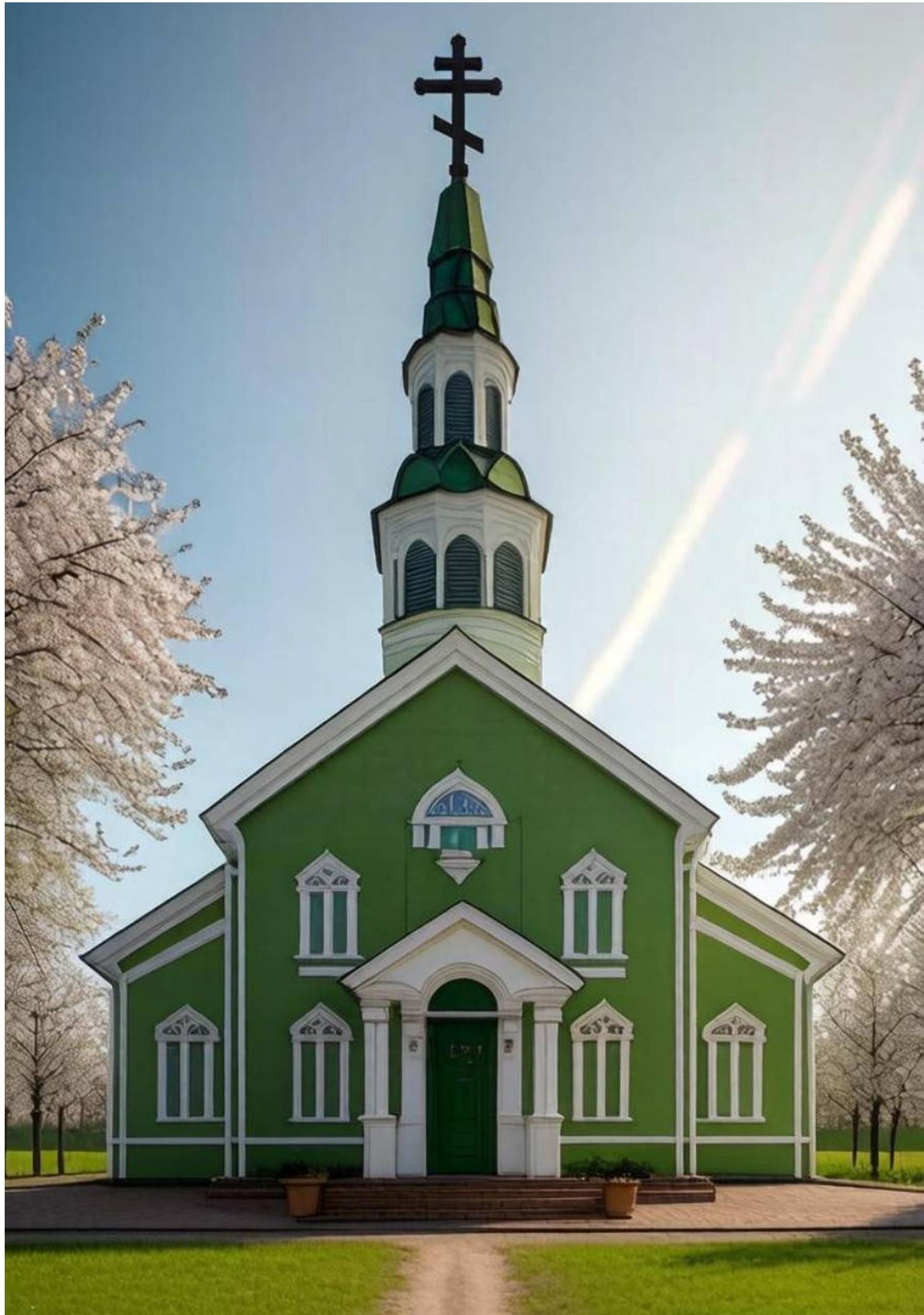




Andrew Zachary

A short story "Easter in Kursk"

«Автор»

2026

Zachary A.

A short story "Easter in Kursk" / A. Zachary — «АВТОР», 2026

When I was ten years old, my family and I often went to the local church, a place we deeply respected and loved. It stood near a war memorial that everyone in our neighbourhood called Tank. The journey there was part of the occasion. From my street, past the little local shop, we would take a rattling tram that turned right and seemed to carry us straight into a forest. Neighbours and other local families travelled with us, all heading to church for the Easter celebrations.

Andrew Zachary

A short story "Easter in Kursk"

When I was ten years old, my family and I often went to the local church, a place we deeply respected and loved. It stood near a war memorial that everyone in our neighbourhood called “Tank.” The journey there was part of the occasion. From my street, past the little local shop, we would take a rattling tram that turned right and seemed to carry us straight into a forest. Neighbours and other local families travelled with us, all heading to church for the Easter celebrations.

Even before we reached the tram stop, the morning felt different from an ordinary day. Families were dressed in their best clothes, and many carried baskets carefully covered with towels. The grown-ups greeted one another warmly, while we children tried to guess which cakes and eggs were inside each basket. I remember feeling that the whole neighbourhood was travelling together. Though we were going to the same place, every family seemed to bring its own traditions and its own little signs of celebration. The journey made the day feel important before the church even came into view.

The tram itself remains vivid in my memory. Its windows were made of plastic, and its iron seats were painted red. At the very back was the conductor’s seat, partly covered by a piece of cloth. The tram shook and clattered as it moved along its route, but no one seemed to mind. Outside, the trees grew thickly on both sides of the road, their branches forming a green canopy overhead. Birds filled the air with their calls, and the wind seemed to sing softly through the leaves. The road looked almost abandoned, as if it had been forgotten and reclaimed by an old forest.

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.