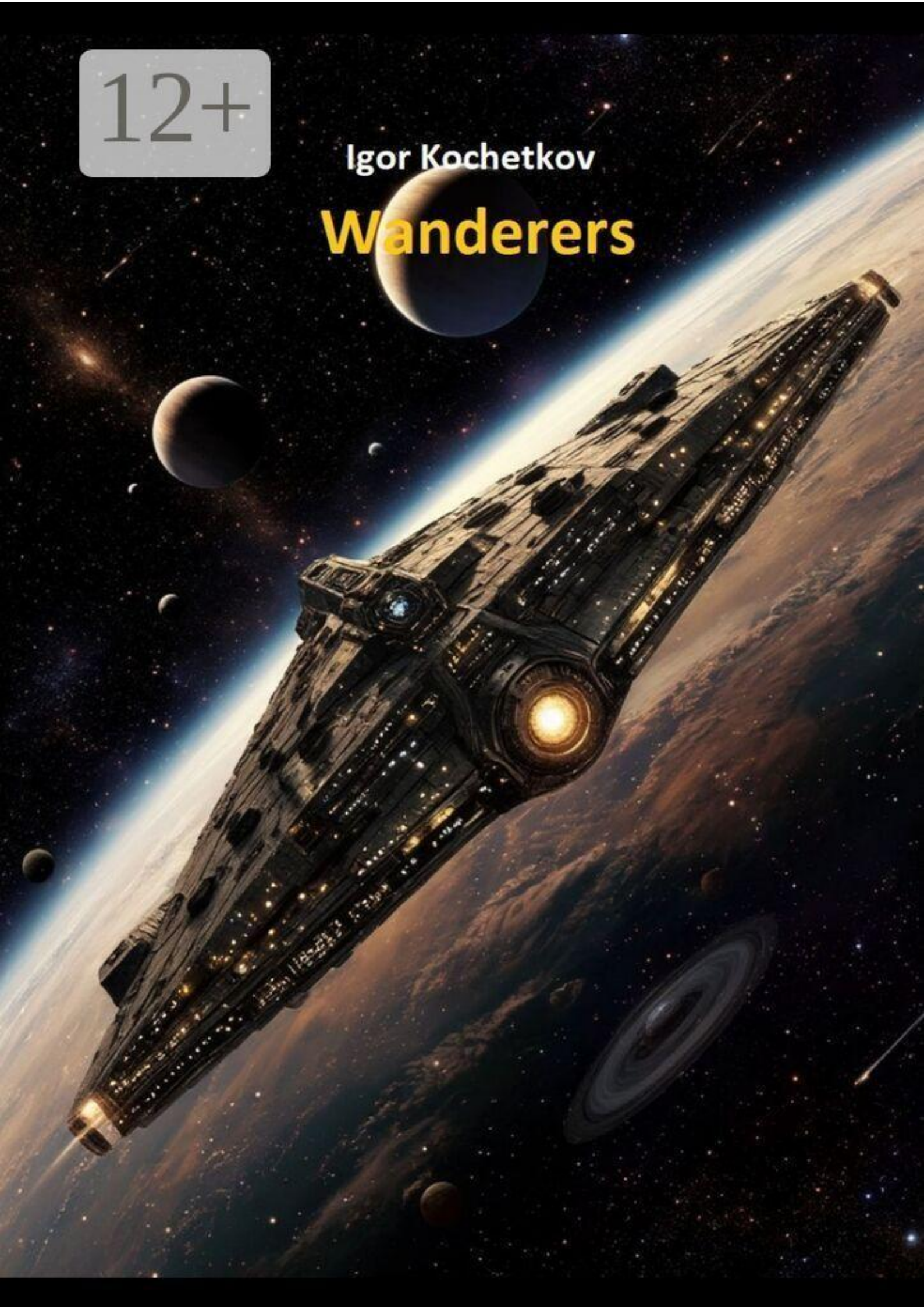


12+

Igor Kochetkov

Wanderers



Igor Kochetkov

Wanderers

«Издательские решения»

Kochetkov I. N.

Wanderers / I. N. Kochetkov — «Издательские решения»,

A mysterious ship drifts through space. The crew, awakening from cryosleep, remembers nothing of the past. The ship's log has been destroyed, the stars are alien. The only link to reality is an emergency docking with a damaged vessel whose crew speaks an incomprehensible language. Who to trust when even the memory of home has been erased? This is an English-language adaptation of the original Russian work "Скитальцы", written and translated by the author.

© Kochetkov I. N.

© Издательские решения

Содержание

CHAPTER 1: BREAKING THE SILENCE	6
CHAPTER 2: GHOSTS IN THE AIRLOCK	7
CHAPTER 3: THE ABCS OF THE MUTE	9
CHAPTER 4: THE BROKEN MIRROR	11
CHAPTER 5: THE BURDEN OF EMPTINESS	13
CHAPTER 6: THE LANGUAGE OF MACHINES	15
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	16

Wanderers

Igor Nikolaevich Kochetkov

© Igor Nikolaevich Kochetkov, 2026

ISBN 978-5-0070-3800-3

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

Wanderers

CHAPTER 1: BREAKING THE SILENCE

The cryo-capsule hissed like an enraged cat. Elia Thorn tumbled out of it not as an awakening, but as a surrender — her body unresponsive, her brain a wad of cotton wool soaked in liquid nitrogen. Good morning, sleeping beauty, she thought sarcastically. Only there's no prince, and the siren is wailing like a mad nightingale.

The automatics roughly pulled her to the monitor. ELIA THORN. CAPTAIN. EMERGENCY AWAKENING. REASON:... — the message cut off. Captain. It sounded impressive. Elia painfully moved her numb lips, trying to feel the authority in that title. All she managed was a mockery of “Cap-tain-Thorn.” Like trying on someone else's, far too spacious uniform.

She forced herself to stand, staggering like a newborn fawn on ice, and made it to the main terminal. The ship's log. The key to everything. Her fingers, clumsy from the cold, called up the menu.

ACCESS GRANTED. LAST ENTRY.

There were no words on the screen. A digital bonfire danced there — cascades of falling symbols, black voids, occasionally fragments broke through: ...hyper-failure... trajectory... unstable... And the most intact: ...remember the mission... Elia stared at it blankly. Her past wasn't forgotten. It was destroyed. Deliberately? Accidentally? Someone had played shell games with her memory, and now all the peas were empty.

Excellent, she hissed, swallowing a lump of panic, sweet and disgusting. Captain of a ghost ship. Crew — sleeping dolls. Mission — a riddle scratched on water. Survival instructions lost. Hello, new life.

She looked into the wide viewport. There were no familiar constellations, no friendly starlight. Only endless, indifferent blackness, dotted with alien, cold points. Space stared back at her like an uninvited guest. Or like prey.

At that moment, a new, mechanical voice tore through the silence of the bridge:

— ALERT SYSTEM. UNAUTHORIZED DOCKING DETECTED. SECTION DELTA. THREAT NOT IDENTIFIED.

Elia slowly turned from the starry void to the blinking red signal on the ship's schematic. Threat. Lost mission. A hundred sleeping souls in steel wombs. And her, a captain without a past.

A sharp, grim thought stabbed into her brain: who is she to command? Just a set of reflexes in a body labeled ‘captain’? Or is a captain someone who takes responsibility, even if they don't remember why?

She straightened up, with difficulty, as if her bones were made of lead. The panic receded, leaving behind a cold, clear emptiness — the perfect vessel for a decision. She activated the general channel, and her voice, still hoarse from cryo, echoed through the corridors of the deserted ship:

— All awakened personnel to the bridge. We have guests. And, it seems, all of us have big problems with memory. Let's find out exactly which ones.

Work was beginning. And the struggle to survive, to not become those they did not remember.

CHAPTER 2: GHOSTS IN THE AIRLOCK

Seventeen people stumbled onto the bridge. All of them — pale, with eyes full of the same silent question as Elia's. Who am I? What's happening? No cohesive team — just a handful of lost souls in identical blue uniforms, smelling of sterility and fear. Two, however, stood out: a man with piercing grey eyes and a woman with hands stained in something dark, who were not staring into the void, but at the schematics.

— I am Doctor Leon Weil, the man introduced himself. His voice was a quiet anchor in the storm. By logic, the ship's physician. Seven of the awakened show signs of decompression and post-cryogenic amnesia. Mild forms.

— Andra, mechanic, the woman said, not looking up from the terminal. Or I was. The docking node in Delta isn't 'unauthorized.' It's emergency-forced. Their airlock is welded into our hull like an axe in a door. Don't expect politeness.

Elia nodded, feeling the phantom framework of a crew form. Good. Doctor, prepare the infirmary, but no panic. Andra, what about the atmosphere in the airlock?

— Pressure equalized. Their atmosphere is almost ours, plus or minus sulfur and despair. Seal... holding. For now.

The decision was the only one. We go. Unarmed. We don't know who they are, but if they wanted to blow us up, they would have done it already.

The corridor to the Delta airlock seemed endless. The light flickered, whining like a ghost. Something was scraping beyond the massive airlock. Metal on metal. Elia took an ancient, heavy wrench from the emergency panel — not a weapon, but a symbol of resolve. Behind her, like shadows, walked Andra, Doctor Weil, and Raider, the youngest, gulping air frequently and noisily.

The airlock control panel was riddled with cracks. Andra, grunting, punched it with her fist. There was a grinding sound, and the massive door slid aside.

They were not met by roars, not by gunfire. They were met by silence, thick as tar, and a smell — of burning, ozone, and sweat. Against the backdrop of the mangled interior of the alien ship, which looked like the cracked shell of a giant insect, stood them.

Ten figures. Clothing — a patchwork quilt of leather, armor plates, and singed fabric. Faces — not masks of malice, but masks of survival: tired, etched with small scars, with eyes burning in the semi-darkness. They huddled in a tight semicircle, covering each other. Some held improvised weapons: a piece of pipe, a heavy assembly pistol.

For a second, time froze. Two packs of ghosts, looking through each other into mirrors of distorted existence.

Then their leader stepped forward. Tall, with a predatory grace, his face hidden by the shadow of a cracked helmet's visor. He said something. The sounds were sharp, guttural, devoid of meaning, like the creak of rusty rebar. But the gesture was clear: an open palm, away from the 'weapon' — the assembly pistol at his belt. No hostility.

Doctor Weil unexpectedly coughed and slowly raised his own hand, showing an empty palm. Then he touched his own chest. Leon, he said clearly.

The guest — Scorpa, though they did not yet know his name — frowned in confusion. And then, with a smirk, he touched his own chest. The sound he made was like a dry click: Scorpa.

Raider snorted with nervous laughter. Introductions made. Now we just need to figure out why you crashed into our home.

Andra, not taking her eyes off the bizarre engineering solutions on their ship — where welded seams replaced rivets, and wiring crawled on the outside like vines — muttered: They aren't visiting. They're boarding. Only their ship died before they could slit our throats.

Elia felt the vise of uncertainty tighten. But in these alien eyes, she saw not only threat. She saw the same sharp, animal confusion. They also didn't understand where they had ended up.

As the two crews measured each other with their gazes: first contact — it's not about language. It's about recognizing in the other the same hostage of reality. They were different, but their fear was shared. And perhaps, that was the only thing they had right now.

Scorpa, Elia repeated, nodding. Then she pointed at herself. Elia. She took a step forward, putting the wrench on the floor with a loud but non-threatening clang. An invitation. Or a trap.

Romance is born in strange places. While the captains looked into each other's eyes, trying to decipher intentions, Andra's gaze caught on one of the guests — a young man with clever, rapidly darting eyes, who was not studying their faces, but the mechanism of the Kepler's airlock. In his gaze was not hostility, but greedy curiosity. And something in that gaze made Andra forget her fear for a moment. A very brief moment.

CHAPTER 3: THE ABCS OF THE MUTE

An absurd silence settled in the spacious cargo bay of the Kepler, broken only by the hum of the ventilation and the nervous tapping of fingers on a table. Two tables stood opposite each other. Behind one — Elia, Andra, Doctor Weil, and three other awakened crew. Behind the other — Scorpa, his faithful shadow Kai, the technician Mark, and the silent Ta'Li. The remaining pirates stayed by their mangled airlock, wary as wolves on a leash. The tables symbolized a truce. The emptiness between them — an abyss.

The first attempt to speak through the terminal with a basic translator failed spectacularly. The phrase “We are not enemies” turned into “We are not edible lamps.” Kai burst into a rasping laugh, pointing a finger at the screen. Scorpa just smirked, but there was no amusement in his eyes.

Great start, Andra grumbled. Now they're sure we're either idiots or some rare delicacy.

Doctor Weil, watching it all with the quiet interest of a biologist studying a new species, raised his hand. Words are noise. Let's find a common denominator. Physiology. Basic needs. He slowly brought his hand to his mouth, mimed drinking, then pointed at the water cooler in the corner.

The guests exchanged glances. Scorpa nodded to Kai. Kai, with exaggerated caution, as if afraid the water might explode, approached, poured some, and drank. Then he grunted, pointing at the liquid and uttering a short, guttural sound: Krrha. Water.

Progress, Raider noted. Now we know how to ask for a drink. Unless, of course, he said ‘poison.’

It was then that Ta'Li stepped forward. She was short, moved silently, and her eyes, the color of old ice, seemed to scan not faces but intentions. She ignored the men and addressed Doctor Weil directly. She pointed at his eyes, then at her own. Then she covered her eyes with her palm, uncovered them, and pointed at him — “I see you. Do you see me?”

Leon smiled — the first genuinely warm smile since awakening. He nodded and repeated the gesture. Then he pointed at his own chest, then at hers, and brought his index fingers together in the air. “We are alike?”

Ta'Li tilted her head. Her fingers, thin and quick, began to dance in the air. She pointed at her own dark, rough clothing, then at his blue uniform, and sharply spread her hands apart — “Different.” Then she pointed again at his eyes and chest — “But inside...” She didn't finish, leaving the gesture hanging in the air, full of implication.

Mark, watching this dialogue, enchanted, quickly said something to Scorpa in their language, gesturing toward the terminals and then at himself and Andra. Scorpa, after a pause, nodded.

Andra, catching on, snorted. Oh, so we mechanics can communicate already? Well then, come on, colleague, let's go break something together.

They moved to the wall, where Andra began drawing simple diagrams on a tablet: a ship, two ships, docking. Mark watched, his eyebrows rising in surprise. Suddenly, he snatched the stylus from her and, with a confident line, crossed out the small ship. Then he circled the large one. And pointed at himself, then at the large ship, with a questioning look.

You want to know how it works? Andra laughed, but there was no malice in the laugh. Buddy, you're either a genius spy or just as tech-obsessed as I am. She took the tablet and began drawing a simplified engine schematic.

Romance is not born from glances, but from a shared language. And in this moment, their language became the crooked lines on the screen, the arrows, the symbols. Mark pointed at one component and mimed an explosion, his eyes wide with mock horror. Andra shook her head and drew a shield around it. He looked at her as if she were a sorceress. And in that look was something that made Andra's breath catch for a moment. She quickly lowered her eyes to the tablet.

Meanwhile, Doctor Weil and Ta'Li were already performing entire pantomimes. He mimed a wound on his arm and bandaging it. She showed she understood and demonstrated her own method — quickly applying a patch made of some resin-like substance. He raised an eyebrow in admiration. Then she suddenly touched her own temple and mimed pain, looking at him questioningly. “Amnesia?”

Leon froze. This was a breakthrough. He slowly nodded, made a circular gesture indicating all his people, then pointed at himself, and covered his forehead with his palm — “All of us. We don't remember.”

Understanding, mixed with disbelief, passed over the guests' faces. Scorpa said something quietly to Kai. “Convenient illness,” said his caustic gaze.

They were building a Tower of Babel on the sand of oblivion. Every gesture was simultaneously a discovery and a potential trap. Who are they without words? Perhaps, more honest. Because a gesture is harder to fake. In a raised open palm, you can see both peace and readiness to strike. It all depended on who was looking and who was believing.

Elia, watching this bizarre ballet, thought about power. Her power rested on a rank she didn't remember. Scorpa's power — on strength and authority, which were now being tested in a silent battle of gestures. And while their subordinates found common ground in diagrams and pantomime, the captains sank deeper into the quagmire of mutual distrust. But the bridge, fragile and mute, had already been built. It remained only to find out where it led: to salvation or to the abyss.

CHAPTER 4: THE BROKEN MIRROR

Work was underway in the Kepler's engine room — Andra's kingdom, where the silence was broken only by the hum of the power cores and the mechanic's periodic muttering. Mark sat beside her on a toolbox, legs drawn up, watching her hands like a student watching a master. He had brought the heart of his flying wreck — the scorched onboard terminal of the Scorpion, resembling an ancient, moth-eaten chest.

It's a miracle anything inside still works at all, Andra muttered, opening the panel. Her fingers, nimble and confident, danced among the microchips. Your colleagues, I see, prefer the 'hit it if it doesn't work' method. I see traces of at least three phase jumps here. Who were you running from, a horde of angry engineers?

Mark, of course, didn't understand the words, but he caught the tone. He shrugged, made wide eyes, and mimed something huge and terrifying with his hands, uttering a threatening Brr-rum! Then he pointed at the terminal and pretended to run away, comically pedaling his feet in the air.

Andra snorted. Got it. A big angry thing. We've got one of those too, by the way, she nodded toward the viewport where the cosmic blackness swirled. And we seem to be flying straight into its mouth, not remembering why.

She handed him a soldering iron. Hold this. Heat it here. Don't worry, it doesn't bite. Unlike you, probably. She was talking more to herself, but Mark took the tool with concentration, as if it were a holy relic. Their fingers almost touched. Andra quickly pulled her hand back, pretending to look for a screwdriver.

After a few hours of tense silence, interrupted only by Andra's technical monologues (Well, here's another capacitor that decided it's a firework...) and Mark's approving nods, the terminal screen flickered. First artifacts crawled across it, lines, then fragments of text in that same guttural language appeared.

Contact! Andra exclaimed, and Mark, reading her face, threw up his hands like a child. He quickly typed something on the side keyboard, connecting the Kepler's linguistic module — a crude, basic translator set to a thousand known dialects, which until now had only produced 'edible lamps.'

A slow, agonizing synchronization began. On the split screen, phrases in an unknown dialect appeared, and below them — clumsy but increasingly coherent translations.

<HULL 3... THREAT LEVEL CRIT... EVACUATION...>

<NAVIG. PROTOCOLS... DAMAGED... TARGET COORDINATES: SECTOR THETA...>

Sector Theta... Andra frowned. That's not on our maps. Mark, where were you headed?

Mark, staring at the screen, suddenly went pale. He jabbed a finger at the coordinates, then turned to Andra, and his eyes were filled with such genuine horror that she felt a chill inside. He drew the edge of his hand across his throat, then pointed at the coordinates and shook his head vigorously 'no.'

Don't go there? Because it's death? Andra clarified. Her heart beat faster. Where were we headed?

She entered a query into the system for the Kepler's last known coordinates before the failure. The machine thought for a long time, spitting out errors, but finally produced a line. The same coordinates. Sector Theta.

The legendary rescue mission. Destination.

Mark saw it and froze. Then, with an expression almost of pity on his face, he frantically began searching the archives of his terminal. He found a file — a recording labeled "Final Warning." He started it.

On the screen appeared the face of an unfamiliar woman in similarly unfamiliar clothing, her features etched with soot and exhaustion. She was shouting, looking over her shoulder, her voice distorted by interference and panic. The translator, laboriously digesting the stream of speech, began producing phrases on the Kepler's screen.

<...everything collapsed... atmospheric storms... geological fractures... no one left alive... I repeat, NO ONE... the "Utopia" base is lost... if you're hearing this, do not return... fly away...>

The recording cut off. A deathly silence fell over the engine room. Even the hum of the cores seemed muffled.

Andra stared at the fragmentary translation, at the phrase displayed in the center of the screen like a sentence:

<DO NOT RETURN. THERE IS NO ONE THERE.>

She slowly raised her eyes to Mark. In his gaze there was no gloating, no triumph. Only a heavy, weary truth, and something else — perhaps sympathy. He again made the 'death' gesture at his throat and nodded toward the coordinates. Then he turned his palms toward her — a gesture that could mean "I am empty," or "I am not to blame," or "trust me."

At that moment, the engine room door opened. In the doorway stood Elia with Doctor Weil, come to check on progress. They saw their faces — Andra's pale, shocked face and Mark's serious, sorrowful one.

What happened? Did you find something? Elia asked.

Andra silently turned the monitor toward them. Elia's eyes scanned the translation. First disbelief, then a cold, slow understanding, trickling down her spine like an icy stream. The mission. The meaning of their awakening, their flight, their forgotten lives. All of it had turned out to be a mirror, shattered into pieces. They were flying to a grave.

Doctor Weil was the first to break the silence, whispering: Oh god... So there's no one to save. We're... flying into nowhere. Carrying the burden of a dead hope.

What is worse — not knowing your past, or learning that your future is already dead, even before you reach it? Their ship had become a flying Dutchman, doomed to forever follow a course to a destination that no longer existed.

Mark, looking at the stunned faces of the Kepler's people, quietly said something in his own language. The translator, after a pause, produced a clumsy but piercing phrase on the screen:

<OUR HOME IS ALSO DEAD. WE FLED. WE KNOW PAIN. TURN BACK. THERE IS A CHANCE.>

Back? Elia's voice came out hoarse. And where, pray tell, is 'back'? We don't remember where we came from.

And at that moment, their gazes met — the captain of the ghost ship and the technician from the refugee vessel. Between them lay an abyss, but the bottom of this abyss, it turned out, was common. The same despair. And the mirror they looked into now reflected not enemies, but fellow hostages of cosmic absurdity. The question was only what they would do with this knowledge. And whom they could trust now.

CHAPTER 5: THE BURDEN OF EMPTINESS

The Kepler's mess hall, designed to rest thousands, felt like a cavernous, abandoned cathedral. Twenty awakened crew and ten guests filled only a tiny corner near the viewport. The air was electric. Andra had just laid out everything on the public terminal: the decrypted recording, the translation, the coordinates. Elia stood by the screen, feeling that the words she was about to speak would burn the last bridges to illusion.

Our destination, her voice, metallic with tension, cutting through the silence, is dead. The planet "Utopia" in Sector Theta has been destroyed by a cataclysm. There are no survivors. That is what the data from their ship tells us. She nodded toward the guests. Scorpa sat lounging, his face like stone, Kai watching with poorly concealed contempt. Mark, catching Andra's eye, quickly looked away.

A wave of silent shock, confusion, and disbelief rolled across the faces of the Kepler's people.

And we're just supposed to believe them? Raider burst out, his voice trembling with youthful rage. They crashed onto our ship! They're strangers! This could be a lie to capture the vessel! Maybe they're the ones who destroyed everything there!

And they just happened to find a recording with the correct name of our mission planet? Andra countered coldly, crossing her arms. Their terminal couldn't have known that. Logic, Raider. Machines don't lie. People do, but data doesn't.

Logic? interjected one of the awakened, judging by his instinctive posture, possibly a former security officer. Logic says they have a motive. They're offering to 'fly back.' Where is 'back'? They have maps. We don't. They become our guides. Power shifts to them.

Doctor Weil raised a hand in a calming gesture. Colleagues. Let's drop the paranoia for a minute. Look at them. All eyes shifted to the guests. They aren't gloating. They're... tired. They've seen death. The very death they're talking about. I'm a doctor. I see trauma, and it's written on their faces just as clearly as amnesia is on ours.

Trauma from strangers? How convenient! the security officer snorted.

We don't know who they are, Leon continued softly but insistently. We only know who we are right now: a group of disoriented people on a dying ship with a dead destination. The mission defined us. Now it's gone. Who are we? A pile of meat and bones in a metal can? Or can we choose who to become?

The philosophical question hung in the air, heavier than gravity. Elia felt its weight on her shoulders.

Choice, she said, commanding attention. That's what we have. Option one: ignore the data and continue the flight to Theta. Risk everything for... for ashes. Option two: turn back. But where? Back along our route, which we don't remember? Or... accept their offer?

Accept?! Raider exploded. Hand over the ship to the first vagrants we meet?! Captain, we don't know where they'll lead us! To a slaughterhouse! To be melted down!

Scorpa, as if sensing the crux of the argument from the tone, slowly rose. Everyone fell silent. He walked to the screen, jabbed a finger at the Theta coordinates, then drew his hand forcefully across his throat — the death gesture, now universal. Then he pointed at the stars beyond the viewport, made a wide, indefinite gesture, and uttered a few phrases in his own language. The translator, after a pause, produced:

<HOME EXISTS. SAFETY. RESOURCES. WE KNOW THE WAY. YOUR HOME — EMPTY. YOUR MISSION — A GHOST. COME TO THE LIVING.>

To the living, someone from the crew whispered. There was monstrous, hypnotic logic in it.

A rift split the audience like an ice axe. A faction, led by Raider and the security officer, clustered against the far wall — the camp of distrust, an island of trying to preserve some identity, even if it was the identity of a dead mission. Others, mostly those who had interacted more with

the guests in recent days, looked at them with a new, painful interest — as at a lifeline, dirty and thorny, but alive.

Romance at this moment was not in passionate glances, but in quiet solidarity. Andra, standing by the terminal, felt someone come up beside her. It was Mark. He wasn't looking at her. He was looking at the fractured crew, and on his face was a strange expression — not gloating, but almost guilt. He quietly said something the translator didn't catch. But Andra understood the tone. "Forgive me." For bringing such truth. For shattering their world.

Without looking, she whispered back: Better a bitter truth than a sweet lie called 'hope,' right?

He didn't understand the words, but seemed to grasp the meaning. He nodded, almost imperceptibly.

We vote, Elia announced, clenching her teeth. Procedural democracy in a situation of total amnesia seemed the height of absurdity, but there was no other legitimate way out. Who is in favor of changing course, accepting their coordinates as a possible option?

Doctor Weil's hand went up first, calmly and confidently. Behind him, several others. Andra, after a second's pause, also raised her hand, feeling Raider's hateful stare. Traitor, he whispered.

Who is against?

Raider's hand, the security officer's, and five others shot up like spears.

The rest abstained, Elia stated, looking at the frightened, indecisive faces. Her heart clenched. This was worse than defeat. This was capitulation to the void. The majority... is in favor of changing course.

They had just voluntarily renounced the only meaning they had, however phantom it might have been. They had become a ghost ship in the fullest sense. Without a past. Now without a future.

Elia looked at Scorpa. He met her gaze and gave a barely perceptible nod. There was no triumphant gleam in his eyes. Only the satisfaction of a predator watching its prey walk into the cage itself. Or was that just her imagination?

They stood on a threshold. Not a geographical point, but an existential one. Who were they without their mission? Clay in the hands of strangers, to be molded into whatever they wanted? Or did they still have a chance to mold themselves — from fear, mistrust, and this new, monstrous emptiness that had become their shared home?

Beyond the viewport, the stars slowly began to shift. The ship started to turn.

CHAPTER 6: THE LANGUAGE OF MACHINES

To an outsider's eye, it would have seemed the height of boredom: two people bent over control panels in the semi-darkness of the reactor room. Only the hum of the Kepler's thermonuclear heart and the flickering of screens. But for Andra and Mark, this was the most captivating and quietest of battles, a dialogue and a dance light-years ahead of the sterile arguments in the mess hall.

They had been assigned to 'joint technical maintenance.' Formally — so that Mark could help adapt the Kepler's systems to the potential needs of the base, and Andra could make sure he didn't blow anything up. Informally — it was exile for both of them. She was exiled from her outraged colleagues, he from his suspicious comrades.

The first half hour passed in strained silence. Andra, teeth clenched, introduced him to the diagnostic system. Mark looked at the schematics, and his eyes went round, as if he were seeing not blueprints but sacred texts. He touched the engine's hologram with a finger, bringing up a pop-up menu, and immediately muttered something under his breath. Andra automatically corrected: No, not 'plasma stabilization circuit,' that's the neutron damper cooling channel. See the difference in topology?

He, of course, didn't understand. But he saw how her finger traced the hologram, highlighting the finest difference in the flow structures. And he nodded. Not out of politeness. Out of understanding.

The turning point came when the system threw an error in the gravity compensation module of Section Delta — right where the Scorpion was welded in. Andra grumbled, launching a deep scan. Again, your barbaric docking methods are coming back to haunt us. Now vibrations will run through the whole frame like kettledrums.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «Литрес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на Литрес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.