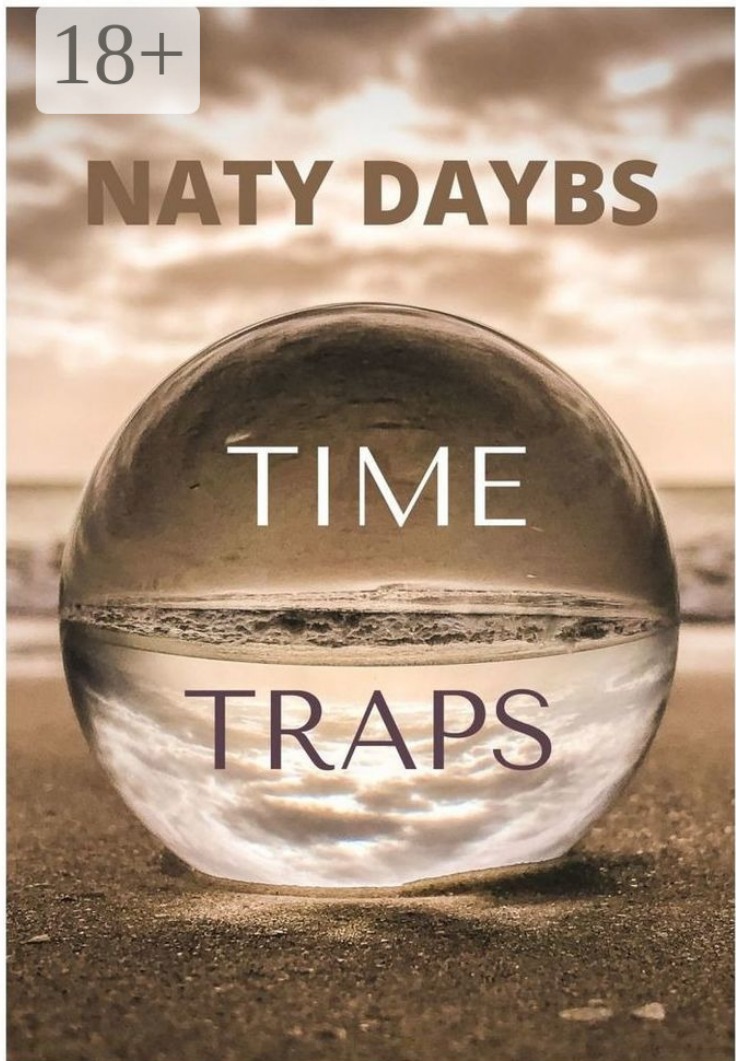


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NATY DAYBS

TIME

TRAPS



Naty Daybs
TIME TRAPS.
FANTASTIC STORY

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Аннотация

Diana, having decided to just walk around the city, suddenly finds herself in the past, where she seems to be she, but everything is different... Would the girl want to go back? And will she be able to do it after a chance meeting with an interesting stranger...

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TIME TRAPS FANTASTIC STORY

Naty Daybs

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Chapter 1

– Hi, Marish, let's go for a walk?

– Hello. I would love to, Dian, but the work has piled up, even cry. The bosses probably want everyone to go crazy. At work, reports, so also on weekends now also have to be done, and even call the client base!

– I sympathize. Maybe you quit, Marish? Can you find something quieter?

– Thanks, friend! I will definitely think about it, only in a couple of months, on vacation.

– And you will not stretch your legs until the vacation? – Diana was worried about her friend, who has recently gone headlong into work.

– It's like saying... But I'll try to survive. Let's go with you to the spa center for delicious treatments. We smear ourselves with chocolate and lie down.

– Good. Well, then, perhaps, take a walk. It's just unbearable at home. «» Diana, of course, was upset, but tried to hide it.

– Igor didn't call? – Marina has always been aware of the personal life of her close friend.

– Well no. He wrote that he was busy.

– Forget it! -Marina tried to support Diana, although she perfectly understood that everything is extremely sad there.

– Already. I'm going for a walk around the center.

– Come on, friend! Good luck! Don't be bored, I'll drop by on Saturday afternoon.

– Good. I will wait. Bye then.

– Until.

Diana wore her favorite white jeans, a white top and a coffee-colored cardigan that perfectly matched her hair and eye color and emphasized her slim figure. Actually, Diana's appearance was not too outstanding: medium height, brown eyes, not too large lips. The average girl is twenty-three. But in appearance she was usually given no more than twenty. Her boyfriend, Igor, has recently been as busy with work as her friend. Frequent business trips and delays at work, to which Diana is already used. And although in principle everything was simple in their relationship, it seemed to Diana that something was being hidden from her. Somehow early her boyfriend lost interest in intimate life. And writing off to work seemed just an excuse. Of course, Dina convinced herself that everything was fine, but still...

So she decided on this beautiful June day to walk and think over everything.

– Maybe offer Igor a time-out to check the relationship? – The girl thought to herself, sadly walking through the square.

What if he takes the opportunity and leaves her? How will she pay for the apartment? Looking for a new home? Or move to your little apartment on the outskirts of the city? Although I don't think you can call it an apartment. But a dorm room is still better than nothing. Find a new guy? Or I must to look for a new

job for me? Oh no! Diana was not ready for this yet. She liked her work, but she clearly cannot pay for a good kopeck piece alone.

– But on the other hand, work on the weekend is not loaded, like others, the girl mentally reassured her, realizing that her relationship with Igor was completely stagnant. Then the phone rang. More precisely, it was a message from Igor that on the weekend he again flies to Sochi for a couple of days. «Well? We need to please my friend that nothing will prevent us from going to the SPA. By the way, what time is it? Wow! I have been walking for an hour and haven't noticed how the time has flown by! It's already three. Well, since Igor will be late (before business trips, he always lingers in the office), you can walk for another couple of hours.

In the meantime, she walked down the alley leading to the main park of the city. And I didn't notice how something changed.

Diana knew the city well. I used to work as a courier at the post office. I knew every house on every street. But these houses were definitely not here. It couldn't be.

Instead of standard nine-story panel buildings, there were private houses. And the road... There was no asphalt. It was an ordinary sandy road.

– Probably I was so thoughtful that I went somewhere in the wrong direction, in the wrong alley ... – Diana thought to herself. Meanwhile, the excitement was growing. She looked at the house numbers. Not. She was definitely here. It happened more than

once.. But it's not that. Yes and there are no people... People appeared in the distance, and Diana, meanwhile, turned into another street.

«But it's time to go home and sleep. Something is already confused in my head. Igor damn again with this Kristina long paw, probably flying. Heck! I'm already lost where I went! What a day!

– Girl, sorry, your documents!

Dina turned around and saw a handsome young guy of about twenty-five in a police uniform, but in some strange uniform... A dark-haired man with blue eyes, a little above average, looked at her like a painting in a museum.

– What is wrong with me? – The girl thought to herself? Meanwhile, the «policeman» repeated the question.

– Can you show me the documents? Are you a foreigner? Do you understand Russian?

The voice was soft, very pleasant. And a pretty sweet smile.

– What the hell am I thinking about? And Igor is also jealous! It's his own fault! Don't figs live in your fucking job when the girl is bored at home! For a month now he comes home and immediately sleeps like an old man. Can I take him to the doctor?

A pleasant voice again tore Diana away from her thoughts about Igor.

– Girl! – Already more insistently he repeated with a certain tension. – Will you show the documents? Or will we go to the station? I am the captain of the police, Ivan Viktorovich Kotlov.

Please present your documents for inspection.

– I was just walking; I have no documents with me. Sorry. I'm going home.

– State your address.

– Sunny, 20 apartment thirty-three.

– Good. You are clearly not a foreigner. But why are they dressed so strangely then?

– Why strange? What is wrong with me?

– No, everything is fine, just...

– I ordered it from the Internet, but what?

– Excuse me, where did you order it from?

– From the Internet! Have you fallen from the moon? Sorry, I have to go home.

– I am escorting you, there was an attack on «Solnechnaya» street recently, and the criminal has not been caught yet. And your looks too...

«It's okay; I'll wrap the cardigan if you're worried about my crop top.

– You may be mistaken for a girl of easy virtue.

– How is it?

– Yes, from that. I insist on seeing you home.

– Good. Thank you.

Diana was always taught that it is better not to argue with the authorities. And although she took this offer for a cheap tackle, she still decided to agree. What's wrong with the cop just walking her home? Once in her childhood, Diana watched a film about

a bodyguard, which impressed her very much. And she dreamed of a personal security guard for every day. So why her dream wouldn't come true today? Even for one hour. Exactly how long she had to get home.

Diana wrapped her cardigan around her and headed toward the familiar street. But there, too, everything was different. Diana glanced at her watch – exactly three o'clock.

– What the hell? – With annoyance, the girl expressed herself aloud.

– Sorry, but it is uncivilized to express it like that.

– Sorry, it escaped. The clock seems to have broken, but they are almost new.

– Got it. Let me see? Maybe you didn't start them?

– This is an electronic clock. What kind of plant can we talk about?

– What do you do? You have an electronic clock...

– Manager in the sales department in the communication salon «On-light»

– And say that you are not a foreigner.

– What are you speaking about? I work in a communication salon on Mira Street, 10.

– You are probably from another city? We don't have any communication shops!

«This is definitely a prank program» – Diana thought to herself and kept walking.

– I'll just come home and that's it, okay?

– Of course, let's go.

– Good.

Then they walked in silence. But, reaching the house, Diana found that he was completely different. Practically new.

– Oh, you live in a new building! How wonderful! Have you bought an apartment here?

– I live with a guy.

– You are married?

– Something like that.

– Like this?

– He has frequent business trips, he almost never comes home.

– Sympathize with you. You probably dressed like this on purpose to make him jealous?

– He's not jealous.

– Why is there no ring? How long have you been married?

– Yes, – Diana answered mechanically, hoping that the guide would finish asking stupid strange questions. The ring turned out to be a little tight for me. Igor did not guess the size, – the girl decided to lie. Although there was some truth in this. Igor gave her a ring for her birthday. Normal, with a small stone, but had to be returned. Igor chose too small size for his beloved.

– I also live here. Moved recently. What a coincidence!

– It happens.

– And what is your apartment?

– Fiftieth. And you? Diana asked mechanically.

– Forty-seventh. We're almost neighbors. I live on the floor

below. It's strange that I didn't see you... Although I just moved here a week ago... What a careless one I am!

– Do not be upset! I get up in the morning and do not notice anyone myself until I drink coffee or an energy drink at work.

– What is it? Do you use drugs?

– Oh my God! Of course not! That's what I call strong tea! He adds energy to me! I called him an energetic.

«Damn ...! What's going on here at all??? Where am I? – Diana cursed mentally and caught herself thinking that she was in the past. Not so distant, but still...

There was no intercom. The entrance was completely new; there was still a smell of paint. An annoying strange companion stopped at his door on the first floor and said to Diana:

– If anything, you can always contact me. I live alone. You never know, what will happen... By the way, you never introduced yourself.

– Sorry. Krachina Diana Nikolaevna. You can just Diana.

– What is the Name... Perhaps your parents are foreigners?

– Not really... Sorry, I really have to go home. Thanks for hanging out.

– It's my pleasure. Will you show the documents?

– A little later, if you don't mind.

– I don't mind. See you, Diana.

– See you.

Diana went up to the second floor. She took out the key. But in front of her was a completely different door. From which

a huge fat pot-bellied man suddenly emerged and squatted right next to her, taking out a cigarette case.

«Who are you?» Asked a stranger with a pleasant scent.

– Excuse me, I probably got the wrong address, I'm looking for a rented apartment.

– Wrong, go on looking, doll. You must come visit to me.

– No thanks, I'll go. I made the wrong house.

– Go-go. Search. The stranger was clearly decently drunk.

Diana decided to return to the place where she seemed to be in the past. The girl came out of the entrance, where three pairs of male eyes stared at her.

– Hey beautiful!

– What kind of lady do we have here?

– Look what a paw! Come here, hurry!

The men were clearly in the mood for some kind of acquaintance.

In the meantime, it was already getting dark outside.

Diana immediately jumped back into the entrance, slammed the door, heard curses addressed to her and called apartment number 47.

– Who's there?

– Sorry, it's me, Diana. I need help.

The door opened and her new acquaintance stood on the threshold.

– What happened to you? Are you problems with your husband? You are pale.

– Yes... Excuse me, can I come in? Diana's voice trembled, as did she. – You won't believe what I am going to tell you now.

– And what?

– I live here. But I seem to have fallen into the distant past.

– Diana, I'm sorry, is you drunk?

– No, of course not. I have proof. And there, on the street, there are three men, they wanted...

– Calm down. Come in. You are safe here. Come into the living room on the sofa, I'll brew you an energy drink.

– What?

Well, tea, you yourself said...

– Oh yes, sorry...

– Not scary. Now try to calm down and get ready to tell me everything.

– Well thank you.

Diana walked into the living room, in the style of Soviet times or earlier, and sat down in a huge soft chair. Everything in the apartment was so rare, but at the same time new. The kettle rustled in the kitchen.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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