

The background of the cover is a classical painting. It depicts a scene with a bearded man in white robes, possibly a deity or a nobleman, seated on a cloud. He has a lion's head on his chest. To his left, a woman in a pink dress is partially visible, and a child is seen in the upper left. The scene is set against a dramatic, cloudy background with a dark, leafy tree in the upper right. The overall style is reminiscent of 19th-century academic painting.

IRINA RITTER

# CHILDREN OF THE GODS

DETECTIVE STORY

# **Irina Ritter**

## **Children of the gods**

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### **Аннотация**

In one of September days the head of 5 “B” class receives a call from an overwhelmed mom of schoolgirl Nadia Timofeeva: Nadia has not return from school. The whole city is searching the girl. Volunteers even come from neighboring towns. The case is controlled by Moscow. Investigators are considering all versions, even the most fantastic. But in the city people suspect Nadia’s family. Investigators get a video, which will help to reveal that high-profile and mysterious crime...

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**Children of the gods**  
**detective story**  
**Irina Ritter**

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# Chapter 1

September 16 was a normal working day for a teacher of English Elena Dmitrievna. The time on the mobile phone showed 14:45. Just finished the first lesson of the second shift. The class stood in a wild roar.

– Guys, let's keep it down! – tried to shout down the class of Elena Dmitrievna.

Realizing that it's useless, Yelena, took the wallet and mobile phone and went to high school cafeteria. She walked down a school hallway, when suddenly I got a call from her cell phone:

Yeah, I'm listening!

The connection came an excited female voice:

– Elena Dmitrievna, Hello! This mom Nadya Timofeeva. Tell me, is long over, the lessons from the first shift? Nadia is still not home and her phone is not responding!

– The first shift I was released two hours ago, maybe Nadia with her friend? Seems she's friends with Diana Zelenina. I now find her phone and call you back.

E Lena D. was the class teacher 5"B", in which he studied Nadia Timofeeva. With 5"B" she knew for only two weeks, as after the fourth grade of elementary school ends, and all the disciples to distribute it on new classes -starts secondary school. At school Elena Dmitrievna worked for over 30 years. She was a typical Russian teacher working in a typical high

school of a small provincial town like any other in the territory of our country: of medium height, stout, with short hair, wearing glasses. Dressed usually in a simple skirt and blouse, and shoes with low heels.

For two weeks it is impossible to know their students, but Nadia Timofeeva she remembered. First of all she was a good student and was valedictorian, and he often raised his hand in class to answer. She sat at the same Desk with Diana Zelenina – they were friends. Besides, today was a great hour on which the class was shown a documentary film about the war. Nadia burst into tears. Yelena thought that the girl was very sensitive and kind.

Searching and finding the phone Diana Zelenina, Elena Dmitrievna again dialed the number :

– Write down the phone number and address of Diana, if that call me, we will continue to look.

Thank you!

## Chapter 2

– Hello!

In the class ran the girl 30 years in sports pants and a pink t-shirt with silver inscription. Bleached hair has been trimmed under Kare. Gray eyes subtly outlined with black pencil, eyebrow tattooing, lips slightly tinted pink gloss. On the right cheek of the girl was the mole.

– Elena Dmitrievna, that I called you an hour ago, I am a mother of Nadya Timofeeva!

– Yes, Yes! Well, Nadia wasn't?

– No! I went to Diana – Diana is at home, and Nadi. Diana said they parted at the gate of the Park, and Nadia went home. I called home, but Nadia there did not appear! What to do now?

– Calm down, please. Let me call up all the classmates Nadi, suddenly she went to someone to visit. That may be, children are children, overworked and forgot to call.

Elena Dmitrievna began to call all the students of 5"B" class one by one, but Nadia was not there.

– It is necessary to go to the police! the girl got up and walked to the exit.

– If there is, call me, I care!

– Well, I'll call...

Coming out of the school building Margarita Timofeeva – was

the name of the mother of Nadya Timofeeva, went to the city police Department.

The police station was a grey two-storey Soviet building. Behind a glass wall sat on duty and responded to the matter coming calls.

Hello, I lost my daughter did not return home from school. The teacher called all the classmates, but it's not. I want to make a statement.

– How old is your daughter?

– Eleven years.

– It is clear. Come over here, sit down. Take a sheet and write it like it is: who you are, surname, name, patronymic, name of the daughter, how old she is, how lost. Things as they are and write.

Her lessons are over about one o'clock. She was supposed to come home in about half a second.

The attendant looked at the clock on the wall – the time was 17:15

– What was wearing your daughter what things she had with you? Describe in detail It is necessary to compile the profile. You have her picture?

– With a no. After school I immediately went here. Now I will go home and get some.

– Well, now I'll take your statement, and you call home and see if she's found.

Margarita turned back to the duty office and dialed the number on a mobile phone:

– Sonia, Nadia didn't come home? the girl tried to control myself, because seemed calm. – I am now in the police, wrote a statement, I want pictures of Nadia. Look in the album something suitable, I'll come.

– Well, not back? – already knowing the answer, asked the attendant.

– No, I will go home for photos and bring it here.

– Well, wait.

## Chapter 3

At 19:00 in the police Department held an operational meeting. Were received from the relatives photo. Was interviewed the mother and next of kin. Established a working group on searching for missing Nadia Timofeeva.

A full-fledged search began only next morning. In high school, where he studied under Nadia in the Assembly hall held a meeting of representatives of volunteer groups and the police. Local television came the police appeal to all caring citizens to help in the search for the child. In search of was attended by students of the school, teachers, students of the local College. Parents have left their children and relatives went in search of the unfamiliar child. More than a thousand people were looking for Nadia Timofeev. To search for the child was oriented police personnel. The respondents were relatives and friends of the girl, neighbours and inhabitants of nearby houses. Surveyed entrances, bus shelters, playgrounds, areas educational institutions. Looked parks, basements and rooftops. Abandoned houses and cottages, wells and manholes. The search was conducted even from a helicopter.

In a local Park through the pump, was drained, abandoned since the Soviet era, an outdoor swimming pool. Surveyed about 600 wells, 28 substations, local boiler houses, and workshops, garages and other buildings.

Police appealed to residents to explore the territory of their enterprises, to inspect their garages and cottages, area homes. And also bring in the police surveillance video in and video machines. In the Internet group was set up to search Nadya Timofeeva.

Local printing house printed leaflets with the text:

“Intermunicipal Department of the MIA of Russia “Zelenogorsk” is set to the whereabouts of the missing juvenile Timofeeva Hope Vitalievna, G. R. 08.08.2002, residing at the address: Voroshilov str. 91, which 16.09.2013 left secondary school No. 7 home and so far her location isn’t known. Last time I saw her girlfriends in the Park “Jubilee”.

Signs: by sight 10—11 years, height 145 cm, a thin Constitution, hair light, assembled in the tail length of the belt, blue eyes. She was wearing: school uniform grey skirt, white blouse with long sleeves, vest is gray knit with school emblem, white nylon pantyhose, shoes silver. With him was a pink school backpack with school supplies, cell phone smartphone black color, made in China.

Anyone who knows the whereabouts Timofeeva N.In. please let us know by phone 02.”

On the third day, Nadya’s mom gave an interview to a local television station. The interview was taken by a young, 25 years old, journalist: tall with dark colored long hair, in a black bodycon dress. On his feet were black tights and black suede

shoes with high heels. Her eyes were brightly painted and penciled, and full lips applied bright red lipstick.

– Tell us, how goes your daughter? – a journalist held a microphone to the face of Margarita Timofeeva.

Well, 15th of September I was waiting for the daughter from school, when the appointed time she never came back, I began to call the teacher, then went to her friend Nadya's there, too. Then I went to school. We were looking for a teacher together, called classmates. I decided to go to the police. – slightly stuttering said Margarita.

– Tell me, Nadia met someone from school?

– In fourth grade she met, but this year, Nadia asked not to meet, as she was ashamed in front of classmates.

– As we know, you before the loss came with the watch?

– Yes, I'm working shifts in another city together with her husband. In the morning I followed Nadia to school. In the afternoon went to meet her, but we missed her. Apparently she was kidnapped before. In the area my mother repeatedly attacked.

Your husband is the father of Nadia?

– No, dear father of Nadia does not live with us. He has another family.

– Who lived Nadia, when you and your husband worked on the watch?

– She lived with my sister and her husband and my grandmother.

– Do you have any suspicions who could have done it?

– Yes, we have suspicions. My sister, i.e. my aunt Nadine said that three days before the abduction to Nade on the bridge I stuck some man, asked her about the river. But it was scared off behind the guy.

– You know that the mayor has offered a reward of 1000000 roubles for the information about the whereabouts of Nadya Timofeeva – the journalist applied to the audience of the TV channel.

– What would you like to say to the audience, or maybe would like to appeal to your daughter's kidnappers?

– Yes, I would like to ask residents not to be indifferent and go in search of my daughter. If someone knows something or saw the police. Also want to appeal to the kidnappers to return the child. By law, if you will return the child voluntarily, you are exempt from criminal liability.

Thank you! I wish you good luck in search. To find your daughter alive and unharmed!

– And thank you...

## Chapter 4

The search did not stop for one day. Nadia was looking for and in weekends and on weekdays, who had such an opportunity.

– You heard that in our town the girl went missing 11 years, Nadia Timofeeva? asked her husband, pouring the boiling water into a Cup of coffee. – Left school and home not reached. It's been a few days looking for.

Ksenia slowly moved around the kitchen in a short robe and sandals home. Thick, wavy red hair was carelessly gathered the top and pinned barrette. Xenia have not had time in the morning to apply makeup, and because all her red freckles were now visible on a white face and large blue eyes framed with fluffy eyelashes light. She sat down at the table across from her husband and put the drink next to him. Alex extinguished the cigarette and put the butt in a glass ashtray.

– Yes, I heard at work was talking about it. By the way, our guys are going on a quest today. Dima is a dog, he wants her to take. I don't know, will anything come of it, I need some specially trained search dogs. But, in any case, it's better than nothing. Suddenly something smells.

– Maybe we go with them? 'asked Ksenia.

– Do you want? I think in your situation it's better not to participate in such events.

You know, I even dreamt of today. It has never happened.

I want to go! – persistently said Ksenia.

– What did you dream? – asked the husband with interest and even a sort of surprise.

– She asked that she was found...

– She was alive in a dream?

– Yes, alive. At least I thought so...

Ksenia and Alex as we both fell silent and for a while sat silent in thought, each thinking of his.

– I think you're just too close took this story due to the fact that she is now expecting a baby, think a lot about children, that's all! – husband with a smile looked at Her and stroked her ginger hair, gleaming red gold in the morning sun.

– Maybe... where do you think its worth a look, if she's alive?

Alex for some time, thought, said:

– If she's alive – she's probably being held somewhere in the garage or in abandoned dachas, or anybody else in the cellar. Well, something like that. It could be kidnap to demand a ransom. Although, no one has yet presented no demands. And, in General, such a public outcry this case has produced, it seems to me that criminals are now afraid. I'm afraid that they can now get rid of it. Well, of course, if abducted for ransom. There may be other reasons...

– How many cases, when a maniac was holding his victims for years in basements and cellars, dug specially for this purpose! Remember, I wrote about Natasha kampusch from America? Her man was kidnapped and held in a specially dug pit in his

garage. Eight years she spent there, and then when he began to trust her to clean up my garage, ran away from him. She even wrote a book about it and sued the estate of a maniac. And he, as I recall, committed suicide... Yes, though we do not remember in what city, man lived with his mother, was not married. Dug at home an entire room and lured two young girls. He lived four years. One even several children gave birth to him, and then they managed to pass a note to another girl quietly when he wanted her to lure. She went with this note to the police. And then only found them and freed... at all. scary even to think...

– I can call Dima and find out where they are going. Go with them, and you still will not calm down! laughing said Alex.

– Of course, I will not rest...

About an hour later Xenia's husband arrived at the house of Dmitry Ustyuzhanina in their dark-blue "Crown". Dmitry lived in a two-story brick house, which he built himself, along with his older brother Sergei and his father. A year ago, Dima is married and has got two daughters – twins Alina and angelina. Dmitri was the same age as Alex. Tall with dark short-cropped hair, brown eyes, and a figure of Apollo. They met a few years ago, when Dmitry with his father and brother Sergey decided to organize his company for the repair and decoration of apartments and houses. They were looking for a good paver tile, and Alex was looking for work. Since then they have worked together.

Good morning! – climbs out of the car said Alex.

Hey! And you do not get ill! Well, thinking with us?! with unconcealed joy said Dima over the fence.

– Yes, my wife insisted, – Alexey lovingly pulled her to him Xenia. How many people going on a quest?

– I, Sergei and his wife Olga, the two of you, Yuri with her son. It turns out seven people.

– Yuri – who?

– This is my neighbor, right across the street there, Dima waved his hand in a house of white brick with semi-circular plastic Windows and blue tiles on the roof, surrounded by a wrought-iron fence. The top and bottom of the walls was lined with a pattern of red brick.

Dog take?

– Yes, Rex is going with us! Take with a boat want to check the river and lake, you know, we all the time go? Want to go there. Well, the forest around is also need to prosharit.

Alex of course knew these lakes, about which said Dima, as often went there for fishing and just relax. These lakes began on the outskirts of the city and stretched for many kilometers along the route.

How's that all going? – came out of the gate Sergey with Olga, and their forward ran Rex (German shepherd).

Rex happily ran in circles around Demenego Lexus.

– Food scored for the week! -a huge Pat on the bag Olga. – Now can not return home, directly on the street overnight will

be! Children fused parents, freedom!

– Now Yuri with Maxim will approach and go.

The boat was fastened to the roof of the Lexus, the trunk loaded with bags of food and drinks, large tarpaulin boots, Dima checked the first aid kit. Rex climbed into the back seat and were waiting. Ten minutes later to the total group came a man of about 45, tanned (I could see he was all summer spent outdoors), graying hair seemed to pale in contrast to her tanned face, dressed in camouflage green-yellow-brown-spotted clothes. On his feet he had high canvas boots, and a backpack behind. Next to him, as well dressed young man of about 19—20, tall, with blond hair and large gray eyes.

– Meet Yura and Maxim! – turning to Alex with Ksenia, Dima said. And these are our friends – Xenia and Leh with Alex we work together!

New friends shook hands.

– Well, sit in cars? It seems everything in the collection. Now we will go to the gas station and go as planned! – sitting at the wheel of his jeep, said Dmitry.

On the outskirts of the city, the company stopped at a gas station and took to the road with full tanks of gasoline. Along the route on both sides of the stretched mixed forest consisting of birches, pines, fir trees and various shrubs. Most of the trees have already turned yellow. The wind blew the leaves and they swirled in the air as in a waltz. On the roadsides here and there

were mushroom pickers with buckets full of mushrooms and sold to passing drivers. The day was warm and Sunny, blue-blue sky hung a rare snow-white clouds. In front rode Dima on his Lexus in the company of his brother Sergei and his wife Olga, Maxim, George and Rex. They were followed by Toyota with Ksenia and Alex. Soon after, the jeep turned onto a forest road. Had to go slowly and carefully, as all the so-called road, was in the pits and potholes. Fifteen minutes later, went to a small lake, overgrown with reeds. The jeep stopped near the water. He turned out to be Dmitry, and after walking a little, surveyed the scene, gave the command to leave the cars:

– We will search for here, check the lake and the forest around.

Leaving the women next to cars, men set out to explore the countryside. Examined literally every Bush, looked if there were any newly dug earth. He collected and brought all the trash in the hope that it may be things missing girls. Finding nothing, decided to seek in the reeds. To do this, got a large stick and wearing high boots. Dima took the boat from the car and they, together with his brother, using sticks and oars were examined along and across the lake several times. Was looking, with short breaks for rest and food until it was getting dark. The boys made a fire and decided to rest and eat before returning home.

– It seems to me that if that was here, the crows would fly overhead. A whole day wasted – and gazed at the burning fire, said Dima. – It's been so long – it is unlikely to find her alive.

– Yes, I think so too. – as the doom agreed Olga. – If

kidnapped for ransom, and filed a claim, and it is not.

Alex, before sitting in silence and thinking about her, woke up from his thoughts:

– We She this morning was talking about it. If the girl was kidnapped for ransom, we could keep anyone in the garage or at the cottage. But after such raised sensation could be frightened and get rid of it. To withdraw now they can't, since the risk of getting caught. Tomorrow let's look in the garage. The dog is – can that smells. Need some thing. To open the garages of course we cannot – it is the prerogative of the police, but if the dog finds anything, we can call the police.

– Where do we get the thing? 'asked Ksenia.

– I saw in the Internet phone page mothers Nadi Margarita Timofeeva and classmates. We can call her and ask Nadine thing! – looking at sitting around the campfire and as if seeking their approval, said Maxim.

Sergei took out a cigarette and lit it:

– Why not? Who's gonna call and negotiate?

– Let me, – looking at the rest said Olga. – Listen, and maybe invite the mother along on the search?

Because the opponents of this idea was not, we decided to call the girl's mother if she will agree.

– Yur, what are you thinking about? – turned to him Dima.

Yura sat on his haunches before the fire and swaying back and forth:

– You can try, but the dog may not smell. If she was killed,

we could bury the corpse and sprinkled with spices, or lime from the smell. There was a case recently – the stepfather killed her stepdaughter and buried it in the barn, and the top was sprinkled with spices. The dog didn't smell. It then split and he showed the place where he buried. I think a good look around the area their home?

All were silent. First decided to break the silence Olga:

– Scary to think about it, I rid myself of these thoughts, but according to statistics, 90% of the cases of missing children blame relatives or friends. In the city many suspect family say relatives acting very strange from the beginning. The mother is confused in indications. She said that Nadia had with a phone, said phone at home is broken. But where then she called Nadia if Nadia had no phone? The school she came in about three hours, judging by the interview the teacher. Where was she all this time if she has an alibi and the other relatives? And why Nadia went missing on the day of arrival the mother watch? All very strange...

Xenia has her hands to her face and shook his head:

– No, no, don't want to believe this! It just boggles the mind!  
I don't believe that the mother is capable of!

Alex hugged his wife and pressed her to him:

– Come on, this is just a guess. Nothing is known. Everything can be...

## Chapter 5

The next morning, Olga called Margarita. She agreed to give Nadia a thing. Agreed to meet in the home of Timofeev. About ten o'clock in the morning yesterday the company arrived at the house at the address Voroshilovsky 91.

House Timofeev was a simple one storey wooden house, painted in blue and green paint. Fenced around by a fence of metal sheets, which once was green, but now the paint is all chipped off and burnt in the sun. In the yard there were buildings: a barn, a bath with a summer kitchen and a wooden toilet. In front of the house was a small garden in which are planted flowers, Apple trees and raspberry bushes. Behind the house a vegetable garden, where grew mostly potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers and onions. Such homes make up the majority of the Russian villages and settlements, as well as areas of the private sector in the cities.

Olga dialed Margaret. Two minutes from the gates of the house came out 25 years old girl in tight shapely figure in jeans and blue t-shirt on the narrow straps, medium height with dark, bobbed under "Kare" hair and really bright makeup on his face and invited guests at the house.

– I'm Rita's sister – Sonia – said the girl guests.

Inside the house were three small rooms and a kitchen. Instead of doors over the openings of the curtains were nailed, on which hung a crimson plush curtain. In the kitchen stood a small

table covered with oilcloth with images of vegetables and fruits. Around the table some old chairs, painted with paint. At the table sat three figures: a woman of thirty, very similar to Sonia, only in contrast with bleached hair and a little older, and two men. The men were about the same age – thirty years old or younger. One of them with a bright, slightly reddish hair and gray eyes. Was dressed in athletic light gray pants and white t-shirt. He seemed fairly simple-as Ivan from a fairy tale. Second, on the contrary, looked like a lady – with a stylish haircut on her head, tight, beautiful figure white t-shirt and dark pants. Xenia noticed oil narrowed blue eyes on himself. Ksenia even thought that a man tries to seduce her, even though I was next to his wife. In the middle of the table on a wooden stand stood a large cast-iron frying pan with fried potatoes. Next metal bowl with a salad of cucumbers and tomatoes with onions, chunks of bread, a plate of sliced cooked sausage and bacon, a two-liter plastic bottle of beer, and glasses with spoons and forks. The woman rose from the table and walked over to the guests.

– Hello, it's you, Margarita, Mama Nadi? several asked Olga approached the woman.

Olga was surprised that the Margarita was absolutely calm, no sign of grief on the woman's face was not. On the contrary, it was evident that Margaret cares for him mentioned that she was in full makeup and with the hair on his head.

– Yes, I am the mother of Nadia. You asked for something, I'll have a look. – Margaret replied, going to one of the rooms.

After a while she came out and gave Olga a baby pink blouse with rhinestones. Olga neatly folded baby thing and put it in the pocket of his windbreaker.

– Maybe you want to come with us on the search? We have room in the car for three more. – asked Sergey to the inhabitants of the house.

Margaret shrugged her shoulders and said to red:

– Andrew! What will it be?

– Go, – agreed the man.

Everyone, this is my husband Andrew, and it's sister Sonia and her husband, Sasha, is pointing at them on the other said Margarita.

– Where you want to go? asked Lovelace Sasha.

– Want to check the garages in the area of sewage treatment facilities and in other places. We have a dog that can smell that thing now... Nadina replied Dmitry.

– I can't go – I have a small child, now asleep. pointing towards one of the rooms said Sonya. – And you go.

Margarita with her husband and Alexander decided to go separately to his car. Garage complex, where they were heading, was located two kilometers from the house Timofeev, near sewage treatment facilities. Decided to walk around the whole area and thoroughly examine not only garages, but the areas around the garages. Dima took Rex's leash and walked along the garages, stopping at each separately. Margarita and Olga were

walking. Margarita knocked on the door and tried to shout to her daughter, hoping that she will hear it. The others went to explore the territory nearby. The people were few – a couple of car owners were each engaged in their business. Someone repaired the car, and someone dried the potatoes, scattering on the bags. Garages were located in several rows. At the end in the Bush were 20 pieces of old illegally-built metal garages, seemingly long abandoned. Around them lay a bunch of junk and old rusted parts from cars. Dmitry called brother:

– May try to break the locks and inspect the garages, there's no one there?

– What! See – head Snitch! – Sergei looked around grinning.

– Yes we are careful nobody will see, get the tool from the machine!

Brother after some hesitation, went to the jeep, and ten minutes brought a small suitcase with tools:

– If it's on you!

Dima a bit of hacking with the lock, opened it.

– Stay here and keep watch. I'll look in the garage.

Dmitry took a lantern and went inside with Rex. Margaret walked behind them.

– Come on, Rex, look!

Inside the garage was littered with piles of junk: there were boards, old kitchen furniture, against the wall stood a ratty old sofa, the whole corner was full of old yellowed Newspapers and magazines alternated with plates. Dima shone the flashlights into

every nook and ceiling:

– It is necessary to examine the cellar.

Lifting the metal cover on the floor, Dima lit pit: down a wooden staircase led.

– Nadia! cried Margaret. – Can you hear me? Are you here?

– I'll go, – said Dima and climbed down the stairs.

– What is it? do Xenia.

Not really, there's no one, ' said Dmitry.

Coming out of the garage and closed it behind him, began to decide what to do next. Dima looked at his companions and brother, who was on the lookout a little to the side and asked how strongly they are:

– Well, will continue to be open?

– Well we're at it, let's go to the end! – said Xenia.

So, one after another opened several garages, but the girls in them turned out. Going into the garage next to our search saw on the floor the mountain white – it turned out to be lime.

– Ksyusha, do you remember what Yuri was talking about lime? – looking at Ksenia, Dima said.

– Yes... – nodded Xenia.

– We need to rake this pile and see if there's a body.

Dima found among various junk a shovel and began to dig lime.

– What are you doing?! with horror looking at them in turn, asked Margarita. – Are you looking for a corpse?

Dmitry and Xenia were looking at each other and lowered her

eyes to the floor:

– Look, your daughter's been gone for so long, you really still hope to find her alive? – with some pity in his voice, as to terminally-ill person asked Xenia to the girl's mother.

I'm looking for the daughter live! – almost shouted Margarita.

In the garage was hard, awkward silence.

– Hey, guys! Policemen arrived! Quickly let's go! – looking in the garage, in a whisper hissed Sergei.

Hastily closing his garage door Dima, and the girl walked away. Sergei walked over to the guys and quietly said:

Someone called the police. We're kind of quiet, really saw? In addition to our no one knew...

In a minute to the company of two policemen. One of them, who said:

– Hello! Broken? Here you are complaint was received. Called and said you go and the garages open?

– Comrade policeman, we're not doing anything wrong, we're looking for a girl who got lost, Nadia Timofeev! – tried to appease the police Xenia. Is her mom! Ksenia waved his hand in standing at a distance Margarita.

– Received a signal that you are open other people's garages, insisted the policeman.

– It's all true, we did not do anything illegal! Believe me! We just go and search the area around! We understand that you cannot open someone else's property! – tried to convince Dima, her eyes wide and hanging over the COP that was almost a head

shorter than him.

– So, let's get outta here, that neither you, nor we had no problems – decided to handle this kind of situation the policeman.

– Well! Well! We're leaving anyway, don't worry! Guys, let's get in the car! – hurriedly waved his hands Dima, showing the cops that everything will be hunky-Dory.

– Come on, goodbye, goodbye policeman with the guys, so want to find your daughter, ' he said to Margaret.

– Thank you...

On this day, the search had to be suspended. The whole company went to their cars. Before leaving, Margarita came to the boys and said:

– I'm with you I'm not going to go on a quest. I'm looking for Nadia alive, and we will seek, in their own way. But still, thank you for looking for my daughter.

– I understand you, I wish you find a Barely alive, ' said Olga finally.

We returned home in silence. Ksenia looked in the car window and thought about what happened today:

– I probably would too until the last hoped for a miracle. She just doesn't want to believe that something irreparable had just occurred.

Yeah, I guess...

## Chapter 6

Tatiana Berezikov lived together with his elderly mother in a private house, close to Timofeev. Their home was two streets parallel to Voroshilov. Mother for several years was bedridden. Three years ago an 87 year old Vera Ilyinishna fell down from the house porch and received a hip fracture. Since then, Tatiana drove the mother to her home and nursed her. Sons of Tatiana Petrovna, Oleg and Igor are long married and lived their lives. Husband Constantine died five years ago from a stroke at the age of 57 years. Two or three times a month, the son of Oleg's grandson brought the Seeds back to sleep. These days the life of Tatiana Petrovna is filled with meaning and vibrant colours. More recently, she was engaged in a small business, rented space from a local businessman. My husband had contacts in the police. Life raged like a mountain river. After her husband's death and mother's illness – it all went downhill. From morning till night had to cook, wash, wash, change diapers. Addition was a large garden in which work is always nemeryannom. Out of the house Tatyana Petrovna only in stores. Thank God she had own car HONDA Jazz light gray color, which managed to buy during the time of doing business. Now I had to live on two pensions – your pension and the mother, plus extra payments for disability. Diapers and medicines provided by the state free of charge. Besides this spring, as luck would have flooded the house and it

needed repair. The city administration had to pay compensation, but very long. All spring and all summer Tatyana Petrovna had to fight with city officials. In the end justice prevailed, and the victim transferred to the account owed money.

About the disappearance of Nadia Timofeeva Tatiana learned from a neighbor Veronica. Veronica studied in the same class with Nadia. The next day after the disappearance Veronica was walking home from school past the house Berezikova:

– Hello, Baba Tanya! – greeted Veronica with Tatiana Petrovna, who at the time was engaged in cleaning the garden in front of the house.

– Hello, Veronica! How was school? I guess straight a's?!

– And at us the girl was gone, Nadia Timofeeva! Yesterday, it was not found!

– How is missing?

– Yes, gone. Yesterday she left school after school, and to the house not reached. Her mother came to school, and then went to the police. Looking for it now!

Uh – Oh, so small! What happened to her?

– I don't know. At school they say she was kidnapped. Girls from the second shift saw her at the gate of Park "Anniversary" – on her way home, and they went to school for lessons. Today at school the police came. We asked about it.

Veronica ran home, and Tatiana thought looking at her children still don't fully understand. They are thinking it is. For adults, especially for those who have their children and

grandchildren, the loss of a child is a terrible tragedy.

Finished cleaning the garden, Tatiana went to the house. The time was dining and she had failed to cook anything.

– You want to eat? – she cried the mother, coming into the kitchen.

“A little,” force said Vera Ilyinishna from his room.

– Hold on a little bit, I’ll make soup now!

– Yes take your time, don’t die!

Tatiana turned on the old lamp TV “TOSHIBA”, which was sent to the kitchen after buying a new big LCD TV “LG”, and began to cook lunch.

On the stove stood a pot with pre-boiled pork and meat broth. Tatiana turned on the burner under the pan and proceeded to cook vegetables for borscht. One eye she watched the events on TV, while in turn cutting on a large wooden Board cabbage, onions, carrots and beets. Soon began the transfer with the local news and leading her girlfriend announced that yesterday in their town went missing 11 year old girl Nadia Timofeeva. Tatiana stopped and remembered that she told Veronica, became closely at the girl’s face, a picture which now was situated on the entire screen. The face seemed familiar. Hearing the address, where she lived, Nadia, Tatiana realized that probably saw her more than once. The soul feels the heaviness and bad feeling. With the TV screen encouraged all residents to take part in the search. Peregreb beets, carrots and onions in a pan and loaded with cabbage in boiling broth, the woman began to peel the potatoes.

After all the vegetables were in the pot and the soup only have to reach readiness, Tatiana sat down at the table to drink coffee and relax. And Intrusive thoughts constantly returned to that missing girl: what happened? They live very close to us... And the semen is not much younger than her. The woman was seized by severe anxiety.

The soup had dovarese and Tatiana went to feed the mother. She adjusted the pillows behind her and lifted them so that the Faith of Ilinichna was comfortable to sit:

– Well, let's eat! – with one hand holding a plate on a stand and the other holding a spoon of soup, said Tatiana.

– What was that, Tanya? On TV they say the girl disappeared, everyone is looking for?

– Yes, Nadya Timofeeva. They are here, near us, live, on Voroshilov. Said was walking home from school and disappeared. Our neighbor Veronica know? Well, Genkina daughter? She studied in a class.

– Oh yeah? A mountain of some sort! Where could she have gone? Mother go crazy now goes! – in the eyes of Faith by Ilinichny reflected genuine sadness and concern.

– Invite everyone to go out searching. I think maybe I should go? The machine I have.

– Tanya, you go, it will be hard?

– In the garden to dig is not difficult, and it is difficult! Yes, I even shatter!

Well itself look. – agreed with her daughter Vera Ilyinishna.

In the evening, feeding and putting Faith Ilinichna to sleep, Tatiana turned on the computer and went to your page at Classmates. Exchanged a few messages with his friend from Kazakhstan, where they used to live, she decided to go to the homepage of the city.

On the main page, the woman immediately saw the focus on Nadia and link at the bottom of the group. By clicking on the link, Tatiana began to read comments.

The people in the group were many, several thousand people. The announcement of the loss was on the main television channels of the country and in the news on the Internet. People with totally different cities and areas and even our former compatriots from other hot countries discussed the incident. People were screaming at each other, each trying to prove their case and defend their version of events. Many psychics or as they called themselves, tried to contact local volunteers, in order to check their versions. Most of them shared the version that the girl was dead – murdered. Then there were different versions of what happened and a description of the perp. Psychics asked for a city map and mark the areas where you may be the girl's body and where to find it. Many volunteers and local residents, independently involved in the search, i.e. not in the units themselves contacted psychics on the phone, hoping with their tips to find Nadia. Most Tatyana Petrovna interested in the psychic who writes under the name Michael the Archangel. He

assured everyone that with his help, find a single man. The real name of the Archangel Michael, as he wrote knowing it was Mikhail Savchenko and he lived in the city of Tomsk with my family. Many sitting on this forum knew him in the case of the missing child in Tomsk. They and Savchenko claimed that Michael accurately called the date and the place where the child is found. Savchenko wrote that the girl killed her friend teen of about fourteen. Wrote that Nadia reached the bridge, where he met her and invited me to his home. There, according to Savchenko. the teenager tried to rape the girl and accidentally smothered, and in the evening the body was washed and buried near the home. Michael is very in detail described appearance of this teenager and where and with whom he lives. Also, he assured that he knows a place where a girl needs to look and that he wants people to check his vision.

Tatyana Petrovna had not noticed reading the forum that it's been a while. Outside the window, dawn. My head was buzzing from the abundance of new information, and his eyes were red and ached from sitting too long at the computer. We had a little bit of sleep and to put his thoughts in order. Warily dropping onto the bed and closing her eyes, Tatiana was fast asleep.

The morning dawned gray and cloudy. Waking up, the woman lay still for a long time and stared out the window at the drizzling rain, trying to move away from a dream that she had. Sleep was like a dream. Tatyana Petrovna has a dream that the missing girl

came to her house:

– What are you doing here? – Tatyana asked the girl in a dream – everyone’s looking for you!

Nadia looked beautiful and her big sad eyes and said,

– Take me to Mama, please!

Everything was so realistic, as if it had not been a dream. It was more like a vision.

From the next room came the mother’s voice:

– Tanya, are you awake?

– Yes, I’m getting up!

Had to change my mother’s diaper, make Breakfast and feed. Tatiana decided that today, after I do all the household chores, go in search. It was only necessary to decide where to start looking. She got up and walked over to the mirror hanging on the opposite wall from the bed. The mirror on Tatiana watched an elderly, stout woman. Her peroxide bleached hair was cropped short, face, in spite of its rather advanced age, surprisingly it was quite smooth and almost without wrinkles. Gray eyes slightly narrowed, due to deteriorating in recent years of view. Tatiana put on her spectacles, and looked attentively at his reflection: “it was Quite an old woman!” she thought. It seems like only recently she was seven years old. Only recently she was in first grade. It seems that yesterday I was in school and then in College, where he became acquainted with her future husband. Wedding, birth of a son, the year after the birth of my second son. And constant cares, worries...at First waited, when the sons grow up,

then finish school, then Institute, get married, get back on my feet... And constant thoughts of how to make money to the family in no way needed. Lived, thinking that the youth would never end, and life will be eternal... the Death of her husband came as a complete surprise. And then mother fell and broke her leg, had to quit his business, bringing a small, but still sufficient income to not have to count every penny, but also to help children and grandson. How quickly everything has flown by! In the childhood it seemed that life long, long. Now remembering the past, she had thought that her whole life is just a long train ride. Like just sat down, and out – come. She drove away from himself, who came not by the way thinking, “Okay, enough, today is full of Affairs...”

## Chapter 7

Every day Tatiana went on a quest as a job. At first she decided to carefully search the area in which they lived, as it became known from the police that the girl got on CCTV camera, stand in the store and the notary. The notary is 10 minutes from the house Nadya Timofeeva. So it is necessary first of all to check the area 10 minutes walk from the house. It seems that there was not one Bush and garbage, where would Tatiana have not visited. It was necessary to turn all the garbage and waste that is thrown away by the residents of neighboring houses. The criminal could get rid of things girls and throw them in the trash. The police wanted to have some clue. Still never found the body nor the things of Nadi.

Tatiana met with local volunteers who as she searched for the child. Lyuba Sitnikov, a young 22 year old girl with her friend Elena Rybakova was looking for Nadia's most exotic ways. For a start they went to a village located a few kilometers from the city to known in narrow circles of the woman said, taking the little girl's picture in the hope that Baba Lucy will be able to tell them what happened with Nadia and where to find it. Baba Lucy shook the photo and said that she could not help anything and that they should go to Svetlana in a nearby village. But for them (since they pulled her away from the cases) it still took five hundred roubles.

Svetlana, who calls himself a hereditary witch, lived in a large two-storey brick building enclosed by a fence of concrete blocks, such as those typically used in urban areas for construction fences. House Svetlana stood out among local chalup. Near the house stood a few Japanese and German cars. It seemed that business prospered Svetlana.

Waiting for their turn, Luba with a friend went into the room where the witch did. Before them stood a middle-aged woman about 35, with long to the waist, painted black hair and gray, outlined with black pencil eyes and eyebrows slightly podkrashennym on a rather pale face. In the hands of Svetlana were naroscheny nails and a variety of rings and bracelets. She was dressed in a denim sundress and flip flops home. The woman was neat and tidy, well looked and seemed younger than his years.

“Hello,” said from the doorway Luba, Svetlana and immediately handed her Nadine photo. – We have heard that you can help to find a man. May you know that we have in the city missing 11 year old girl Nadia Timofeeva? It was the TV and the whole country already knows. On the Internet there is a group search. Orientation plastered everywhere, do not know the truth, stuck you in the village? You can generally tell – dead or alive? Where to find it?

Svetlana invited them to sit down at a table near the window, opposite.

She stared at the picture of Nadia. Then put it on the table

and some time sitting, thinking and looking out the window unseeingly. Three minutes later Svetlana turned her head to the guests and said:

– Girls dead for a long time. She died the day she went missing. Blame the man close to the family. See the black spot on the genitals.

– Was she raped? quietly, as if afraid of his own words, asked Luba.

– I don't know... Maybe... I still can't understand what it is.

– Where to look? – settled voice asked Lena.

– I think it must be sought near the intersection of roads. On the outskirts of the city. There is some water. The river or lake. Marshy place. If the girl's mother came by herself, I could see where she is. Or, if I was given something that belonged to Nadia.

– But if you're going to their house? – revived Luba.

We'll pay how many it is necessary-supported by her friend.

– I'll take charge, if only the girl will find with my help, ' replied a woman. – When can we go?

– Yes, even now! – jumped up from his chair Luba. – Nadia's mother is now at home, she watches arrived. The phone we have. Drive up to the house and call. All tell her, I think she now at any straw should grasp. What it's hard thing to give? Even go will not need you to her home coming!

Inspired by this idea, girl with witch-Svetlana went back to the city to Timofeev home.

On reaching home Timofeev, Luba got out of his car and dialed Margaret. Lena and Svetlana was left to sit in the cabin. Soon, the phone came a female voice:

Yeah, I'm listening...

– Hello, may I speak with Margaret, the mother of Nadia? This is very important!

– This I what you wanted? slightly irritated as it seemed to Luba, replied the voice on the phone.

– We're looking for your daughter. There is a woman that can show where to look for Nadia, she's the only one you need to talk to you and her to have some Nadenken thing. Then it will be able to pinpoint the location. We are now at the gate of your house can look. This woman with us. Please come and talk to her. It is possible that it will help to find your daughter.

I don't believe any psychics! Stop going for all sorts of wise old women and fortune-tellers! I will not talk with all sorts of charlatans! the woman cried.

Lyuba was taken aback by this turn of Affairs, but deciding that the woman simply tired of constant phone calls, from increased attention at the family, gathering her courage, said:

– Well, then, let us Nadine thing. Thing will help this woman to see the place where to look for your daughter. We'll go and check the place out.

– I will not give you! – shouting, the woman hung up.

Few stood in confusion and annoyance, she sat back into the interior of the car:

– I in shock! – she said, drumming his fingers on the arm of the chair.

– What happened? almost simultaneously asked Lena with Svetlana.

– She refused to go out to talk to us and even the thing does not want to give!

– Why? – surprised Lubin girlfriend.

– Said he did not believe any psychics, and even told us to stop walking by all sorts of wise old women and fortune-tellers! – artistically mocked Margaret Luba.

Svetlana leaned back in the seat, lost the sight in themselves. The girls sat frustrated from what happened – after all, they hoped that she would show them the place where to look for the girl. They just didn't expect such a reaction of the mother. It seemed that in her best interest to consider all options, trying to find her daughter. The people themselves came to her, demand nothing in return. Why she behave like this? Rousing himself from his thoughts as from his obsession, Svetlana said as if it was talking to itself:

– I thought so... Yeah, it is...

## Chapter 8

Tatiana Petrovna now the third hour of rummaging through mountains of trash on the side of a ravine that went down to the river. The locals dumped here all that was not needed. There were old Soviet refrigerators, broken washing machines and rusted, the mountain of rags and old shoes, glass jars broken, rotten boards, unwanted Newspapers, magazines and old books, broken children's toys and even the chassis of the car "LADA". She's a big thick stick dug into the debris, trying to find something similar to Nadina's things that were specified in the guidance. Suddenly she noticed a small ashes. Seen here, something burned. From the ashes protruded from the sleeve of white fabric. Tatiana tugged at the sleeve – it was half-burned children's blouse. The woman looked at the blouse and noticed in the gate area two maroon spots. Tatiana sat on the ground next to the ashes – heart pounding as if ready to jump out of my chest. A little after sitting and recovering, the woman decided that it is necessary first to show a find to the girls-volunteers, with whom she had recently met together to decide what to do next.

She called Luba Sitnikova and detailing the place where he was, waited. The girls arrived about fifteen minutes later. They looked at the blouse and the place of discovery, and about an hour spent on the study of debris within a few meters from the ashes. Finding nothing interesting, we decided that we need to show

blouse girl's mother:

– Even to go to it you want to do after yesterday! – resentfully said Luba.

– What happened yesterday? – was surprised Tatyana Petrovna.

– Yesterday we spent the whole day with Lena, to find and bring to her the woman-the psychic. Went to Baba Luce, and then into the next village to the Svetlana. She can see by the pictures - if someone is alive and what happened to him. Svetlana said that she needs to talk with her mother Nadia or take her thing, to see the place where the girl need to look. We brought straight home to Svetlana Timofeeva, but Margaret even leave us abandoned! said Lyuba.

– What the psychic told you about Nadia? Dead or alive?

Said that the girl is dead – died the day of loss. And another said that the guilty man from the environment of the family. We wanted to talk with her mother, but she yelled at me on the phone and said that we did not go on all sorts of wise old women.

– I wonder why the mother refused the help? – Tatyana Petrovna was taken aback by such news. Is it because she needs to find her daughter or I don't understand something? But if it really is someone of your friends?

The mother is very strange behavior... From the beginning.

– Let's go to their house and show blouse relatives. Look – identify or not. And then we'll take it to the police. – invited Lena.

“I agree,” replied her friend.

Fifteen minutes later the three of them stood at the gate Nadinola home. After exchanging greetings with all, and knew why her the guests have arrived, Margarita has invited women to come into the house. Tatiana Petrovna gave she found the blouse and told how and where it is found. The girl's mother carefully examined the thing and negatively shook his head.

No, Nadia was not like this blouse. It's not her.

– Are you sure? disappointedly asked Tatiana.

Yes, this blouse is not my daughter.

– I think we need to take a blouse to the police, just in case. It stains similar to blood and tried to burn. – taking discovery from the hands of Marguerite and folding it in a package, said Luba.

– What's your name? – asked Margarita to Tatyana Petrovna. – I think that I saw somewhere.

– Tatyana Petrovna Berezikov! I live near here, two streets from you! We met several times, simply were not familiar. I'm looking for a Producer, every day. I live with my mom – take care of her, it hurts me and gets up from the bed. Make her feed and on the search!

– Well, now we know. Thank you for helping to find my daughter, – tells Tatyana Petrovna Margarita.

If I find or know what I'm gonna call you, okay? Let's work together to find Nadia. I have a car, so if where we should go, maybe in the next village or somewhere else, then you do not hesitate to ask. Sit down and let's go! The main thing is to find

your daughter!

Guests said goodbye and left the house. Tatiana beamed with pride from its significance. Margarita she liked, and she was ready now to move mountains for her.

I'll call the police by dialing a number on mobile said Luba.

– Wait, I have the phone number of the investigator who runs this business, -stopped her Lena, and began to search in his phone number. – I found it, write!

Lyuba dialed the number the investigator and waited.

– The investigator of Prosecutor's office Vyacheslav Lobov, listen to you! – answered at the other end of the phone

– Hello! We're volunteers. We are looking for Nadia Timofeev. Today we accidentally found half-burned children's blouse. Close to the river in the ravine, someone tried to burn. There is a local junkyard. The blouse has stains similar to blood. We showed Mama Nadi, but the blouse she didn't identify. What do we do? – asked Luba at Lobau.

– Tell us exactly where you are. We're moving – you see the place and to remove your blouse for the examination.

– We are now at the house Timofeev. Let's meet and then go together to the place, okay?

– Well, wait, we're moving!

After about half an hour to the house a car drove up Timofeev Prosecutor's office. From it came a man of about forty, small in stature, full with big brown eyes, dark, already graying hair and large aquiline nose. Was dressed in a simple dark gray suit, gray

tie, beige shirt and black shoes. Under his arm he had a black leather briefcase:

Investigator Lobov! – reaching out to Tatyana Petrovna, the man said.

– Tatyana Petrovna Berezikov!

The investigator in turn said Hello to Anyone and Lena.

– Well, show what you found!

– Here, look, Luba pulled the blouse out of the package, then handed it to Lobau.

The investigator carefully examined the blouse and folded back in the bag, ordered to go to the place where she was found.

On the spot ashes around him and worked the investigation team: they were looking for something, collected in bags, about something talked. Tatiana and the girls stood back. When finished, Lobov went to their company and asked:

– So, you say that the mother didn't identify thing?

– No, said that this is not the Nadina blouse. – said Tatiana Petrovna.

We still, just in case, will ship for examination – you never know. You have my phone – if anything, you can call us! – said goodbye man.

Thank you! Be sure to call! almost simultaneously all three of them replied.

## Chapter 9

Returning home, Tatiana took off his shoes and sank wearily into a chair. “Another day wasted” – she thought disappointedly. – “Where can we find it? Where? Where could she be?”

– Well, Tanya, Nadya did not find? asked her room Vera Ilyinishna.

– No, they haven’t found.

Bad business, bad...

Night, feeding and laying to sleep the Vera Ilinichna, Tatiana went to Classmates to the search for Nadia. It has become a habit. As soon as they had a free moment she came to the group to read comments and news. Controversy, it seemed. did not stop for a minute. The great length of our country for all time zones and the participation of people from abroad created a feeling that the people just live here. This time, like every night, the group was broadcasting Savchenko. He called the address to which you want to find the girl:

– The offender is present among the volunteers, – assured Michael that he constantly moves and knows where we searched, and no where else. He’s got everything under control. It helps in search and tries to lead in the wrong direction. I gave you the address – and take a look.

– We’ve been looking for, ’ answered the girl under the name

Music of the Wind – there's nothing there.

Were you looking for in the house, why did you go in? I told you that you need to look at the house. I have to go with dogs – you will not find. Send me photos of the city – and I know I can specify a place.

Tatiana decided to enter into discussions with Michael, thinking that nothing to lose – if he will really help find the child:

– Listen, Misha, I go every day to the search, I have a car, tell me what place you want to take pictures. We girls will make photos and send you. Or maybe better make a video?

– I have already said – it's Nadia from home within five minute walk, from the bridge over the river. There all so cleverly hidden that the one who knows – this place will not find. The girl in the water is. It turned black and stretched out. He made it tonight in the dark. Now you will not find – he will perepryatat. The criminal is always on the move. I told her mother, but she doesn't listen to me.

– Okay, tomorrow we shoot a video and send you the video.

– I'll wait!

– I think that it is not necessary here to write the address. It's better in PM, if anyone should. Because whoever did this probably all reads and will be able to prepare to move the body. – suggested one of the participants of the forum.

– Do not even doubt that he's reading! He tries to be aware of everything! – continued the other.

– We still don't know who the perpetrator is. Even if

in a personal writing. What if he pretends to be a volunteer and sniffing out information? So it's not going to help. – concluded third.

– I heard from the locals that yesterday and today I collected DNA samples from all men living far from home, Timofeev. And also all ex-prisoners and the mentally ill. Has anyone heard anything about this? asked the woman under the name Ariadne.

– Yes, it's true. To us yesterday came from the police and took DNA samples. We live on the same street Timofeevym. Took all the men in the house. – confirmed the other participant groups.

– And take these samples? asked her Ariadne.

– Give a stick wrapped with cotton wool and you need it to drive on the reverse side of the cheeks. Then all the samples are put in separate jars and sign.

– It is clear. Thank you.

A few days Luba, Lena, and Tatiana Petrovna were engaged in shooting video. They went around and tried not to miss anything. When the video was ready, Luba sent it to Mikhail Savchenko. Left to wait, when he will scan and show you the place where you have to look for the girl. All this time the search did not stop. About a week later, Michael showed up and pointed out the place on video where to find. Lena took a friend's dog and together they went in search of: looked through literally every square meter on a few times, climbed all the bushes, but nothing was found. Spent a lot of time and effort. After several days

of fruitless Tatiana Petrovna angry and tired went online on the group page:

– You're a fucking quack! – he turned to the Archangel Michael, we girls spent a lot of time on your nonsense! We were shooting video for you – you promised that will show place!

– I showed you the place! – began to defend myself a psychic.

– Yes there we all rummaged – there's nothing there! We dog walked. Looking for a few days! And you're just on someone else's grief want to earn popularity! Chase people to check out your nonsense!

– So badly needed! – did not calm down Michael.

I know from friends in the police about you! Have someone check you out!

– I already checked in Tomsk! Nothing on me! And then the apology requested. I work with the UK.

– What do the police still not found the girl, if you are working with the UK?

– I said everything! I have a place – look!

– Quack! God will punish you for what you people around by the nose lead! You can't wear the crown on this matter!

– You are not a search engine – you just grandma, and I want the search engines!

– Yes you will be missed.

The next day Tatiana called the Lobau investigator and told him about Mikhail Savchenko, who is sitting in group on search of Nadia Timofeeva under the name Archangel Michael, heard

the answer just killed:

– Yes, the police monitoring group in the Internet. We review comments, in case something interesting appears and check the participants. Michael this we know – he’s from Tomsk. This man is just sick. He has a diagnosis of mental retardation. He often lying in the hospital. So don’t pay any attention to him! If you find anything – call us!

– Yes, of course, up-to-date!

Tatiana felt empty, “God, what a fool! So much time spent on some fucking! Well, he’s okay – sick, but I was what she thought?”

Time passed, and the girl was never found. Tatiana Petrovna every day never stopped to look. The girl began for her as a mother. To find almost nobody came because there was snow and people have lost hope of finding Nadia. Most spoke about the need to wait for spring when the snow melts and then again to start looking. Or the girl will find randomly somewhere in the forest, mushroom pickers or fishermen in the spring on the river or lake. Relatives of the accused that they did not come in search of us all. Tatiana defended Margaret and family on the Internet as could:

– How dare you blame the mother! She’s got such grief! God forbid anyone to go through this! To lose an only child!

But what does everyone think about the relationship of mothers and relatives of those who did not remain

indifferent: – answered the woman-volunteer, which from the beginning were looking for Nadia in the squad. so many people constantly going on a quest, especially in September. Hundreds and hundreds of people! To be honest, mother never saw. She may, of course, was there, but navryadli. She could go just once to the crowd, to say something, I don't know, but at least to appear... Our group that all came in the morning, left in the evening. But, for example, my friend, Is tough and not looking... all day, all night looking for. Two, three o'clock calling – they are Still looking, at eight in the morning I called – they are Already looking for... And so on for three days. Day of rest – and again. And though once someone Rodney would come to the stadium for the next collection and simply said “THANK you”!

# Chapter 10

New year came nearer, and Nadia Timofeeva was not found. As the head of the investigation Department of the RF IC investigative measures to find a fifth-grade girl does not stop and will be conducted to obtain the result.

Today criminal case upon loss of Nadi has more than 80 volumes. Surveyed about a thousand spaces, which surveyed approximately two thousand people. To date, no specific suspects, the girl's location was not established.

“Because of this, we cannot build any particular version. We are working on a whole range of versions that exist. Today again conduct search activities on the way girls. But I think the amount of information produced will lead to any result”, – said the head of the SU.

Increasingly, investigators are now engaged in the processing of technical information – recording cameras, car recorders, mobile phones. “All persons who fall under our attention, we process for the full program. It quotes the holding of examinations, undelete files and recover information from phones and computers.”

A criminal case will be investigated until you find the culprit. The suspension of such cases are not subject. “Such cases could be investigated, three, five, seven years. This practice in Russia. Today may not exist some methods of treatment of certain

technical information, biological materials. But progress does not stand still. Today we disclose crimes that three or four years ago it was impossible to open”. – told the chief investigator.

The task of the investigation is to collect as many traces and technical information, then she was at the investigator's disposal. If the girl is there, this material will need to search for evidence of the involvement of certain persons.

In search of Nadi investigators to literally dig the ground, remove the top layer of soil in places where there could be a girl. The search is conducted across the country. Orientation on Nadia sent to all regions of Russia. Investigators say the search will continue until you bear fruit.

# Chapter 11

Vladivostok is preparing for the New year. All the shops and supermarkets were decorated with garlands, tinsel and decorations. In the town square for the residents of the city authorities set a huge tree and built a fairy town. Tamara Sosnowski arrived in the Hypermarket “V – Laser” in his brand new silver car “Nissan Murano” to purchase products for new year’s table. The Parking was Packed with cars – people rush to buy everything early, because last two days in the shops will be overcrowded. Hardly parked, Tamara went for the truck. The truck also turned out to be not so simple – there was no free. People hunted out from the audience of buyers in order to catch its prey – free cart. But since most of the trucks were loaded from top to bottom, they are transported to the machines, there to spread all the goodness in the trunk. So hunters had to chase them across the Parking lot and try to catch it before it will make more agile opponent. You would have thought that the people of the whole year did not eat and now decided to get drunk to satiety.

Finally he draws his cart, Tamara took her purse a list of what you had to buy and went to the trading room. The hall was Packed with buyers who went with full carts, which then sort of created an impenetrable tube. And buy had a lot, because all your family Sosnowski – Tamara herself, her husband Eugene, son Nikita

and daughter Anfisa was going to go to celebrate New year to the cousin Tamara Olga in Zelenogorsk. Olga Volodina is a cousin of Tamara lived in Zelenogorsk with my family: my husband Andrew and their fifteen-year-old son Maxim. I had to stock up not only products, but also buy presents for everyone.

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