

Victor Tarasov-Shlishan



# Partridge's Igloo

Library of Soviet Science Fiction  
Fantastic story

# Victor Anatolievich Tarasov-Shlishan

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### **Аннотация**

Dear friends! This story "Partridge igloo" written in the world famous tradition of Soviet science fiction. This story tells in detail about the mysterious adventure of the Soviet topographer that happened with him, during the Development of natural resources in the Far North of RSFSR. Based on idea and notes of my father, Anatoly Nikolayevich Tarasov (1939-2012). Dedicated to all Pioneers of the Far North of the USSR. For a wide range of readers.

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## Partridge's igloo

*Ingliism is a Slavic doctrine, borrowed from the Primordial Ancestors of the Slavic-Aryan Race, which considers the surrounding world as an aggregate plurality of energies distributed in time and space, vectorially projected from a Single, spiritualized Primary Source. Therefore, in the past, the Slavic clan, who studied the energy projections of the original Ingliia, called themselves Inglians. Thus, the genetically conditioned, Inglitic worldview of the Russian ethnos of the Slavs allowed Mendeleev to intuitively assume that a certain zero chemical element should exist in nature, and also helped Soviet theorists to model the ideology of Scientific Communism in USSR.*

# **From the author**

Dear friends! This story «Partridge's igloo» written in the world famous tradition of Soviet science fiction. This story tells in detail about the mysterious adventure of the Soviet topographer that happened with him, during the Development of natural resources in the Far North of RSFSR. Based on idea and notes of my father, Anatoly Nikolayevich Tarasov (1939-2012). Dedicated to all Pioneers of the Far North of the USSR. For a wide range of readers.

# Chapter 1. Amazing salvation

This story happened few years ago. The most interesting thing in this story was that under hypnotic suggestion, I completely forgot it. So I did not remember anything until now, but Indirect evidence that something happened with me, was enough. But what exactly happened, where and when, I did not know and did not remember. How did two days fall out from my memory without a trace?! I had to come to terms with the version of the Senior worker of my Topographic Detachment, Mavletdin Badretdinovich Badretdinov, that I sat all the time under the snow, in the small snow cave, that we all calling «Partridge's igloo» where was keeping my body in warm.

Such auto-suggestion reassured me and as it turned out, completely in vain. Because it was on these days that I experienced an adventure, what influenced my whole future life. But it is one thing to gradually acquire different human abilities, another thing is to constantly be surprised, where did they come from, where is the source of my superpowers hidden? That time I worked as the topographer for the Iconic Seismic Group of Taimyr Geophysical Expedition and lived in the Arctic town, Dudinka. With my family in a two-room apartment, and I considered myself an ordinary, unremarkable person. That winter, we worked northeast of the our base, toward the village Volochanka.

I will not describe in detail the specifics of work in the tundra. I will only say that our seismic group, with the help of resonance-frequency explosions and with the help of special reading and receiving equipment, was looking for underground storage of oil and gas, in the strata of rocks. Where they have accumulated over millions of years. My topographic detachment was considered an auxiliary unit of the seismic party. Our responsibilities included laying a road. Installation of geophysical pickets and instrumental shooting of the area.

The hardest time for work, it is the polar night. Twilight, which we out of habit called day, not conducive to performance. In the Far North in extreme climate, everybody hard to work. I mean workers, tractor drivers and of course, the topographers. Need to catch short hours of dusk, when something visible and hurry to take measurements as much distance as possible during this time. Even at such a fast pace, most of the time I had to move in the dark.

This story began precisely at the darkest time of the polar night. When 17 of December 1982 year, in the morning a southwest wind began to blow. Blowing wind made a noise, but visibility remained satisfactory. I gave a command for everyone to go to work and we laid a seismic profile against the wind, on the bare, without a single bush, hilly tundra. On the flat tops of each hill lay large boulders and pebbles, left by the last glaciation. Snow from the tops of the mountains was blown away by snowstorms.

Soon, after few days, according to my calculations, we will get to the border of the Northern forest Ary-Mas. There the movement of our detachment will be slow, because in the forest we need to clear the cargo way for machinery and equipment near with milestones. There was still a bare tundra around, therefore the guys immediately went ahead and tractor moved after them, towing our house – CUB, or also called as Residential module. I carefully took the testimony of the first stamp of theodolite, after then i slowly followed to them. In an hour and a half, i was stuck on the next brand of theodolite move. The guys have already gone far ahead, together with a tractor that towed our Central Universal Beam – CUB. I still could not to end the next brand, but every minute the wind was getting stronger and i watched with alarm the sharp gusts of it.

Northern snow is constantly moved by the wind in the tundra, nine months a year, which makes it stiff like an emery grain. Which one, now with a gusts of wind, began hit my face and knock out involuntary tears. The same time wind began to whistle and to howle in a theodolite tripod, generating small and gray whirls above the surface of the snow. That is famous and widespread phenomenon in the polar regions. After than snow whirls increasingly began to come off the surface, rising higher and higher, to the theodolite's optics, so now in tube not a single dark spot was already visible. Also for a quolity job, there were not enough light, from the tiny bulbs, which the Senior worker Badretdinov fixed on top of each topographic pole, together with

frost-resistant batteries. That is why, just gray haze filled all the view of the optic's device.

I swore mentally: «Black Blizzard is coming! Damn the weather!». Now I need to stop work in order to get to the CUB before the gusts of wind lift into the air a suspension of the impenetrable snow. I do not want again to hide myself in the Partridge's igloo! Because once in my life, i already sat under the snow, in a ravine, more than two days. When i was trembling with cold and damp, in the wet clothes. Also, i constantly cleaned the breathing hole in dense snow so as not to suffocate from suffocation. In addition, all the time I had to fiercely fight drowsiness. That time i felt what it means to be in the Partridge's igloo and this unpleasant experience, was enough for my whole life.

After a few minutes, I finally gave up. Therefore, I closed the theodolite with a special tin lid and folded the tripod, securely placing the instrument on my back, holding the strap over my shoulder. Then I put the accounting journal in my pocket and fastened my feet in the ski bindings and moved to catch up with the detachment. I was annoyed because, due to the pre-storm weather, for almost two hours I took measurements on only one theodolite move! So during this time, the guys made more than three kilometers of clearing and now, was waiting for me, they simply stood idle next to the frozen lake, at the end of the planned route.

Perhaps the reader already understood that the snow on the

Taimyr Peninsula is different from the mainland. This snow is heavy and compacted under its own weight and turns into a snow stone. What turns the surface of the tundra into a strong crust, like a sandpaper, on which skis do not go. In the topographic detachment, we do not use ski, like athletes with ski poles. Because everything that we need for work, we carry in our hands. I mean that we keep in hands sawn wooden lath , batteries and bulbs for lighting pickets.

Daily i move along topographic landmarks and measure the distances between of them. Then by theodolite, I measure the vertical and horizontal angles along the entire topographic profile and finally I record all the measurement data in a special log. It was getting dark. I skid down the snowy slope of the hill to move along the track of the tractor. The cold wind intensified again and continued hit me in the face, that is why I had to warm it, by cover it with a mitten. Of couse, now i began to check my face so as not to miss the frostbite.

Suddenly I heard a scream: «Ahhhh!», which turned into a groan, disappearing at the limit of hearing. It was like the cry of teenager girl coming from the right, so I stopped. But just how could a person be here, or did it seem to me? That is why I decided to check it out, maybe someone really needs my help?! So I climbed to the top of the hill on the right, where I drove around a group of large boulders and then ski down, hiding from gusts of wind in a gorge with steep slopes.

At the bottom of the ravine lay a teenage girl strewn with

snow. I immediately noticed that she was dressed in local traditional clothing, which was sewn from deer fur and called Pyzhik. Also on her feet was tall and sturdy shoes, beautifully embroidered with beads called Untaykas. The young girl sobbed quietly from pain, but when she saw me, she immediately calmed down and, wanting to say something, pulled me to her.

I asked her: «What happened with you, how did you get here and where is your family?!». She answered me in a thin, slightly hoarse voice: «Omolgi, help me, please! When I rode my deer, your friends with a strong bang fired a red fire into the sky, after which my deer got scared and threw me down. Now my foot is broken and really hurts!». I superficially examined a teenage girl and was surprised to understand first that it was a miniature woman. Secondly, I was discouraged by the fact that she had never seen a signal shot of a rocket. Thirdly, apparently, she is the only one in the world who can ride while sitting on the back of a deer! True, I left my thoughts to myself and said: «Of course I should help, first I will take you in my arms to our CUB, where by the radio station I will call a helicopter that will take you to the hospital!».

Having said this in a confident voice, I carefully lifted the girl in my arms, trying not to hurt her. Then I quickly glided forward on the skis, but as soon as I turned to the tractor track, the girl protested: «We do not need your self-propelled home! Please take me to that hill!». To which I objected with dismay: «But there is nothing on that hill, just boulders!». Even so, she

insistently affirmed: «Believe me, there is a doctor and a hospital on that hill!». The wind intensified, preparing a long blizzard, about which it informed us, by own howl. So there was no time for bickering with the girl and I replied: «Okay, I am carrying you to the hill, but if there is nothing, we will catch up the CUB!». That is why I turned around and went skiid to the indicated hill, which at times began to completely disappear behind whitish gusts of wind.

My legs alternately at a special angle, pressed the skis to the snowy slope and confidently lifted our bodies up. Therefore, very soon, we reached a vast peak of the flat hill. Where we saw big rocks directed towards the inaccessible sky. Among of them was large boulder, more than 7 feet of high, to the which one, the girl confidently showed by her hand and said: «Man, move me to there, please!». Of course I did it and than carefully lowered her, near the boulder. But as a precaution I took her hand, because here any gusts of wind can knock down.. Now, balancing on a healthy leg, by free hand, she touched the mysterious boulder, but what happened next, made me doubt my sanity!

At the moment when her fingers touched the weathered surface of the boulder, its upper half separated from the lower and moved to the right, stopping in the air, as if it had weighed nothing. I stood amazed, but girl with an impatient gesture, indicated me that we needed to climb to the top and said wearily: «Omolgi! Why do you standing like a pillar? First you lift me up, then climb yourself!». Now I carefully examined the black,

absolutely even and polished surface of the lower boulder. About seven feet in diameter.

Apparently because of a strong shock, I had an unusually strong surge of energy, so taking off my skis and raising the girl in my arms again, I easily jumped onto a meter boulder! Now, with my burden, I stood in the center of the boulder and saw a blizzard raging around us, although here, on its flat pedestal, it was completely calm and soundlessly quiet. As if someone by invisible glass fenced us off from the outside world. Suddenly, I noticed how my legs began to sink into the fog, so noticing anxiety on my face, the girl strictly warned: «You should not move and be afraid! Because a big man must be brave!». After her saying, I thought that the feeling of fear does not always depend on the size of a person, but said nothing. Because we were already completely immersed in the fog, so as a precaution, I took a deep breath and closed my eyelids tightly.

## Chapter 2. Gelyun and alien house

For a few seconds, my cheeks felt a gust of hot wind and slight tingling sensation, but when I exhaled and dared to open my eyes, we were already stood in luminous and cylindrical room, with the grey floor, that was smooth like a glass. Where, overcoming pain, girl exclaimed: «I beg of you, faster here!». Then she touched the wall, wich began to flash, like a glowing film of the oil, which caved in and we were able to pass in.

Now we have entered the next, identical to the first, but dimly lit room. The dimensions of which were guessed only at the moments of flashes, when beautiful, iridescent patterns appeared on the walls. So when i look closely, it became clear to me, that this room about ten feet of high and forty feet of diameter. That is why in this empty space, i heard the echo, that repeating a whisper of the girl: «Please take me there and help undress! Because only naked, I can go to the doctor, which already wait me. But I can't take off my clothes because it hurts to move!».

After which I counted twenty-five of my broad steps and reached a brightly glowing section, at the opposite wall. Then near by, I carefully lowered my weightless girl. I hurriedly took off her fur pyzhik and threw it on the floor. After then I easily removed untayka from girl's left foot, but when I barely touched her right foot, suddenly she screamed with pain. So without hesitation, I took a penknife out of my pocket and cut open the

Kamus, that is sturdy fur of the deer's legs and from which the local inhabitants sew untaykas.

Now the girl remained in a soft jumpsuit of the light blue color, on which there were no seams, buttons and fasteners, what puzzled me. That is why, I said: «Please take off your jumpsuit yourself and tell me where to get a medical kit?». Apparently, not quite understanding what I want to do, the girl looked inquiringly at me and pressed on the bulge of the collar, after than her jumpsuit swung open, exposing the body.

I professionally focused my attention on the girl's sore leg, for the release of which I cut the trouser leg of her jumpsuit and now I saw an unpleasant kind of an open fracture of the lower leg. Also I noticed that the arteries and veins were not damaged, so the blood just a little bit oozed from the wound. So now I was sure, in that I can fix the medical splint by myself on her leg, even without a first aid kit. But the girl, apparently thought differently, so she reached for the wall and said quietly: «Guy, please, do not go anywhere and wait for me in this room! Later I will explain everything to you».

After which I became an involuntary spectator of the magic performance. When the monolithic wall began to pulsate with colored flashes and turned into an elastic liquid which enveloped and missed girl to the next room, exploding with thousands of sparks in her black hair. Then the color pulsations ceased and the wall became translucent, beyond which I began to see the silhouette of a girl lying in a void.

I felt hot, so I began to undress. First I took off my mittens, winter hat and felt boots, then I dumped my quilted jacket and pants. After that I neatly folded all my field clothes in one pile and sat on it. Also all this time I did not stop my observation of the girl, who hung horizontally in the air, shrouded in a green halo with huge cluster of lilac sparks rotating near the damaged area of her right foot.

Shocked by everything that was happening, i sat with hoping that my detachment would not look for me in conditions of zero visibility, until the end of this blizzard. So expecting girl, I remembered how easily a huge boulder soared in the air or the fact that strong walls have become malleable. Of course, I realized that the solution to these miracles lies in the field of technologies unknown to mankind. Meanwhile, the injured girl spent more than five minutes behind the translucent wall and the green halo disappeared. Next I saw how the girl's body took upright position and her legs touched the floor.



Straightening her shoulders, she proudly walked through the wall and headed toward me, gracefully striding by both healthy and impeccably beautiful legs. Then the girl solemnly stopped opposite me, enjoying my confused glance at the floor under our feet. After which she boldly raised my face by the chin and, looking directly into my eyes, with a slight bow, said: «I am very grateful to you for my salvation. According to the tradition of my people, now we are the best friends and I will try to be of service to you with everything I can. As you can see now, in the tundra I told you the truth, here really is a hospital and the best doctor in the world! My name is Gelyun or, if you prefer to speak Russian, then Galya».

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