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Levset Darchev



**BURNT BY SHUTTLE**

# Levset Darchev

## Burnt by shuttle

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### **Аннотация**

Soviet space ship “Buran” is preparing for the flight courageous, selfless people – brave officers, stuffy aces. True male friendship, everyday heroyism is the everyday life of Magomed Tolboyev and other outstanding test pilots. A fascinating and fascinating narrative awaits you!

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Soviet space ship “Buran” is preparing for the flight  
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# and clearance, 2017

## Part I

### Suspicious type

In the capital, just passed the autumn rain, and the car “Ambulance” rushed down the avenue at full speed, cutting with wheels rainwater and turning it into a raft crests, which were sprayed on the sides and immediately dissolved into the streams, pouring in the asphalt. Doctors who examined a patient and immersed a lifeless body on a stretcher that then rolled into the car, were in a slight disarray from the color of his face and body weight, incommensurable with his size.

– Noticed? Asked one another, breaking the silence.

– Yes.

– And what did you notice?

The other raised one eyebrow and stared at his colleague.

“It’s not a man, Dima,” he said. – This is some kind of substance. – He unconsciously reached out his hand and touched the patient’s pastern. The body was as cold as ice.

A few minutes later they pushed the cart into the doorway of the emergency room.

They breathed a sigh of relief and they got rid of a person who violated their normal working internal condition.

A doctor, a middle-aged woman in a white coat and

manometer, hung on her neck, went to the bed, pushed the taboo, sat down and took the patient's arm to measure the pressure. She pumped air into the pressure gauge system and look at the scoreboard – the pressure dropped to zero. Only then she strangely looked at the patient's face – his strange look excited her: his eyes are tightly closed, arc delineate the seam eyelashes, a forelock on the forehead with a triangular point exactly along the geo-metrics rests in the middle of the nose bridge on the heart-shaped the oval of an unusually pale face. The doctor leaned back and asked for another manometer. The result is the same. Her head spun, she stood up and went to his own cabinet with bad forebodings, giving instructions to the assistant to make an injection. She decided to bring her feelings in order

In less than two minutes, as the assistent went into the office of the doctor and stood on the threshold with a syringe in her hand and with a mute horror-catfish in the eyes.

– What? Asked the doctor.

The assistent could not answer, but only held out a piece of cotton wool towards the doctor.

“Look, the blood is blue.”

– Can not be! -Said the doctor, rising from her chair. She pushed aside the frozen assistent, squeezed into corridor, to immediately get into the room, where they placed unusual patient. – Kianetics, then. There is nothing to be surprised! There are eight thousand such people in the world. The doctor was rattling on the move, calming himself. Finally, the assistent

moved and swam after the doctor.

Entering the ward, they both froze, ceasing to breathe and glancing on the rumpled bed, on which they were supposed to see to put the patient, but there was no one there.

The doctors looked at each other.

“A humanoid, an alien,” Olga said in a strange voice. – It is necessary to inform immediately the KGB.

“And do not you dare,” the doctor recommended.

– Why?

“Because no one will believe you and take you to a psychiatric hospital”, muttered the doctor Nelya Petrovna. She, temporarily, loaded into a cosmic state, ceased to believe eyes. – And was it?

“Petrovna, what are you doing?” You do not believe what happened.

“No, you as you want, but i feel responsibility and should gather material and report on it, – Olga said intermittently and emotionally.

– Do as you wish, Olga, but me, please, do not entangle in this story, – Nelya Petrovna implored, – I’m afraid.

In Olga, on the contrary, the enthusiasm of the hunter began to gain strength and curiosity: I decided to get to the bottom of what had happened before end. She threw off her dressing gown and ran into the waiting room to quickly find out information from the team of “Ambulance”.

– Hello, – Olga shouted, dialing the phone on duty -please call someone from the car number 15. It’s from the hospital!..

Time dragged on.

“Hello, I’m listening,” a man’s voice said.

– Tell me where, in which place you picked up the patient man half an hour ago?

Pause.

“Well, in this... in the Gloria Cafe on the first floor,” said the doctor. – Well, it started – I knew it...

– Thank you.

Olga, lost in thought, did not notice how quickly the bus reached the cafe, and came to her senses when she heard a voice of driver on the microphone, which notified the name of the station.

She entered the vestibule and asked the watchman.

– Sorry, you were here when the ambulance took the patient? Well, two hours ago, maybe.

The watchman of large sizes, in a special form, with a loose apririence turned to her and shook his head with a stupid expression on his face, letting him know that he did not understand anything.

Olga, judging by the way he turned his left ear to her, decided, that he suffers from hearing impairment.

“I say that the patient was taken from here?” Repeated Olga the question louder.

– They took it, yes, they took it.

– And what happened to him?

“I do not know, my dear, what was there.” I do not know. I do

not remember.

“You need to be treated,” Olga wanted to say, “but kept it from rudeness:

“Can I come in?”

“Of course,” the watchman said quickly, hastily opening Entrance doors to the hall. – Come on.

“Two words that are constantly in his everyday life and more nothing interests him, Olga thought. – Big people and kindness are synonymous.”

She went to one of the waiters. The girl stood between two tables with a tray on an outstretched arm. Before she could answer, she thought about it.

– Honestly, I did not see how he came here: tried to eat or not, – it was obvious that the girl in black apron with a white cap on the head is strongly wave-folded. Apparently, they got it. “He was lying there – In the corner near the outlet. Strange some.

“So you want to say that no one spoke to him?”

“No, no,” the girl shook her head. – Here all gathered and we discussed it. Is he dead? -asked the waitress, holding a fixed look on Olga.

– No, here – something else, – said Olga and turned to leave the room. She did not have time to reach the door, as she heard a shout behind her back:

– Wait!

The cafe worker quickly, approached her rounding tables. In her raised hand she held a dark-colored purse.

Olga's heart sank.

"I'm sorry," the girl said in a hurry. – It is his. We did not have time to transfer it.

Olga became agitated and felt the movement of blood through her blood vessels. Before touching to the purse, her hand hung for a while in the air. "What in her? – thoughts and anxieties mingled. – What could it be"? She remembered the doctor's words: "Do not involve me, please in this story. I'm afraid".

Olga took up the purse and was surprised, that its temperature was higher than the degrees of ambient temperature of environment.

"Thank you," she said, barely hearing her voice. She with a firm fake step got out into fresh air. To her breathing something happened – she lost the rhythm of the movement and the sequence of thoughts. She only understood, that it is necessary to get home and there to open this bag. It is not

She was not doubted that she would make the discovery, and it would be a great gift to Dark Ufologists of the country. At the bus stop she sat on the bench, although she knew that it was dirty. The bus was late, and she once again glanced at the purse, which lay on the knees. She touched the lock of the fastener and opened it.

She was throaty with excitement. The clasp is opened. She spread her skirt and, tilting her head, peered inside – a solid sheet of paper of a gray-green colour.

Then she quickly snatched the sheet and was surprised: strange

figures, doodles and in a column some figures. She is trembling-thick fingers pushed the sheet back into the bag. "What to do? Home? No – you should go to the center of ufology and ask them to decipher the signs. The only way. Was it really a contact with other civilization. I gave him an injection. My God – this is for the first time in the history of mankind. Nobody will believe."

Olga cheered up, instantly she became different, confident, and accurately calculated the plan for further action: first to the center, and then the investigation, then the information in the newspapers. "I will not show this sheet to anyone," she decided. "Only a copy."

She did so, making a duplicate and calling the suspect of a photographer who has long rubbed the paper between his fingers and looked suspiciously at Olga.

"What kind of paper is this? There is the magnetic layer on it. Where did you get it"?

"You'll know a lot – you'll grow old quicker," blurted out Olga, paying for the work. – Bye!

Olga since the morning did not eat anything and, although in the stomach rumbled, she did not pay attention to it. The search for a cryptographer led her to the Academy of Sciences. A special building where every stone breathes numbers, mysterious equations. She had long to wait until a woman with glasses on the bridge of the nose had not lied to her deciphering or translating scrawls into the human language -a series of figures that did not sae anithing yet. Leaving the

building, Olga, overshadowed by a new thought, stopped: the numbers 77, 78 are constantly repeated. "It is years, – decided Olga, – and the dates of some events. Exactly."

In the library Olga armed herself with a file of newspapers "Pravda". For several hours she puzzled over the comparison figures and found a regularity and a terrible follow-up to the events: the days of the crashes of test pilots. What is this? Whom should I say? Her head began to split from the stream thoughts that had no end.

– You feel bad? – Olga looked up and saw above herself a young girl who apparently came to help her, for her strange look.

– No. It's okay, -Olga did not hear her voice. She began to get ready to go home. She looked at her watch and was surprised. – she stayed in the library for four hours. Horror. – Thank you.

The head continued to think: the last figures were "29, 10, 1988" meant an event that had not yet taken place, but should happen.

Olga knew what no one knew. It was necessary to do, the last step is to warn the pilots of the imminent danger. This led her to the barrier of the military airfield, where stood a number of cars and there was not a single military man. Finally, a man appeared in the flight form.

– Excuse me, please, you could not help me, -said Olga.

– What's the matter? – asked the military with a look of with confidence.

“Send this note to the Wolf special squad.”

The military read out and being dumbfounded could not open his mouth for a minute.

Returning back to the hotel, Yuri Schaeffer scored the telephone number of colleague Magomed Tolboyev.

– Magomed, hello, old man. When are you flying out?

– Tomorrow.

– I’ll wait for you. There is an important conversation.

*Meeting with Scheffer at the airport*

– No, you will not go to Baikonur. I was told that there something must happen, – with horror in the eyes, with alarm said Lyuba.

“I know,” Magomed laughed off. – There must fly Buran”, and I will accompany him.

“You mock me?” – A tearing voice. – But you have three children.

“I know,” Magomed said coldly and scornfully. – It will still be.

Luba fell off.

“My God,” she squeezed. – How long can you live in an alive concerns, doubts. I’m tired. Sometimes I think myself fly up or something on a fighter to break through your deaf wall of indifference, so that you feel what awaits you, alarm.

Little Ruslan ran to his father and grabbed his feet.

“Papa, will you take me with you into space?”

“No, I will not,” his father replied sternly.

– Why? Ruslan asked offendedly, frowning.

“Because you did not eat porridge.”

The boy’s eyes ran.

– Daddy, if I eat the whole pot, you take me right now?

Will you?

– Of course.

Ruslan disappeared in an instant. And his mother, forgetting about anxiety, ran after the son – he is more important than all troubles.

“Wait, cosmonaut,” she said, catching up with him at the stove, where the delicate little hands of his son reached for the hot pot.

– Porridge is still hot – you will burn yourself.

Magomed put on his jacket, slipped a cap on his head, said goodbye and closed the door behind him – the door of his fortress, where he must return alive and well. “Why then, to the wishes and toasts: “I wish you a soft landing.” Mama never wanted to let me out of the house, but always wanted me to come back. In fate, a person can not intervene, no one, but fate can. My comrade will come home and say “Your husband is no more. Your dad will not come, kid. “This path is akin to the way to Calvary as the heaviest without hope of victory? I talked with wives of dead comrades and I do not want anyone else to repeat it”.

Magomed was clutching the car keys. Now he will go to the airfield. “Stop. And what does Yuri want from me? Scheffer- “I’ll wait for you in a cafe, I need to chat – the topic serious. “About

what?”

Autumn. The weather has changed. People are also: hiding in jackets, hats. I wonder what they wore when did not invent fabric – fur, probably. “Fur coat for wives. Grandmother, who every morning showed me off at the bench near the front yard, too, was frightened first frosts and, apparently, could not tear herself away from the pre-heat, so that until the spring I will not hear hers “Good day, son”

He went to the car, put the key in the ignition and thought: “What does Scheffer want to say?” Really, one of the detachment has died? I do not believe, although the sky is not predictable and I fell, I broke down, I survived, “Magomed remembered while taxiing out from the parking lot. “Pumpage” on the SU-7b – a beautiful French word, and in fact – “Bach-bang. Ba-ba-bah. “And according to the instructions Is a failure in the operation of a turbojet engine, It is carried out by claps in an air intake quality of counterflow of gases, exhaust smoke, sharp drop in thrust and strong vibration, destroying the engine. That’s so easy-air flies into the compressor, and from the turbine crashes, rotating it. In the combustion chamber a mixture of kerosene and oxygen is heated. A pilot with his own- thoughts, previously hovering somewhere in a restaurant “Prague” or “Moscow” (and in the “National” a little worse ...) instantly plunges into reality, where the wife in the hostel-with two children waiting for him, and then suddenly: “brah-tarah” – surging engine. “Thoughts away – I was driving. What? Feathered? Then it’s easy – I turn off

the engine and wait until the lop- the bird will be cut into minced meat and oxygen will be in mixture. I start the engine again” The plane jerked forward – the gases were lit and untwisted the turbine is even stronger. Then a deafening explosion. he Job- wing pulled the aircraft into a circle. In the next second the traction disappeared completely and the plane went there, whence it flew -to the ground.

The plane steeply went down and, not reaching out to the ground security strip, fell on the open field and several times rolled over. He saw then the wreckage of the plane -part of the twisted fuselage, where the cabin was located, lay far from the place where the plane crashed. It was difficult imagine how you could survive with numerous fractures of the thoracic spine and nose and not to remain disabled for life.

He at the hospital asked the doctor not to report it wife: “Let them say that I took a business trip.” But not it happened: his wife ran in a jiffy. He then for the first time thought about the fact that his love has two completely opposite sides: love of the family and love of the sky. Like the two wings of aircraft – if there is not one of them, then it will fall just as the plane fell.

After the accident, he fell into depression, finding no answers, why it happened, and was looking forward to the results of the state commission. A month later he was informed that the fault was engine wear, which also increases the risk of nipness of surging. Because of the overflow on the endings due to deterioration of the sealing layer compression ratio of the

compressor. With a sharp increase in the maximum capacity on the turbine exceeds the required and, For this reason, the growth of turnover is faster than the estimated turnover -There are no prerequisites for the occurrence of surging. And so It happened.

A month in the hospital, then grueling exercises for recovery of the body. Otherwise it could be written off.

Another flight accident. In 1977 in the Central Committee of the CPSU and the Ministry of Defense finally drew attention to the high aviation accidents in combat units in peacetime, dozens of class pilots lost their lives. It was adopted a special "Decree on reducing accident rates" One of the events in the 5th army stuffy had a demonstrative bailout for pilots. In front of me is a catapult chair with a modified fitsirovannoy construction. The commander stands nearby and looks at me.

"Well, Magomed, will we do it?" He asks, to understand that this is not an order, but a request. "By the way,

do you know who was the first to experience a catapult in our country. – he looks at me, wanting to say something nice. I think that it should be someone of my acquaintances. I shake my head – "This is your fellow countryman..." I begin to guess who we will talk about Ametkhan Sultan. It is a legend of the Soviet aviation. Ametkhan Sultan. I feel pride.

"Very well, Comrade Colonel," I say, "I'll jump whatever happens".

"Not at once, Magomed," the commander replies. – First you need to examine and test the operation of all mechanisms.

The following days the chair was dismantled and collected several times, and the jump was postponed. As a result, because of the increasing stress and fuss, the technician, after another analysis of the device, forgot one small detail—he did not twist one nut.

“I fly up to a small height, so that the pilots on the ground could clearly see the whole process, I click on the button catapult, I hear the clapper click. At the same time instantly I realize that the automatic machine from the chair is not total. The height is six hundred meters. Below, looking up at the sky, the pilots are waiting for an exemplary master ejection of the experienced pilot. Nothing happens. I feverishly start manually undocking the chair – it takes precious time with loss of height. As a result, before the eyes of the

glare my parachute opens at an altitude of twenty meters. The blow to the ground was so strong that my eyes flashed sparks. For a slight omission I paid dearly my health – compression fracture: eight to twelve departments of the spine. Lying in the hospital, I thought about the regiments and Ametkhan Sultan.”

To the aerodrome, he arrived on time, as promised to Scheffer half an hour before the flight to Baikonur. In the shirt undone on her breast. with a helmet in his hand, he went to a cafe and sat down at the table near the window, not noticing how the two from the far corner began to drill his eyes. One of them was his colleague by cosmonaut Yuri Shaffer, originally from Chelyabinsk, who got into the detachment of the second set with

Magomed

The selection was problematic, because after a series of deaths, which the media called “a curse of Buran”, many pilots, especially superstitious, refused.

The first selection was 500 people for eight seats, and the second was weaker: only the most confident in themselves, the most purposeful, gave consent. But they were not of the weak.

Schaeffer

Scheffer flew on a heavy supersonic bombardment a chisel with a variable geometry of the Tu-22M2 wing. He once upon landing of this aircraft at the White military base under Irkutsk broke the mechanism of release of slats and flaps. At the command post, panic and order -to be tapped: the aircraft with such a malfunction can not sit down. The psychology of the Soviet pilot – how much the country loses, and Schaeffer as a real person takes decision to land the aircraft, despite the danger for life. As a result, he successfully landed an unguided aircraft on the runway. Specialists began to study the method of landing and recognized. that the Sheffer opened a new page in the piloting of high-speed bombers

A young girl with a white apron with a large pocket took coffee for Magomed and began to return to the counter. Yuri In a low voice, putting a finger to his lips, called out:

– Nastya!

Nastya deviated from the route and went to the table were was sitting Yuri.

– I listen to you, Yuri Petrovich, – with elegant movement her hands removed the hanging hair on the forehead behind her ear.

“For fun, dear,” Yuri said. – Take a cup of coffee from that young man and bring it here.

The girl smiled and glanced at Magomed, who pressed his lips slowly to the cup. She returned smiling face to Yuri, appreciating the preaction of the host of the cup.

“It’s not proper,” said Nastya, still smiling.

– Oh please. He is some kind of sad and unlike himself – he does not see his friends. Let’s move him.

The girl got courage and walked to the table of Magomed. She apologized and under a dumbfounded look of Magomed picked up the cup with the coffee and carried away in the other direction, on the line of which he sought Scheffer, who smiled, his mouth wide.

Magomed laughed too, the first time since morning, stood up and,

came to him.

– If Magomed does not go to the mountain, then the mountain should go to Magomed, “said Yuri, rising from his chair to greet. – Meet him, this is a journalist from the ‘Red Star’” – Victor. On his own initiative he conducts an investigation of the series of disasters in our detachment.

– Tolbojev! – Victor exclaimed, holding out his hand to say hello again. – I’ve heard a lot about you: a professional on landing aircrafts without an engine!

“Not only,” -Yura put in, “the conqueror of the sky.” When he flies the aerodynamics is silent...

On the table, a pack of cigarettes, a pen, papers and two glasses, on the bottom which gleams the rest of the vodka.

“Do not judge, brother,” said Yuri, when he saw that the eyes of Magomed stopped at the glasses. “I’m tired as hell.” Just flew from distant foreign shores.

Magomed raised his left hand and turned to him to look at the clock – before departure for Baikonur, is still left half an hour.

“What do you need from me, Yuri?” Asked Magomed. – I just understand that if an investigation is conducted, it must be carried out special services.

Generous wrinkles around Yura’s eyes thickened. He exchanged a glance with Victor-

– Only listen to me, I will speak, – reported Yura. “There’s something unclean, Magomed.” Someone wants to derail -our program for which is spent thirteen years of a huge team. You forgot the poem of Chugovets after Kononenko’s death: “Who’s next?..”. You and I have families – I do not want to perish. – Yuri nervly hit the table with his finger twice.

There was silence at the table. – You say: just arrived? Asked Magomed.

“It turned out like an anecdote,” Yura joked and, looking at Victor, asked. – Vitya, you heard an anecdote about long-range aviation pilots?

– No.

– So they are given special tablets to give them twenty hours not want to sleep, neither eat nor drink. And later all that overtakes simultaneously.

Victor chuckled.

“I hope you’ve already got it all over,” said Magomed.

“Of course,” said Yura. – True, I have not got home yet.

– It does not work for you, as in another anecdote about the pilot?

– asked Magomed, wishing to continue with that to stay on a wave of humor.

Victor still had a smile after Yura’s first joke.

– Tell me! Victor cheered.

– The pilot’s wife decided to get rid of a nasty cat, -began Magomed, – put her in a bag and let her go far from home. She did not have time to come home, and the cat was right there. On the next day he took her to work. In the evening the cat returned back. Then she asked her husband-pilot to take her away of the city and descend from the sky. The next day the wife, killed by anxious expectations, complains to the neighbor: “I worry about my husband – the cat returned home, and my husband still no”.

Three men in the far corner of the cafe laughed so much that they paid attention to themselves. Schaeffer just pretended that laughed, but inside everything shrank from the inevitable expectation of another catastrophe.

– For me and “yesterday” as “today” – time is so fast flies”

Yuri said. – I have a feeling, as if we only yesterday buried the best guys from the detachment who already is nicknamed “The Wolf Pack”: Victor Bukreev, Oleg Kononenko. Do you remember, Magomed, how Igor Wolf at the funeral feast of Oleg said: “I’m sorry, guys: I did not know that I was calling you on death”. – Yura looked at the waiter and made a sign with fingers, which meant – just a little bit of vodka. – “Inevitably Losses”? Yura muttered. – What the heck. Today they are, and tomorrow I am. It is necessary to do something, but I do not know what. Here I have stated my understanding of the matter – I did not sleep all night, drank coffee, smoked cigarettes and wrote. Victor, edit, correct and when you can. Valuable information. When you get the fee a box of cognac from you. Good?

“Very well,” agreed Victor.

Scheffer concentrated, strained his eyes and began to read:

– “The program” Energy – Buran “began with a provocative American actions on “space racing”. At mid-seventies exploration of the Soviet Union sniffed out some details of the American super-space-based weapons “Space Shuttle”. In the technical description of the shuttle was written that it would have a great opportunity for maneuvering, which will allow him to make a dive from space in Moscow and throw off on it nuclear bomb. This was not a joke, and time proved the correctness of such a version: nineteen hundred and eighty sixth year in the course of the usual, at first glance, flight of the American “Space Shuttle”, having left the orbit, made an

accurate maneuver: deployed at an altitude of eighty kilometers, dived into the atmosphere of the planet just above Moscow. The officer of Soviet air defense, who observed the flight of the shuttle, fell in a stupor...

– Really? -Ustinov asked in surprise when he was told about the capabilities of the American shuttle.

“Yes,” his assistant confirmed without emotion.

“That’s how it can throw off on our heads a nuclear bomb”, the minister suggested.

“Maybe Dmitry Fedorovich,” the assistant confirmed.

– Maybe. And not one of our interceptor aircraft can not do anything to prevent him. In addition, the shuttle has a long manipulator with which it directly in orbit can disassemble any desired satellite in pieces and, without asking permission from anybody, take away the the equipment with a total weight of up to 14.5 tons home in America.

Ustinov turned white, his glasses slid down his nose.

“Call Maximov to me.” How can I report this to Brezhnev, I do not know.

Then occurred the categorical reaction of Leonid Breznev, who did not have the habit of standing on ceremony, if speech was about the security of the country: to prevent Americans from superiority, although they have recently become more compliant in negotiations to reduce the degree of international tension. Words in words, but in practice you cannot give the Americans such superiority. For sub keeping the peace always were needed

strong arguments. After meetings in the Politburo, consultations with military strategists and industry, in February 1976, the government issued a decree on the creation of the national reusable space system "Energia-Buran" After a reusable space system – "Energy – Buran". All leading space organizations were attracted to this work: more than a thousand scientific research institutes, design bureaus, enterprises of industry and about 1.5 million people. According to press, the Soviet people singled out the program "Buran" more than \$ 17 billion. But what happened further? Someone, knowing that nothing to do with the program, found a weak place in this program – to remove people from list of the detachment, which was soon to take off in space. They were the most persistent and experienced Soviet pilots full of confidence and patriotism – eight people, for the professional and spiritual qualities of five hundred candidates for the seat. In the first eight secret-special detachment included Oleg Kononen, Anatoly Levchenko, Rimantas Stankevičius, Alexander Shukin, Nikolay Sadovnikov, Victor Bukreev and Alexander Lysenko and, of course, Igor Volk himself, who was elected a commander, because he was the best.

Soon began inexplicable things: the list of the detachment for somebody became available and hunting began on them: one after another began to crash, and began to melt detachment of Wolf. The commission did not find out anything, recognizing that it was human factor, and attributed this to inevitable losses. The State Security Committee also also spread their hands-a

strange coincidence of events.” – Yura did the pause and raised his head: first he looked at Magomed, then on Victor. – Correctly written?

Yura missed another glass, purely in Russian, sniffed a piece of bread and, looking around in order not to overhear a secret monolog, returned to the conversation:

“The first victim was a young test pilot Victor Bukreev, full of vitality and energy. He was born in April 5, 1949 in the city of Kamensk-Uralsky Sverdlov-of the RSFSR. Before serving in the Soviet Army worked as an electrician at the factory. In 1972 he graduated from Higher Military Aviation School of. In 1976 he graduated from the School of test pilots of the Flight Research Institute in the Ministry of Aviation Industry. Since June 1976 – on flight test work in the LII named after M.M. Gromov. On May 17, 1977, on a sunny spring day, when everything is so beautiful and so want to enjoy life, he performed at the airfield in Zhukovsky training on the MiG-25PU. Not yet taking off, right on the runway the airplane has a nose landing gear. As a result, of friction of iron on concrete a fire broke out. Bukreev, who was in the first cabin, received several burns and died on the way to the hospital, and, strangely enough, commander E. Lebedinsky remained and unharmed.”

Yura raised his head.

“How are you?” – It’s strange, – Victor answered, put the pen on the table and crossed his arms over his chest.

“Next,” Yura read out. – Alexander Lysenko.-“Literally

a month later, death overtook him, an experienced and desperate test pilot. Together with his partner Genenadiy Mamontov he on the MiG-23UB conducted a test of a new flying device. They broke into a tailspin in a nonright moment and an unnecessary place – under them was the city, but he can not jump. After a while, when the plane lowered its nose and, accelerating with a large angle of dive, fell to the ground outside the outskirts of the old Yegoryevsk family. The plane fell on a wasteland near the brick plant on the edge of the quarry, from where the plant extracted clay. Not far from than place grew russian birches, which he loved and sang as Esenin A partner who did not have any wearing to ‘Buran’, survived. Another mystical countries-ness”. – Yuri paused, looking at Magomed, who again became tense.

The next one is Oleg Kononenko, “Yuri added. – I want to stop to think more and add a little lyrics, because I knew him well. Oleg, a pupil of the fifth grade of Rostov school together with his younger brother Peter was sitting on the roof of the house and counting the bombers, with a certain interval betwin them/ over their heads.

“Peter, how do you think, where do they fly from? ”– Oleg askedbrother, consumed by the desire to get to the airfield and touch by hand the plane. This gave him no rest day or night. When they calculated that it was very far away, they realized that it will take more than one day of walking. They postponed hike on the first day of summer vacation.

A few days later, the brothers reached the airfield, not asking anyone how to go, because they were afraid to reveal their secret to others. The mechanic was cleaning the plane with a rag in his hand, and when he saw the boys next to him was surprised. “Well, get out of here!”, – The mechanic went on the offensive, lifting both hands into the air. Oleg begged: “Uncle, please let us help to clean the plane. “That’s how Oleg first touched an iron, cold body of plane, which finally decided the future of the boy. In 1952 he entered the technical school and simultaneously went to the flying club, where he began to learn the basics of flying. At twenty nearly a year he worked as an aeroclub instructor, but the desire to fly was sickening him. There is no choice, and he begins to fly on the the Mi-2, Mi-4, on an airplane u-2 maize harvester for agricultural so it took seven years. He, feeling in himself the talent of the pilot wanted to get rid of routine, but does not know how. He soon learnt from his friend Shevchenko about the existence of school of test pilots. Oleg managed to get through qualification competition and enroll in this school. But here again, the school turned out to be a helicopter. But he was lucky in that the instructor in the flight case turned out to be a well-known tester Karnaev, a specialist in vertical take-off, and next were tests of a vertical plane take-off by Yak-36. Ten years later, when the design bureau Yakovlev released first sample of deck attack aircraft Yak-38, there was a problem – none of the pilots could not squeeze the plane in the air. Long thought and decided to invite a helicopter pilot for

testing. In 1972, for the first time he test driver of this type of aircraft was Oleg: a tall, slightly stooped, in a demi-season coat and a rabbit hat with pubescent ears named "student". On that momen he was 34 years old. Looking at him, no one could have thought that in this person, nicknamed "student", sits an ace of flying art. From the first time he hung in the air like a helicopter- the designers were happy that their calculations came true. That's how they met: the plane, not like airplane, and the pilot, unlike the pilot. They noticed inhim a talent as a tester, who is well versed in the aero-dynamics, dynamics and control of the aircraft. That is why helicopter disigners trusted only to him the most complex programs, such as engine failures at various stages of flight, critical modes for combat maneuvering, landing in difficult conditions. The talent of the pilot is very important, ability to react instantly to the behavior of machins in the air. According to his colleagues, Oleg was of dutility and great capacity for work. He liked to write letters at home in his spare time that he knew that he was always being waited. "Everything is normal with my work. Lately began to fly on airplanes. But all the time I want to come home to squat around the house with son Oleg on my back, drink teas, eat shi, enjoy life and laugh at happiness ".The links of design department with the were strengthening, and the new machine step by step went towards production line – the dream of any pilot-test and sometimes they go to it all life: ups, downs, crashes, fractures, hospitals and again in a new circle- such is the ruthless life

of a test pilot.

In Kubinka in 1973, Brezhnev personally with the generals was present at the demonstration of Yak-38 capabilities and was delighted with the skill of the pilot.

– Who is it? Asked Brezhnev Marshal Grechko. Brezhnev was in a white shirt without sleeves and a tie, and so it seemed thin unlike the current General Secretary from the TV screen...

“This is Oleg Kononenko,” answered the marshal with pride. He was on top of all. – A true master of his craft. Would be in the army all, such as he.

“Call him to me,” ordered the Secretary-General.

Oleg Kononenko shook hands with the Secretary General and with excitement looked into his smiling eyes, overspread by wide eyebrows, taking from him a personal watch with thirty precious stones on which was engraved: “From Brezhnev.”

To increase the combat power of the aircraft, especially in the south hemisphere, where high air temperatures reduced its functionality, constructors decided to use a short take-off on the deck. And how can we do without Kononenko again -he turned from a “student” into an authoritative and confident in itself a “teacher”. Just his appearance on the deck of the cruiser evoked delight of the pilots. But by that time he was numbered in the cosmonaut detachment of Igor Volk.

“Oleg, you’re not going anywhere,” said the Wolf. – Leave your dangerous jokes. There are enough pilots to do that without you.

“I can not, Igor Petrovich,” Oleg said sadly. – If they called, then they want me and besides, I started this business and should finish it. Wolf perfectly understood Oleg: any test pilot must polish the apparatus and pass. He is the ultimate link and decisive. Igor Petrovich said nothing and sadly said goodbye to Oleg.

December, 1979. “Voice of America”: “Today at 13.00 in the area of Vladivostok was wrecked by an airplane with vertical takeoff and landing of deck aviation of The Soviet Union. Nothing is known about the fate of the pilot ...”

Larissa, Kononenko’s wife, picked up the tube bursting phone. – Hello, Larissa, – Oleg’s voice rang out. “Put the kettle on, I’ll be home soon.”

As soon as Larissa saw her husband, her joy disappeared: Oleg under the eye had a blue hematoma, and when he entered the bath she was horrified – the whole body was bruised.

“What’s the matter, dear?” Larissa asked with horror in her eyes.

“I’ve been catapulted,” he said with a stiff expression. He lowered his head: his wife had never seen him like this- killed and confused.

At the end of August, Oleg was summoned to continue the test. His son and wife saw him off at the airport. Wife for the whole life remembered his open palm with outspread fingers pressed against the cold glass with an external stoons. He said goodbye to his family, and there were tears in the corners of his

eyes. He then seemed small, helpless: the feeling- somehow knew that he sees his family in the last time.

September 8, 1980, at 6 hours 13 minutes Moscow time time, in the South China Sea with the rise of the same self-summer from the same ship with the same operation – working off methods of truncated take-off in the limiting modes are not

The valves of the nozzle of the lifting and moving engine the plane “dipped”, hit the wheels on the bar. After leaving the deck, the plane became a hollow decrease. Kononenko did not catapult, until the last trying to save the plane. Before hitting the water in 150 meters ahead of the ship with bubbling streams of water, raise the engines, from the plane, the flap was torn off, the car turned 180 degrees. Yak-38 with the number 45 on the board was still afloat for a minute, but no movements in the cabin was not. The combination of lateral and vertical cargo caused a sudden loss of consciousness of the pilot, this could not be catapulted. He was killed and buried in Zhukovsky in the same row as his comrades.

With a new set of “wolf pack”, many pilots refused to go to the program “Buranю” Could not do that Vladimir Turovets, Victor Zabolotsky, Ural SultaNov, Magomed Tolboev, Sergey Tresvyatsky, Yuri Sheffer and Yuri Prikhodko – they really, since childhood, have been sick of space. Superstition and rumors did not concern them The renewed squad for the first time gathered together for funeral for Oleg Kononenko.

Vladimir Turovets

At a wake at a small table in a small room the dark-skinned faces of the members of the detachment were dark. Wolf was mysterious but was silent – his “pack” continued to melt in his eyes. Vladimir Turovets unfolded the scratched, crumpled sheet and read out a verse, ending with the words: “Who will be the next?” And following February 8, 1982, Vladimir Turovets was himself. He, along with Nikolai Bessonov worked out the “edge mode of landing of the Mi-8 helicopter. After three blessings, with both engines switched off (on modes of autorotation with “undermining”) the regime was planned on “small gas”. The fourth regime was fatal: the helicopter fell with a large pitch angle, turned around and flashed like a match. Turovets was killed in a fire at 13 o’clock 40 minutes.

After the death of Turovets in the detachment, all the air crashes again were analyzed with the competent commission and no trace of foreign intelligence services did not find. Accidents recognized as accident and resumed tests.

Anatoly Levchenko went to space in December 1987. On the ground, he returned with the crew of the station “MIR” by Yuri Romanenko and Alexander Alexandrov. Landing took place in difficult weather conditions: in the Kazakh steppe was raging storm. The descent device strongly hit the ground, all the cosmonauts received bruises. But if Romanenko and Alexandrov were immediately hospitalized, Anatoly Levchenko had to perform an experiment on piloting the aircraft. Physicians who arrived at the site of the earth, recommend to the cosmonaut

to interrupt the experiment, since his state was unstable. But Levchenko insisted on the continuation of the tests. He successfully copes with the program that Igor Volk has already passed and is awarded a honorary award – the star of the Hero of the Soviet Union. But since that ill-fated day the cosmonaut is beginning to torment severe headaches. He could not resist for a long time and died. The official version – death came as a result of injuries sustained during a failed landing of the lander. And I adhere to another version, according to which he was poisoned with medicines, which, according to the program, he experienced on board of a spaceship.

Alexander Shukin

The sixth squad lost Alexander Shchukin. He crashed into Zhukovsky on the sports Su-26 in August 1988. At the funeral of Shukin, the traditional passage in the sky over him was done by Rimantas Stankevičius, who, in a conversation with me recently confessed that he felt some sort of shadowing...

Igor Wolf – a special person

Childhood and youth

With two rods of reeds and a small bucket for fair-haired a boy approached the pond and stood on a ledge. He did not go unnoticed by the two peasants who had been fishing since the early morning: next to them on the wood was burning pot-bellied teapot. In an hour peasants, endowed with big experience, noticed how the bucket of an unfamiliar boy quickly filled with crucian carp. They became interested, and they, forgetting about pride,

approached him, to learn about eccentricity. The boy looked up from the water's surface, raised his temperamental eyes and answered to the greeting.

“Where are you from, boy?”

The boy thought that he might be asked to leave from here, and he pricked up his ears, clenched his fists, ready to defend his place.

“I'm from the city,” he answered, pulling at the rods. – We recently moved here from Kharkov.

– What is your name?

“Igor,” he answered, then added. – Surname – Wolf.

– What kind of balls do you have?

“It's from semolina,” Igor answered. “I helped them in kerosene – the fish reaches for the smell.

“Has your father taught you this?”

“No,” Igor shook his head. – I searched and found an experienced fisherman. His name is Uncle Thema. He told me. – In the air came the rumble of an approaching plane. The boy already jumped, forgetting about the fishing pole. Aircraft with red stars under their wings flew over their heads. The stunned boy looked at it for a long time until the plane has not disappeared from view. He lowered his head.

“It's a MiG-15 jet fighter,” he said to the peasants in the course of his thoughts, then added, “it can fly at a speed of thousands of kilometers per hour. – Having seen the equiblowing on the faces of the fishermen, he tempered his

admiration and dropped finger pointing to the sky. – Try kerosene and you will succeed.

The peasants, returning to their seats, continued the discussion.

“Heroes grow out of these,” said one. – “Little yet, but already independent. Not like my Igor, lobotheer.

“Maybe he’s older than your boy,” suggested a man.

The first rose to his full height, turned to the side of the boy and asked loudly.

– Igor, and how old are you?

Nine.

The man raised his eyebrows and pressed his lips.

– Did you hear? And my eleven, – with regret said he. – “From this, Lyova, a real man will grow up.” Remember him – Igor Wolf. Pour it in!\

Igor was born on April 12, 1937 in the Ukraine in the city Zmiev of the Kharkov region. His father Peter was an engineer and was directed to work in Ussuriisk Primorsky Territory.

In 1941, his family decided to move closer to relatives by sending all household containers things. And all of a sudden, on June 22, 1941, war was rampant. The container has left, and the family had been remained on a place without personal belongings and household utensils – plates, a teapot with bare beds, without a table and bedside tables. And his father left to the front. So Igor had to wake up from early childhood to assume the responsibility of the elders: to fish, collect mushrooms, berries

to help his mother and survive himself- “street” childhood, which tempered his character, from whose world and physical condition preceded him age.

In the early 50’s the family moved to Kursk. Igor’s mother often was ill, and the household was on Igor.

The physics lesson ended when the doors of the ninth class entered two men in the army uniform. The one who is older, asked the teacher for permission to apply to the students. He began to walk along the board back and forth with hands on his back before opened his mouth.

“We are from the flying club, we teach the guys to fly,” he said. – Now we form a new group and if among you there is a husband-bold, who would like to associate themselves with aviation I want you to raise hands.

Igor’s hand soared first and how much he wanted to enter the club, has become a sufficient argument when selecting from a dozen “brave”. Igor came running home to please his mother and to reveal his decision to join the flying club.

Mom coughed, and the cough dragged on. Igor immediately poured warm water in a glass and handed it to her.

– Igor. I do not want you to become a military man,” her mother said.

– Why?

Did not you hear how your uncle complained to the service in the army?

“He’s a tankman and he’s tired of sniffing diesel.”

– And what about airplanes, not diesel fuel?

“No, there’s kerosene.”

– What’s the difference? Igor was sad.

“The smell is familiar,” he mumbled, unambiguously remembering his duty from childhood: follow a kerosene lamp and refuel it.

Mother lowered her head.

“I’m sorry, son,” her mother said. “A lot of that you do the house-work, I must do it, but, as you can see, I am ill and can not...”

Do not apologize, Mom.” I am not talking about that.

– Well, if you want, go – I’m not going all my life on hiding you around the house, “my mother said and immediately burst on a new cough. Warm water did not help. Igor did not want to go against the mother’s decision, but also a happya turned-up event to learn how to fly a plane did not want to miss.

But the will of his mother was stronger: by family Council Igor went to Kharkov to the artillery academy named after Stalin. Have begun examinations, barracks life and drill step. New friends, among whom he found and like him, found themselves at the academy at will of parents.

– Thank God, there is one exam, – with a sigh, said Dima, a new acquaintance of Igor.

They were on the third floor of the building among the barracks fuss.

“I do not care,” said Igor. – I’ll do it- bad, I’ll not do it – it’s

bad too.

Why is that so?"

"I do not want to be an artilleryman, even if I do." If I do not do it, I do not want to upset my mother. I want to fly in airplanes, Dima. "He poked his head out the window and dreamily looked at the sky. – I want to soar among the clouds, I want to slide above the treetops, I want to swim in the blue of the sky. You are one in the sky free like a bird..."

"I want it too," Dima echoed him, inspired by the hypnotical attraction of words. – I also want to. – He, too, shoved his head out the window, and at that moment they heard the sound of a He began to grow, and friends simultaneously saw the plane that flashed in the rays of the sun, which flew straight to him. After a while, the plane disappeared over the roof of the building, and the buzz ceased. Friends with open mouths froze, looking at each other.

– O key. I decided for myself finally, – firmly stated Igor. – I'm fading from here not for long exploring his thoughts, Dima, too, stated:

– And I'm with you.

Two entrants from the third floor of the Academy sighed down, and then from the yard, not even thinking about the consequences.

Igor entered the Kursk Aeroclub DOSAAF, his first flight took place in April 1954 when serviced in Bakinsky Air Defense District, but he wanted more. He accidentally recognized about

the existence of the School of Test Pilots and he went to Moscow. He received a note with home address of Valentina Grizodubova, head of the Research Institute of instrument-making which was engaged in the selection of young pilots forest work: Leningradsky prospect, house 44. He was met by mother of Grizodubova, an elderly woman. She fed him, gave tea, and only then asked: "Why did you come?". Grizodubova came home and was surprised by the visit of stranger, she, having learned that he was only 21 years old said that it had been still early for the test work. But, according to the

the procession of several years, on February 23, 1963, she together with Marshal Savitsky persuaded the Commander of the troops to demobilize Igor from military service. Like this he got into the LII. Grizodubova said that she feels in Igor the new Chkalov.

In the flight control building were heard only a microphone-mechanical commands for takeoff and landing. Ametkhan was taking to Garnaev, sharing his impressions of the holiday, but his gaze was subconsciously chained to the runway-where the bomber masterly landed-incomprehensible landing.

"Who is this?" Ametkhan asked Garnaev. – Beautifully sat down.

Garnaev turned and saw the IL-6 and said:

– This is a newcomer who hopes very much. But he did not fit the team.

– Why? Asked Ametkhan.

– I do not know, I'm also interested. Now he will look here and he will ask these words, – he scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to a friend.

“Comrade Major, are there any free flights?”

Ametkhan opened a sheet of paper, looked at Garnaev, stretched out thin lips, lifting up the arcuate eyebrows, and smiled. Igor, feeling that he was in a mess, blushed: before him were sitting Legends of Soviet aviation. He looked away on Ametkhan.

– Did not recognize? Asked Garnaev.

“Amethan?” Igor blurted out with admiration. He did two steps and with a hand greeted the pilot, who in the World war shot down 49 enemy aircrafts. Twice Hero of the Soviet Union. Legend. – I'm very happy to meet you.

“Me too,” said Ametkhan. – Sit down for tea – to fly more you will have time. Has plunged into work?

– Yes, already dunked.

Laugh.

– And yet, for what do you dislike in the team? – with irony asked Garnaev.

Igor laughed.

– I dont know. – And it does not hurt you?

– No.

– Igor, do you like Igor Wolf? – asked Garnaev.

“No,” Igor answered, shaking his head. – I'm always flying in some stories. I always want something more. I have not like the

others, Yuri Alexandrovich.

Garnaev laughed and put his heavy hand on the shoulder of Igor.

“With all the tricks, I quickly mastered all the planes, which we have. The planner of flights is the first thing that I can see if there are free flights. For this work there are few people. Some pilots fall asleep and to the boots attach a note: “Less than 1000 rubblely for the flight does not wake! “And I take these free flights on me. What is necessary on the flight sheet I carry out then I practice what I missed. Through some time my boss begins to be interested in this: “What is this? Something is suspicious! Something here is not so. To forbid!”.

But there were many such flights, when comrades argued that this can not be done. And I believe that it is possible – I wait, when they either drink, or a cold will seize, and at this moment have time to do what they said that it was impossible.

– Can you give an example? Asked Ametkhan.

“As much as you like,” Igor said. – During the test of the bomber i had to fly near to it with a cameraman and shoot with close distance. In one place and on the plating of the airplane appeared vibrations. It was necessary to fix, in what direction they have the tend to flow. Nine flights were unsuccessful, but I did it in the first flight. Or, for example, said that the supersonic refuel in air is impossible. The refueling cone was dragged behind the Su-7, and for the tanker’s simulator made the most unfortunate choice- Su-15, which has excess thrust on this mode

minismall. If you approach the cone slowly, then, of course, it was impossible. It was necessary to be very precise, practical instantly approach the cone. I did it. And what you think did they love me for this?

“You’re doing fine, Igor,” Ametkhan said admiringly. “I’ll always be on your side.” Continue to be angry with the negligent. The sky loves the brave and hardworking. If you have any questions, come close, i will help. – Igor saw the black expressive eyes, straight nose and strong-willed chin with a dimple in the middle and thought he was not alone in a largeteam of testers in the struggle for sky – he wanted in flights to be like him: cold-blooded, cocky and risky. “And remember,” he continued, “constructers only assume, and the testers – confirm and open up new opportunities for their fantasies. And, unfortunately this makes our brothers on the wing expendable material. Therefore, Igor, I approve of your desire to experience. Experience gives rise to intuition, and intuition as the power of heaven devil can save us from any unforeseen situation. In addition, then this can become a rule for others. Do you understand?

– Thank you.

Iraq

“Oh, Igor Petrovich!” Come along, come in, “said the official of the Central Committee with a balding head and the face of the rooms color. – We have a problem and only you can help.

Igor waited in silence until the old man said why he was still looking at him tired.

“The Su-7 crashed in Iraq yesterday,” he said to the in a sorrowful voice. – A billion-dollar contract is in danger, Igor, – Arabs can abandon our aircraft. Go there and do everything possible, but come back alive.

– Clear.

– By the way, what was the problem with your party committee and what kind of unmanned landings?

“It’s a long story, Mikhail Ivanovich,” said Igor with a sigh. – On the Su-9 in bad weather on the air and good in the flight area, I was testing epy automatic control system in a mode of following to a relief terrain. When I went out into the zone, I noticed, on which starting from the airfield, acceptable weather began. I filled the flight task, but when I gained altitude, I find out, that the wind blew these clouds by seventy kilometers, and it turned out that i did not have enough fuel to the airfield. Well, I think everything arrived: the engine stopped. I made a decision to land down. Falling out of the clouds at a height of three hundred meters at a vertical speed of seventy meters in a sekond, took the handle on himself and found himself sitting down on the right wing of another plane. You have to see the face of the pilot Iakov Ilich Vernikov, when he realized that there were three seconds left before the disaster. It’s a pity, the camera was not there. I do not have speed anymore, I give a hand to the right, leg to the right, I turn away from plant and go straight to the tower and I see how the soldier with a gun jumps. from the tower. I turn left, there is no speed, I touch the right wheel to the spare strip and on one

wheel rocked more than one hundred and fifty kilometers. Thank God, the plane landed on the second wheel. After the flight, the pilot of “Il” kissed me, but from the authorities I got what was supposed to. I drank a glass of alcohol and said to himself: if you, an eccentric, on such an airplane and in such conditions could make a landing without an engine, then it can be done consciously.

Test pilots are required to train according to schedule landing without an engine, but in clear weather, when the strip is visible. And I did it in cloudy weather and ticked off that made a landing with an imitation of landing without moving bodies. I was immediately summoned to the party bureau: “How come, as it is, the pilot of the Flight Research Institute. Look at the weather, and he ticked it!”. I’m talking to comission: “Comrades members of the party bureau, we have airplanes with double control. Please choose a plane, choose the weather, I’m at your service!”

I flew with a little boss. He says: radiant”. But after this for the harmful nature of each test flight on any type of aircraft I was finishing imitation of landing without an engine. The engine did not switch off, but it is enough to do it on the regime of small gas, almost the same thing. I forgot how to land planes on instructure.

On the stern face of the party man, a smile lit up.

– Happily, Igor Petrovich. Take care of yourself.

Conflicts with executives and representatives of firms Igor was pursued all his life. But often he came out victorious. the same happened in Iraq. He quickly returned to Moscow,

completing the assignment and stunning the Iraqis with his skill. In the Central Committee he was met by the same old man, who could not wait to learn all the details of the business trip.

“I flew to Mosul,” Igor began to tell when the temperature on the thermometer showed a heat of fifty six degrees in the shade. I look – there was one plane in the sun, the rest were in caponiers. I’m asking: “Is this for me?” “Yes, mister, for yu.” I say: “I know the cause – carry documents, I will immediately sign documents, becose i immediately understood what was the matter: in the air conditioner. We have air conditioners in fighter planes designed for maximum twenty-seven degrees. And then imagine, there were 56 degrees in the shade.

The Iraqis hung everything on the plane that they had in arsenal. Representatives of KB Sukhoi immediately ran and raised the noise: “With such weapons, you can not take off, the aircraft is unstable overload. “I say: “Show me a document that you can not hang such a load! To me allowed”. They gave me a cup of coffee, with a thimble, but coffee great. wear silk underwear, ventilation suit, gloves, mask and helmet. Counted: the bands for take-off were not enough at this temperature. I look, all this audience on the “jeep” and “Mercedes” went to the end stripes to look how a boy will burrow into the sand. I followed the plane. There the land is dry, I drove off for the start strip, from there began the take-off and pulled away at the last concrete slab.

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