

Elena Grossman  
*Welcome to CryptoVille*



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**Welcome to CryptoVille**

«Издательские решения»

**Grossman E.**

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CryptoVille is a ghost town. A group of friends on their weekend decides to visit the city. Strange things happen to them in the city, the city seems to be playing with them. They are looking for a way to leave, but the spirit catches up with them and does not let them out of the city. There is only one way out of the city to give your soul to the spirit.

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# **Welcome to CryptoVille**

**Elena Grossman**

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# 1

Cryptoville, a ghost town. Which does not appear on more than one map of the world. His story is very interesting. It was built on the land taken from shamans and sorcerers. Local authorities did not like that so much land was empty. They drove all the shamans and sorcerers from the earth, who in turn cursed the earth. And in the city began to happen, something inexplicable.

People began to suffer from deadly diseases, children were born fused, Siamese twins. Sometimes people went crazy. All this lasted for centuries. Over time, people simply died out, and someone left and never returned. So the city was empty until the tourists came there.

“What a blurred road here,” Jack said. He was driving a Dodge. His friend Zack is opposite.

– I wonder how long to go? – he asked.

“Hey Jack, look,” Vincent pointed out into the distance. He took a closer look and saw a traffic sign ahead:

Cryptoville.

“He’s close now,” Zack said.

“Maybe we’ll find a treasure chest,” Vincent said dreamily.

“Ahahah, you know how old this city is, yes, it’s ancient, from the time of the cowboys, what kind of gold ahahah is,” Jack peered into the distance, hoping he would see the city’s houses, but he saw nothing but the road.

The sky has darkened, it should soon rain. Have time to get to the dark.

Jack was already closing his eyes.

“Zack, I’ll get some sleep,” Jack said.

– OK!

Jack stopped the car and got out of it, looked around, trees and fields surrounded the road. He looked ahead and saw the blurry roofs of houses in the distance.

“Guys, we are close,” he said.

And he sat behind the wheel.

– Jack, I wanted to steer! – Zak was indignant.

“Later, and now we need to get to the city,” he answered.

He started the car and turned on the gas.

## 2

After half an hour, they were already approaching the city. It was already dark outside and it started to rain.

Only a little remains of the city. Everything decayed from time and weather conditions.

Old blackened houses, with no windows with collapsed roofs. There were not many houses. There were also saloons here, where, once upon a time, people came to skip a glass of whiskey.

Moving further along the road between the houses, Jack noticed someone's car.

“Hey, look, there's someone's car ahead, so we are not alone here.”

They drove up to the car, looked around and got out. It was raining lightly.

The car that was parked at the old house was not so old. It was a Ford. And judging by how dusty he was, he stood here a long time ago.

“Where are the people?” Vincent asked. – Why is the car in such a state, as if it has been here for several years.

– Let's take a look inside? – suggested Zack, maybe we can find something about the previous owners.

Jack walked over to the car, wiped the glass and peered inside. There was no one inside; there was a diary in the passenger seat. Apparently, those who came here kept notes about their journey.

Jack pulled the handle, she did not succumb. And knocked out the glass.

Shards of glass scattered hail in the driver's seat, he cautiously climbed through the window, not touching the fragments sticking out of the door. Reached the glove compartment, opened it and discovered the rights to the name of Tom Maers. Then he took the diary and carefully got out.

There were only three entries in the diary:

June 23, 2005. Sid, Tony, and I set off for Cryptoville in search of artifacts.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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