

LOST IN TIME

: THE TRUTH ABOUT HER FAMILY

Увлекательный триллер о путешествии
во времени на английском языке
(уровень B2–C1)



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«Автор»

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Рассказ на английском языке от Леси Хананаевой, создателя проекта Melora English — сообщества для всех, кто любит настоящий, живой английский. Один пропущенный поворот на привычном шоссе — и современный мир растворяется, уступая место декорациям 1912 года. Кейси оказывается в городе своего детства, где ей предстоит лицом к лицу столкнуться с мрачной тайной собственной семьи, которая оставалась нераскрытой более века. «Lost in Time: The Truth About Her Family» — это захватывающий мистический триллер, написанный живым, богатым и кинематографичным английским языком. Книга идеально подойдет для читателей с уровнем B2–C1 (Upper-Intermediate / Advanced), которые хотят совместить увлекательное чтение с погружением в аутентичную англоязычную прозу, расширить словарный запас и прочувствовать тонкие оттенки смыслов без упрощений и адаптаций.

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Opening

She was driving alone along a quiet highway on an ordinary business trip, when a single missed exit changed everything.

Within minutes, the modern road dissolved. The world around her shifted, and she found herself standing in a place that should not have existed: her hometown, in the year 1912.

There, she would uncover a dark truth about her family—one that had remained hidden for more than a century.

Part One: The Town That Time Forgot

Kasey was traveling for work, far from home. It should have been a simple journey: a few smooth hours on the highway, followed by a quiet evening at a hotel in the next city.

She was tired, but everything was going according to plan—until she missed an exit.

“Okay,” she murmured to herself. “I’ll just take the next turn and get back on track.”

At first, she wasn’t worried. But after a few miles, the landscape began to alter.

The highway narrowed into a rugged lane. The road signs faded away. There were no billboards, no traffic lights, and no other cars in sight. Soon, all that surrounded her were dense trees, open fields, and a narrow strip of dirt stretching endlessly into the distance.

Kasey checked her GPS. The screen flickered: No Signal.

“No way,” she whispered, her hands tightening on the wheel. “Where am I?”

A few minutes later, a small settlement appeared ahead. It looked strangely serene, almost as if time itself had stopped moving.

She drove in slowly. The streets were nearly deserted. A few pedestrians strolled along the wooden boardwalks dressed in early twentieth-century clothing. Horse-drawn carriages stood parked beside timber shopfronts. There were no automobiles, no glowing neon signs, and none of the familiar hum of modern traffic.

Kasey slowed to a crawl. “This can’t be real...”

At the edge of town stood an old wooden sign displaying the name of her home city. Beneath the title, a date was carved into the wood: October 14, 1912.

Her heart began to hammer against her ribs.

“That’s impossible,” she breathed.

She parked the car and stepped out. The air felt unnaturally crisp and cold, and even the silence carried a strange weight.

She walked down Main Street, trying to process what she was seeing. The structures were ancient, the roads unpaved. Yet, the overall layout felt hauntingly familiar.

Then, at the end of the lane, she saw a house she recognized immediately.

It was her family home.

It was smaller than the building she knew, with a weathered porch and narrow glass windows, but there was no mistaking it. She was standing in front of the very place where she had grown up.

On the porch sat a young couple, whispering softly and smiling at one another.

Kasey froze.

She knew those faces. She had stared at them for years in old, faded family photographs. They were her grandparents—decades before she was ever born. Her grandmother was young and vibrant; her grandfather was alive and well. Neither of them had any idea who Kasey was.

For a long moment, Kasey could only stare. When her grandfather raised his eyes, she instinctively ducked behind a large oak tree.

Was she dreaming? Or had she truly slipped back through the layers of time?

Afraid that even the slightest interaction might alter history, Kasey stayed hidden in the shadows, watching her family from afar.

Children played in the yard. Neighbors called out friendly greetings across the road. For a fleeting moment, everything seemed peaceful.

Then, a milkman arrived with a horse-drawn cart. Kasey watched as her young grandmother stepped down from the porch.

“I’ll be back in a moment,” her grandmother told the children. “Stay right here and be good.”

She walked toward the cart to gather the glass bottles.

That was when Kasey noticed two men across the street. They were dressed in dark coats, attempting to force open the lock of a neighboring house.

Her grandfather spotted them at the same time.

“Hey! What are you doing over there?” he shouted, rushing down the steps.

One of the men turned instantly. The other lunged out from the doorway. A violent struggle broke out.

Kasey gasped, covering her mouth. Her grandfather was completely outnumbered. The strangers knocked him to the dirt, pinned his arms behind his back, and dragged him toward a covered wagon waiting nearby.

He fought back desperately, but he was no match for them. They threw him into the back of the wagon and sped off down the dirt road.

Kasey stood frozen. She wanted to scream, to run after them, but terror rooted her to the spot.

A few minutes later, her grandmother returned with the milk. She stepped inside, expecting to find her husband playing with the children.

“Where is your father?” she asked.

The children looked up, confused. None of them had seen him leave.

At first, she thought he had simply stepped out to help a neighbor. She waited. Hours went by. She began roaming the streets, knocking on doors, frantically asking anyone if they had seen him.

No one had.

Days turned into weeks, and weeks into years. No message ever arrived.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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