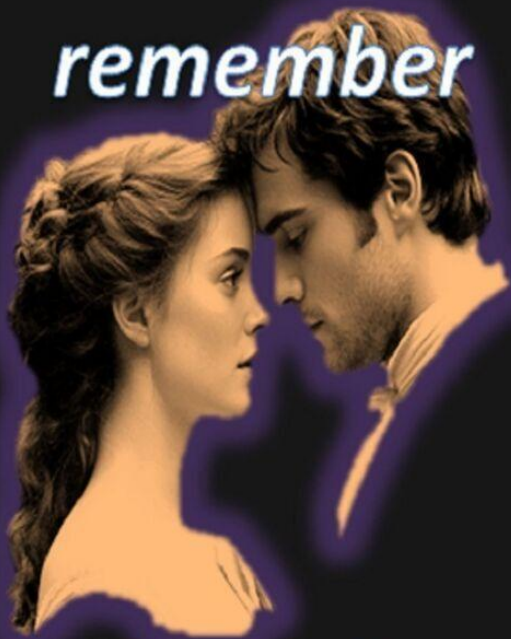


18+

*Go back to
remember*



Tatyana Golitsyna

Tatyana Golitsyna

Go back to remember

<https://litres.ru/74302104>

ISBN 9785007084512

Аннотация

This story intertwines the themes of love, reincarnation, mysticism, and the mysteries of encounters from past lives. The heroine of the story, seeing a man's face on the screen one day, feels a strange feeling that she once knew him, somewhere in a distant past life, but under a different name. What connects them, is this feeling accidental, or is it the machinations of fate? To find out the truth, the heroine goes to her past incarnation.

Go back to remember

Tatyana Golitsyna

© Tatyana Golitsyna, 2026

ISBN 978-5-0070-8451-2

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

Go back to remember

Our days

There are such mysterious combinations of circumstances in our lives, as if an unknown player moves us like pieces on his monitor, bringing us closer to important meetings and goals in advance. We don't know where we're going. But the universe-the player knows this, and we cannot take a single step that would not be predetermined by this player. The universe writes its own laws, according to which we approach the upcoming events of our lives. Moreover, the guiding moments of our lives will be insignificant and elusive factors for us, but they are the ones that weave the web of future events and fulfill the ultimate goal that is mysterious to us.

Our movements are guided by someone's hand, even though we think we are doing them freely. And this hand weaves the net of our destiny.

Like any woman (and man too) at this stage of my life, I was going through a so-called midlife crisis. And my crisis was not at all explained by my lack of a man. I have no problem with that. I have a friend, my son is an adult, and he lives in the city with his family, but he takes care of me as a son should. I have a lot of freedom of action, no one forces me, and the usual “I have to do this, I have to help, I have to...” is actually absent from me. It would seem, live and rejoice, but no. Something is missing. Some adventures that are boring to live without?

And I wondered, as I often have lately, if I was okay, if I would ever meet someone I desperately wanted to be with. Yes, yes, people of any age are susceptible to such desires. And my heart often squeezes in a secret, hopeless plea that maybe I’m a lifetime too late, maybe someone else’s life has passed me by, more important to me. And the paralysis of my frayed and tired soul, poisoned by the poison of sadness, begins.

My story began with another delusional dream, such dreams often visit me. But this dream confused me, it wasn’t an easy dream, I’ll tell you, it was tangible. The most unusual dreams, of course, visit us late at night, shortly before waking up. And there are mystical and scientific explanations for this.

The line between worlds, the line between reality and unreality, when we enter that world, and the spirits from there enter us. It’s a strange time of night, it’s different at this time. At this time, the line between “here” and “then”, your present life, and your past life, or your more distant past incarnation, even

blurs. A time when an unfathomable force makes you believe in a mysterious intertwining chain of events, when suddenly there is a vague premonition of a prophetic dream.

So, in my dream, I heard the front door of my house open. I hurried to the veranda to close it. And at the entrance, I felt someone standing behind me. And strong male arms wrapped around my shoulders. I froze.... I was pleased. The man leaned into my ear and said, "I was assigned to you," after a pause, he continued, "I have to atone for my sin, but this is my personal sin." I managed to see his palms. They were the beautiful palms of a man about 35 years old, firm to the touch, and warm. All my feelings were real.,

That's it, I'm awake. It's strange, who is this, who is assigned to me, why, what should he do to help me in some way? And why should he atone for his personal sin at my expense? Lots of questions. And no answers. It doesn't make sense. But the man, his spirit, no longer appears, no matter how I ask, no matter how I call, day or night: "Answer me. Who are you? Why did you come into my life?"

The year is 1936. London Suburb

— Sashenka, when are we going to the forest to pick raspberries? Morning has already come, Dad and Maxim will arrive soon. I really want to treat them to wild raspberries," Lisa, a 6—year-old girl, muttered.

Her family, her parents, brothers Sasha and Maxim, have long since settled in Britain, having emigrated from Russia after the

revolution in the 20th year. Lisa's mother died 2 years ago, and her father never married. Maxim, Lisa's distant cousin, lived in their family as a full-fledged family member, since his parents had died during the turbulent events of 17 in Petrograd.

Both her father and brothers loved this flighty, stubborn, but kind little girl with her whims and simplicity. She loved them all too, adored her father, and played dirty tricks on her brothers for not taking her fishing, hiding fishing rods or a jar with hooks and bait. And then, watching the boys' search, she sat quietly on the couch, as if nothing had happened, with an indifferent face. The brothers, grumbling softly, looked into all corners of the house, knowing perfectly well whose trick it was. Convinced of the futility of their search, the boys gave up: "Well, star, come on, admit it, okay, come with us to the lake." Lisa, with her head held high, rolling her beautiful eyes to the ceiling, took out the hidden trophy with a sigh.

And today, while waiting for her father and Maxim, she and Sasha wanted to pick wild raspberries near their small estate. But Sasha lingered, talking to the groom about the new stallion their father had recently bought.

Lisa shifted impatiently from one foot to the other, finally couldn't stand it, grabbed the basket, and went to the cherished raspberry garden. But as soon as she started picking berries, someone growled terribly behind the bushes. The girl shuddered... the growl was repeated even louder and even scarier. Screaming wildly, Lisa dropped the basket and took off

running, tearing through bushes and trees. An angry growl rang out behind her, chasing her, the girl screamed again in mad fright, and ran even faster, no longer understanding where she was running to.

Sasha, hearing this cry, rushed into the forest: “Lisa, Lisa! Where are you! Liza!.” But there was no answer, only a faint echo or a faint squeak somewhere in the distance. Sasha darted around the raspberry patch, looking for traces of his sister. Everything was in vain, after half an hour of searching, he came across a teenager, a local idiot, the son of neighboring farmers.

“Hey! Have you seen a girl here, my sister?”

But the fool just mumbled something unintelligible and spread his arms.

“Oh, damn you, what can I take from you,” Sasha muttered irritably, and ran to the groom for help.

Lisa kept running, not understanding the road, not understanding where she was and where to go next. She stopped in the dense thicket of an old gloomy forest, sat down on the gray mossy ground under an old pine tree. She thought about it, helplessly fingering the folds of her dress. She wanted to cry, but her stubborn nature demanded that she “not whine like a girl.” Lisa pressed her lips together painfully, and stared at her dirty stockings and shoes with wide-open eyes full of tears. She got up again and, sobbing softly, resolutely moved on.

For a long time she walked along barely noticeable paths. Not noticing the slope, the girl rolled down into the ravine, yelped,

and beat her fists against the ground. Here she had already given free rein to her tears, and her little body was shaking with sobs. Calming down, she got up, and, climbing the slope, grabbing the weak branches of bushes, climbed to the top of the other side of the ravine. In the distance, one could see someone's manor with a wide-spreading meadow and a small forest.

The boy stood in front of the easel, contentedly stepped back a little, examining his landscape. Suddenly, there was a rustle behind him, he looked around and was dumbfounded. A girl came out of the bushes. She seemed to him like a little nymph, small twigs and dry leaves were stuck in her disheveled hair, her dirty dress was slightly torn, and dirty streaks of tears from her big beautiful eyes remained on her doll's face.

"Sir," the girl said softly, "could you help me?" She fiddled with the hem of her dress, embarrassed.

"Oh, my God, who are you?" the teenager said in a strangled voice. Suddenly, from the depths of his memory, a hazy image of the beautiful sweet face of a girl he seemed to have known for a long time, saw her. Something very familiar to Maxim, something that had been there for a very long time, flashed not so much in her face as in the turn of her neck and in that open, trusting look when she raised her eyes to him. It was an instant, the image of that distant girl looked at him from there from this deep memory and immediately melted away like a light cloud, as if it had slipped by.

And this girl's face was looking at Maxim with wide-open

dark eyes: "I'm Lizonka Sushchevskaya, I'm lost, a little hungry, tired and thirsty. Do you have some water for me?"

"Yes, there's some left in the bottle. Come here, don't be afraid." He handed her the jug with the rest of the water. "Sushchevskaya? I know this name, but you live far away from here! How did you end up here? Sit down here, on this chair."

And the girl, sipping water from a jug with pleasure, told him her story.

"Gee," the boy said, "yes, we need to help you, your family has probably been looking for you for a long time."

"I think they're off their feet." Lisa nodded her head matter — of-factly and wiped her lips with the back of her hand.

The guy smiled, "My name is Maxim Fiennes," he took the bottle from her and put it in his briefcase, "Come on, Lizonka Sushchevskaya. That's my house, see? We'll go there, and from there we'll contact your family somehow."

"Maxim? Wow, my cousin's name is Maxim, too," Lisa suddenly looked thoughtfully at the boy. She carefully examined his face, his high forehead and light brown head of slightly curly hair, his expressive cheekbones, well-defined chin, emphasizing the strength and determination of the boy, and his eyes... the doe's eyes were dark honey-colored, and even his lips, slightly thin, with raised corners, seemed harmonious to the girl on his attractive the face.

Maxim packed an easel, a suitcase with paints, a high chair, and gave Lisa his hand. They started down the path to the

driveway. When Lisa put her small hand in his, Maxim seemed to stop breathing for a moment, such tenderness came from this palm. Lisa, despite her fatigue, courageously and resolutely walked over the bumps, but once again she stumbled violently, looked guiltily at Maxim and said softly in a confused voice: "I'm just tired... I'm tired, but don't worry, I'll get there."

"So... let me leave my possessions here, then I'll go back for the easel. And I'll take you in my arms. Perhaps it will be easier and faster this way."

The girl's palm trembled in the boy's hand, the eyelashes of her eyes drooped, and she answered obediently: "If it's not hard for you."

"It's not hard." Maxim took Lisa in his arms, she wrapped her legs around him, and hugging his neck, with trusting defenselessness, she buried her cold nose in his ear. Then she leaned back a little, looked into the boy's eyes, and, resting her head on his shoulder, nuzzled her nose into his neck again. Maxim, gently supporting her skinny back, realized at that moment that he was ready to carry this girl in his arms for his whole life.

They stopped at the road, and a local farmer's cart came around the bend. The cart caught up with them, and Maxim sat Lisa down, and he ran to get his easel. When he sat down next to Lisa, she clung to him trustingly again, her little body shaking with fear and fatigue. Maxim hugged her as if he wanted to warm her up: "You're like a little sparrow, you're trembling so much,

aren't you sick?"

The girl silently shook her head to the side, as if in oblivion, looking at her dirty shoes, she took a deep breath, pulled her knees up to her chin, shrank down and looked even more like a little sparrow.

When the cart pulled up to the door of the spacious house, Maxim jumped off it, picked up Lisa and handed her to the butler: "Wash the girl, feed what we have there, and give her hot milk, she is shivering, she has been wandering in the forest for a long time. I'm going to find her parents' phone number."

A maid came up to Lisa, and the girl, very shy, whispered something in her ear. The maid smiled and took the girl to the toilet, where she helped her wash and comb her hair, and brought her to the dining room table. Maxim has already spoken to Lisa's father on the phone. The girl immediately rushed to the phone, grabbed the receiver and chattered;

"Daddy, Daddy! I'm fine, Maxim saved me. Daddy, Daddy! Just don't scold Sashenka, it's not his fault, I assure you! It's me, the Skoda is so naughty, it's my fault! It's not my brother's fault! Just don't kick his ass!" and she fell silent, listening to her father, "Okay, Daddy, okay, come. You're coming with Sasha, aren't you? Well, well, well! Yes."

Handing the phone to Maxim, Lisa obediently, like a modest, well-mannered girl, sat down at the table. She drank hot milk in jerky sips, and blew hard into the glass, took a bite of the cupcake, and putting it aside, said softly: "I'm full, thank you..."

Can I sit on that couch?”

“Of course, sit down, you’re so tired. Take off your shoes and get on the couch with your feet.” Maxim looked at her thoughtfully, then took an album and began to draw a portrait of the girl. “Just sit there. Aren’t you tired? Be patient a bit.”

He hurriedly, almost furiously, with jerky strokes, tried to quickly capture the image of the girl.

Lisa, as usual, tucked her legs up, buried her chin in her knees, slightly bowed her head, and looked attentively at the boy. She looked like a little sparrow again.

“You’re beautiful, Maxim. No... you’re probably cute right now. You just don’t have enough charisma... you have charm, but you don’t have charisma. Well, never mind, you’ll grow up, and charisma will appear, and then you’ll become truly beautiful.” At the same time, Lisa kept looking at Maxim inquisitively, slightly narrowing her eyes.

Maxim blushed slightly and laughed: “What words do you know, you’re talking like an adult. Where did you hear that, Lisa girl?”

“Well, that’s what they say about my brother, Maxim, too. It will be beautiful too. They’ve already picked up a bride for him. They’ll pick it up for you, too, and you’ll get married.” And after a pause, she added with a sigh, “that’s how all the beautiful suitors will be taken away until I grow up, and for me there will only be a lop — eared Saiman.”

“Ha ha ha! And why only lop-eared Saiman, when you grow

up, you will have other suitors.”

“Well, there’s no one decent,” the girl spread her arms wide, “all the beautiful boys are already big, and none of them will wait for me until I grow up.” Lisa sighed bitterly, like a child, “there remains only the lop — eared Saiman. Well, maybe someone else will show up later.” She pushed her hair aside with her little hand, thought about it and said softly, “You tell me Maxim, can you just say to your bride, ‘My love,’ just like that, but in fact, you may not love her, and you will never love her? And?”

“Lisa! Where did you get this?” Maxim exclaimed in surprise.

“Well, I once heard, in the village, how the innkeeper’s son cheerfully shouted to the girl: ‘Hello, my love!’”. He told her that for no reason.

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.