

Elena Grossman



**PRIPYAT. THE CITY  
THAT DID NOT DIE**

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**Grossman E.**

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El goes on a trip to Chernobyl. In the legendary city in which the Chernobyl accident occurred in 1986. But he did not expect that he would fall a year before the accident and after. Will he be able to get out of there or get stuck there forever?

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# **Pripyat. The city that did not die**

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## **From Chernobyl to Pripyat**

### **Chernobyl Our days**

Al Vinsert, loves to travel around ghost towns. He has already visited many cities in the world. And now it is the turn to visit Ukraine, namely in the city of Chernobyl, where in 1986 the largest accident of the Chernobyl nuclear power plant occurred. Radiation there is not going off scale, but there is.

The Geiger counter shows a radiation level of 0.135. Now the radiation index has become smaller, before it was larger, and reached 0.507. How does he know that? From other thrill-seekers who have been there. He also heard about the place, as if entering there one can feel the year 1986 there. Al certainly didn't believe it, all these are fairy tales, he thought. But when he himself was there, he believed.

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## Pripyat. Our days

Pripyat met, abandoned brick five-story building. Then they decided to take a detour. Al, of course, surprised when I saw the sign “WC” standing in the ground. In his country it was designated women’s or men’s room, and then what it means is unclear

Al began to examine the house and found that they go on Lenin Avenue. All the way dense fence was surrounded by bare trees. They went to a small area and did not know where to go next, four roads showed the direction in different directions.

– Where to go? asked al.

– I don’t know, ' answered Andrey. Went, straight.

– Come, – has supported its email.

They went down the street Lazarev. At home there was an even greater height. On one building, al saw a strange figure, a closer look, he realized that it was the mosaic and asked Andrew:

– What is this building?

– Mail, – he said.

Al carefully examined the mail. The three-storey building with cracked plaster. The glass Windows were broken, even could see the wooden racks, but there were untouched glass. After the mail, and some other house, they turned right. There they were met by high-rise buildings with empty black Windows. On one three-storey house, al even noticed an interesting graffiti, a boy in a yellow jacket and blue jeans climbed the stairs to the roof. Andrew turned to the left. Further he could not go, prevented the trees.

– Well al, I have to walk, he said. – Then I can’t drive. The car will leave here on the street Lazareva, the house 2.

And they got off the bus and headed down the road, winding between the trees. Dry branches there and tries to grab the face. They went to a big rusty Ferris wheel. Rusty frame wheels looked like the letter “a”. Yellow booths are still not blackened by time. Near the wheel stood the carousel.

– “How is all rusted, then,” thought al.

They passed the wheel and headed down the track. Again among the trees gleam flats.

– What street is this?

Waterfront.

The atmosphere there was oppressive, as if pressing on them. They passed the street Promenade, and went out on the street Lazarev to the “House of life “Anniversary”. “Home life” seemed of the terrible state of construction. The walls of the house peeled off while, in some places the glass was in the Windows, and some were not.

– Inside does not come on, said sharply Andrew.

Why? – asked al.

Because, somewhere in Pripyat there’s a place which can bring into the past of the city, – said Andrey. And they went along the “Houses of life”

Then came the street Heroes of Stalingrad. They walked and walked, along the road, until they came to the prospectus of Builders.

– I’m tired – confessed al.

Me too, but we have to go, need to find my son, ' replied Andrew.

Suddenly they heard or it just seemed as if someone were calling for help.

– Do you hear? asked Andrew.

What?

– Like someone calling for help, – he said. – Went back. And Andrew ran back, al could barely keep up with him. Big backpack while running was hit the back. Back Andrew flashed around the

corner on the street Heroes of Stalingrad and disappeared. When Al got to the turn, then Andrew is not found. He was left alone. One in Pripyat.

– Andrew! Andrew! – started to call him Al, but the answer was only silence.

Al remembered how they walked, and went the same way. Still looking around and calling for Andrei, he came to the amusement park, and, walking a little further, he saw Andrei's bus. Al ran to the bus and peered inside. Nobody.

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