...

The policeman moved his eyebrows, scratched his head, and finally looked at his right wrist. The sign was no longer there, as if it had been erased with an eraser.

— Nda, — not knowing what to say, Arkhip grumbled, — I stay then... So, forget about Vitalik. The report must be written. Literate.

— Did the bear eat? Veltishchev suggested.

— I have to go to his mother...

— Damn... Lost in the taiga, looking for. I'll send hunters. all one thing was going. What do you say? It is necessary that everything converges, or even we will be driven crazy.

— Well, I got nervous, scared. I ran into the forest, — Veltishchev squeezed out of himself.

— Come on, we sit down and write like that. And I will call the area that Vitaly...

— Prilukin.

— Vitaly Prilukin disappeared in the forest. In the morning the hunters will go looking. Well, we'll give someone else to help. Let's find your Irug.

The policeman tried to get through for a long time, finally, the telephone message was received. Arkhip long ruffled the hair on his head and uttered:

— Faster to you with this, — and he nodded to the sarcophagus, — you need to fly away...

— Arkhip, what Baba — Yaga in a stupa to show up and beat us with a chalk? Veltishchev laughed, who did not believe in otherworldly forces, like a Komsomol member, a materialist and just a young scientist.

— Go to bed, otherwise it will fly in both a Komsomol member and a communist, even a war veteran. Let's close the coffin.

And they fitted the lid, snapped, and covered it with a sheet from sin.

— You have to eat. Sit down, here are potatoes with stew.

— Thank you, — Vadim instantly sat next to him, taking out an aluminum spoon from his backpack.

We ate quickly, washed everything down with strong tea. In the morning Veltishchev went to the well for water. A beautiful girl was gaining water, in a colorful dress and rubber boots.

— Help you, beauty? — the youth asked.

— Help me, — the girl replied.

— So there I met my wife, a day later they signed in the village council, and you see, we have been living with Alevtina Dmitrievna for fifty years... Okay, three children, all honor by honor. I did not hesitate for a long time, having seen enough of all this, — said my grandfather, — but Vitalka was never found... That day. Arkhip found him unconscious in the hayloft. He said that he did not remember anything.

— Great...

— It's great that two days later the helicopter arrived. Then Arkhip wrote to me that in the village the devil means that it was two nights in a row. As they are called now, Yeti came, as many as ten pieces. Yes, a woman unfamiliar snooped everything.

— And in newspapers, and now on TV on RenTv they showed something else, — Ilya was surprised, — they say this girl, a million years old, from Mars...

— Look less zombie box. I have a local newspaper, it says that Ilda is Venusian, — the grandfather laughed, — well, okay. We need to photograph it, so it should be. Once a week. Come and remove the lid.

The crystal cover was not very heavy. Surov thought that now he would breathe in icy air, and even with cadaveric notes, as in a morgue, but inexplicably smelled of jasmine.

— Grandfather, as if smells like flowers.

— So it is, granddaughter. Jasmine. I read here, a sign of divinity. That's how wrapped! See, growth like you straight. Yes, and the face cannot be distinguished, — laughed the malicious mentor.

Ilya took the mirror, from the table, a worker, and began to inquisitively examine his face. Yes, the similarity is almost...

— I'm ten centimetres taller.

— Of course it is. Versta Kolomenskaya. Well, everything seems to be... Let's close.

— And skin samples?

— It's like stone. Two cutters broke about her broke, solid granite!

— Harder.. — the student modestly corrected.

— Next time I will trust you to take skin samples from the Princess. So you will find out whether it is harder or harder.

Ilya just sighed heavily, and put the kettle on the boil, and put cups on the table. The kettle boiled and turned off.

— Vadim Sergeevich, do you have tea or coffee?

— Coffee. Previously, I only drank tea in Tomsk. Well, did you plan to run away?

— No, only incomprehensible... And why not Check here?

— Do they want it?" If oil and gas, another thing. The guys are very attached to money. And if anything, they quickly determine in a fool how Romanych... He began to write about it all in the newspaper, and he was quickly sent to the White House.. Now he lives outside the city, in white clothes, drooling. Well, you and I have a short working day, harmfulness, we have to go home.

The Awakening of Ilda

At home, Ilya quickly ate dumplings prepared by his mother, pouring sour cream on them for taste. The fork in the plate worked as if by itself, and he did not seem to feel the taste of food, which he simply adored.

“What’s wrong with you,” asked Ekaterina Alexandrovna, “don’t you like it?”

— No, everything is fine, — as if throwing off the hassle, the young man answered, continuing to eat.

— Finally fell in love? ‘added Mum for more of the conversation, and with some hope.

— No, what, — he muttered, blushing heavily at these words.

— Well, good, — she smiled, adjusting her hair, — Compote, tea?

— Compote, the son who adored strawberry compote graciously agreed.

They milked, and went to the rooms. Ilya, who completed his thesis, and his mother, who after work watched the series on STS.

Ekaterina Alexandrovna, Ilya’s mother, also worked, but in kindergarten as a manager. Near the house, what is better? And she looked after her son, could both feed the school field and help to do the lessons. Mom was strict, did not let Ilya hang out anywhere, in stupid companies. The husband, Dmitry Ivanovich, died early, and the woman took care of her son, and coped well. She attached to the institute, according to old acquaintances.

The young man squeezed off the floor, then stretched his back and legs on the mat so as not to lose shape. The time was already eleven in the evening, and Ilya, without even taking to read a book at night, fell asleep.

I fell asleep quickly, as if I had failed. But the dream was strong, but strange. In front of him was only the face of the Princess, but not sleeping, but with open eyes. She looked at him and whispered all night. And before the alarm rang, a white-marble face also appeared in a dream, he knew from somewhere that he was female.

After breakfast, again to work, and a week later, it seemed that he was drawn in. Dreams stopped, just fell through, and woke up in the morning. But he began to bring flowers to work from the dacha, almost every day.

With Vadim Vitalievich they became just like grandfather and grandson, the work went quickly, the bosses were enough. But one day...

New Pygmalion

— So now they don’t touch, but in the nineties... First, General Sorozin, then, as he died, helped him, Ankudinov, well, that at all... — grandfather Vadim poisoned the bikes, — Efim Sergeich, well, Sorozin used to come with three or four comrades-in-arms, bring equipment, oscilloscopes, start measuring and measuring. All her earnestly — measured — measured, and they made a copy of me, — Veltishchev smiled, — but to work less.

— And what, oscilloscope? ‘the student did not understand.

— It is clear that nothing. Once true, the general brought a psychic. This specialist was immediately blindfolded, well, the general forced him to find what he could.

— Did you find it? — Ilya was delighted.

— Foolish found problems for himself, one hundred pounds. Efim Sergeich scratched like this, stomped right with his feet. shouted, I even put on dark glasses and turned away to laugh calmly. This specialist is understandable, the Princess did not feel.

Ilya fell silent, drank mineral water, remembering his dreams and visions.

— And Ankudinov, this one is just a guard... With him here shamans trampled, sorcerers, witches and other strange contingent. But the main shaman was not a fool, and he also sat under a non-disclosure subscription, so none of them saw the Crystal coffin.

— Cool...

— We remove the lid, — the grandfather ordered, taking out the vacuum cleaner and brushes.

The vacuum cleaner was like a car, and his grandfather vacuumed the body of a virgin, more like a statue, the same dazzling white and beautiful. Surov straightened the flowers in the vase, put a napkin next to it. Grandfather wiped the coffin, the lid from dust, And Ilya, all the same, already looked lovingly at the sleeping beauty, then carefully, trying not to touch the girls' charms, covered the body. Grandfather looked at his granddaughter, no longer letting go of jokes.

— Why Ilya, aren't you afraid?

— And what? — Surov did not understand, — I jumped with a parachute.

— Ilda kiss...

— So she's a rock...

— All your life then you will regret what you could and wanted, and did not. It is necessary to live now, and not then.

Surov looked at his grandfather. Is he experiencing something? Like, did not move his head? Or there, not like some in the morgues, did not flare up with a passion for the dead? But no, Veltishev was calm,

— Okay, — only the young man could say, inhaled and exhaled.

Ilya took the edge of the coffin with his left hand, leaned over, sighed again, feeling the jasmine aroma, and touched the Tsarevna's lips with his lips. As if the icy cold had burned him, lips, lungs, he suffocated, then his head seemed to be squeezed with hoops.

Surov straightened up, the girl's head lay just as immovably on the pillow, and a silver braid hung from her. Ilya turned away, looking at his grandfather, to which he pointed with his finger. Veltishev jumped up, about to scream, but covered his mouth with his hands, and only a minute later calmed down.

— It happened, he whispered, and hugged Ilya impetuously.

Ilda got up from the coffin, her face remained so pale, and her lips blue. The icy blue eyes of the Princess opened wide and immediately narrowed when they saw the two of them. She tried to cover herself with a veil, holding it on her high chest, hidden in the folds of fabric with her left hand. The girl looked at her abode for a long time, stroked the crystal, and went to Ilya and Vadim.

— Ilda, — she said, — are you a magician?

— Vadim Grigorievich Veltishchev, — said the elder, — a scientific worker.

— Ilya Dmitrievich Surov, — added the younger.

— Who picked me up," she said in a low voice in good Russian — I should know!

— How do you know the language? 'the grandfather asked incomprehensibly.

— Yes, I heard everything that was said here, so I learned. Well, who kissed? — she said again, — I will not eat the Chosen One.

The youth looked at the girl, slightly smaller than him, with silver hair, dazzling white skin, blue lips and light blue eyes. True, her teeth were not visible. Maybe he won't eat... For now...

— I, it just so happened, — said Ilya, — I did not want to offend you, honestly.

The girl, as she was, in one bedspread, shining with the dazzling whiteness of her face and shoulders, approached the young man with a strange, floating gait.

— By orders and by prophecy, I will serve you forever, knight, — said Ilda, putting her palms in the hands of the young man, — I will not leave you in battle, I will fight for you, I will not harm you, — and looked expectantly at Surov.

— And I, — and the student began to remember all the books and films about this, not paying attention to the cold of her hands, — I accept your service, and I will take care of you as I should.

— It turned out as it should have. — Grandfather expressed himself vaguely, — granddaughter, let's go, help.

Veltishchev led Surov to the boxes lying on the floor. Grandfather looked at the seals, checked with the notes in the notebook, and opened one of them. He took off the paper, then the felt. Ilya looked inside and gasped. Inside was a copy of Ilda.

— what is it? the young man did not understand.

— Young green. New technologies. 3d printer. My granddaughter did, — Vadim Sergeevich said proudly. — I took photos of the Princess, measured the body. That's beauty, right?

“You're a big artist, like my Mikla,” said Ilda, swiping her finger on the cheek of her double.

Suddenly she sat down, did not move far from her saviors. Her eyes were open, but her lips were moving. Here the princess got up and said:

— We need to go to the Urals! Baba Yaga is already waiting for me!

— And he says beautifully, — Veltishchev smiled, — so you need to get the documents, granddaughter. If you want to become Veltisheva Ilda Vadimovna, I will make a passport in a week.

Grandfather began to put the mannequin in the coffin, thought, looking at the bedspread worn on Ilda.

— And nobody asked me what, — Ilya said.

— You're coming with me, Knight. So you are destined, — answered the snow and white girl.

— I don't want to, — he said.

— After you want, — Ilda Veltishchev supported.

— How will we get Ilda out of the guarded facility, grandfather? — the granddaughter got nervous, — and where is her clothes?

— Young green, — Vadim Sergeevich sighed, and went to the closet.

He fished out a tracksuit, sneakers, everything similar to what Ilya wore to work on Fridays, only women's. Blushing, he took out a black bra and women's panties.

— Well, you give! — only said Surov.

— Look away, you bastard, — Veltishev commanded, “the Princess will dress.”

Surov turned away, did not peep by itself, was not enough yet. I just heard Ilda's disgruntled whisper:

— Why all this? Here, pants and jacket, yes shoes. And enough for me. Squeezes after all...

— It's impossible, — the grandfather persuaded, — get used to it, Moscow, your tea is not Ural... And you are a prominent young lady. Be patient...

They did this for another five minutes, and the Princess could not be recognized — almost Ilya's twin brother, and a spacious jacket hid the girls' charms. Veltishchev looked, and sighed, threw a hood over Ilda's head.

— Now it's another matter, — Vadim Sergeevich smiled, — now Vohra will not catch us.. Ah, the head is two ears... After all, return through the shower. Well, okay, we will turn away... Let's go, we have to leave.

They quickly gathered, the grandfather straightened the cover on the mannequin, together closed the crystal coffin with a lid, and Ilda looked at it without stopping, brought it together, bent her fingers, and finally hugged her shoulders.

— Let's go, granddaughter... How old are you, Princess? — asked the grandfather.

— As elected was, so sixteen to me remained.

Ilya only nodded his head, looked at the revived girl who got up from the coffin under his kiss. Cool lips, as he recalled, were first stone, and then so plump and soft... Surov sighed and turned around. Well, yes, and in height...

— Grandfather, — the Princess said more simply, — do your knees hurt?

— Well, it happens, before the rain... Hurt, no strength... I can't sit down.

— Sit down. I'll do it quickly.

Veltishchev, gasping for order, sat down on a banquet next to the shower, and looked at Tsarevna without looking up. She threw the jacket hood off her head, the girl's eyes darkened, and her palms froze three centimeters from the old man's knees.

— That's it, I think.

Vadim Grigorievich touched his legs in surprise, sat down, shook his gray head.

— I never would have believed it... You, granddaughter, go through the shower and wait for us.

Near the elevator, grandfather diligently checked Ilda's clothes, tied her shoelaces on sneakers, and exhaled heavily.

— Pass give, Ilya.

— Take, — and the young man gave the card, — where should I wait for you?

— Wait until others go, there and slip through the guard, — the mentor taught an inexperienced employee, — how to wash your eyes.

And so it happened. The guard only nodded to Veltishchev and Ilda, mistaking her for a student, an assistant to a respected senior researcher.

Here at the entrance people knocked down from work, and the guards did not have time to check all the passes, here Surov appeared in front of the turnstile, of course, without a pass.

— Ilya? looked at him, not understanding the guard.

— I forgot the pass in my desktop. With the crowd crawled back.

— Well, come on, — and the turnstile opened in front of the student.

Ilya ran down the degrees, looked around at Khoroshevka, and noticed his grandfather and granddaughter, talking very nicely.

— Here, the granddaughter does not want to eat ice cream, — Vadim Grigorievich complained, — you have to finish.

— Yes, I can't, — and Ilda shrugged, — I only eat honey.

— I'm going now,' the young man said quickly, 'if necessary...

He went to the supermarket, walked through the shelves and bought two kilos. At the checkout, the saleswoman looked at him with round eyes.

— That's my sweet tooth. And punch another spoon, — said Surov, — I will pay with a card.

Honey in the bag, and he was back on the bench. Ilda was unusually pale, with blue lips, but her eyes brightened to light blue.

— Here, you sing, — and he gave the Princess a jar of honey.

The girl was cheerful, grabbed a jar, and the glass burst in her fingers at once... Time seemed to freeze. Ilya reached into his bag for wet wipes, his grandfather barely managed to move away, so as not to be doused with sweetness, Ilda deftly arched herself, and not a drop fell on her pants and jacket. Deep cuts from the glass were clearly visible on the girl's palms, and blood would have to flow...

Yes, in fact, it flowed, but only the blood was not red, from the word at all. Transparent, such, a little bluish. Ilda was not embarrassed, only pressed her fingers to the wound for a second, and they tightened before our eyes.

— Granddaughter, let me open a jar of honey for you, — Veltishchev quietly said.

The princess almost smiled, Ilya was dumbfounded when suddenly she stuck out her tongue, taking it almost to the chin. And the tongue was blue-blue. And as if she did it every day, she added casually:

— I am the Dead Princess. What would you know.

Dead Princess visiting the Chosen One

We arrived by taxi quickly. Ilya and Vadim Grigorievich did not want to risk going down the subway, thinking about Ilda, and how this human whirlpool would seem to her. However, the car

with checkers delighted her to the core. The driver only laughed a little, watching the reaction of this basketball player, or volleyball player.

— Are you from Siberia? he asked.

— No, from the Urals, — Ilda answered honestly

— Well, then, of course. I'm rooting for Uralochka too, — added the taxi driver.

And the girl really looked at the huge city, and could not come off.

So unusual, she tried to sit down more comfortably, led her shoulders, feeling the narrow straps of this women's clothing. Somewhere it's easier with her, the girl thought, somewhere harder. In battle, with swords or sticks and on a moose on horseback, it is, of course, easier. It's better to shoot at night, these clothes, she thought.

— We're going past the zoo, maybe we'll come? Ilya asked his grandfather.

— What is this? — she did not understand, — a zoo?"

— Animals there, people look at them, — added Veltishchev, — for sure, look, you need, then to the planetarium. Since we are still in the center.

The car stopped smoothly, Ilda did not believe that it happens, she habitually held on to the door handle tightly, because she was used to shaking drags or carts. They came out, there was a gate between the two towers. The girl calmly, swimming in her gait, went to them.

— Ilda, wait, now I'll buy tickets, — shouted Surov.

He came back and handed her a cardboard and showed her how to attach it. The turnstile opened and they went in.

— Do not throw away the ticket, put it in your pocket. It will still be needed, — the grandfather taught his granddaughter.

There were not so many people, there were visitors with children. Boys and girls, especially small ones, looked more at Ilya and Ilda, towering above ordinary inhabitants, than at rare animals and birds.

But the animals behaved unusually for everyone, but not for the Princess. They simply tore from their cages, trying to touch the white-haired guest, dressed so simply. Bears and foxes poked their noses in the glass, the poor eagle tried to put his head into a narrow hole, and the beast began to chomp as soon as the girl left.

They managed to touch only the giraffe, who managed to touch her palm with the edge of his nose, and immediately raised his long neck, and examined other animals with the appearance of a winner.

The little girl followed Ilda without lowering her round surprised eyes, and for greater pleasure she did not let her finger out of her mouth. Suddenly she fell on a bump, and breaking her knee, roared loudly with resentment. The princess quickly turned, and sat down next to her, trying to calm the child. Veltishchev and Surov only looked, without stopping...

Then, Ilda quickly brought her palms to the sore spot, the blood stopped flowing, and the napkin Ilya served wiped the dirt and bitch from her leg.

“That's all,” the girl said with her blue lips.

The child pulled her palms, and the witch took her in her arms, lifting her to the height of her height.

— You are cold, — the lucky woman said quietly, — are you sick, frozen?

— No, — the healer replied.

— What is your name? — the girl asked.

— Ilda. And you?

— Katya, — the child called himself, and looked away in embarrassment.

The princess only shook her head, not believing her ears. The girl suddenly screamed enthusiastically, and pointed her finger somewhere in the crowd of people. The girl walked past

people to a couple, probably a father and mother. Ilda handed the child from hand to hand, only the girl's mother shuddered, feeling the cold of the witch's hands.

— Thank you, — the woman thanked the Princess, “what about the knee,” the girl's mother asked, and she only hid her face on her shoulder.

Finally, the woman looked at her legs, not believing her eyes, seeing only smooth baby skin.

— There was nothing like that, — Ilda reassured the woman, — wiped it with a napkin, and that's it.

The woman did not believe the words, and only said:

— Thanks.

— Thank you, — said the girl's father.

Veltishchev took his grandson and granddaughter further, and bought himself ice cream for complete happiness, and he himself happily looked at the animals. In addition, he himself became as if he was thirty years old and his knees did not hurt, and his head did not spin on the go.

— Granddaughter! he shouted, “Will you ice cream?”

— What's in there? — she asked, “I eat nothing but honey.”

— And my grandfather? — Surov asked, laughing.

— And you are an adult already, you will buy yourself. She is only sixteen, and you are all twenty years old.

Ilya went to the stall and bought himself a popsicle, took off the wrapper and began to eat, sitting down on the bench. Ilda sat next to her, leaned a little, as if trying to sniff unfamiliar food.

— And the sun is shining, it smells like people,” she sighed heavily, “how beautiful everything is around,” she said quietly, “surely the goddess forgave me?”

“Do your eyes hurt? — We go to the doctor? Ilya suggested.

— No, it has always been the way she turned to the Dead Princess, — she explained, — In the dark I see how during the day, but I cannot distinguish colors and smells. And now again, as before — and tried to smile — and the sun, here it is, and flowers... But I don't feel the heat and cold. Is it warm now?

— Yes, it's even hot...

But true, the eyes are blue again, not black. I saw myself in the mirror.

— How did you like it here? — asked the grandfather.

— Yes, I haven't seen lions or giraffes before. Are there moose here? — and she just jumped up from the bench.

— How not to be, — answered Veltishchev, — let's go, look.

They walked to the aviary, where the owner of the forest walked behind two fences made of thick glass, with beautiful horns on his head. The elk also did not repair, and came closer, leading with nostrils and noisily drawing in the air

— And I had the same... He died without me a long time ago — and she sighed — I raised him as a little.

The moose pulled its huge head towards her. There was a servant in the aviary, and an employee of the Zoo stood nearby.

— Won't you let a girl into the aviary, kind people? — asked Veltishchev, — she from the Urals, breeds moose. See how the animal reaches for her?

— Of course it is,” the worker scratched his head. — and if he gives her a hoof?

— She'll just come in. If the moose gets worried, it will come out right there.

— Just right?” the worker asked, holding on to the broom like a machine gun.

— I will not let you down, — the girl convinced both of them in two words.

She entered the cage, the elk immediately sniffed her, and almost feline rubbed his face on the girl's shoulder. Then the forest owner carefully, rubbed the girl with his body, and stood between her and the servants, as if he believed that they could offend Ilda. Suddenly, Ilda jumped up, riding on

an elk, but the animal stood calmly, and then walked a few steps, proudly carrying a new mistress. The caretakers looked at the unprecedented, but only clicked the cameras of the phones, thinking now about one VK, how the photos will be flooded, how they will be thrown with likes. They came to their senses later when Ilda left the pen.

— Let's go to the Planetarium," the girl said quickly.

They barely managed to get tickets, and climbed the high stairs. Grandfather pointed to the exhibits, the Princess could not tear herself away from the globe of the Moon, photographs of Mars and Venus, lunar stations. Veltishchev calmly walked behind, and looked at the delight of his granddaughter. She looked at copper telescopes of the past and enamel present, installations of nebulae and galaxies.

— Beauty. You dismissed me, grandfather Vadim, — she said in the same low voice, — I have never seen this.

— So now we fly into space, use mobile communications and electricity.

— I heard it while I lay there. And the light from there — and she nodded at the light bulbs — however... Let me look at your phone? she asked Ilya.

Then the case dragged on... The cultural feat was not easy, but the girl grabbed on the fly, and already turned the pages of the mobile quite easily.

— I'll buy you, — said the young man calmly.

— Digna also needs... You have to go to her. I heard, now they fly across the sky?

— It is necessary to wait, granddaughter, — Veltishchev intervened, — I will send you papers, without them you will not get on the plane, even tickets will not be sold. I told you I'd do it in three days.

— Okay... — she sighed, 'that's not how I thought it would be. Well, if anything, I will reach the Golden Mountain on foot.

In her dreams, she would have been kissed by the leader of a large army, and they would have entered her shelter on boats, and then on foot, or on the dry ones, and the Chosen One would have found six more Princes, they would have raised a huge army of the dead, and would have put the whole world at his feet... Here is an ordinary young man, handsome, smart, but not a warrior. Magus in general. The princess sighed again. But what about her Mikla?

From the session, she came out simply with shining eyes, recalling stellar lessons. True, the constellations looked a little wrong in her time. But it was beautiful. They were again driven home by a car, although the grandfather got out early, he lived far from Ilya. They drove up to the house, which was above the huge walls of Oum, she did not even believe her eyes, but did not let go of the donated mobile phone. Nothing, she said to herself, Ilya gold and emeralds I'll fuck off, she will lead a better palace. We went inside, and the young man pressed the button.

“It's an elevator. We have an apartment on the seventh floor, remember. Entrance two. Apartment number 176, — he said, — if anything, I scored my phone number for you on your mobile.

— I got it, — she said, and dialed the Chosen One number, and he gave out rhythmic music.

Ilya nodded his head, and the cabin just came up, and they went upstairs.

— That's it, your number is saved with me. I'll call, “he laughed.

Near the elevator, already on the seventh floor, there was an elderly woman with a checked bag.

— Good evening! Ilya said very loudly, where are you, Irina Ivanovna?

— Ah, Ilya, — the woman answered, — for bread. Now, not far here, I myself go.

— Give the bag where you go for the night looking. What but bread to buy?

— Kefir, milk, potatoes. Chicken legs. Here, Ilyusha, take the money, — the woman gave the guy and a bag for groceries.

— Ilda, come in, — he said, opening the door to his apartment.

— Girl, you will sit with me, I'll drink you while I drink tea... 'the elderly woman suggested, looking into the guest's eyes, while the girl could not refuse.

— I'll wait at your neighbor's, — said the princess.

Irina Ivanovna brought the guest home, sat in a chair in a room where there was an old wiped carpet on the floor, the same hung on the wall, there was a TV on the stand, and a furniture wall with an abundance of books and porcelain on the shelves.

— Who's there? 'asked an older man in a plaid shirt, house pants and woolen socks.

The man, sitting in another chair, turned the wheels of the radio in his hands. He turned his head to someone else's voice, and waited for an answer. Ilda did not understand, but then she looked at his hands, fingers, restlessly feeling the arm of the chair, and bright, almost colorless eyes looking away from her.

— I brought a guest, I came with Ilyusha. The boy went to the store, now he will come.

— My name is Ilda, — the girl called herself, rising from the chair, — can I see? and she nodded at the blind man.

— Yes, doctors have not come to us for a long time... How many times I call the clinic — for six months the specialists are not, to whom we are old here, we need, — she said with resentment, — And as Vanya saw how many more went to the clinic, the optometrists did not wait... Look... Are you a doctor?

— I'm flying, — the girl nodded, “give me a chair, — she said, adjusting the sleeves of her sliding jacket.

— Here, sit down, girl — and the hostess put down an old chair.

The healer sat down, looked at the face of the blind for a long time, focusing, put her hands on the eyes of the blind, waited a minute, and everything is ready...

— Well, it seems... — the Princess said uncertainly, — she had not cured for a long time, — and the girl got up, adjusting her braid.

Doubts were superfluous, and everything turned out as it turned out before. The man looked around dumbfounded with brown eyes, and the receiver, as if rejoicing with the owner, gave “Traviata” out of his speaker

The healed man jumped up from his chair, touched his eyes, looked at his fingers, and shouted:

— Ira, Ira, I see again!

Ivan gratefully hugged the girl, and almost pulled his hands away, feeling the cold of her body.

— Thank you, thank you, — Irina Ivanovna said loudly, standing on the side of them, — oh, what am I? — and the dear denschchina cried.

— Let me see your ears better,” said the healer, “and knees at the same time.”

And here it all ended quickly. The landlady listened to the radio in shock, touched her healthy legs, and quietly, now quietly spoke to her husband.

— What are you eating? — the woman tried to treat everything to a guest, — otherwise in the guests, and not in the ewes?

— If only honey, — Ilda, who felt terrible hunger, asked with hope.

— There is, from Bashkiria, — said the hostess, and immediately rushed into the kitchen.

A large cup of honey and a spoon to eat it stood in front of the girl, and she quickly honored her with a wonderful treat. The hunger receded and she felt very well. Ilda looked curiously at the TV, where incomprehensible personalities tirelessly insulted each other, and turned away from the screen in disgust.

The woman switched the TV to the channel where classical music was playing, the guest now listened and watched with visible pleasure. Then there was a doorbell, Ilya came, with an edible bag.

— Come here, Ilyusha, come, what joy we have. Your guest cured my Vanya, — and the landlady burst into tears, — and helped me... Legs walk, and now I hear well... There will be for whom God prays...

The husband looked expressively at his wife, smiling happily, and cast a glance at the door to the dark room.

— And, now, the old me became, — and Irina Sergeevna laughed, and brought a pack of money, fifty thousand, — they saved up for the coffin, but why? Now live, thank you, daughter! To you, for your work...

Ilda, not understanding looked at Ilya, he frowned, and shook his head.

— Don't, I'm rich. I have a lot of gold, — the Princess proudly declared, — I'd rather take honey, — said the girl not wanting to offend the old people.

— Honey is good, — the woman agreed, — but maybe you will take the money? And then it's inconvenient... You helped us so much...

— I... Ilda tried to find the words, — I can't do anything else... I feel everything, and if a person is bad next to me, then I feel bad, very bad, mistress... Pain, already turns out all... I saw that your legs hurt, your heart and head... The black stripe was... Now everything is fine... Therefore, I do not live among people for a long time, I will breathe a little, and I go to my forest.

— And you feel bad, — the woman was saddened, — take honey... And we would be happy to help you, but how?

— You and your husband have been cured, so they have already helped. Let's go, it's too late, "said Ilda Ilya.

They were also accompanied by the smiling Ivan Dmitrievich, whom Ilya always remembered as a hunched and sad blind man, and like a rejuvenated Irina Ivanovna, an eternally sad neighbor, now easily held a hotel for Ilda in her hands. Ivan shook Ilya's hand for a long time, and kissed the Princess on the cheek and only muttered:

— You're completely cold...

Ilya finally went through his door and escorted Ilda.

— Take off your shoes, go to the gym, said the young man.

— Mom, we're here, — he shouted.

A mother came up, a woman in her forties, in a sweater and the same pants.

— Well, what will you please, son, — the woman cooed, looking with approval at the tall girl.

— This is Ilda, she is from Tomsk, came to our institute to enter. Let it stop here?

— Of course, son, — said the mother to her son with some hope in her voice, — the room is free. Where are her things?

— Luggage gone... But, they say, they will give a ride soon.

— What is her name? — Rather, Ekaterina Alexandrovna spoke sternly, — does she have a surname?

— Veltishcheva Ilda Vadimovna, — the Princess called herself.

— Is it really the daughter of the chief Ilyusha? — and the woman threw up her hands and spoke now in an angelic voice, — why didn't you, Ilya, say something? Ah, and clever, and beautiful, all in the father. Sit down to eat... I will cover you in the kitchen, I will not interfere.

Ilya put himself a chicken pilaf, poured mineral water to drink. Ilda stood with a can of honey in her hands.

— I hope they won't tell everyone, — Ilya said with a frown, — come with me. — tomorrow to the gym. and on Sunday to the museum. Good for you. In historical.

— Let's go.

— We will come to outlet, we will buy you a sports uniform.

— Eat it, — said the girl, having already eaten half a liter can.

— Have you always sat on honey? Well, did you eat honey?

— How did the Princess become... I can't eat or drink anything else. Nothing, I didn't like meat anyway, only fish and pies.

— Yes, we will come for honey, we will buy you five kilograms. And so, a gift, — he handed the girl a player with headphones, — you will listen to music.

— Ilya, do you always have this on the street? Nothing to breathe? — she asked, — I choke, then the cough torments...

— Yes, parks are better. Then we go, — he encouraged, — gasoline, cars. You understand, Moscow.

The meal ended, Ilya washed the dishes, and they returned to the hall.

— Ilda, let's go show your room, — Ekaterina Alexandrovna called the guest.

Ilya relaxed, as the ladies left, there was no one to endure the brain, and he settled on the couch more comfortably, and began to read Rabelais. Well, he liked Rabelais, and that's it. To whom Pelevin serve, and he only writers of the Renaissance. Pantagruel and Panurg are his heroes. And then hello — a doorbell! Creaking not only with his heart, but with all his bones at once, the young man reached the door, well, he asked:

— Who?

— I am this, Blinov, Dmitry Ivanovich, your neighbor... Thank you to tell the girl. Are you Ilya? Open the door.

— Now, she is busy, her mother is her room, the sofa shows where she lies. Okay, I'll go and call you.

Ilya opened the door, and a neighbor came to the hallway with a bicycle, and a good one. Very.

— Thank you Ilya, — and he tapped his comrade on the shoulder, — I don't know how to thank.

— Hello, — Ilda said simply as she approached the guest.

— Thank you, good girl, — went to spar Dmitry with sublime words, so that even Ilya's speech was taken away, — a modest gift for helping my parents. This is for you — and he pointed to the bike.

— Thanks. said the Princess.

— Well, I'll go to show my father a movie... — Dima said hastily, hardly breaking away from Ilda's unusual face, her piercing blue eyes, icy face and blue lips.

— Ilya, put the bike on the balcony, — Ekaterina Alexandrovna calmly noticed. Ilda, come to my room. It is necessary to talk, it is clear that your dad did not let you out of the taiga.

The girl shrugged her shoulders, snarled into his mother's room, and closed the door behind her.

Ilya went to himself, and all without end rubbed a red spot on his shoulder, in the form of a bird's foot. Nothing, it will pass, he thought. It was too late, and the young man laid out the sheet on the couch, and calmly lay down to sleep.

In the morning we ate quickly, but true, something has changed. Ilya looked at the guest, and realized what was the matter. Lips turned red, light makeup made the face more invisible, human. Ilda began to use perfume, see, her mother supplied, the young man thought. But the smell of jasmine and rose, it was impossible to interrupt.

— Well, yes, — he agreed, — straight beauty. Let's go, we need to go to the gym. And we'll go to the store for clothes.

They got together, drove to the store, but they found clothes for the tall Tsarevna with difficulty, Ilya was now dragging a voluminous bag. Let Ilda pass, guest visit after all. Ilya greeted his comrades, and began to warm up, expecting a girl.

What to say? They dressed her up in the store conscientiously... As in a fairy tale, you can't take your eyes off. Leggings, spacious T-shirt, sneakers. Fashionable whites did not want. Embarrassed, asked the Reds. Ilya did not understand at first, only then, when she hung her head and lowered her hands, she guessed, a foolish person. Ilda distinguished colors now! Tired of white and black or gray in extreme cases, I wanted bright!

Now he showed her machines, rods, dumbbells, simulators, everything that is in the gym

— Let me try... 'she said, pointing to the sunbed and barbell.

By the way, it was the day of the new season, and the host's voice sounded in the club:

“Sign up for the competition! To participants and winners of competitions prizes from fitness club!”

— Let's sign up, suggested Surov.

They approached the coach, two more pairs stood in front of them, and when the turn came, he entered the Surov, Veltishchev names in the form. They signed up for doubles, and individual. There was still half an hour left before the competition.

They returned to the shells, Ilya greeted his comrades, the people stared at Ilda. Surov was approached by his acquaintances, Dima and Sanya, middle-aged men, with whom Ilya loved to fight in a soft room.

— Hello, Ilyukha, — and Dimka smiled broadly, — finally started a lady? I am delighted, I declare this to you as Fidius Polycleta, and conspiratorially poked him with his elbow.

— Ilda, — said Surov, — these are Dima and Sanya, my friends.

— Very nice, — Dmitry said very gallantly, looking at the girl admiringly.

Although, he, being very strong and strong, almost square, got a new acquaintance barely to the shoulder. Suddenly Dmitry turned, and energetically went to the door to the group class hall. His friend briskly broadcast something to Nastya, trying to get up so that the girl would not notice Surov and his acquaintance.

“Strategist,” Ilya thought, “What did everyone think?”

The princess looked at her new friends with curiosity, but she lay down on the sunbed, grabbed the barbell with her hands in leather gloves, and squeezed out the weight quite easily. Dima returned from an interlocutor who had gone to train, and also looked at Ilda's exercises.

Dima and Sanya, to put it mildly, were surprised. A hundred kilograms hung on the neck.

— However... — only and even the duty trainer told.

— Add twenty-five each, — the girl asked.

Dima and Ilya hung pancakes, the young man got up, insuring the girl. Yes, it was not necessary — twelve times the northerner shook easily.

— Damn... What potential, — the coach admired.

Those involved postponed their affairs, and only mobile cameras were pointed at the racks, on which there was already a two hundred kilogram bar.

— Now, — said Ilda, removing the neck from the racks.

She performed the exercise, deliberately pretending that it was hard for her, fixed the weight, then exhaled noisily.

— Enough, otherwise the forearms will hurt, she declared, getting up and adjusting her braid.

— Well, what? — the duty coach looked around the fitness staff of the club, — no one will dispute the result? Now we will issue a win, a subscription for a year. Congratulations, and he nodded to Ilda.

Everyone just saw off the tall girl not at all of a heroic complexion. She did not have square shoulders, twisted veins of the forearms, a thick neck. Very slender, that's for sure, nothing more. One of the hefty jocks, covered with huge muscles, not believing what he saw, said:

— Can I check it? — and the man pointed to the weight and sunbed.

— Please, — the trainer smiled nicely, — of course, I can insure you.

The big man nodded, and deftly settled on the sunbed, putting his palms on the bar on the fingerboard. He took off the barbell, and his hands fell down like a rotten roof under an avalanche of ice, and only timely help saved the athlete from a serious injury.

— And how? — asked the coach.

— Exactly. Everything is honest, — the person said in surprise, looking at Ilda, — you can't tell how strong she is.

The princess looked into the boxing gym, where the master showed the fighters racks, the setting of arms and legs, and accurate body movements. In the ring, amateur boxers slightly processed each other, trying not to cause injuries.

— Hi! — said the mentor in the fight club, — do you want to join?

— No, — Ilda replied, — no one will hit me anyway, not even hurt me.

— Who wants to harm a lady? — noted the coach, — wear a mask and gloves, then you can check your talents.

— Okay.

— Three minutes... — commanded the coach

Ilda put on both a mask and gloves, climbed into the ring, lifting the ropes. The coach climbed over after her, wearing gear, tapping his gloves against each other.

— Started?

— Come on.

The coach began to move towards the girl, she raised her hands in a rack, protecting her head and body. The boxer, and the coach was still a master of sports, began to strike, trying to move faster and faster... Water just poured from him, and his breath lost, but he could never touch even Ilda's gloves. Then the bulilla on the clock rang, letting you know that time was up.

“I should have remembered everything,” said Tsarevna, “thank you.”

The coach only shook his head, not understanding. He washed up to his panties, and she didn't even sweat, she didn't even blush.

Ahead of them was a pool and hammam. Ilya rinsed, and already in shorts to the knee went to the bathhouse, Ilda was already sitting there, looking around with interests.

— Does it look like your bathhouse?”

— No, we have hotter and they are just wooden, there are no tiles — she said.

They sat for a long time, Surov sweated all over, the girl, as she was dazzlingly white, remained, and did not blush, even her swimsuit did not get wet.

— Let's go home? — he asked.

She only nodded back.

— Did you like it? Ilya asked, eating his mother's cabbage soup.

— Fine, and the season ticket won. It was fun, fist fight, 'she listed.

— What are you! — Ekaterina Alexandrovna was indignant, almost splashing a plate — well, fitness is there, a bicycle. Is it a girl's business with her fists?

— Everything is not dangerous there, — said Ilda, with no one to really fight, — thoughtfully eating honey.

True, in the evening the rest at Tsarevna fell through, the neighbors called, asked to come in. Ilda went, did not deny, but asked Ilya to stay. She returned only closer to night.

— What's in there?” Really sick again? the youth asked.

— not at all. Their unwell friends came to them, helped them. I cannot refuse treatment.

— But they promised not to speak?

— They couldn't. It's human, very good. One person began to walk again, three saw through, healed ten of his back. I'm glad it's not in vain.

— It's time to sleep, Ilda, — the young man corrected her.

— I'm not sleeping... As the Princess became, I never sleep. I will dream, — she said completely incomprehensible, — tomorrow you promised to teach me how to ride a bicycle.

— We will, he nodded.

Biking and racing through the woods

Ilda did not wander around the apartment at night, like sleepwalkers, as Ilya thought. Although he woke up, and looked out into the corridor, waiting for this, but nothing strange happened.

In the morning, after breakfast, we went to the Kuskovo park, walked around the pond, Ilda looked around, looked at the beautiful buildings, tilted her head. Then she stopped.

— Then go there, Ilya?

— They won't let you go with the greats, on Wednesday we'll go. My grandfather called and said that he was sending me on vacation for three weeks. Next week, on Sunday, he will deliver your passport, and I will deliver you home. Grandfather has already ordered tickets to Yekaterinburg.

— How will the gods decide, — only Ilda answered, and went holding her bike, — Well, start teaching, Mentor.

— Well, — Ilya blushed, — now I'll quietly eat, look...

He held the steering wheel tightly, sat in the saddle keeping his feet on the ground, put his left foot on the pedal, and drove off, rotating both of them. The young man drove up to the girl, and again dismounted.

— And, here, the main thing, — and he pointed to the brake on the steering wheel, — if you want to stop, press smoothly, and gradually reduce the speed of pedals rotation. Control the steering wheel — but don't put it too far, otherwise you will fall. Try you, — he said, leaning his great against the shop.

Ilda did as he taught, and began to slowly ride around him. The gravel rustled under the wheels, the sun made her white hair silver, she was just very beautiful, Ilya looked. It went on for a long time. She kept the balance perfectly, tried to slow down, turn around, as if she knew how to ride all her life.

— Well, what? Everything works out? Let's go.

— Hold on to me, Ilda, otherwise you will be lost.

— Yeah. I didn't get lost in the taiga, I'll get lost here, — Tsarevna almost joked.

They drove between two memorial pillars by the pond, drove past paintings exhibited by amateur artists. But Princess (Tsarevna) was lucky — cycling competitions were started, everyone was recorded, bandages were handed out. The prize was racing bicycles, and one even BMW, Surov thought it was fake.

Ilda signed up, put on a bandage for herself too, and joined the group, well, Ilya had to, as he did not sigh.

— Come on, it's fun... — the girl consoled him, — you see, I will win the bike. White, beautiful. I'll give you a present.

— Let's go, no problem, — Surov did not argue.

The judges released five riders, fixing the time. Finally, the time has come for Ilda and Ilya and three more.

The distance was six kilometers long, three circles in the park. Cyclists joined the race, and Ilda did not weave at the end, on the contrary, after a couple of minutes her white braid disappeared in the distance. Ilya did not keep up, but, of course, tried... He walked only one circle, and a meteor-like Ilda flew past him, waving his hand. The young man turned and pedaled, exhausted, reached half of the second round, and Tsarevna drove again, ending the race. He watched as the girl strolled near the finish line, waiting for the final results.

Ilya, in a wet through T-shirt, arrived, his time was recorded, and he approached the girl, next to whom enthusiastic race organizers were spinning.

— Veltisheva, — said one, — you have an amazing result! I just guarantee you a place in the city team. And with your willingness you will have no equal. Maybe you will get into the Russian Olympic Team.

— I don't know. I'll go back to my place here, to the Urals...

— What are you??? You can't do that. Here, write down my number, do not ruin your career.

Ask your young man — and he nodded at Surov.

— Yes, — the young man readily supported, — they will give an apartment on Volkhonka...

— Why not? Maybe on Volkhonka, — one of the men in an expensive suit answered calmly, — but the bike is yours, taxes have been paid from it. And take my business card.

— Thank you, — Ilda replied, — we'll think about it.

The girl rolled next to her already two big. They went into a cafe under linden trees, Ilya ordered two coffees, and put one cup in front of the girl.

— Okay, you don't have to drink, — Surov smiled wryly, — I'm not used to not eating anything. Sit just, look how beautiful?

— Beautiful, — said the young lady, taking out a mirror, and painting her lips red.

So they admired the park and the lake, but it began to get dark. Finally, we got ready to go home, the day ended quite well, as it seemed to them even then.

Dance of the Dead

On the asphalt path, they walked past the trees, only lit lanterns, and unpleasant mosquitoes that began to buzz around Ilya.

— I won't get used to it in any way, — she said, — I don't care, I see it in the dark like during the day. And it's easier for people to live now. Are people all kind now? the girl asked Ilya with hope in her voice.

— Yes, how to say.. — tried to answer honestly Surov, — Different. Deceivers and crooks divorced a lot. Especially, they try to deceive the traders on the phone. Especially old people. How was it at that time?

— Yes, too bad enough. Fear, disease. This is not to say that everything was fine. And people had a difficult life. But they did not deceive, they were afraid.

Then they walked in silence, the girl all admired the well-groomed park, and what's funny, the mosquitoes did not favor Tsarevna with attention. Surov, taking a twig, fanned from the burden, which was simply completely loose.

— Do not give me your bicycles, lanky? 'an incomprehensible stranger who emerged from the shade of the bushes said immodestly.

— No, a mistake, — Ilya has already declared evil, — go your own way.

— Okay, — was the answer.

The robber rushed to Surov, but the intellectual turned out to be unexpectedly strong, and knocked down the insolent with a blow to the jaw, and a knee blow added iron significance to this argument. The unlucky robber tried to kneel at least, but his head so far outweighed.

— Let's go faster, near maybe, his friends expect, — quickly Ilya Ilde.

But Surov did not follow the advice of Dima's friend from the gym, that in such cases it was necessary to break the attacker's mobile phone in order to deprive him of the temptation to call his accomplices, and then regretted it for a long time.

Three hundred meters from this place, a regrettable and funny event, they saw four people running towards them. Ilda threw her bicycles to the ground and stood next to Ilya.

— Well, now you won't get off with the greats... Your girlfriend, white-haired, we will let you go in a circle, and then you... 'said one, stretching words and taking injuries out of his pocket.

Then the biologist student watched the event, already studying the grass, burying his nose in it. The mad man managed to shoot at Ilda, but he could not know how fast she was. The bullet only buzzed in the air, and the Princess, jumping up, hit the shooter in the throat with her fist. The next crushing blow, now legs, overtook the groin of the other, and the third was able to jump back and

pull out the knife. Ilya was just getting up, and saw that Ilda's face from white became blue, almost black, and she shouted:

— If you want to live, on your knees! Ya-Dead Princess!

— You are nobody, blue-blooded, and I will not do what you want! 'the underdog villain shouted.

— So, creature, you will dance in front of me, — the witch promised.

The fool was taken aback, and tried to hit her with his miserable knife, and then Ilda could not restrain herself, angry at his words. The knife was in her hands, and a blow to the heart ended the life of the robber. The girl waited for death, and then, first with a gesture of her right hand, then beckoned, and raised the body still beating in convulsions. Three more crossed fingers of her hand and the corpse began to dance in front of her in a wild dance, faster and faster, making pretzels with her hands and feet.

The last of them stood without moving, falling into a stupor. The dead Princess, only with the movement of her hand made one more dead body rise, and loudly ordered:

— Kill these!

One quit dancing squatting, instantly turned around, which is why the last one left on his feet fell on the grass with his ass, but immediately jumped up. Two dead people deprived of their lives, one with a broken throat, the other with a knife sticking out of his heart, rushed at their still living comrades. Fate was more merciful to someone who lay without feeling with a groin injury, perhaps without feeling the terrible blows of his former friend. The last of the living, screaming, tried to run away from the stabbed dead. But Ilya, standing next to Ilda, saw how quickly Nezhiva ran, overtaking the fugitive. Only a hail of terrible blows awaited the fool, like a terrible reward.

The dead were trampled into the ground, the bones were simply ground, as if in a terrible meat grinder. The princess said to the dead:

— Come here.

And they obeyed without saying a word. The eyes of the dead looked without expression, breathing could not be heard. Ilda bent her fingers in a completely different way, and said:

— Fall.

The corpses fell, and scattered into dust, which she scattered on the grass with her leg shod in a sneaker. She did the same with the disfigured remains, first lifting them from the ground, and these mutilated bodies stood crookedly and obliquely in front of her, trembling, and emitting the remains of blood from the veins. She glanced at each one, and then also wiped them to dust.

Ilya looked at all this without looking up, turned pale and turned away, picked up fallen bicycles from the ground. He took a sheet of burdock, and through it picked up a gun and threw it out of the way into the bushes. There is nothing for weapons to lie here, you never know what. His Beautiful Maiden was more and more reminiscent of Elena the Beautiful from fairy tales. Not childish, of course, but folk, where Elena kills her loser suitors without mercy. And always kind and wildly bloodthirsty by necessity, but loves animals and birds, and those. But he must take her home, to the Urals, to her shelter, otherwise it becomes completely...

At the exit to the park stood police Ford, and next to him stood two policemen, PPS-nickname. One ensign, the other is a senior sergeant.

— Hello, young people... And you have a lot of bicycles, why so many?

— The girl of competition won, it's a prize, — explained

Surov, — pointing to a white bicycle.

— Where do you live?

— On Veshnyakovskaya. Local us.

— Didn't you hear the shots? And then they called us, they say they shot here.

— There was something.. Ilya answered uncertainly, — we must have been far away.

— I see.. Dima, let's go, let's walk, — said the warrant officer to the sergeant, throwing the machine gun on his chest.

Ilda looked at the weapon for a long time, and it was clear that she wanted to try what it was like in business.

— If you want, I'll call the shooting range, try this weapon, — the young man quietly explained the situation, “just don't take away the police guns.

— Don't forget what you promised. I have to learn everything here.

— We also go to the museum, Historical. Did you really fall asleep five thousand years ago?

— I didn't count, — Tsarevna answered sharply, — and I don't kill everyone, only if they attacked themselves. Did I give them time to run away? Warned. You didn't take the lives of others?

The words of the Princess fell on him like heavy stones on his back. Sometimes he looked at her beautiful face, and thought if he had kissed in vain? Ilya was silent, just looked at his feet, and was now walking a little ahead.

Week in Moscow. Healer in the park. Museum and shooting range

At home, Ilya, as he entered, found the nearest shooting range on the Internet, and signed up for tomorrow. Shooting range under the former DOSAAF, they promised to shoot the entire range of weapons.

— Tomorrow morning we'll go to the shooting range, — he warned the guest.

— Until eleven I can't, — the girl answered quietly, — I promised...

— Did you win the bike? — — asked Ekaterina Alexandrovna with respect, — an expensive thing.

— Ilda rides perfectly, — the young man praised it, — in the national team of Moscow invited.

— Agree, girl. You look, and the career will be provided. Why sit in this Urals? Well done, Vadim Grigorievich, raised his daughter, — the woman radically changed her opinion about the guest.

— Mom, next Sunday, we're leaving, business trip. To Severouralsk.

— Well, what to do? Again! What is there to do? — she threw up her hands, — you, then Ilda, submitted documents to the university?

Ilya sat at the table and cloyingly smiled and quietly pushed the guest with his foot, she nodded.

— Well, that's good. Let's go watch a movie. I have a new one on the disc “Romeo and Juliet, — my friends at work advised a lot.

Everyone sat around the TV, Ilda sat down next to Ilya, Ekaterina Alexandrovna brought two blankets, gave one to the girl.

— You're a freezer too, — the woman said, touching the Princess's hand.

Ilya helped to cover the northerner with woolen linen, and turned on the film.

Ilda watched this drama carefully, without asking questions. The girl's face was still, as always, but Surov already knew how she felt. Often the Princess was given hands, or rather fingers, which she began to quickly fold, as if twisting something. The end of the drama, the death of the heroes, infuriated Ilda, and she clung to Ilya, as if trying to get at least a drop of heat from him. Finally, great music and final credits went, the girl was silent.

— Did you like it? Ekaterina Alexandrovna asked.

— Good legend, — said Tsarevna, and not thinking to move away from Ilya.

“I'll go to bed. And good night to you, — the woman said meaningfully, got up and went to her place.

Ilda hid her legs under the blanket, looking at the dark screen.

“I was lying there. In the mountain chambers, three days. And every night I woke up and talked to friends. Then she fell asleep like Juliet. How is my Mikla in the Mountain Chambers?

— Wait if you are dear to him. Soon we will find out. Grandfather will bring your passport tomorrow, he threw me an SMS. I'll go to bed.

She nodded to him, and so she remained sitting, looking at one point in complete darkness.

In the morning, Ilda was busy until lunchtime, sitting on a bench near the pond, and a whole procession of suffering people lined up to her. The queue was a kilometer long, no less. There were already on duty that they were keeping order. After all this, healings, the girl dragged home bags of honey and gifts.

After lunch, we finally got to the shooting gallery by two-wheeled transport. The bicycles were chained so as not to be twisted. The shooting range was housed in an ordinary building, probably a bomb shelter made of thick concrete slabs.

— Igor Evgenievich? Surov asked at the entrance.

“We'll call you now,” the guard answered and followed the boss.

A man of about fifty came to them, in an inexpensive gray suit, shirt, summer shoes.

— Did you call me and order shooting training? he asked.

— Yes, I wanted to shoot. Learn, — said Ilda.

Igor Evgenievich just looked at the tall girl, and seemed to change. From a tired and exhausted man in front of them stood a cheerful and welcoming man.

— I'm so glad you came... Mom is doing great now, and sees and hears, walks herself. Even the borscht boiled... You just saved my life. Come on, what are we waiting for here.

In the very place for shooting, a mattress was prepared on the floor, an SKS carbine was lying, Margolin and IZH pistols were on the table.

— I am at your service.

— The girl wants to learn how to shoot, — explained Surov, — she did not hold weapons in her hands.

— No problem. Did not hold, so hold.

Igor was a poet of his craft. He immediately fired several shots from the pistol at the target, and began to show Ilda how to hold the pistol correctly, so as not to get injured from the shutter, how to load and discharge. Ilda took the player's earpiece out of her left ear, put the device in her purse and lay down on a tarp.

The girl fulfilled the standard the first time, and already fired recklessly from two hands, and then, in the classic shooting position, putting her right leg forward, laying her left hand behind her back with a pistol in her right hand. With IZH, she knocked out eighty points from eight rounds, and Igor enthusiastically showed a target with holes marked with chalk.

There were no difficulties with the SCS, it shot down falling targets one by one, then discharged, brought the bolt to the extreme rear position, showing that there were no cartridges in the carbine.

Ilya only admired, looking after the Princess. Yes, she was beautiful in everything, even with a weapon in her hands. The instructor was also delighted with the guest.

— If you decide to hand over the rights, I will contribute. And with a hunting ticket there will be no problems for you and your young man. I organize everything, don't worry.

Igor approached Surov, and looking up, he said:

— Just a human soul, how lucky you are with it! And helped so many... Not greedy...

Ilda shook her all-time sports, shook off the sawdust from the sleeves of the Olympian, and quickly approached them. The instructor told the girl something that was forever imprinted on Surov's brain:

— Yes, you are a shooter from God...

Tuesday morning was ordinary, and at lunch Ilda came with the car keys in her hand.

— Ilya, here, take it... — and she gave the bundle, and put the folder with the documents.

“What is it?” — Surov did not understand.

— Yes, a man arrived by car, brought his father. He was paralyzed, very bad. But alive, and this is for me... Well, the old man went back himself, smiled, sat on a bench, fed the ducks. His son was sitting next to him, then he called, and his friend brought it — and she pointed her finger — and the car is standing there, next to the entrance to the park.

— Ilda, went again to DOSAAF, they promised you rights, — he said laughing.

Yes, it didn't take long. His young lady became just a star of Veshnyakov, although she learned to drive herself, in just a couple of hours.

On Wednesday, at the place where she received people, there was already a police car, with terribly polite and cultural employees. Now the police kept order.

They walked to the metro, where some people had already greeted Ilda, finding out. This time she wore a dress, remaining in white sneakers, and with a leather woman's bag over her shoulder. She didn't like the shoes very much.

“Be careful your head here,” Surov warned, “bend down at the entrance to the carriage.”

“Yes,” she sighed, “this is for shorties...” and almost hit her head on the handrails.

She looked around, but judging by her hands, how she held them, was fine.

— The dress is very beautiful, and perfume, — said the young man.

— All right. Now let's do another thing.. But did your mother scape that she smells of asmin next to me anyway?

“It is.

— Everything has a price, and I pay all the time. Your mother helped me pick it up, “and she touched the hem,” They gave me a player today, “she boasted,” and you too, “and she put it in Sony's hand. — I pumped up books and music. The children immediately taught me in the park. Now I'm digitally literate, “she proudly declared.

“Well, I tried too,” Ilya made excuses, looking at the beauty.

In the dress, she was unusually good, if only with such cold palms. Just an amazing girl “Look, but do not touch” Ilya said to himself, and laughed.

— What are you doing?

— Yes, so, I remembered how I rode with you, — Ilya dissuaded.

There was already a Taganskaya station and they went to the exit, carefully moving towards the doors. The young man saw that she was unaccustomed to such tightness, but she was not angry.

— To that exit, — and Ilya led Tsarevna along the platform.

But she couldn't walk fast. These stone halls fascinated her, especially the bronze lamps near the walls. As, however, is the smooth marble finish.

— Taganskaya is even more beautiful.

— Then let's see — and it was not a question of the Princess, but a statement.

We climbed the stairs, and they stood on the escalator, she examined everything, even touched the ceiling with her finger, stumbled the rubber handrail of the escalator, and was satisfied.

They climbed the steps, went through the turnstile, and ended up in a huge pedestrian crossing. We went to Ilyinka, known to all guests of Moscow. On the right was the famous building of the former English Club with a chic clock on its turret. They passed by the Ministry of Finance, a cafe, and passed the church of St. Elijah. GUM glistened in front of Ilda with his lights and cutting the path they went through the third drive. The girl only turned her head in all directions, and Chinese tourists, eating the famous Humovian ice cream, stared at her like a new exhibit, clicking with might and main with cameras. Ilya looked at the Princess, and saw how she changed, seeing the Chinese, how her fingers seemed to stick together, and she looked at the guests of the city like a hungry wolf on hares.

— We don't fight, we go to the museum, — the young man reassured the lady.

Her left hand clung to his right so much that he looked inquiringly at the Princess.

— Sorry, — she whispered.

Looking at the Faberge showcase only swung her shoulders, you can see such gold jewelry did not impress the Dead Princess. But here is the red museum building, crowned with spires, so reminiscent of a fairy-tale tower. Already with tickets taken at the checkout, they went inside. The courtyard immediately attracted her attention, looked for a long time at the painting of the ceilings, and carved columns.

— Here is the era of the Stone Age — and he showed on the racks and the restored appearance of people of antiquity.

Ilda looked at the hanging mammoth tusks, wanted to stroke, but immediately pulled her hand away, as if remembering.

— I can't touch that. I'll sleep, and I won't wake up anymore... she whispered softly.

And looking at Vasnetsov's frescoes, she just uttered:

— Who is hunting the Indrik Beast?"

Sungir twins looked for a long time, especially their mammoth spears. And quietly said:

— Surely they put the first one to sleep?

But the Bronze Age hall simply deprived her of peace. Ilda looked at the exhibits for a long time, read each label, looked at the Andron vessel with the image of a chariot. A boat hollowed out of a whole tree trunk.

— We built differently. Lodi is long — and she counted fathoms in meters — fourteen meters. They were leather, whale ribs, and only the bottom bar was oak.

— And were they strong?

“We went to Alaty and Grumant. And to me, to the Forbidden. But only I lead the way there,“ she said proudly.

Things from the Borodino treasure impressed her, but when she saw the Silver Spears, she said, showing Ilya on them:

“It's against my army. And do you know how much they cost? At the cost of every spear, like a whole herd of cows.

At the stand of the Seiminsko-Turbinskaya culture, she stopped for a long time, again seeing the Silver Spears, and curved knives, called sickles here. But she just shook her head, disagreeing:

— This — and she pointed her finger — shave her head. Razor.

— And what, all heads shaved? — Surov was surprised, — straight naked?

— No, why? a clump of hair, a pigtail was left on the back of the head on the right. The Chiefs didn't shave.

Then came the epochs about which she did not know, and only silently looked at the antiquities of the Scythians, the Greeks, although she recognized this.

“How long did it take for me to sleep?”

— Where — then five thousand years, — answered the young man, — you are well preserved, — he tried to joke.

I also examined Slavic artifacts, and further, the culture of Russia from Kyiv to Moscow, studying everything thoroughly. We went up to the second floor, past the front carriage. The 18th and 19th century impressed her less.

She did not miss the Kremlin itself, so they returned home very late.

The night in the Surov family was restless, like a village paramedic. The princess was just a healer, but she was waiting and afraid of this.

They rang the doorbell, Ilda jumped up, and came up, asking how they taught:

— Who?

“Help, save,” she heard through tears.

The healer quickly dressed, left the apartment and slammed the door behind her, seeing a teenage girl smearing tears on her cheeks.

— Let's go, — the child dragged the girl by the hand, — faster...

The elevator went down, they were not baggy, they left the entrance. Only the lights were on, casting four shadows on the sidewalk. The girl often turned around, as if she thought that Ilda, her last hope, would now run away.

“Where are we going?” Ilda asked.

The girl showed her hand, the Princess did not think, grabbed the girl in an armful, ran as fast as she could, and they were already in front of the right house. There was still an ambulance at the entrance, blinking blue lights. They also quickly flew to the floor, and entered the unlocked door.

— Where? Tsarevna simply asked, and then she saw everything herself.

On the sofa lay a middle-aged woman with a whitened face, and it seems that she was no longer breathing. Doctors took off their masks in the hallway and were about to leave.

— Mirror, — said Ilda, and having received what she asked, she brought to the lips of the dying.

The glass surface sweated, and the girl immediately put her hands to the head lying. It lasted a long time, more than usual. But now, the healer felt breathing, and saw how the woman's face turned pink. Ilda got up, looked around, and beckoned a girl standing next to her with her finger. The child moved with difficulty, as if petrified of grief.

— What's your name? — the healer asked.

— Zhenya.

— Zhenya, you don't tell anyone how we ran down the street.

— And about mom? 'she asked.

“What about me?” Can't lie down for five minutes? — said the revived, rising.

— Mom! — the girl shouted, clutching the woman's hands, — do not die anymore!

— Okay, I'll go, — Ilda added, turning away and walking into the hallway.

Then there was an insistent doorbell, and on the threshold stood a polite young man in a neat suit and with a briefcase in his hand.

— I grieve with you — and made a very sad face — I am ready to help you with the trouble in connection with your grief. The ambulance is on its way, and Ritual is ready to help you with the burial.

— Not today baby, not today, — the girl told, having patted on a shoulder of the dumbfounded agent, and left a place of the won fight.

Thursday morning turned out to be good, calm. But not really. True, the breakfast turned out to be very festive, Ekaterina Alexandrovna started making cheesecakes before leaving for work, and Ilya woke up from delicious smells, milk and cinnamon. Ilda calmly got out of bed, hearing how everyone got up. To pretend that the hostess would not think what, she also went to the toilet and honestly sat there for three minutes, then wasted water. No, she also washed, washed her hands, but got used to the fact that she, like a porphyry statue, could not even hold on to dirt, she did not sweat at all. I walked at home now in a donated dressing gown, Japanese, with cranes, silk, my favorite blue color.

— Ilda sit down, your honey has ripened, — the woman joked.

Again they rang the doorbell, the Princess, not letting the honey out of her hand, opened the door, and there was a whole procession.

“Surely again? 'she said with a spoon in her mouth.

— No, we came to thank you. Thank you, — said the woman, holding out a bouquet of flowers.

It was a beautiful, bright lady, about forty years old, yesterday's girl Zhenya stood next to her, and behind her was a overweight man with a bag.

— You helped so much... Grabbed, and did not expect after all, — the guest made excuses.

“This is for you,” said the woman's husband, placing the bag.

“I won’t take money,” Ilda said harshly, “I’ll throw it out the window. Better remove it right away.

— Where did we get the bag of money? “laughed the healed,” Gifts, “smiled sweetly as she opened her bag,” Indian shawls, summer clothes, straight from Delhi, and your favorite honey.

— Yeah, — said the Princess, immediately grabbing the can.

— We’ll go, — the visitors gathered, — thanks again.

Ilda closed the door behind them, and returned to the kitchen with honey now in both hands and a spoon in her mouth.

— What is it? — the hostess did not understand

— Gifts. So, helped, artificial respiration did. The woman was suffocating, they gave me honey, and she showed the can.

Ekaterina Alexandrovna just shook her head, and Ilya, seeing a bag in the hallway, took it to Ilda’s room so that her mother would not see it.

After breakfast, the girl curiously took out all the gifts and laid things out on her couch. She put one shawl aside, the second, woolen, hid it in a bag, and kept the third for herself. Women’s harem pants and a shirt with embroidery impressed her, and she began to change clothes, and went with a gift to Ilya’s mother.

— Ilda, thank you, — the impressed woman whispered, and threw up her hands, upset when she saw the guest’s new outfit, — what are you! Chest out! The bra is dressed, you can’t do that. Ilyusha, say something?

Ilya looked, but only shrugged. He, of course, liked this view without a bra more.

Maundy Thursday

Ilda went to do healing now in her car. And again, she sat in the heat, and did not complain that she was tired. By lunchtime, everyone was leaving, and the girl admired the swans gliding on the dark water of the Kuskovsky pond. Surov came to the girl, and stood near the stone, with a white vein. It was the Princess’s favorite place here. Nearby, mothers drove children in wheelchairs, greeting Ilda. Two volunteers distributed gifts, the girl chose who to give something to, and never made a mistake. The approaching Ilya raised his hand, and Ilda immediately turned to him, sparkling with icy eyes. Now she painted her lips all the time so as not to scare people, but she did not want to wear contact lenses.

“Let’s go and see the local beauty,” the young man suggested.

They entered the Kuskovo estate, and Ilya led the Princess along beautiful alleys, past the lindens, with round crowns. At first, the girl did not believe that this happens, then her companion explained that this is the fruit of the difficult work of gardeners, as well as flat walls of bushes.

She walked around the grotto from all sides, admiring the sculptures standing in the niches of the building. The mother-of-pearl shells impressed the girl, but she uttered a little jealously:

— Here you will see my Golden Hall in the Mountain Chambers...

She considered the Hermitage Pavilion charming, just a toy among the alleys. She walked around the Grand Palace without saying a word, but examined each masterpiece of the collection, impressed by Ghirlandaio Jr. They passed the Italian house quickly, and looked more at the painted ceilings of the building. She liked the Dutch house for its immediacy and liveliness, blue tiles, and wood decoration.

She drove home calmly, did not bother on the road, carefully parked without squeezing her neighbors.

Ilya, approaching the house, carefully looked at the balcony of his apartment. She and her mother agreed if suddenly strangers, uninvited people come, and not those whom they want to see,

Ekaterina Alexandrovna will put two cacti on the window. It seems ridiculous, but clearly. But then there was a call to Surov's phone from Veltishchev, his head of work:

— Everything is ok. Don't run, I came with an old friend.

“I understand, grandfather,” Surov replied.

He sat down on the bench, and sat Ilda next to him, looked at the lantern, and his fingers clenched into fists with anger.

— Veltishchev, your adoptive grandfather, conceived something. And someone is waiting for us at home. Run away, or go?

“I've never run from anyone. If anything, I will tear the villains apart, let the skins go on my cloak, and hang their heads on my chest, — the Princess said without expression, — If necessary, I will show Myself.

— Okay, do not get hot only, — Ilya immediately cooled down, presenting the apartment covered in blood, — wait for now.

He too vividly imagined what this Phenomenon would be like, and What everyone would see.

— Let's go and listen. — he suggested and ordered the Princess.

— Come on, there's nothing to hesitate. If anything, we will immediately go to Digna in the Urals. She has been waiting for me for a long time.

Surov grinned wryly, and went to his apartment, the girl followed him.

They took the elevator, Ilya looked around, waiting for a catch, opened the door, and went first.

— Ilyusha, Ilda, come and visit you. Vadim Grigorievich with Vitaly Borisovich, — said the mother loudly, holding a tray with cups.

They took off their shoes and went into the hall. At the table, with a bottle of cognac, sat two old men, but very cheerful and dressed not without panache. Vadim Sergeevich in a suede jacket, polo shirt, corduroy trousers, a stranger in a corduroy jacket, plaid shirt, brown pants. Ilya entered, looked at Veltishchev stubbornly winking at him. and said:

— Mom, here is a conversation about work, we will close.

— Well, — the mother answered, waving her hand to Veltishchev, — your eye is twitching, — she added.

Surov locked the door and sat down opposite Veltishchev. Grandfather smiled, took out his passport, birth certificate and put it in front of Ilda. He also put tickets in front of them.

— It's all done, Ilda. Everything as promised. And Vitaly, an old friend, we then in the Ural District, next to Usol, we have been looking for people like you for a long time. He then worked in the KGB then, as it turned out.

— I couldn't tell you Vadim, I'm sorry, — answered the comrade.

“You ran into the woods for two days, didn't you?” Arhip was looking for you? And you kissed Ilda first!

— Me??? — The princess is up.

— Yes, you see, did not wake up. So he has known you for a long time, granddaughter, — Veltishchev laughed, — well, that's the past. And so, at work, Vitaly was able to reshoot the document. Will we show you, or will we go, otherwise you are looking at me so intensely, Ilyusha? — Vadim laughed, — Vitaly, flash drive.

A tall and large man, got up, took off his jacket. On the left side, armpit, hung a holster with a pistol. He took the device from the inside pocket of his jacket and gave it to Vadim. He began to tune the TV, quickly saying:

— Color photo, lucky us... The allies were filming, and the camera is good and the film! The lake is a noble apparatus. So it came out — the dream is simple.

He clicked the remote control, set up the player, and the first frame opened in front of them. One of the Americans with a Garand rifle, in a warm jacket and a registered woolen hat. The next shot showed a door with gold hinges. Then came the footage of the underground palace. White throne.

And, vot- eight coffins, taken at the same time, and then each sarcophagus was separately filmed. Seven men, dignified and tall, and then the Princess... Eight completely different faces. It was evident that the girl fell asleep suddenly, jewelry remained on her, as if she was forced to lie in an ice bed, or, put to sleep.

— And how? — Vadim Sergeevich puffed out his cheeks enough, — is my friend good?

“Where were they filming?” Ilda asked quietly.

— Only the approximate place of events is known. The film was seized by our agent in 1946. An American, Denis Black, was filming or carrying the film and surrendered to our border guards on Novaya Zemlya. As written in the report, I was very happy to cooperate. But, oddly enough, even on the face there are no traces of frostbite. He had weapons and supplies with him. He was transported to the Americans at the embassy in Moscow.

— And here’s another thing... The KGB found two more sleeping... Vitaly says two golden coffins are stored in the center of nuclear medicine, in Lefortovo, on the river bank.

— Are there photos? Ilda asked quickly.

Vitaly Borisovich, slowly took out a purse, and took out another flash drive. Ilya put on view. White hall, in appearance a large room. The bodies are already placed in steel sarcophagi, but the growth of the Sleepers, and themselves, with Icy faces and white hair, was impossible to take for others.

— Also from them everything was removed, — Tsarevna clarified, — and clothes, and decorations.

Both elderly people only shrugged their shoulders, they say, we are not like that, fate is like that.

Ilda fell silent, got up and went to the window, pulling back the curtain, looking at the street lamps.

— I can’t get used to it... I see. I don’t know — and she went to the scout — what brought you to us. Ambition, thirst for knowledge or something else, if you try to betray us, I will lower your skin from a living skin, and I will wear your head on a belt. Or swear allegiance, or leave and forget about everything.

Vitaly Borisovich Prilukin was called up for service in the army, like everyone else, at the age of eighteen. Morphlot, service near Murmansk. Three years lasted a long time, after demobilization he returned to his place in Moscow, on Elektrozavodskaya Street. Letters from offices rained down, they called the police, firefighters and the KGB. I did not want to return to the plant, but he entered the Faculty of Biology at Moscow State University. The former soldier could pass on the troika and learn at the evening, which Vitaly did. And he served as an ensign. Six years later he received a diploma, and when he introduced it to his superiors, there was a slight scandal. The officers were hit mainly by the officers’ children, but, oddly enough, nothing happened. True, he went on business trips, and throughout the USSR especially took into account his diploma, but in a tough form — various gloomy things on the basis of biology. It happened, was in the group to combat the plague epidemic in Central Asia, vaccination in the mountain Badakhshan. And, here is a call to Usolye, where he met with the young Vadim Veltishev. Yes, he himself was young. But the week when Ilda was found... It was something he couldn’t forget all his life. Vadim is great, he flew away with a load before, but in the village it lasted two nights...

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