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Elzod Norboyev

HIDDEN HERITAGE

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Hidden heritage

«Издательские решения»

Norboyev E.

Hidden heritage / E. Norboyev — «Издательские решения»,

Every family hides secrets, but some secrets have the power to alter the fate of an entire generation. Hidden Heritage takes readers on a captivating journey through forgotten truths and mysterious pasts. As the main characters uncover the dark history behind an unexpected inheritance, they are forced to navigate betrayal, loyalty, and the ultimate test of human devotion.

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ISBN 978-5-0071-3268-8

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

HIDDEN HERITAGE

A Mystery, Psychological Drama & Detective Novel Author: Norboyev Elzod

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— -CHAPTER 1

THE ATTIC DISCOVERY

Every corner of the old house was filled with memories of the past and the heavy scent of decaying wood.

Following his grandfather's passing, Davron had returned to the isolated family house to prepare it for sale. The old man had spent the final years of his life in a nursing home, leaving the property empty and forgotten.

Outside, autumn rain beat relentlessly against the tin roof. Inside, the house seemed to breathe with memories.

Davron spent the morning sorting through ancient cabinets, dusty shelves, and brass-bound trunks in his grandfather's room.

His grandfather had always been an exceptionally reserved man. He had carried his secrets quietly throughout his entire life. The villagers had even given him a strange nickname:

The Man of Silence.

Davron had never understood why.

To him, his grandfather had simply been a gentle and affectionate old man who loved his grandchildren deeply.

But that peaceful memory began to change the moment Davron climbed the narrow wooden ladder into the attic.

The attic was cold and almost completely dark. Dust floated through the thin beams of light that entered through a small window. Old carpets were piled against one wall, while decaying leather-bound books lay scattered across the floor.

Davron moved deeper into the darkness. Then something caught his eye.
Behind a stack of old carpets stood a small but unusually heavy chest.

It was covered with dark metal and decorated with intricate hand-carved patterns. A thick, rusted padlock hung from the front latch.

Davron crouched beside it. He touched the chest.
It was far heavier than its size suggested.

Beside it lay a small journal covered in yellowed leather. The cover was worn and cracked, as though it had been handled many times before disappearing into the attic.

Davron picked it up. Curiosity overcame caution. He opened the journal.
The handwriting immediately caught his attention.

It was his grandfather's handwriting — slightly trembling, but unmistakable. Davron turned to the first page.

The opening words made him stop breathing for a moment.

“If you are reading these words, it means I am no longer in this world.”

“Davron, my son... the family history you were taught to believe is built upon a colossal lie.”

“Inside this metal chest lies the true past of our family and the only surviving proof of a terrible tragedy that occurred thirty years ago.”

“If you break this lock, your quiet life will end.”

“But if you walk away, the tormented spirit of an innocent man will never let you rest.” Davron's hands began to tremble.

He read the lines again. Then again.

His grandfather had never spoken about any family tragedy. Davron quickly turned to the following pages.

His grandfather had recorded events from the late autumn of 1996. The entries described a mysterious disappearance, a murder investigation, and secrets that members of the family had spent decades hiding.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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