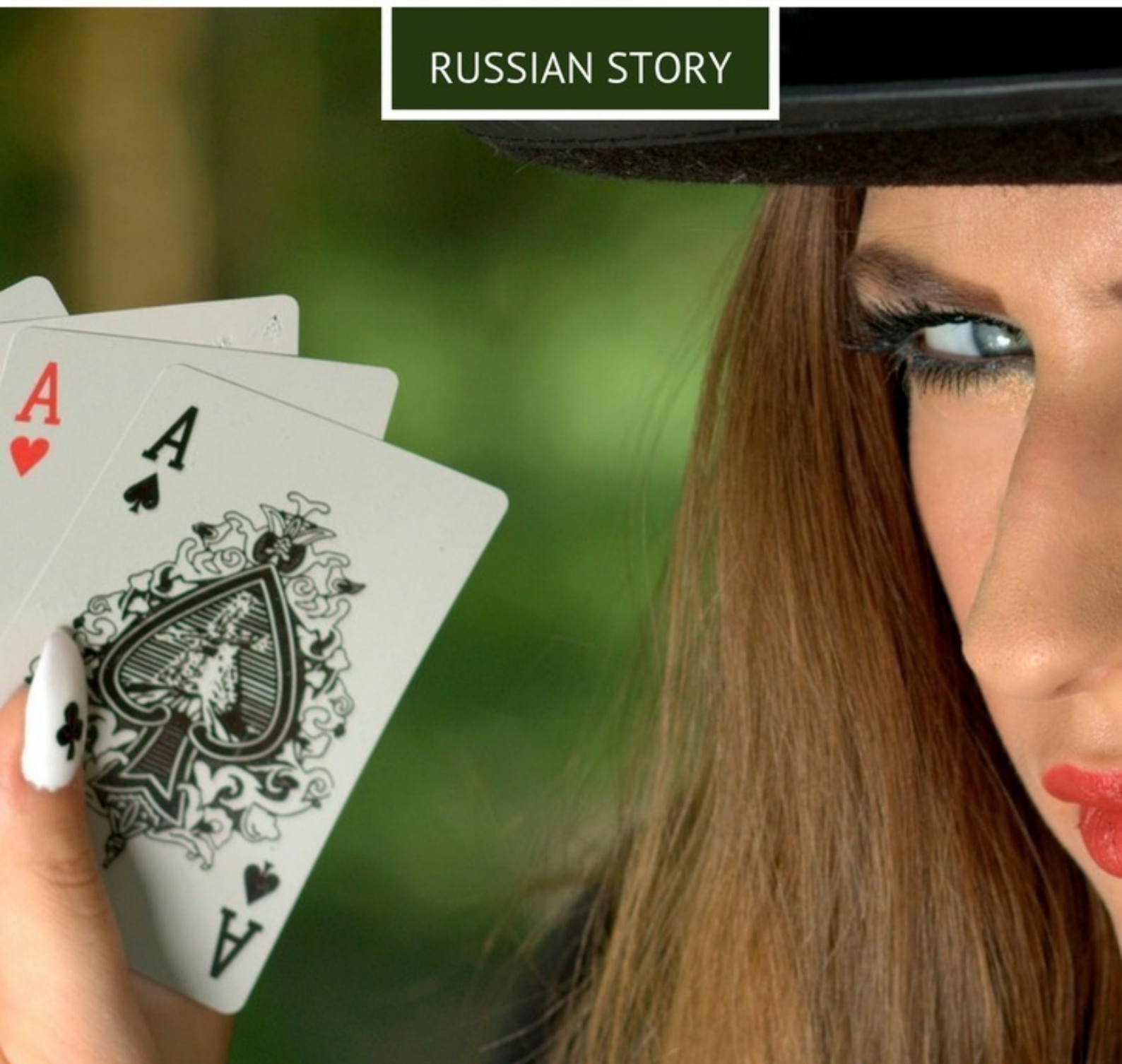


LEON MALIN

Lena-prosecutor

RUSSIAN STORY



Leon Malin

Lena-prosecutor. Russian story

«Издательские решения»

Malin L.

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The hero suddenly receives a message from the past and goes to an unheard of adventure, to revive the deceased. What is it, somebody's joke, a rally or really invented the Elixir of Eternal Life? But real life puts everything in its place. The adventure turns into a deadly danger, and love is an official necessity. The story is quickly read, it is really interesting. There are here also characteristic characters, there is a twisted plot and an unexpected ending.

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Elixir

Being somehow in another city, from saving money, I stopped at a supernumerary hotel. It was a hot and stuffy summer. I lay at night in bed in my room and could not fall asleep. The day went well, tomorrow it was possible to return home. There was no air-conditioning in the room, and the open window did not help. Yes, and mosquitoes. I got up to drink water, turned on the light. Under the fridge shaded the shadow, cockroach. I do not like cockroaches. I took off the sneakers and slightly pushed the refrigerator away. Here he is! A cockroach on the floor, one, two, but all by. On the spot near the wall where the refrigerator stood, there was a skirting board, from under which a small edge of a piece of paper looked out. I pulled it out. It turned out to be a yellowed sheet with a text printed on a typewriter. The machine was mechanical, because some letters sank and were more faded than others. The text read: "If you are reading my letter now, then I am no longer alive. The keepers of the Secret of Elixir have been following me for a long time. And now one of them is on the opposite side of the street, I see it in the window. "I went to the window, the lights lit up the deserted street. No one, like, was not. I continued reading: "I am facing a certain death, because I have stolen them Secret. The secret of Elixir is simply not put into the hands of others. Elixir can revive the dead, grant eternal life and turn mercury into gold. The secret formula I hid in the banking cell. And I have a little Elixir with me, it is hidden in my body. Why do I tell you all this? I do not even know you. But you are my only salvation. You will make me alive. How? About this below. You will save me. And what do I offer you in return? In return, we will get with you (the two of us) a colossal power and power over the whole world. Imagine how much mercury we can easily turn into gold. Take the usual thermometer. How many grams of mercury are there? It's all pure gold, a hundred percent. We will become the richest people on the planet. In addition, we will be able to revive the dead. Do you have any idea how many possibilities there are? Well, we ourselves become immortal. Maybe you'll find this all a delirium crazy, but I have evidence, they are lower. What do you need to do? Come to my grave, open it and splash on my body with gasoline, kerosene or diesel oil. The reagent that is in me will start to contact with gasoline and my body will quickly recover. I'll come to life in 15 minutes. Barbarian-Guardians will kill me (today or tomorrow), probably with a dagger. They will search me, but they will not find anything. My body will be found without money, valuables and documents. But I foresaw this. I have a tattoo on my back with my data and an indication of where to bury me. They will bury me in the village of Lebedevo, Kostroma region. There you will find my grave. Find it will be easy. On the stone or the cross will be written "Terekhov Ivan Vasilyevich." It's me. This is proof that I'm telling the truth. Go to Lebedevo, find my grave, dig out the body, mold it with gasoline (kerosene, diesel fuel) and I will come to life. Why do I share with you my secret and wealth? Because apart from you there is no one to help me. This note is made up in only one copy. You will help me to return to life, I will help you become the richest person in the world. Killing me, the Keepers will calm down and we will not have any obstacles. If, after reading this note, you do not go to dig me out or if it (note) disappears, then the Secret of Elixir will again sink into eternity, forever. And we'll only meet with you in the realm of the dead. I wait for you in the grave, come. Ivan Terekhov".

What is this, a joke? But to whom is it intended? To me? But I'm here from some side. Probably, this is a note of a madman. What if there really is such a grave? But how to find out? To go there. On the train home, a strange note never left my mind. And what if you go to the Kostroma region for a week. Take a short vacation, rest a little. Maybe I can go fishing... If I do not go now, then I definitely will not be ready. At home I found on the Internet the village of Lebedevo. By the way, it's not very far to go there. Day in the way, counting the train and the bus. And now I'm on another business trip to the village of Lebedevo. I'm sitting on the train, fields and forests flash through the window. What a beautiful nature we all have in the Middle Strip. Now I'll come to Lebedev, I'll look at the cemetery, make sure that there's no Terekhov's grave there, I'll walk along beautiful places and

with a clean heart home. The cemetery in Lebedevo was small. I went around it all in 10 minutes. And I found the grave of Terekhov Ivan Vasilyevich quickly. It turns out that he died a long time ago, 9 years ago. Well, there is a grave, and what's next? There is no watchman in the village cemetery. Terekhov's grave is on the edge, almost at the forest. Convenient approaches. Really I will be solved? But business already in the evening, can-be somewhere to spend the night, and morning, as they say, evenings are wiser. I'm walking along the village, two grandmothers meet me, the first greeted me. – "Hello, do not tell me, is there a hotel here?" – "What hotel, my dear, where from? You have no place to stay? Look, you see a yellow house, Klavka lives there, go, she'll let you go. Yes, and will take inexpensively. "I go to Klavka. Klavka turned out to be a small, dry little old woman: "Yes, I'll let you down, my dear, I'll let you down, I will not take it dearly. Where did you come from? From the capital? In the case of Ali, how? "- "In the case, grandmother, a friend of one to see, but did not find him. " – "And what is the name of the friend? Yes, it's full that I'm all talking. You are off the road, to rest, I suppose, you want, here, settle down. "In the morning I went to the village shops. In "Household goods" I bought a bayonet shovel with a short handle, a flashlight and two liters of kerosene in the factory packaging (there was no gasoline). In the afternoon I went for a walk to the cemetery, looked at the ways of approach and retreat. After the grandmother's dinner, he lay down to rest. And dozed off... I dreamed of the skeleton of Ivan Terekhov, who chased after me through the cemetery. On the "business" I decided to go at 2 am, before sunrise I will manage.

At night it began to rain. "He will help me hide the tracks," I thought. I walked along the dark street, it was quiet, only dogs were yapping somewhere. "Well," I thought, "there are not any in my way." Here is the cemetery, with a flashlight I make my way through the graves, that's what I need. I turn off the flashlight, look around, listen. A dark, dark night, only the rain is noisy, hitting the foxes with drops. To dig or not to dig? Earlier it was necessary to think. And now dig. Earth is served easily, I thought it would be more difficult. Here is half a meter of depth, meter... Suddenly a ray of light blinds me. Two more flashes. Who is it? Guardians? There are individual flashes, they take pictures of me. "Get out, uncle," says the darkness, "hands uphill." With my hands up, I get out of the hole. This is the police. Thank God, but I thought that the Keepers. These at least will not be killed. And maybe, after all, are the Guardians dressed as policemen? – "Who are you, policemen?" – "Now you find out, in the monkey." I was taken to a police UAZ, which, as it turned out, was very close and we were leaving soon.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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