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Alexey Glazyrin  
*I'm not from here. Book one.*  
*Cry baby*  
historical fantasy



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«Издательские решения»

## **Glazyrin A.**

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The era of the Moscow Tsar Ivan the Third Vasilyevich (the fifteenth century) represents a turning point in the history of Russia, namely, the deliverance of Russia from the Tatar-Mongol yoke, at this time our contemporary also falls, but he falls as a baby, being fifty years old in our time. Why and how it happened, and how an adult can feel himself, being a baby, but retaining his consciousness, and even five hundred years ago...

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## Prologue

The second half of the fifteenth century, according to conventional terminology, is the Middle Ages. In the opinion of a modern, enlightened and all-knowing person, the Internet is to help him, grayness is utter, and darkness is obscurant.

It's amazing how our ancestors could live there without TVs, cool cars, computers, and the same Internet. God be with him, with the Internet, there wasn't even a laden bicycle, a horse and a cart and all the transport, and also plows and boats on rivers and lakes, and they moved between the rivers dragging on the same horses, that is, do not spin, the horse is the main vehicle, denseness and backwardness, in a word.

And not just to live, or better to say, to survive, but at the same time they managed to build up, for example, to collect from small pieces of some misunderstandings there, in the form of Slavic principalities that did not even have their own independence, tributaries, who are uluses of a large horde, a great power.

It's all simple now, from our far, historically verified and correct, somehow by itself everything turned out with them.

But looking thoughtfully, one has only to wonder how they did it. Chants were then minimal, in the east the Great Horde, in the west the most powerful Grand Duchy of Lithuania, in the north all sorts of Livonian and German orders, and in the middle of Moscow the specific principality, which does not particularly stand out among the same specific principalities, is a trifle potty, in the opinion that the Horde Of Lithuania.

But somehow our ancestors managed to build their own country, without the modern technology, in the form of a nuclear baton, and so the Big Horde, the Principality of Lithuania, and all sorts of orders there vanished, and Muscovy crushed them under itself and included in the composition of its power, eventually becoming a powerful country, Russia. This is a mystery of history; this could not and should not be, but it happened.

Maybe it's not a matter of technology at all, but of something else, for example, of spiritual aspiration, to this very creation.

Something like that, somehow, sitting down on my balcony and smoking another cigarette, I was discussing, not already young, uncle, over fifty with a tail, under the impression of a recently listened audio book about fellow travelers in the Middle Ages.

Where the main character famously becomes the hero of the bright eyes of all Russia, and even more famously smashes everyone who only encroaches on Russia. And why would he not have to be an epic hero, if he was hanged upside down by AK in various variations, and even on a no less epic cart with a machine gun Maxim, here you will become captive by epic, any Basurman for three hundred miles to go round it will become, not a suicide, he is in the end then.

Yes, even the daughters of beauties will start to woo, and at the same time they should poke the dowry, if only they take it, and do not dig it every time when he is a basurman, the owner of the steppe, he jumps along this same steppe.

And how it starts, this same epic hero, to wave his stripy-weighty spear, to slow down his whole horde, and you won't stop anywhere, otherwise the barrier will be blocked and you will not pass by, there's a boom-shaitan and signs with inscriptions: "Achtung, Achtung! Minen."

At first, they tried to slip through, but in an instant the Basurman turned into a bunch of minced meat, and therefore he had to slow down the Basurman with all his horde, that is, a horde.

And this one begins to cast out over the poor Basurman, they say, why are you here, you are our heartache enemy, and a citizen of the steppes of the vast, with not quite right facial features, you jump a lot on the steppe, you understand, you raise it, you violate nature with harmony, in general, for speeding, a fine is a basurman, and he will get you off the horse, and he will give an insult to the

pendal, and go object, in an instant he'll catch up on his former cart, but the basurman will shoot, wait until the new ones grow up.

So the poor Basurman, at the head of his own horde, not small in his own steppe, sneaks like an aunt, circling three hundred miles this very Russia, which is vigilantly guarding the knight of the bright eyes of all Russia, and God forbid, what a horse will make a bad start, or a hoof raise their dust, at once the whole horde from the epic hero and rakes.

Oh, and there used to be life, no one gave him a basurman's decree, well, he wanted to do it, and he wanted to knit whom and where, until this radish, that is, not a good person, showed up, but did not stand guard.

So, quietly, this is what the Basurman brought to, he even began to stutter inwardly, you can't think too much, the Basurman was taught, and he knew that the epic hero knew how to read at a distance of thought, well, it's a hundred and fifty miles, so I went around for insurance Basurman with all his horde, this very Russia for all three hundred, guided by a saying, do not be dashing while it is quiet.

In general, whatever you say, the great commander was a Basurman, almost like his ancestor, Genghis Khan, was able to overcome obstacles.

Thoughtfully experiencing the events of the heard novel, while also fantasizing and scumbagging himself, the uncle mentally cast out his mind over the author.

Oh, to run away from this current swamp, that's where you could turn around. To which he himself sarcastically remarked, dreams, dreams, where is your sweetness, dreams passed there remained muck. Okay, it's time to sleep, tomorrow again to drag on boring work...



## Chapter first. Baby phenomenon

In the predawn twilight, a loud and demanding cry of a child was suddenly heard. The watchman at the monastery gate widened his eyes in surprise and did not immediately understand where the sound was coming from.

But it's not easy, and why the hell is it to bawl like that, the cocks still haven't even throated, but no, he won't always dawn to jump up and run to open the gates, what kind of service is this.

So, slowly moving away from sleep, thoughts began to stir in the head of the old gate guard Pantelei, who had been guarding these very gates to this same convent for several years, God knows where, where Makar did not drive calves.

Pantelei didn't have much geography, he didn't even know such a word, he was just used to believing that the monastery in which he had been working for more than a dozen years was, well, very far from places where real life boils.

Grunting, getting up from the lodge bed of his gatehouse, and reluctantly shuffling to the gate, he threw back the latch and opened the gate in the large monastery gate.

In the dawn dusk, just barely dawned dawn, stepping behind the gate of the monastery gate, he almost stepped on a basket from where the sound of the summer dawn came.

Here is an attack, the old man thought, there is no cross on these basurmans in sundresses, they will bring him in the hem, and they will deprive him of his old sleep. In his memory, standing for many years at this gate, this is far from the first case when local women threw babies into this convent in this way.

He doesn't know that he's a beast offspring, the local guard thought further that the nuns wouldn't leave the babies and would always give shelter to the orphans, he even felt a little feeling for thinking how hard it would be for orphans to start life without a mother.

The old man grabbed a weighty basket, brought it into the courtyard, then returned to the gate and creakily closed the gate, throwing a heck, turned around and shuffled with his onuks went, holding the basket on his bent arm in the cell to mother abbess.

Having reached with his burden, which stopped making sounds, but only fumbled in the basket, to the doors of the mother's bedchamber to the abbess, modestly called the cell, he coughed and knocked on the heavy oak door.

For a few moments nothing happened, then the old man knocked on the door more persistently and louder. Finally, a low, almost masculine voice came from behind the door, with obvious displeased intonations:

– What, Pantelei? Do you tear yourself away from prayer, or don't you know that I'm preparing for matins?

The gatekeeper paused a little, and once again coughed, answered:

“Mother is such a thing, they threw the baby to us in turn, where to put it then?”

They were delivered outside the door. Heavy footsteps and creak of floorboards were heard, the door clanging open with a hook and in the doorway slightly illuminated by a lamp light from the far corner of the room, a portly figure of a woman in monastic vestments was drawn.

Looking fearfully at the puny figure of the old man and carrying in his hand, she waved her hand, as if inviting to enter, silently turned and moved into the depths of the room.

Pantelei followed, dragged the burden to the middle of the cell and set the basket on the floor, at the feet of the abbess. He stomped a little, groaned and walked a few steps back to the door, where he stood silently, waiting for further instructions.

Silence fell in the room, from time to time disturbed by a slight snapping of the knuckles of the rosary, which the nun's fingers habitually fingered. The silence dragged on, the abbess was obviously thinking something.

The watchman, shifting from foot to foot, coughed slightly, which brought the nun out of his reverie. She threw a sidelong glance at him and ordered not taking the baby out, to swaddle slightly and see what was between the legs of the child.

Pantelei was lively enough for his age, he obeyed the order, put his hand under the baby, raised it and lightly shook the rags into which he was wrapped, looked at the indicated place, then grunted reported:

– Malets, mother, peasant rank means.

The abbess, silently listened to the report, then moved to a corner where the lamp did not burn brightly, illuminating the faces on the icons, and began to whisper prayers softly. After reading some canon, Pantelei did not very well understand the intricacies of Taully Savior, Toli of the Mother of God, having finished rustling her lips, the nun finally turned and ordered to bring her sister Martha, the key keeper and counselor of the Mother Superior.

After some time, Martha's sister, skinny and tall as a pole, appeared in Pantelei's cell, Pantelei loomed behind her.

“Pantelei, what are you hanging around here, go to your place, you have already done your job, brought us a present.”

Grumbled not quite abbess. He muttered something under his breath, reluctantly turned around, and shuffled along the corridor. After waiting for the watchman's figure to disappear, she turned with some irony to Martha.

– Well, that sister in Christ, admire the next present.

And she waved her hand toward the bench behind her. Martha went to the shop on which the basket with the baby stood, cast a glance at the basket with the contents, and without saying a word stared at the abbess, waiting for the continuation, she knowing her mentor, understood that she had already decided everything.

– Tell me Marfush, how are you doing with the noblewoman Vasilisa, how is she feeling?

“The noblewoman is weak, and all the tears are pouring, she is sad that not the heir was born, but the next daughter.”

Reported to her boss Martha, she in this monastery knew everything or almost everything and everyone, it was not in vain that she was the right hand of the abbess.

“Sad, you say, that's good.”

The Mother Superior spoke in thought. There was silence in the room, the abbess went deeper into thought, on her usually calm and domineering face, now shadows of doubt were running through, reflecting some internal thought process, careful consideration of a complex decision.

– You're here, Marfusha, take the baby to the sisters that they took birth, let them take care, and let no one else know, and let them not talk about how the birth went and who was born.

Yes, and Panteleya warn you to keep your mouth shut, and tell him, he'll chat, I'll drive him out, do you understand everything?

She nodded her head, grabbed the basket with the baby, and left the cell, closing the door to the room behind her. The abbess knelt before the icons, and while baptized she whispered the words of prayer.

What Mother Anthony had planned before carrying out, required prayer, otherwise she would be tormented by doubt in her soul, and it would interfere with her plan, she knew from experience, and she was always guided by the rule, so long as there are doubts, do not start a business.



## Chapter Two Foundling

Well, what are these nuns cunning. They took and fused a baby to an aunt of some kind, I began to get used to these aunts in robes, and they just gave me the first comer, and that order me to think about these, to put it mildly, inadequacies.

Yes, women once again showed me what faithful creatures they are. For several days they pestered me with their attention and can be said with love, but then they took me and gave everyone a universal pet an incomprehensible whisper, but to me on the drum that she was a high-born noblewoman, almost from Rurik, great... great... great... great-granddaughter, I just don't want to, out of principle and out of harm, you God's brides asked me or inquired about my opinion before giving me away to no one. Well, so what, that I don't have anything, as they say, with a big tail, not old. As long as a sinless baby, but at the same time I have my own opinion.

Well, who are they after that, how many times have you been convinced that you can't believe the women, now my experience has been exacerbated, now I won't believe the women in the cassocks.

Here on this my thought has once again, in recent times, entered the clinch. I'm fifty years old and conscious, and at the same time, I'm really, a baby wrapped in diapers so that my mother doesn't cry, and who doesn't dare to blather a word, for objective reasons, namely, I just don't know how to say it, firstly, but secondly, I always had a gag in my mouth in the form of a rag with some sticky muck, but what for it asks me to constantly shove it in my mouth, although from the third day, instead of this rag, which this aunt gave me to me, my chest in my mouth shoves.

And nothing like that, milk will be more delicious, that rag. But how did it happen that I'm an adult and you can say the old uncle, now I'm specifically cradling in the arms of a woman who, purring something, once again thrust her breast into me, and I smack her milk with her smack.

Well, nonsense, but if it was the nonsense of the patient of the yellow house, then it would be understandable and understandable, and therefore my brain would not fall into the clinch periodically, from *situevina* in any way impossible in real life, and under no circumstances, but nonetheless absolutely real.

All right, clinch, clinch, but to live or survive, as you like, everything is the same. Although it's not very clear how to live an infant with adult consciousness or how to live an adult consciousness in the infant's body. The dilemma, however, of *tfu*, has philosophized. This my friend is not a dilemma, but the realities of life, you know. But this is only half the trouble, although how to calculate this trouble in percentage terms is not very clear, well, okay, someone was distracted.

The only good thing about my current state is that no one bothers to think. All the last time, as soon as I realized myself in a new capacity, one thought haunted me, how did I manage to get into such a thing, and in general I am it or someone else.

And the second half of the question seemed more important, the keenest interest was that I was still the same, only of small sizes, or it wasn't me physically, but my mind was hooked into the baby's body.

Well, I did not believe, with all my rational mind, in the transmigration of souls from one body to another, and there were good, again rational considerations. Namely, a person is born where the keyword is born, somehow simultaneously with his only body and his only inherent consciousness at the same time and together, and, therefore, there is no Other body for his consciousness, since first of all, it is a body that is born with its consciousness, and the death factor is either the separation of the body and consciousness, or the joint demise of both the body and consciousness, this is a matter of faith whether the soul lives after death or not. But in any case, the alien consciousness cannot completely settle in its own body, since the body without its own consciousness is dead.

The truth quite allowed that something might get hooked up, something like a spiritual virus, a third-party consciousness, but this is already a patient with a split consciousness, that is, a person with schizophrenia.

Although I fell into a clinch from time to time, from a lack of understanding of how this could be, I still did not suffer from schizophrenia, in this small body, there was only my consciousness, there was no one else, as it were.

At one time I had a craving to know that there is a person, a lot of things were shoveled, read and studied, eventually stopped in understanding this issue from the Orthodox point of view, or better to say the theory about a person, simply because it seemed to me the most logical and complete, in relation to all other theories.

And according to it, it turned out that man was created by a triune being. The three parts of a human being are his spirit, soul and body, translated into his own simplified understanding, this is consciousness, the psyche with its emotions, and of course the body.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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