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Rolia Kama

Path to the Stars – 1. Night Visit



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Аннотация

The book tells the real story of my life, about how I was illegally convicted in Russia for many years, on false charges of killing a person. The book is about the need to maintain faith, love, respect for yourself and the world around you in any circumstances. Life is not predictable, but if you connect with your inner world, then life can change for the better. The possibilities of man are limitless. And, everything impossible becomes possible.

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LETTER

My dear ones, my father and Sonya, I have finally found happiness after many years of misery, grief and tears. I married a foreigner, live with my children abroad, and have a large spacious house. My husband, like you, is very protective of me. I'm happy, really free at last. I came to what I wanted. Here, in a foreign country, I found what my small homeland in Russia took away from me. This country has given me success and prosperity.

My dears, it bothers me that you left this world with concern for me. So I decided to write a book for you about what has happened to me since my detention. I haven't told you about my experiences, fears, or feelings. I would like to assuage your concerns about me.

NIGHT VISIT

My husband and I had a five-room spacious house. There are lots of flowers in the living room, and my office is filled with books, just like in my parents' house. Recently purchased an interesting book "How to succeed", which lies on the dresser next to the bed. I can't read it in any way, I have no time, I am busy working, attending a seminar on tourism and creating a project.

My husband Sanya with discontent and love says to me:

– You know that today you missed fitness, I arrange for you to have a fitness center and a pool near your house, and you start skipping classes. You'll soon be living at work.

I don't say anything, but he keeps talking.

– I found you some good books about the nature of the Republic, and I signed you up for ballroom dancing. You've wanted this for a long time. Classes are held two days a week, Wednesday and Saturday.

I looked at him, frowning.

"I don't know, but you can decide on the time, dear.

– Did you call the vet for dick?" How does he feel?

– Why do we need a veterinarian...

Sanya is in a dressing gown, still wet and shaved from the shower, and the smell of his Cologne comes to me, Oh, how delicious. Both dick and my husband sit next to each other and watch as I undress to go to the shower.

– ... everything is fine with us, the vomiting has stopped. Did you call the kids?

“Yes, they’re all right.

Dick-breed dog, pitch black, big, beautiful. He is part of our family, and we adore him. I washed, smeared my body with delicious oil, a towel on my head, I do not like to blow-dry my hair, it spoils. She put on a gold lace negligee. I go into the bedroom; my husband is already waiting for me in bed. A sweet shiver runs through my body from the anticipation of the upcoming pleasures. I sat down in front of the mirror and started putting cream on my face and hands.

With Sania, we lived in a civil marriage for 10 years. For some reason, I could not divorce my legal spouse until my youngest daughter was of age. Sledge and I were very fond of each other and looked beautiful. Sanya is Russian, ten years older than me, tall, slender, light hair, blue eyes, straight nose. From his appearance, lifestyle, and mind, you can imagine an Imperial officer. He really was an officer, an engineer of military construction, graduated from the Suvorov school and military Academy. In Afghanistan, I was wounded in the leg, so I walked with a cane. The slender bamboo cane looked elegant in his hands.

I was always slim, with an Asian appearance. My raised chin, straight back, excellent figure, confident Asian eyes, proud and confident gait, pleasant smile have always attracted men.

The two of us sometimes liked to sit in a restaurant, once

a neighboring table of men sent us champagne as a favor. But after one incident, when a drunken Tuvinian called me a Russian litter, we began to go on vacation to neighboring regions.

My Sonya was a pensioner; he stayed at home and did his homework. His mother lived in Vladivostok, came in the spring, worked in the garden, and left in the fall. In the yard, a worker managed the household, and his sister came to clean the house. My children studied in other cities. This is the quiet life we lived until tonight.

My father, Danil, was a very educated man, fluent in several Turkic languages, with a degree in Economics and animal husbandry, wrote poetry, was well versed in painting, music, literature, and had a first class in shooting. He taught me to shoot a rifle and ride a horse from the age of ten. All my creativity, self – confidence, straight posture-it's all due to my father. He loved me very much, and was always with me in difficult moments. His younger sisters died of starvation and illness in their Teens. Maybe that's why he gave me all his love. The father was of medium height, slender, with black wavy hair, with an open slit of eyes that changed color, they could be green or blue, and a beautiful straight nose. He was a great conversationalist, a chess player, and a charming person.

Dick's been acting restless lately. He barked, turning his head toward the street, as if someone had driven up to the house. I looked at my watch, 9 o'clock at night, who could it be? We have almost no one, and no one called or warned about the arrival.

I looked out of the living room window and saw a white car, and a man got out of it when he saw me at the window.

– I'll go and look.”

– You put on your panties, it's winter outside, and take dick with you.”

I put on a robe with a hood over my head, a fur coat, and put on my bare feet. Dick whined and tried to come out with me, but I left him at home. I went out of the gate and saw that the car was moved closer to the gate. The back doors of the car open and two men get out, grab me under the armpits and pull me into the car. I didn't have time to see them, it was already dark outside. I was speechless with indignation and shock, and the car was already driving towards the village, that is, I was being taken out of the city.

“What is happening, where am I being taken, why?.. So, calm down, get a grip. There are two people sitting in front of me, and two people on either side of me. Criminals? No! They don't dress like that. Police? But this is illegal! No! So it's not the police. But who?”

– Where are you taking me?”

The passenger in front turns to me and says:

– Danilovna, you will learn everything in due time.

I couldn't see the face in the dark, but the shape of the face was familiar, and the voice was familiar. While I was remembering where I met this man, the car drove up to the district police Department of the village. I am taken to the police building, one

of the escorts says to the duty officer:

– You don't have to file it yet.

The one who spoke to me stayed in the car. I recognized him, it was Denit, the investigator of internal Affairs. I once had a close relationship with him, but I chose Sanya.

CHARGE

In the walls of the law enforcement Agency, I finally came to my senses, I had confidence, and, accordingly, I became indignant.

– What do you think you’re doing, you’re violating my rights by taking me out of the house?” Where do you have an order to detain me, and why are you detaining me? Give me a phone number, call a lawyer, or go home...

There were three other employees in the office. They didn’t seem to hear me, but they asked me a question.

– Do you know anyone at the steam turbine Plant?”

– I don’t have any friends or relatives in this area. Please explain what is going on here?!

Steam turbine is an area of two-story dilapidated barracks in this village, where this district police Department, where I was located, was located.

One of the employees came up and hit me in the ear, which sent me flying from my chair to the floor. For a split second, I had a lot of thoughts about how during the years of repression, NKVD officers also beat innocent detainees. Representatives of the police roughly steal me from my home, half-naked, bring me to the police and beat me. No one has ever raised a hand to me in my life. Why do police officers beat me, a woman? I’m getting scared.

One of the employees says:

“She killed a man and doesn’t remember where.”

God, what’s going on, what murder? I got up from the floor on my own and sat down on a chair. The humiliation and physical pain were gone from the terrible words he had heard.

– What is murder, what are you, crazy?!

What I heard didn’t fit in my head. I was just stunned.

– We can refresh your memory.” You, along with others, in the area of the steam Turbine killed a woman.

The further you go, the worse it gets. Everything that was happening, the terrible accusation, made my head spin, and I didn’t know what to think, or in which direction to look for answers. After analyzing the actions of these people, I did not ask any more questions, I just became mute. I don’t think they’ll kill me, and in the morning everything will be clear. Sooner or later, it will all end.

I was taken to another office, where I was kept all night. The sangaa operative was making fun of me until morning. My silence irritated him, and he turned off the light in the office and shone the Desk lamp in my face, shouting at me not to close my eyes. He held a lighted lighter to his eyes. He took off my fur coat, but he opened the window after putting on his outer clothes. He sat down next to me, Smoking a cigarette and blowing smoke in my face. I didn’t want to believe what was happening, but it was happening to me, in Russia, not in any third-world country. I could see that he was fascinated by this bullying, and I didn’t

know what he was capable of. He had to be stopped somehow, and I deceived him.

– I'm pregnant, and your bullying will lead to a miscarriage. Probably right now and here.

– There was no need to keep quiet about it. Okay, I'll feel sorry for your child.

It was six o'clock in the morning. Sangaa took me to the temporary detention cell, which was located opposite the Department's duty station.

The officer on duty put all the detained men in one cell, and put me in another. I was separated from the men by a grating. I turned to the men:

– Is there anyone who's sure they'll be free today?"

One of the Russians, pointing to a friend, said:

– We were detained with hashish. They won't let us go, we have previous convictions.

The Tuva guy answered:

– They promised to let me go."

The others were silent. I turned to the guy.

– What's your name?"

– Rowdy.

"Buster, please call my house. Say: "Your wife is in the district police Department, accused of murder."

– I don't remember the phone number."

The men began to dig in his pockets in search of something. I saw a matchbox. She slobbered on the matches and wrote her

home phone number on the box.

A few minutes later, Sangaa came to fetch me. The duty officer asked him anxiously:

– I need to get it properly processed.”

“Okay, go ahead and get her details.”

In the office, Sangaa began to play the role of a kind investigator.

– Let’s talk quietly. All I have to do is take a statement from you about the circumstances under which Pavlova was killed. Maybe you didn’t participate personally, but your friends did. Here is a piece of paper, a pen, write. I won’t bother you.

He went out, locking the office door. Finally, there was some information.

Pavlova – who is she? If by name, then the woman is Russian. But among my friends and clients of the Agency, there is no woman with this name. Could it be Anya’s client?

I was the CEO of a real estate and tourism Agency. Recently, I have been fully engaged in creating and developing a project for active tourism in the Republic. The real estate Department was handled by Anya, the Agency’s lawyer. However, I was aware of all the transactions, so I don’t remember any clients with that last name. So I searched my thoughts, but found no answer. Meanwhile, Sangaa came in and sighed with regret or exasperation when he saw the blank sheet of paper. Looking at my watch, I noticed that I had been alone for almost an hour, and it seemed to me that only minutes had passed.

I was taken back to the holding cell. I see that there is no Brawler. Two Russian men who were detained with hashish said that he was released. I was hoping that you would find out where I was and come to my aid.

I was very tired, and my body told me that I hadn't slept since yesterday morning. All I had to do was close my eyes and fall asleep. I don't know if it was an intuition or an unknown force, but I woke up and the phone at the Desk rang. When he picked up the phone, I heard the sound of our home phone. The attendant answered:

– Yes, there is one, ... detained,... I have no right... no.

The person on duty hung up the phone and called Sangaa.

– About the detainee, called, I confirmed, No... no.

A few minutes later Sangaa approaches the attendant and says:

– This means that I'm not here, I'm on the road.

Then the front door was heard to slam, and he left the building of the district Department. I waited for you and Vladimir Nikolaevich, your lawyer friend. How long the hands of the clock are moving. And now I hear Vladimir's voice:

– Is the Kama detainee here?"

– Yes.

You're shouting at me:

– Are you all right?"

– I'm alive, "I tell you. Meanwhile, Vladimir asks the attendant:

– Who detained you?" What article?

– It was delivered by a Sangaa operative, but I can't say for what reason.

– I am the lawyer of the detainee, call me the Sangaa.

– He's not here.

“Let me see the head of the Department.”

– He's not here, either.

– I'm accused of murdering a Pavlova I don't know.

Five hours later, I'm being escorted out of my cell, and I meet you and the lawyer in the hallway. I see your worried and anxious look. Vladimir goes with me to the office. In the office, a fat man with thick lips is sitting at a Desk. It is clear that the person is very unpleasant, will crush and kill anyone, but not with their own hands. A nasty, nasty cold breathed from him. He introduced himself as an investigator of the Investigative Committee on particularly serious cases, Mongush S. S. Then presented the decision on the indictment for review.

In the resolution it was specified that I together with Chimit A., Chimit V., Kadyr-ool A. at the beginning of May, 2007 in the apartment 28, house 17 on Paroturbinnaya Street killed the citizen Pavlova D. V. in the presence of the witness. The data of the witness is not specified in the interests of the investigation and for the protection of the witness.

This is nonsense, who could invent such a thing?!

– Do you want to testify on the charges?” the investigator asks me.

“Yes, I do.

Vladimir tells me:

“I’ll have to think about it.”

– Vladimir Nikolayevich, what to think about when there was no crime.

– Write. I don’t know Pavlova. There was no murder with my participation in the specified apartment. I ask to interrogate as a witness the owner of this apartment Mongush Z. T. and members of her family. I’m innocent, I didn’t commit any murder. I have nothing more to say.

My testimony was recorded. The investigator informed us that tomorrow there will be a trial on remand in custody, and now I will be taken to a temporary detention center. I turned to Vladimir:

– Bring me my things, please.” Sonya will collect it for you.

Whirled thoughts – maybe Chimici killed, and now they want to blame me? We need to ask for a confrontation with this witness, who is he? There’s no way they killed anyone. Maybe Dinchit wants to set me up, but what has the Chimits got to do with it?

TEMPORARY DETENTION FACILITY-IVS

I was taken to the isolation ward of the city police Department. The staff at the detention center look at me in amazement, apparently they are confused by my outfit. It dawns on me that I'm still in my house clothes. Acute desire to fall asleep and Wake up at home. Then they take me to the storeroom to choose a pillow, blanket, or mattress. I can barely drag it all up to the camera. Finally, I am taken to a cell where I can sleep. The cell is dark, smells strongly of urine, and the floor toilet is very dirty. I knocked on the door and asked for bleach to fill the toilet. Thank you for bringing and checking that I really use it for its intended purpose, and not use it for poisoning. Then, spreading out the mattress, she fell into a deep sleep.

In the morning, I was awakened by a knock on the door.

“Take your Breakfast.”

– What time is it?”

– 6 o'clock in the morning.

I wanted to leave the cell, but I see an aluminum plate with some porridge on the floor, next to an aluminum glass with tea, on it a piece of bread. When I saw the food, I felt very hungry, and for the second day I didn't eat or drink anything. I took my food and went into the cell. You should have seen how greedily

I ate porridge with bread, I hardly ate bread at home. And then I ate porridge with bread.

My thoughts are refreshed from sleep, my strength is increased, but still this wild accusation drives me mad. They'll figure it out, and I'll sue this Sangaa operative.

At 8 o'clock in the morning, I am taken out of the cell to be taken to the district court. I meet Anya in the corridor. I ask with surprise and indignation:

“What’s going on, Anya?”

– I don’t know, I’m in shock. Who is Pavlova? – what is it?
“she asks me.

– I don’t know, I wanted to ask you. I thought it was your real estate client.

– You know we don’t have a client with that name.” I thought you were involved somewhere.

– I thought you were planning something against me.”
Mongush Z. when did you put the apartment up for sale?

– In August 2007, there is a contract for receiving a Deposit. After receiving the money, she and her family moved to a dacha.

– So they lived in their own apartment in may?” Maybe they killed this Pavlova, and now they want to blame us?

We and the other men were taken to a building on the territory of the district court and placed in a cell. I tell Ana how I was snatched from my house. She told me that she was called and asked to come to the police with a passport, and there they held her for several hours and charged her, after which they placed

her in an IVS. Anya says:

– It can't be that Mongush Z. and his family want to blame the crime on us. She knows both of us, but she doesn't know my brother and my husband.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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