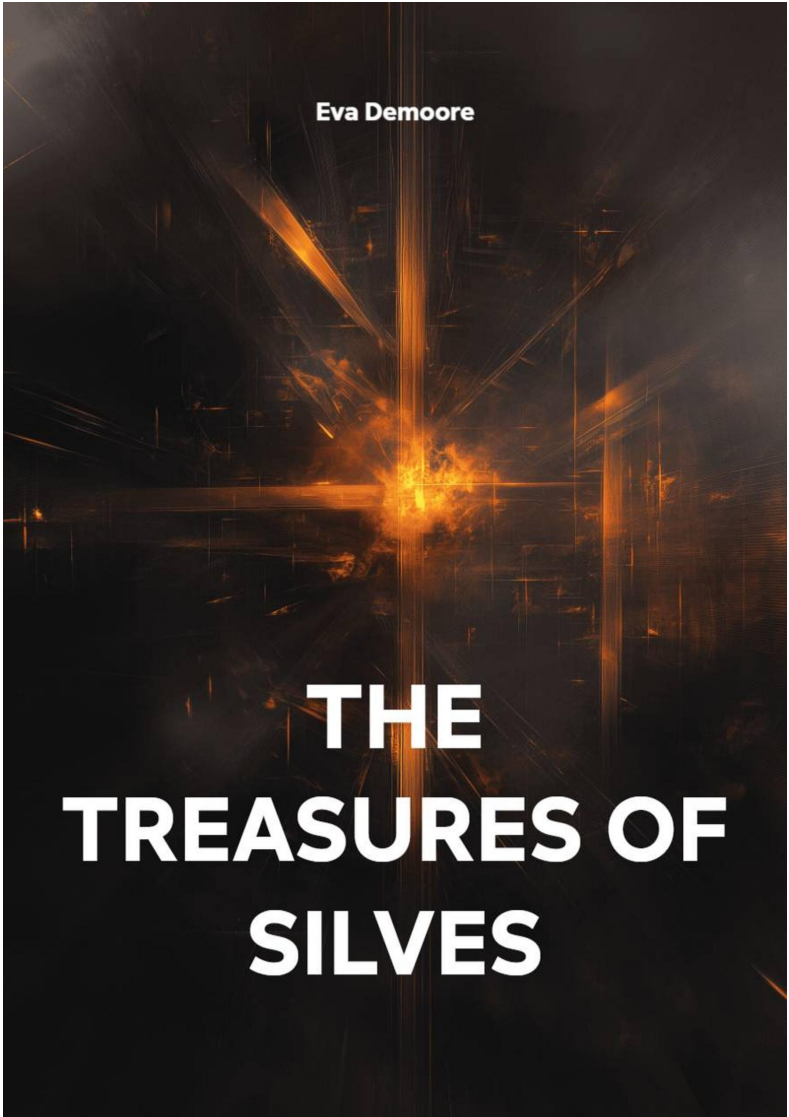

Eva Demoore
THE TREASURES OF SILVES

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THE TREASURES OF SILVES

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Аннотация

An amusing, mystical tale about an extraordinary adventure experienced by a modern-day boy. A small group of friends begins investigating mysterious creatures. These are beings forgotten by humanity.

The teenagers persistent attempts to uncover the truth lead to a truly incredible outcome.

The imaginative teenagers have a knack for turning everyday life into an endless adventure. Only someone who does not think according to the rules of the adult world can manage to unravel the secret of where a coveted chest of gold coins is hidden.

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THE TREASURES OF SILVES

One day when my parents were not at home my friends came to me to talk about treasures of silves. We often discussed that topic. But we never spoke about it in the presence of adults. They considered both the treasures and the silves non-existing and didn't take us seriously. So, we tried to find places where adults couldn't interfere with us. And our living room was exactly such a place for my mum and dad used to come back late.

There were five of us. And each one told his version of the legend about the treasures.

All of them were very different. So, we argued for hours, trying to find out the truth. The only thing we agreed upon was that the treasures were real. The rest was doubtful.

We talked by turns. One after another. Tim stated that silves lived in the North of Canada. Nick believed that it could be the North of Siberia as well. David tried to persuade us that they dwelt on one of the faraway islands in the ocean. While Max was convinced that silves had settled in uninhabited woods surrounded by rocky mountains. And I was sure that they lived in the jungle.

“People are not allowed even to cross the boundaries of their magic country,” Nick said.

“There are all sorts of natural protection like cliffs, fogs and narrow paths known only to their guides,” Tim added in a mysterious voice.

Then it was David’s turn to continue. May be, he had nothing to say, so, he sort of disapproved the last version, “I don’t mind the term a magic country but I do mind the impossibility to cross its boundaries”.

Of course, it was significant. We sort of wished to penetrate their lands. So, we had to investigate that point and discuss the subject further.

“People say their guards are smart and brave warriors. They protect secret entrances on the four sides of the land,” Tim explained.

“You’d better confess that you are afraid to risk and see it yourself,” Max began. “Mummy’s boy.”

“I hate when somebody calls me mummy’s boy,” Tim said. “Couldn’t you be more friendly? I am talking about serious matters… The North, the South, the East and the West. Imagine, all four sides have their own guards. And they hunt those who try to penetrate their sacred settlements.”

“You mean there are some?” we inquired.

"I guess so. Otherwise why should they keep so many guards?"

"It's ridiculous to suggest that these harmless creatures keep the whole army of guards." I started but was interrupted by David.

"It's ridiculous to talk about those fantastic guys if we even don't guess where to start our search. And there is nobody in the whole world who can clear up the matter about the location of that magic country."

We didn't speak for a while. Suddenly I thought that my friends were hungry. So, I went to the kitchen, fried the whole bowl of thick pancakes, made ham and cheese sandwiches, boiled tea, filled the jug with milk, took some tasty buns and brought the trace with food to the living room. That cheered us up sufficiently.

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