

The author is doomed: Illusion.

Stepan Bondarenko.



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One day, while he was writing a novel, his boss came to him and gave him a new case. Only this case was the same as the one on the pages of his manuscript. But he decided to investigate it anyway. It turned out to be a disaster.

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The Beginning.

I wish I hadn't gone in there. But I was driven by a thirst for adventure and an interest in this case. I'm a detective and writer. If I get out of here, I'll write the second part of a new novel on this subject. It all started when the head of the police department of the city of R***** walked into my office. Before that, I was just sitting quietly and typing a horror novel about how I was investigating the case of a dead girl and her killers in some abandoned building. Imagine my surprise when the head of department gave me the very case I was writing about. The assignment was this: break into an abandoned store and detain a gang of Satanists who had lured a little girl there and killed her. The plot in the manuscript was exactly the same. I decided not to give in to surprise and hide my panic about it. "Most likely, this is just a harmless joke by the chief. You know he likes to joke around like that."

That's how I convinced myself. But curiosity won out. I grabbed my bag, my service Makarov pistol, and drove my Moskvich to that very abandoned building.

Present Time.

I remember back in the day we used to climb around here with friends, goofing off, scaring each other, and now I have to climb in here again, and to a murder scene at that!

I climbed over the fence, just like in my childhood, and jumped off. Man, my knees aren't what they used to be!

I broke the door down and went inside.

Someone was sighing and grunting in here. I immediately found the source of the sound.

-What the hell! Are you alright? - I asked the wounded man.

It was a small room, in the end of this straight room there was a radiator (long since leaked). There was a man in a robe with a triangular hood. He was riddled with bullets. The handle of a knife was sticking out of the middle of his chest.

-Who did this, who are you and what are you doing here?

-I'm a member of this Satanic cult. The people standing behind you did this to me.

I turned around. I had completely forgotten about the danger that awaited me. I can't remember exactly what was in the manuscript. Because I am in it. I can't prevent anything. The only thing I saw was a man in a hood and a red mask swinging a club and - darkness.

Illusion.

I don't know how much time passed, but at least I came to. To bring me to consciousness faster, they used a shocker. I quickly came to my senses.

-Who are you? What do you want from me?

-You probably know what we want from you.

-No, I don't.

-You do!

-I don't!

I received a hearty blow to the head with a club.

-Think!

-Wait! Don't hit me! Let me think.

A few minutes passed.

-Figured it out yet?

-No.

-Hurry up.

A few more minutes passed.

Well, have you figured it out now?

-Yes. You want one of my close relatives? And after I sacrifice my loved one to you, you'll let me go?

-Exactly right!

I understood this not only because of the good shaking of my brains. I wrote this in my manuscript. It was a very difficult choice. I decided to sacrifice my father, who abandoned us when I was four years old.

-Who will you sacrifice?

-My father.

-You can't, he's not dear to you at all.

-Alright, then my brother.

-Good. But to seal the deal, you must shake hands with our leader.

A guy who looked about twenty approached me. He extended his hand, and I shook it.

-Well, that's it, the deal is done.

I found myself on the ruins of that very store. I was very surprised. "How could it have collapsed so quickly?"

Alright. I went out through the gate. There's my car, destroyed. It's clear it had been there for a very long time.

All the buildings were destroyed. Every minute pieces of buildings crumbled. Some streets were covered in rubble. Wanderers walked along them.

Wanderers are a horror that roams the streets looking for a living soul to feast on. During all this time, what I would call the end of the world, they had gotten very hungry. Nature, after the death of an ordinary person, gave some the opportunity to reincarnate and work for death. From their shell, they were given only black cloaks and the sharpest teeth, with which they cut the flesh of a living creature like fabric, and reached the soul, which they devour.

I had to hide in an old museum. On a stand stood a typewriter and an old book from 1949. The author was Nikita Austin, i.e., me.

I sat down in a chair and began to read.

It was a short little story. These were manuscripts that I wrote. But, I wrote them partially. Because everything was NOT WRITTEN BY ME, NOT BY MY DAMN HAND, BUT BY SOMEONE ELSE'S! I saw that the text was not mine. I WRITE DIFFERENTLY! Here is that story:

"I wish I hadn't gone in there. But I was driven by a thirst for adventure and an interest in this case. I'm a detective and a writer. If I get out of here, I'll write the second part of a new novel on this subject. It all started when the head of the police department of the city of R***** walked into my office. Before that, I was just sitting quietly and writing a horror novel about how I was investigating a case in one abandoned building. Imagine my surprise when the department head gave me the very case I was writing about. The assignment was this: break into the abandoned store and detain a gang of Satanists who had lured a little girl there and killed her. The plot in the manuscript was exactly the same. I decided not to give in to surprise and hide my panic about it. "Most likely, this is just a harmless joke by the chief. You know he likes to joke around like that."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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