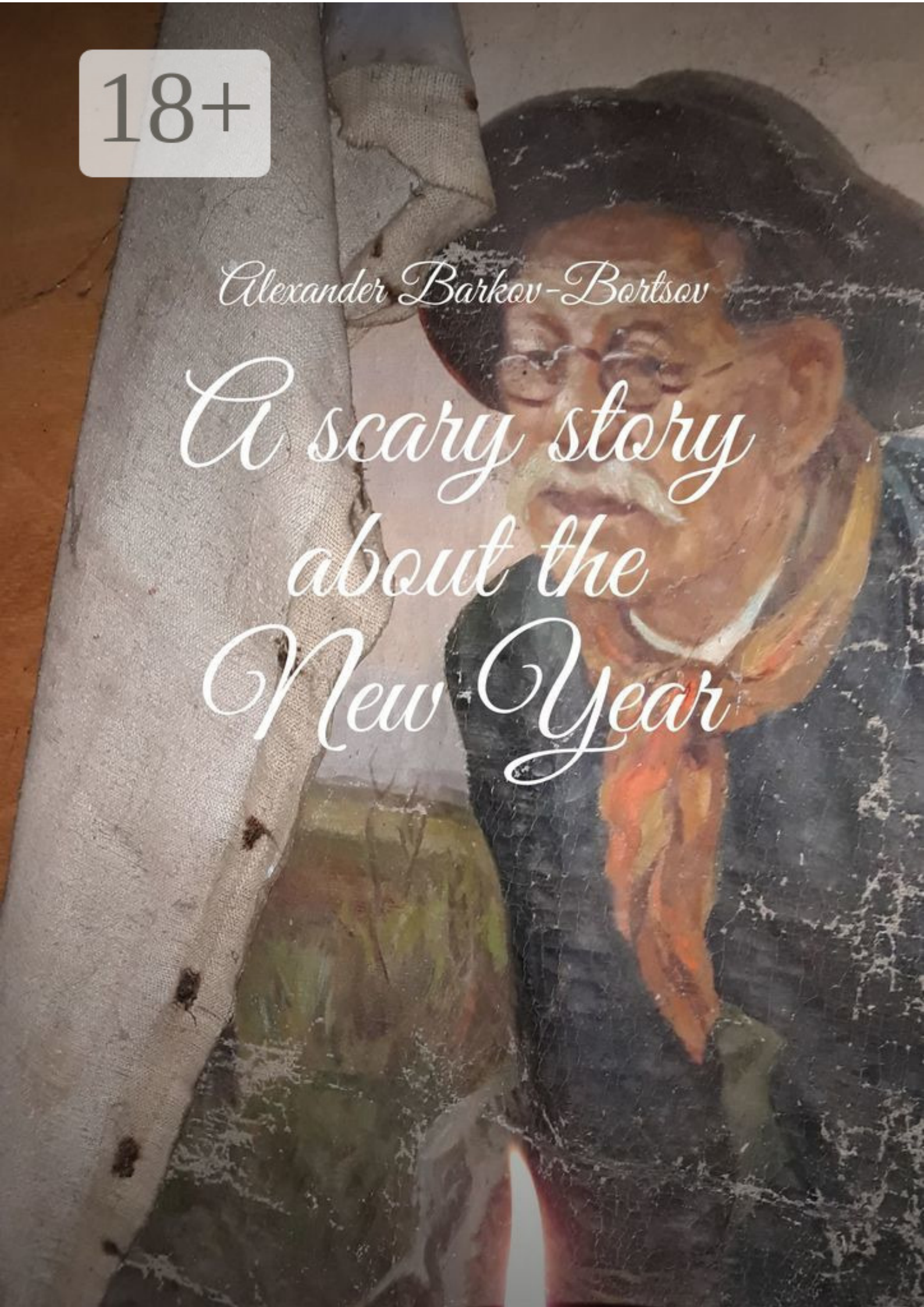


18+

Alexander Barkov-Bortsov

*A scary story
about the
New Year*



Alexander Barkov-Bortsov

A scary story about the New Year

«Издательские решения»

Barkov-Bortsov A.

A scary story about the New Year / A. Barkov-Bortsov —
«Издательские решения»,

ISBN 978-5-00-530617-3

I'll tell you a scary, scary story about the New Year. I went to the forest on December 31 at 22.00. First I went for a long time on the train, and then on the local train. I got out at a small station. It was a dark night. Only the red crossing lights and the swaying lanterns in the strong wind illuminated my path into the dark, dark forest.

ISBN 978-5-00-530617-3

© Barkov-Bortsov A.
© Издательские решения

Содержание

Chapter 1	6
Chapter 2	13
Chapter 3	22
Chapter 4	28
Chapter 5	35
Chapter 6	37
Chapter 7	40
Chapter 8	42
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	44

A scary story about the New Year

Alexander Barkov-Bortsov

© Alexander Barkov-Bortsov, 2021

ISBN 978-5-0053-0617-3

Created with Ridero smart publishing system

I'll tell you a scary, scary story about the New Year.



Chapter 1

I went to the forest on December 31 at 22.00.

First I went for a long time on the train, and then on the local diesel train.

First, the train reached the Railway station.

And I went out into the cold.

Masked strangers are terrifying.

Here it is the former Obiralovka station.

Here a beautiful girl Anna Karenina threw herself under the train.

I'm waiting for the next train.

And here I am.

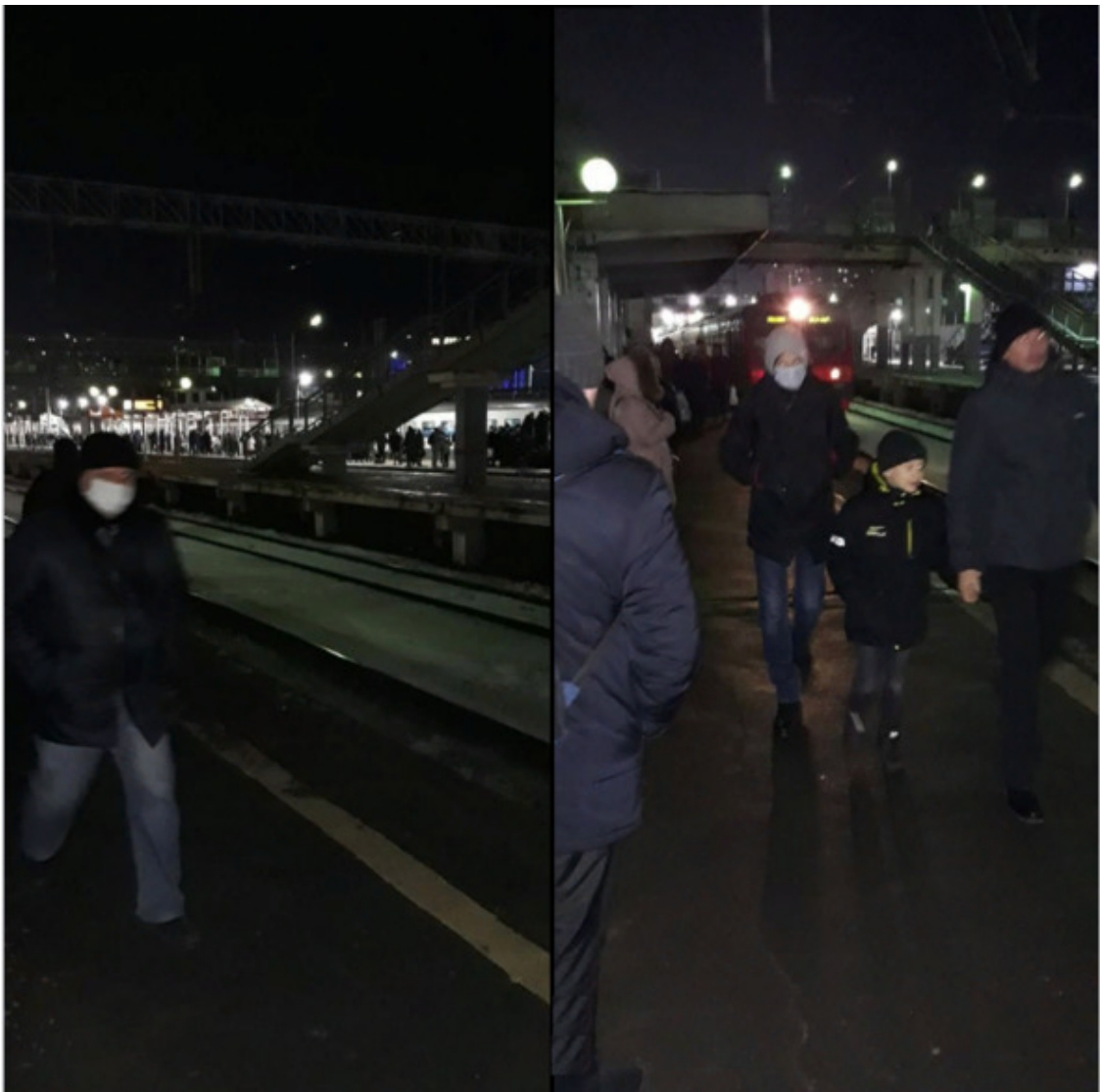
I get out of the train car.

I got out at a small station.

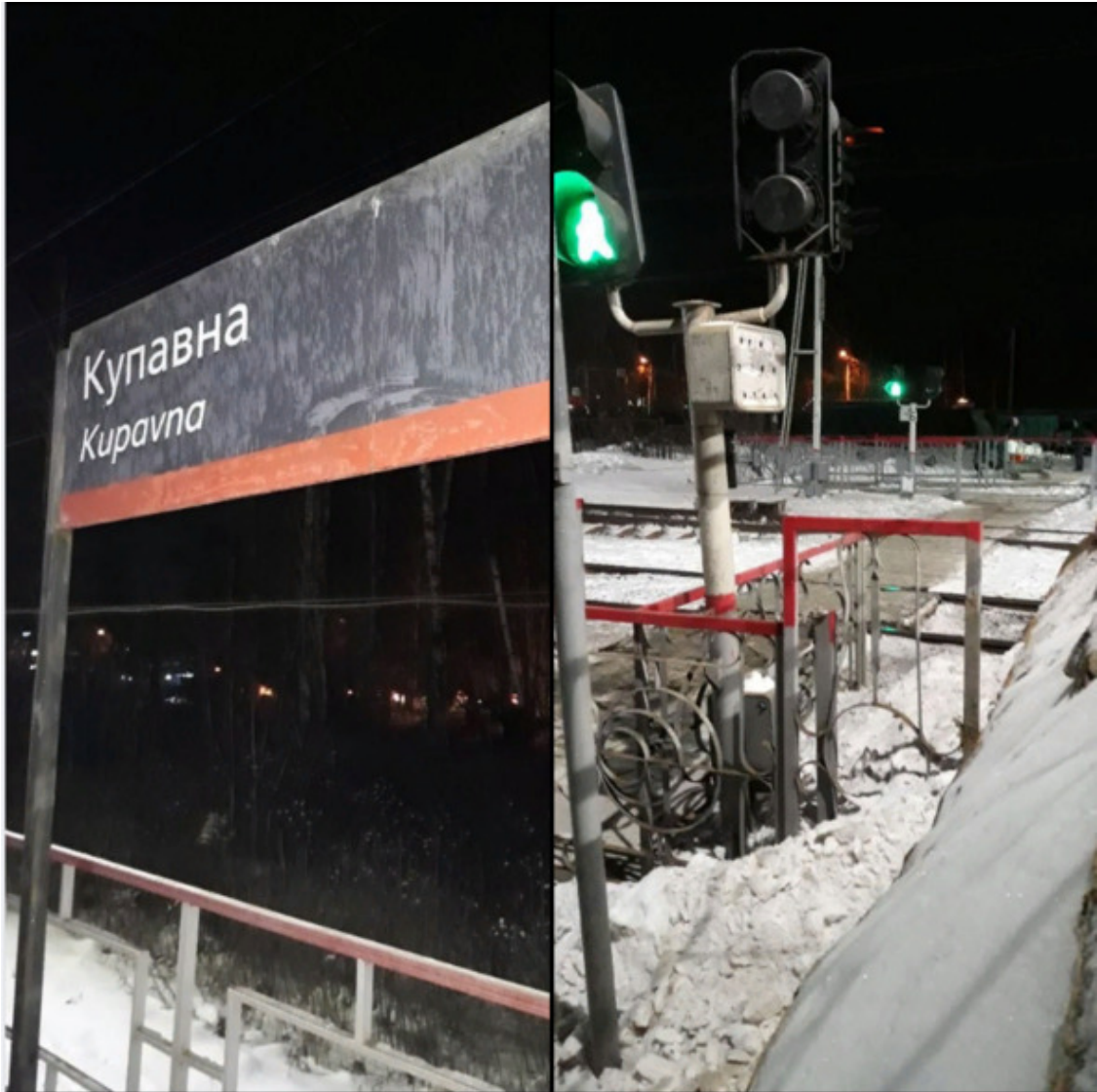
It was a dark night.

Only the red crossing lights and the swaying lanterns in the strong wind illuminated my path into the dark, dark forest.

<https://youtu.be/Gyy9iH6Nr8s>











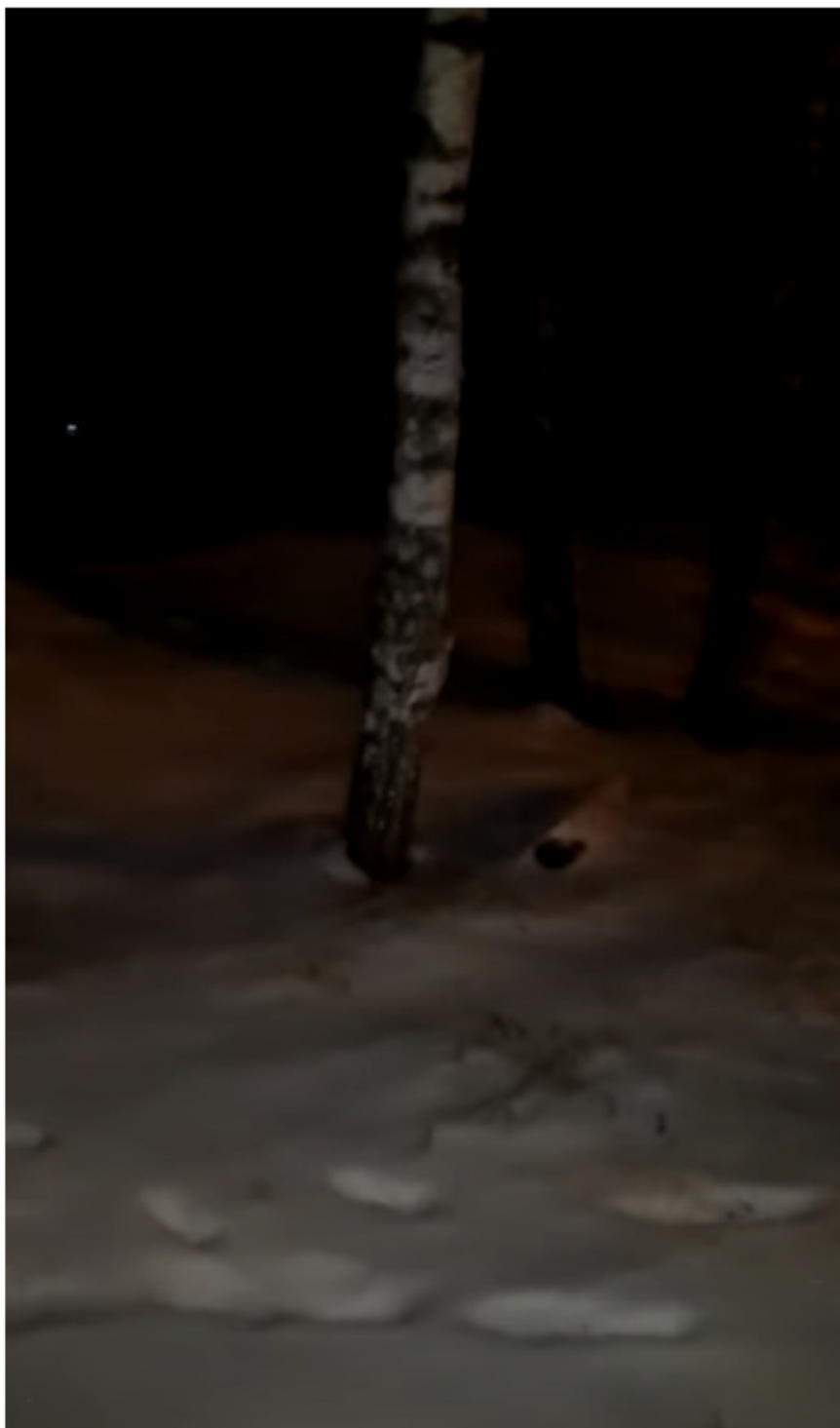
Chapter 2

A snow-covered road stretching away into the distance, a
dark, dark night,
wooden wooden fences saw
off a lone traveler.
Into the dark dark forest
An owl screamed wildly and wolves
howled.
Frost and
a strong headwind prevented me from finding my way.
I wandered for a long time in the night and got out to the sign "20".
What luck..
But what's the point?

From the sign went along the track of an abandoned railway,
when the last train passed here?
Not a soul,
frost,
howling wolves,
another sign-apparently 10 km left,
a white ghost appeared.
This is all I needed at 2 am... will I
get there??

Suddenly I saw a small black dot on the road.
As I approached, a large black dog was looking at me, shivering from
the cold.
Her eyes were blazing red.















Chapter 3

The dog began to growl and bark.
It was probably a black black wolf.
He was looking at me.
I looked at the wolf.
The wolf was blocking my way.
I could have walked around the wolf in
the snow,
but to the left and right were barbed wire
and wooden old rickety fences.
Apparently the zone was beginning.
Lo and behold, by the roadside
I saw a large rock covered with snow.
I approached the stone..He bent down
and began to turn it over.
I barely managed to tear away from the frozen ground.
He picked up the stone with both hands and wanted to throw it
at the wolf.
But there was no wolf.
It's an obsession.
I was at a crossroads roads. An orange light flashed to the right.
I chose the right one and entered the forest.
Windbreak, stumps, and trees blocked the way.
into the dark dark forest.
I listened. There were frequent claps from behind.
shots fired.
I thought Apparently the black wolf
caused the chase... yu... yu..







Chapter 4

I made my way through the windbreak through
the dark dark forest
The gunfire intensified.







https://youtu.be/2SRXMdP_ZSA

<https://youtu.be/Krc4WfZWqnU>

Chapter 5

I ran along the ravine, past stumps,
fallen aspens, and snow-covered bushes,
and the shots began to die down.
I came out of the gully and
I came out of the gully and
saw the snow-covered sleepers of an
abandoned railway.



Chapter 6

For a while I walked along the snow-covered sleepers, and then again went deep just in case to confuse the trail in the dark winter forest.

I walked through snowdrifts,
skirting stumps with white downy snow caps, it
was cold, my back was cold in the cold.
I thought it would be nice to find a place to sleep on
a frosty night,
and get some rest,
I looked at my watch.
it was 23.25
December 31, 2020

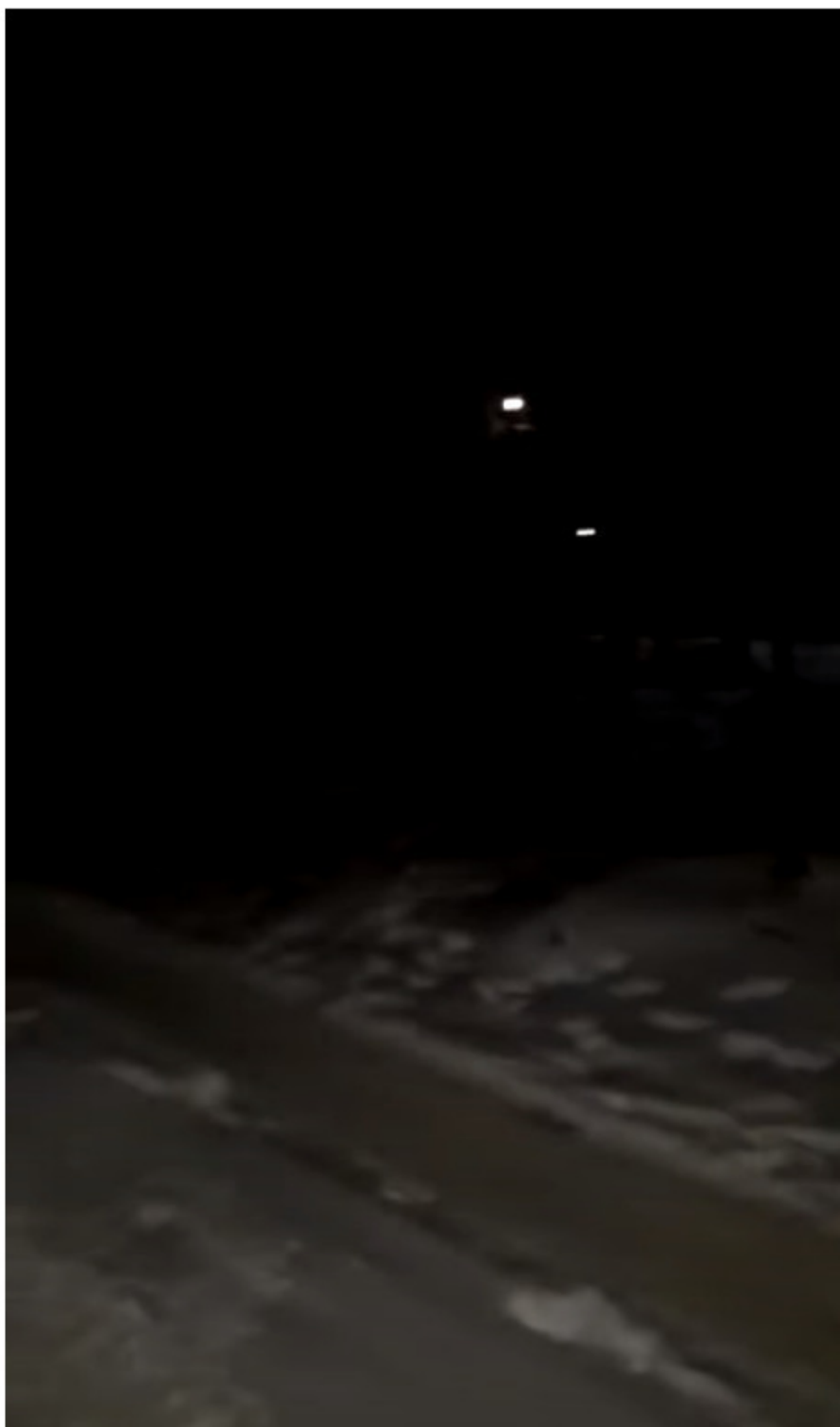




<https://youtu.be/Gyy9iH6Nr8s>

Chapter 7

I finally got out of the windfall.
Before me lay a field covered with a white shroud.
The wind and snowstorm increased.
It was hard to stay on my feet.
Icicles of ice hung from the hood of
my windbreaker.
It's hard to breathe in the bitter cold,
especially when you're running.
But I didn't give up.
If I lie down in the snow and immediately turn into a snowdrift...
That's what awaits the traveler who has lost
faith in a happy outcome.
I'll try my luck-maybe I'll find an abandoned hut on a lonely farm.



https://youtu.be/6Ar_cidP_AI

Chapter 8

When you freeze on a dark, dark winter night, your
blood gets cold, your
mouth is dry, you can try to quench your thirst with snow.
But I do not recommend anyone to do this
in a strong blizzard.
It's bad luck to eat snow.
Anything can happen.
I reached a lonely farmstead,
approached a log cabin standing alone on the edge of the forest.
I didn't see any light or smoke coming from the chimney.
Here! – I thought.
I will try.
But what is it?
At a distant railroad crossing in a field, red lights flashed in the
night... and some kind of rumble.
What's it? A chase?
I had to lie down in a snowdrift and lie there for a few minutes until
the lights disappeared.
I crawled slowly toward the fence of the lone log cabin.
The rickety gray fence fell apart.
No tenants, – I thought.
He parted the boards and quickly jumped into the darkness.
I hurt myself badly.
He fell on a pile of wood near the gate.
and he tore his leg badly on a rusty nail.
Sticking out of the fence board.
I rubbed my bruised knee, wrapped my hand in a rag, and began
to walk around the house.
The house was an old two-storey and non-residential... But there
was a chimney from the stove on the roof..
I saw the door and tried it, but it was locked and wouldn't budge.
I thought badly, and began to walk around the house, I saw that on
the second floor there was a manhole, through the balcony.
Green wooden railing, and a plywood door.
What a stroke of luck, I thought.
But how to climb?
I saw an iron wire hanging from a snow-covered apple tree, took it
off, made a small detour, and threw the wire up to the second floor..
It caught on the balcony railing.
Turn out.
I began to climb the sheer wall.
I had to climb about five meters in the dark.
He climbed over the railing and onto the flimsy green balcony. The
fence was made of thin boards.
Four of them were missing. The balcony was swaying.
I quickly examined the plywood door.

He ran a black glove over the smooth surface. A little push.
But she resisted...
then I began to violently beat my fist in the place where I assumed
there was a light lock.
Hit hard and loud several times.
Watchmen may come running.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «Литрес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на Литрес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.