

ISKANDER MURATOV

**SERIES: THE INVESTIGATION IS CARRIED OUT
BY ALEXANDER MORGAN.**

Iskander Muratov is a Russian writer, screenwriter.
Nominee of Russian national literary award
"Writer of the year 2016" and literary award "Heritage-2016",
established by the Russian Imperial House.

Also, relatively recently the
International Jury of International Union of Russian Writers
introduced the name of the author Iskander Muratov into LONG-LIST on
International Award named after V.Nabokov.



CASE #1

She quietly sneaks up at night to you...

MYSTICAL DETECTIVE STORY

18+

Iskander Muratov
CASE #1. Mystical detective story

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Аннотация

A young law student Alexander Morgan at the request of her chief stays with her at night in her apartment. That very night he will face the mystic phenomenon – a ghost of hanged woman who appeared from the remote past to the present. What for and with what message she came into this world the future lawyer has to find out.

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CASE #1

Mystical detective story

Iskander Muratov

“Sometimes we think people are like lottery tickets, that they’re there to make our absurd dreams come true”. Carlos Ruiz Zafón

Spanish writer and composer

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“We not always understand what happens around us actually, but we at least see the situation”

Iskander Muratov

Moscow 2015

Moscow stood in traffic jam. It was Monday morning. Everyone hurried to work. It seemed that Bolshaya Nikitskaya Street never would finish, and flow of humming machines would never stop. In salon near me my accountant was sitting and staring at her smart phone.

– Marina Vladimirovna, what we have on deductions for meat suppliers? -I asked distracting her from the most interesting hobby.

– I transfer in time, Alexander Gavrilovich. As you asked, - she answered.

– Yes, be so kind, do not delay the payment. They have so good meat, – I said.

Suddenly I had the chance to turn to one of the lanes and drive to the embankment. I only had to drive under the sign “No thoroughfare”. At my fear and peril I did so in hope, that patrol service workers would not catch me. Yet I was not lucky. I came straight on valiant officers in bright —yellow vests.

Patrol car stopped near and the representative of traffic minions came out swinging traffic baton.

I opened the window of my car and the flow of snowflakes broke into salon, softly sticking all over my face.

– Good morning! Inspector of patrol service senior lieutenant

Ovsienko. Your documents, please, – saluted an officer.

I gave my documents.

– Well, well, Alexander Gavrilovich Morgan, somebody is violating the rules? You have an interesting and unusual surname. Foreign one, isn't it?

– No, indigenous Russian surname. From word «Morgun». The one, who wrote surname in far twenties, probably mixed up letters. It happens.

– Well, you —I did not manage to continue as senior lieutenant looked at me and said:

– Painfully familiar surname, Mr. Morgan. I have heard it before.

– May be... I again did not manage to finish as my companion excitedly said

– That's it! I remembered. Good morning, Colonel. Sorry I did not recognize you at once. You've turned probably because of operational need, did you?

– No, wait. I am ready to pay the fine.

– Common, common, you may go.

– Thank you, chief.

– You are welcome. I have heard much of you. Have the honor!

Having thanked the officer, I closed the window and went on. My accountant was sitting with her mouth opened in amazement. I looked at her, laughed and told:

– Why you look at me as something has happened?

– Is it true, that he'd said now? Are you a colonel? But you are a restaurant keeper? – she said surprisingly.

– Yes, I am a retired colonel. Ex-investigator of General Prosecutor Office. I did not advertise much. Many people still remember me. Example with inspector of RPS.

– Why did you decide to retire and engage in restaurant business?

– I would not had retired. But, these restaurants is the pet project of my elder brother that he had pieced together. So I couldn't ignore his last will. That is why I had to leave my service on family circumstances.

– I see, is it difficult to be an investigator and solve crimes?

– Well, not easy and no mistake! By the way, my very first case occurred exactly at these places. To be more exactly, on Tverskaya street.

– Indeed? How exciting! Could you tell me, we have yet almost half an hour to drive.

– How quick time passes... You even cannot imagine. All events were kept in the depths of my mind. It seems here and now it is time to recall all happened almost twenty years ago.

Moscow 1996



Being a student, I worked as a delivery guy in one of the city firms, here, not so far. My duties were the delivery of different equipment, from such know-how as mobile phone up to the refrigerator. My working day started at 6 p.m. and finished close to midnight. A usual case for Moscow student.

Delivery department where I worked was guided by dashing blonde of thirty-five years of age with chic hair waves to the half of her back. She had big blue eyes, smile with beautiful lips, which she covered with red lipstick. Not a woman, a dream. I was always interested who was that happy person who spends evenings with her and whom she caressed with her thin elegant fingers.

It is always pleasant to see beautiful soigné woman. The soul

starts singing and you wish to write poems for her. What can be better than a real beauty that as you know will save the world? Once I came for the regular assignment to storehouse and the chief applied to me with a request to talk in another room. We went out from the storehouse and walked into the neighboring room. Closing the door behind her, she said with burning look:

– I would need your help today. You are tough guy. Can you see me off to my house and stay for a night?

To be honest, I lost speech for a while and stood in stupor. Then an idea came to me: “I wonder what could have happened to this beautiful woman that she applied with such a request?”

– What had happened, Valeriya Sergeevna? – I asked pulling myself up.

– You will know the details on our way. So do you agree? – The chief asked me.

– Agree. What else can I do? – I said smiling.

– I don’t understand what made you fun in my request, – she said seriously.

– Well, I am not mocking, it’s all simply very amusing. And what should I do with delivery? – I asked.

– I’ll tell Galochka to control your change. Go, change your clothes and wait for me at entry. I’ll be soon.

Telling the last phrase, Valeriya Sergeevna went out the room and I, standing for some minutes more, went to dressing room. All this time I did not stop thinking what this evening would prepare to me.

Having quickly changed I went downstairs and out to the street. The weather was nasty. It was sleeting.

– It is as if there was no any happy person if she asked me to stay for night? -I thought. Valeriya Sergeevna went downstairs in several minutes after me and we went along alley.

– Maybe you would reveal the secret? – I smiled.

– There's no any secret. Aren't you quailed? -she answered looking at me with her eyes blue as the sea.

– Me? Of course, no. Simply not every day beautiful women invite me to spend time with them and even ask to stay for night, – I joked.

– It's not funny! There is such a case... how to explain you?

Recently strange things have occurred in my apartment. It seems to me that a ghost appeared making me restless. Though, on one hand it's funny to talk of it and on the other hand I saw the silhouette of this ghost. It is a girl. She appeared just once. And today my civil husband informed me that he was going to business trip. For me this news became shock. Taking into account what has been happening in our apartment for several days, his absence now is off the point. But he cannot refuse to the management. You understand. And I don't want to stay alone at night at all. I asked Galochka but she said she could not make company to me tonight. And here you appeared in the office. So I decided to offer you to be my guardian only for a night. As late as tomorrow my husband will return, -she said.

– And you think that I would believe in everything that you've

told me? What ghosts in our time? – I said with slight irony in voice.

– This instant my words seem to you as rave. Believe, at night you will change your mind. Though, may be, the danger would be over and everything will be calm, -said the chief.

Her words interested me very much. I have never believed in such mystics, but to see the ghost was very interesting to me.

– Well, let's see what ghost you have. By the way you have excellent perfume, – I said trying to relive the situation somehow,.

– Thank you! Galochka presented it to me. She has reserve that she brought from abroad. In general, you know, she is a good person. And her husband is a good man too. He goes to foreign trips. God help to develop my Petenka's business. Otherwise there's only just one joy- his mobile phone, and that's it, – Valeriya Sergeevna answered.

– Why? What's wrong? —I asked.

– Well, he had a business. Everything started super. But he bankrupted. He is nervous, troubles, and creditors press him. Pray God would make everything well and he would make progress, – she answered.

Time flied at talks fast and we were standing at the porch of high house on Tverskaya Street.

– You have a good district. So, you live not far from your office, Valeriya Sergeevna, -I said, looking at the house where my chief lived.

She answered nothing, only silently smiled.

We were going to enter the porch as some man came to us.

– Good evening, Lerochka. Will you allow me to enter the apartment with you? For me it is extremely important. Your spouse said that he would think and allow me. I ask you very much! – a newcomer begged.

– Go upstairs. Only for a short time! – She said with irritation in voice.

– Thank you! And who is this young man? -a man interested, looking at me.

– Does it make any difference, Illarion Anatolevich? Go upstairs, -Valeriya Sergeevna shortly answered and indicated to the porch door.

Letting the chief and stranger go to the porch first, we all keeping silence went up to the fourth floor. She took keys and opened the door to her apartment.

We entered and Illarion Anatolevich carefully with some puzzle in his voice asked:

– Didn't she appear at night?

He was as white as sheet, his eyes rounded and hands were shaking.

Looking at medium I somewhere deep in my soul regretted the agreement to help my chief.

– She did not come. I sprinkled all corners with holy water, -she answered.

My heart was beating fast from what I had heard.

Looking at me, Valeriya Sergeevna said:

– He is a medium. We've called him recently. He has not rested us from that day. Don't pay attention. He will leave soon.

To be honest, I feared much not because of possible existence of ghost in the apartment but felt uncomfortable from all the turmoil that made this medium.

Illarion Anatolevich hurriedly passed by rooms mumbling something under his nose. His behavior irritated me.

I cannot say much but babble of some unclear words killed my imagination about normal medium. I went to the hall and sat on the sofa. I took one magazine in my hands and started to view the pictures. Medium looked askance at me through his big glasses in pink rim and rashly headed to my side. I felt uncomfortable from his actions.

– Get up at once! Go away from this place! -he cried.

I swiftly got up from the sofa. Medium continued to look there where I was sitting not so long ago. He held cross in his hands and muttered pointing to the wall. Cold chills ran over my skin.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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