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Рамиль Латипов
Whistler

He's coming for you

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Аннотация

Viktor and Petka have been best friends since childhood and it's not surprising that they went to summer camp. It is also not surprising that our heroes could not just spend the summer, because they are young and they have something that others do not have, boundless imagination and artifacts of the archaeologist's grandfather. The book is mostly humorous, so don't expect complicated mysticism from it.

Содержание

Chapter 1 Into a Dangerous Way	5
Chapter 4 Whistler	30
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	37

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Chapter 1 Into a Dangerous Way

The sunny day, as it was supposed to be, was beautiful. The fresh breeze after the rain gave vivacity. The summer I've been waiting for is here. Even though it was winter yesterday. The school was left behind and a fun time of games, fun and exciting adventures awaited me with my friend Petka. We have been friends with him since childhood. We are already sixteen years old and our adventures have become more interesting and mature, you can no longer surprise us with a magic ball, yo-yo or other artifacts that defy logic in our usual sense.

Putting on red shorts and a yellow T-shirt with my name on it, everyone should know me, and packing my things in a suitcase, I ran into the yard. My friend was waiting for me there, he always waits for me there no matter what the weather is outside. This is our world with him and we can be who we want to be here. I was interested in one question, what will my friend come up with this time? He has such a fantasy and the resources of his grandfather, archaeologist Anatoly Viktorovich Kurochkin. Known in narrow circles as a troublemaker for his very provocative articles in magazines that overturn established ideas about the history of the Earth and mankind.

He was taken to our elite school last year only because grandfather threatened to tell everyone that the school stands on the site where rituals with sacrifices used to be held. This could

put an end to the reputation of the institution.

– Hello Victor, I forgot to wash my teeth again. My friend laughed, in his white T-shirt and red shorts. His favorite clothes. Although I did not like her, he looks like a fool in her. He mocked me by dressing like that.

– No, I always clean them. Although, to breathe a nasty smell on you, I would eat a dirty frog from a dark swamp.

– That's a good Frenchman. Today we will go to a new world of fairy tales and adventures. Everything we want is waiting for us there. And so did she.

I sighed heavily, meeting her always goes badly. Not surprisingly, I didn't try to please her, although I could, but I didn't because of childish folly. She has taken a dislike to me since the day I transferred to the elite school number 355 two years ago. For a whole year I studied without my friend Petka and slowly got used to it, but then he transferred, and everything returned to normal.

– And you about it. Of course, let's go. We are already waiting for the class and our witch, a teacher of Russian language and literature.

And we sat in Petka's father's car and drove to school, to the place where I last wanted to go today, but there she was waiting for me, the love of my life and the school bus. Today is the day when we go to the Birch Groves summer camp. Strange name for a camp. But everything suits me. Spending a month in parental share with my friend was wonderful. This is not our first camp,

so I was calm. We spent a week in another camp and were kicked out because we burned down the laboratory, we wanted to find the elixir of eternal life, but we failed. But we did not give up trying and will certainly continue in this camp.

Petka's father shook hands with us and let us out of the car, he is not very talkative, unlike grandfather. We went to the school, everyone was waiting for us there. I smiled, it's good that all summer I won't see these yellow school walls.

– Here are our famous friends Viktor and Peter Kurochkin. – Our teacher of Russian language and literature, Antonina Mikhailovna, was standing near the bus. Behind her back we called her a witch. She always disliked us and oppressed us in every possible way, she gave me five and two for essays, although they were written excellently, but for a friend just three and two. She has slanting blue eyes and is in her fifties. A nasty thin voice and she smelled not the best way. Although she taught not badly, I understood everything. Although I'm generally smart. – Again, probably, the dirty trick that they started here and laugh like horses. I have suffered from them in the classroom. Before you appeared, our class was peaceful and successful. You brought ruin to it. You don't have a knowledge base. Confess what you came up with.

– Not. – I said, calmly taking the queue, looking out for the girl I fell in love with. – We were innocent even that time when you sat on a pin, and we didn't spill glue on the desk. – It was true, I didn't do it, I can't say about Petka, he said no, but I didn't

believe him, because he laughed, each time remembering these moments.

– I'll find out the truth anyway, and then you two rascals will be unhappy. I'll get a hold of you, then I'll have the last laugh. – She smiled and I did not like this smile, she is also still that entertainer. It's not for nothing that we call her a witch, once after school Petka saw her draw some symbols on the blackboard and read strange letters in an unknown language, looking in a mirror, I didn't see it myself, but the nickname stuck.

– Why are you here, are you going to the camp too? Petya laughed.

– The prankster Kurochkin guessed, I will teach you there, otherwise you will forget the material completely over the summer, I will be your senior counselor there and will not take my eyes off you.

She began to move her slanted eyes, I involuntarily laughed, she flared up and turning away, snorting a curse at me, went into the bus. Her scent filled the air, nauseating me, and I prayed to all the gods that inhabit our magically devoid world for the bus to have a working air conditioner. And then sometimes he himself turned off halfway.

– That's bad luck. The witch will come with us. What do you say Victor?

– So Petya, even a witch will not be able to interfere with me well, have a rest this summer. – I looked at Katya, a girl from my class. How beautiful she is in this black t-shirt and knee-

length skirt. In vain, not shorter, but with her parents hugging her, she could not dress differently. Her father, Oleg Yusupov, is an official in the Ministry of Education and more than once handed me diplomas for winning the Olympiads. I couldn't take my eyes off her for a long time. Maybe this is my first love. In the camp I will find out, there will be time. I thought so. But fate has other plans for all this and the book of life has already been written and its pages cannot be rewritten, no matter how hard you try.

– Again you laid eyes on Katya. Although you know that it is useless, she only looks at those who have money. We have nothing to catch there.

– I would not only lay eyes on her, but she does not want to talk to me. I smiled sadly. She really does not make friends and talks with those who are poorer than her, that's what life is like in our small provincial town. My friend did not say anything, but put his hand on his shoulder. He knew that my heart was scratched by love for her. A dangerous feeling that can destroy at such a vulnerable age. We must control ourselves. But it's so hard when you're in love.

– Let's not crowd at the entrance. shouted a formidable bus driver, a man in his forties wearing large glasses and a cowboy hat. – Throw all phones and valuables into this bag, the order of the director of the camp. And then you kids will bury yourself in them all summer long, and you won't rest normally. Throw everything away without a trace, we do not want your parents to complain that something was stolen from you during your

vacation. You will receive your things back when you return from the camp..

I put my phone and all valuables. And the medallion from Istvanskaya ore that Petka gave me, left it suddenly useful. He still easily went crazy in the closed pocket of my shorts.

– And he at least sees the way. – Said, laughing, Petka. – And we can entrust him with our things, I have one medallion worth as much as this whole school. – He laughed, although he lied, our medallions cost as much as our entire small provincial town, but we did not know about it and thought that they were worth nothing. He received them from his grandfather, who was afraid for his grandson, knowing that there would be a lot of darkness and evil in his life. The friend also hid the locket. He did not trust such things to strangers.

– I also hear well and can give a neck, just give me a reason. So stop talking about a fast schoolboy bus. How tired I am of your conversations, it's good that I won't see you for three months. – Uncle Senya, our personal school driver drove us every day. The elite school where I studied did not allow parents to carry their children themselves, although many did not have free time for this. The children of ministers and local businessmen studied here, only Petka and I were from ordinary families, this put us in an unenviable position many times, but we coped.

We didn't argue with the evil Uncle Senya and we all got on the bus together. There were twenty of us. Together we started the trip. I didn't know how it would end. But I only hoped for

the best. Katya sat next to her friend Svetka, she is the daughter of the mayor, in front of us, and I admired her long blond hair and long arms all the way when she exchanged. She does gymnastics and is very fit. Everything must be decided this summer, so you can't pull it, otherwise I will burst with love.

– Why are you sighing from behind. – Turning to me, said Sveta, while her friend slept peacefully next to her.

– I'm nothing. – I hesitated. I liked listening to Katya's breathing too much. – I'm admiring the views here.

– I don't believe you. The girl looked at me intently. What does she want from me? I knew that I was cute, but before that Svetka rarely spoke to me, only once after school I walked her to a stop under an umbrella and that's it. Then she clung to me with her whole body, although she did not show it, but stared at my muscles. No wonder I worked out with dumbbells every day.

– What are you doing to him? – Petka got in, he didn't like that the girls didn't notice him. It's not my fault that I'm so handsome and smart. I heard several times that various rumors circulate about a friend at school and they are not the most pleasant, everyone considered him a pervert and a lover of girls to paw, although he was caught red-handed only twice. – Do you want to meet him? Your interest in a friend, I noticed a long time ago. If he refuses, I will comfort you. Let's walk together under the moon.

– You are too smart Petka and you always speak strangely. The girl chuckled and turned away.

She's been eyeing you for a long time. Although I don't understand why?

– Petya, don't think about it. You shouldn't think about it yet, we're still kids.

– After those adventures that we had, we are no longer children. He laughed softly so as not to wake Katya. I noticed more than once that he sometimes glances at her and this is not an ordinary look like other girls, this is a look of love, although he will not admit this if I ask directly. My friend has always liked to take what I like, toys, clothes and girls are no exception. Although we haven't had anything serious yet. But I had high hopes for this trip. And not in vain, but not in the way I thought.

Chapter 2 The Leader and the Dark Secrets of the Camp

We stopped near the stop «Revolution Square», a young guy sat down next to us. Then he went to the center of the bus. He looked no older than twenty, with pimples and glasses, like a student. You can see by the stupid face that he is studying to be a psychologist. His short white shorts and T-shirt with the camp logo told me that he was a counselor, and an experienced one, this was not his first shift. Or at least wants to appear experienced. The girls laughed when they saw him. They are greedy for old people. Especially endowed with power, albeit minimal. But they loved to brag to their girlfriends.

– Good afternoon, children. I am your counselor Eduard, but you can call me Edik, everyone does that. The main thing is not to add anything else to the name. He smiled thinly. No luck with

his name. – We will have fun this shift in our nice camp «Birch Groves». Let the guys loudly say our slogan «In Birch Groves you will not get lost, but you will find only a good mood and true friends.»

– What a stupid slogan you have. – I could not stand it and said loudly. – No wonder you just opened and have been closed for many years. You don't want to tell everyone why?

– The fact that it was closed is true. And we won't talk about the past.

– What was there? Katya asked in her sweet voice. She's very curious, which is why I like her. Although most often her curiosity ends with fashion magazines and fashion blogs.

– I have no right to talk about it. When I was hired, I signed a non-disclosure agreement.

– Then Victor tell me. Katya turned to me. Her blue eyes are looking at me, I'm drowning in them. I could not say a word, it hurts beautiful. My heart beats like crazy, and the smell of her perfume suffocates me, luring me to such distances of perception where I cannot survive without losing my mind. – Are you silent? You don't want to talk to me or something. Although you always come up to say hello in the morning.

– No, he hung up. – Sveta laughed, followed by the whole bus. Even Petka let out a laugh, but I don't blame him, I look stupid myself.

– I was just remembering. – I gathered myself and took my eyes off Katya. There was a massacre in this camp in the eighties.

Five pioneers were killed with an axe. Terrible place.

– Who killed them. – Petka perked up, he always likes such scary stories. Although he knew everything in advance, he loves to stir up interest.

– A fugitive jailer came to the camp. There used to be a prison nearby for special convicts with super powers.

– What is there now? – Light became curious. She's cute when she's not trying to be better than she is. And she always smells good, and now she is looking at me, smiling sweetly. I would love to talk to her when no one is watching. Even though she's the mayor's daughter, she doesn't act like a superstar with me.

– There is no prison there now, it was closed two years ago. Lack of funding and some kind of emergency happened. It's calm there now. I saw the video from the diggers, it's empty there. – Everyone calmed down. So I continued. – Like this. This jailer was imprisoned for the murder of his family, saying that the dark forces from the darkness ordered him to do this. He made his way to the camp at night, changed from prison clothes into clothes that he found in the camp and.

And killed everyone? – Asked the witch Antonina Mikhailovna. Has she heard of this camp? Or maybe she just decided to make fun of me.

I read about it in an old newspaper, there is not a word about the murder in Birch Groves on the Internet. Someone did a good job of hiding it from everyone. This newspaper was kept secret in the city archives, I had to give two thousand to read it. The dear

old woman librarian Svetla Semyonovna loved me and always brought something secret from the archive to read.

– No, he dressed up as a counselor and spent five days with them. With the pioneers that didn't suspect anything until it was too late.

– And why weren't they looking for him? – Asked Katya. She was terrified of this story and at the same time fascinated.

– No, in prison they thought that he had died, and they buried him alive. But he dug himself out of the grave and went to the camp. Then it was called «Eaglet».

– It's all nonsense, he could not get out of the grave, or could he? – Svetka asked, after that all the guys looked at the leader Edik, he only raised his shoulders, he could not say that this was true, but to his credit he did not deny it.

– A person can do a lot when he is possessed by evil or has mental illness. The first days everything was fine. He played with the children and was very sociable, so the surviving pioneers said.

– I read in a book what it is, maybe. People can dig themselves out of the grave, although it is difficult. – Said the girl with the glasses in the corner. She was sitting alone. In appearance, my age, the face is too simple and uncomplicated, and you can hardly remember it. She studied in another class, was not friends with any of ours, but she wanted to go to the camp with us. Gray mouse, here is its exact description. But there are hunters for such simpletons. – Everyone can go much more than he thinks. We still know so little about our body and its capabilities.

– Again, our arrogant Olya spoke out. She can't keep silent when she needs to. – Said the blonde, who was sitting next to Antonina Mikhailovna, her favorite Elsa, the best student in the class after me, her father is the director of the printing house. Such a beauty that thoughts were confused, looking at her. If you see her once, you will remember forever how they differed from each other. – And you're all lying, they don't write this in books.

– Do not say that Elsa about Olya, she is a smart girl and if she said that she read about it, then it's true. – Said the witch teacher, adjusting her glasses and wrinkling her face, how stupid she looks when she does that. – And you, how do you know what they write in such books, you have never opened them in your life. You read only what is included in the school course.

We laughed, it's always easier to laugh at another than to admit that you are also the same as them. But I read a lot of books. I don't even know at what age, maybe always.

– Still, I don't believe it. You'd better continue Victor, it's interesting, even though everything is your invention, but you talk so interestingly. – Elsa smiled at me, my face turned red from such a smile. – Your voice calms me, maybe I'll fall asleep. And that is a long road.

– After five days, everyone forgot that he was new. This is what he was waiting for. He performed a terrible ceremony at the cemetery, three kilometers from the pioneer camp, and killed the local dog «Silver». I don't know if he managed to summon a dark

entity, but he himself, taking an ax, cut down five pioneers, a leader and a director.

– According to your initial words, there was no counselor and director. – The girl Olya, the daughter of a well-known scientific chemist in narrow circles and his laboratory assistant, who is twenty years younger than him, looked shyly at me in glasses. And she's pretty when she looks under her glasses. We must remember this Olya, a good fallback for me if Katya sends. You cannot always hope for success in everything. I'm not a fool. She is smart, which means you can provide such arguments that she will have nothing to cover them with.

– The leader was found the next day near the camp near one dug up grave. But then no one was buried there, who was buried there was never recognized. It's a secret. I made a meaningful pause and continued. – The director was found in the lake.

Did they find the killer? – It became interesting to the witch, she did not often listen to me like that. Or she, knowing my answer, decided to scare everyone, she loves when she is afraid.

– Not. That's where all the salt is. They searched for him for two weeks, but they never found him. The article says that local residents from neighboring villages say that at night he wanders around the camp in search of his victims and whistles. Therefore, journalists called him a maniac «Whistler». Here is the story of the camp we are going to.

What kind of stupid name is that?

– Light do not say that, I read in the newspaper that he walked

around the camp and whistled, that's what they called it. He was also called «Ripper» and «Lumberjack», but I like «Whistler» better. And the worst thing is that he buried all the pioneers and they never found him. He may still be alive and wandering around this camp.

The cemetery is scary. Why is it near the pioneer camp? – Katya was clearly afraid of such places. How cute. She even had an eyebrow twitching, you don't often see her like that.

– The cemetery is specially made for those children who do not obey adults. The teacher laughed. She's so cheerful when she's not at work. Even began to respect her more. But it wasn't long. – Just kidding, of course, you were told that they were built for the prison. You didn't think that the state would bury all sorts of garbage next to worthy people like you or me.

Knowing how people are judged in our country, it's stupid to talk like that. But she was not smart, our witch teacher. I exchanged glances with Petka, he thought she was crazy, even showed a sign. I involuntarily laughed. We heard everything.

– I see our Viktorchik funny. He always reacts inappropriately to death and everything connected with it. He seems to be laughing at her. – The witch made an ominous face, as she did when she gave me deuces. «Death may laugh at you one day. And maybe it will be very soon.

I was afraid of her words, I swallowed a lump in my throat. She can scare when she wants to. I don't know where this anger comes from in her, maybe it has developed over the years of working

with children. We can be very capricious, well, at least the others are not me and Petka, we are two angels.

The leader was fed up with it all. Although he is frail in appearance, he does not have unlimited patience.

– Enough about that. We are going to a fun summer camp to relax and have fun. The past of this place should not worry you. You are still children and do not understand much in life. I need this job to pay off my debts, I won't let you get in my way. I still have to pay for my studies at the institute.

For a moment, his eyes turned red. I did not like it. He is not a simple counselor, as he wants to seem. But who is he? Fantasy was already drawing intricate pictures of who he could be. Children have a vivid imagination, and I knew it, although I considered myself quite an adult. But to overcome the last barrier on this path, I need only one thing, and this is what I want to get this summer. I noticed that the bespectacled Olya was staring at me, looking with interest as I look at Katya, and she does not hide it. Here are the new perspectives, an inner voice told me, but I drowned it out and smiled at her. Her face flushed and she smiled at me. It is necessary that Katya be jealous, this is the best way for me to win her over, however, it is described in one book on seduction that I read specially before the trip. «You have to be ready for anything, son,» my adoptive father tells me, he is right as always.

– It's good that you understand me. – The counselor was pleased that we were silent, he took it for a victory, I will not

argue with him. His appearance was too formidable, not even a look, but an aura, I have not experienced this before. The air became heavy and smelled of burnt paper, it became hard to breathe. Something squeezed his throat, but then let go. – Now we will act according to the scenario of the trip. Did everyone understand me?

He glared at us menacingly, we nodded. No one wanted to argue with him, even the witch accepted his authority, for the first time I see this. She even puts our headmaster Pyotr Leonidovich in his place when he walks next to her or tries to speak. He himself complained to me about this, how he hired her on the basis of a personal letter from the governor. It was hard to see a sixty-year-old man who almost cried about this. But that's his problem and I don't feel sorry for him. All that worries me is Katka, although I knew that this is age-related, but you can't argue with hormones and you can't crush arguments, they will walk over you like a concrete rink and leave nothing from you that was before. Difficult stage of growing up.

Chapter 3 Hello Summer Horror Camp

Then the trip went according to Edik's scenario. We sang songs about summer holidays, the counselor told jokes, we played cities. Of course, Petka and I were the last in the game, and when everyone got tired of our endless enumeration of small African cities to the two of us, they awarded the victory and gave us a chocolate bar, which we shared with the ladies. Of course, I'm with Katka, but Petka unexpectedly gave his Olya. Maybe

she liked him. I don't know, but she obviously doesn't like him, although she didn't frown openly, like other girls and accepted the gift. My friend has a very bad reputation among girls, all because of the case when he spied on them in the sports locker room from a tree. They caught him, then I managed to escape, still there was nothing to be seen. So they can't stand it, although they communicate with me as if nothing had happened. Not caught, not a thief. Although there was nothing to see, although Katya has everything in place. That's when he fell in love with her.

– Look at our camp! – Petka shouted, he always liked to stand out from the crowd, attracting attention, often this ruined him. When he realized that everyone was paying attention to him, he added. – Our camp, where «Whistler» goes at night. He will sneak up on you when you are sleeping and run away with his tail between his legs when he sees girls without makeup.

Everyone laughed. We understood that this was just a joke, the girls laughed because they thought they were joking about others, but not about them. Such is the psychology of the herd. Everything is worse than you, but you are a star.

The camp did not impress me. I drew more epic pictures in the back alleys of my mind, and here everything is not as I imagined. There are rows of nice little one-story houses, about ten, a lake with a river, a large administration house and a square for a fire and dances, a small one-meter statue of an angel boy with arrows in his hands and that's it. How boring, but there is a forest nearby,

where it is very convenient to hide and there are many secluded places for kisses, but I didn't know with whom I would be there. But I hoped for a lot. Katya looked at me and smiled, she was happy and cheerful. My heart was beating like crazy. It's good that I was able to pull myself together and smile back. I have plans. A friend poked me in the side, he likes to do that when I'm too busy thinking to answer.

– Victor don't fly in the clouds, we have a lot to do. Have you forgotten what we talked about yesterday?

– Petya, how could I forget about your idea to call him and demand that one wish be fulfilled.

– Yes, grandfather gave me everything I need, medallions for protection and chalk that he found on the expedition and a book of spells that will lead him to us.

– Dal? – I asked doubtfully. Petka's grandfather is the smallest old man Anatoly Viktorovich Kurochkin, an archaeologist. He has a whole collection of all sorts of rarities. He often showed them to us and told us a lot about how he found them, or received them on his expeditions. He has a whole museum at home and in the country. But he strictly ensures that we do not take anything. Grandpa knows that they are very dangerous in playful children's hands, so he would not give them away just like that. I'm sure of it.

– Well, I didn't give it away, I took it myself.

– That's what I thought Petka. Your hands are slippery.

– There is such a thing. – He laughed. – He himself often

says that all of his will be mine in time. So I took a little ahead. He won't even notice, and at least we'll have something to do in this boring camp. And then here the boredom of death or really decided to mess around in this camp.

I shook my head, I have a wish that I need to fulfill.

– But how, is the ghost of «Whistler» here? I said in a terrible voice.

– No, I have little hope for this bike. It was a long time ago, the ghost had already left. We need to call someone who will definitely come. And even more so, this is the ghost of a weakling who could not resist his mental deviations, you cannot agree with him.

– Himself. – I said quieter. «But it's so dangerous. Will we make it.

– Yes. I grabbed a book from my grandfather this morning while he was sleeping. Lately, he's given up on something. My friend took out a black book from his bag. She was so scary and almost screamed that she needed to be burned, the skin was soft to the touch, as if alive. We didn't know what kind of leather it was made of, but the pattern on it scared me. The face screamed in horror and begged for help. How the author managed to convey all these emotions on the skin, I did not know, and did not want to know. But I hoped it wasn't a real face.

– He's definitely coming. My friend winked. – I am sure of this, I must come and fulfill my innermost dream.

You probably guessed what Petka's dream could be.

We arrived. We were taken out of the bus, and we went for the counselor and the witch with our things to settle in the houses. We walked merrily and laughed a lot, I love such moments when everyone is happy, now this is rare.

– This is the boys' house. – Said counselor Edward. The girls giggled. They don't respect us at all. Seven of us all began to show biceps, it turned out well only for me and Petka. The girls just laughed at the other guys.

– Don't laugh girls. – The girl counselor came up. He doesn't look older than twenty. A blonde with a great figure. How did she manage to become a counselor? Although I am very happy about this, like the entire male half of the camp. Every move she made enthralled us. She could easily become the girl of the month for any men's magazine. Or earn money by acting in films for adults, she would not have run out of offers.

– And here is our counselor for girls Julia. – Said the Witch, hugging the girl. She was clearly fond of her. It seemed strange to me. She treated very few people well. – This is my daughter, I decided to attach her here for the summer until I left to study in the capital again. She is in her second year at the Pedagogical University. She will become a teacher, just like her mother. My smart girl. – The teacher began to stroke her blond hair. How I wanted to pet her the same way. My face seemed to be too lewd because the witch got angry. – If anyone bothers or offends her, he will have to deal with me. She showed her fist. Everyone knew that her threat was not only in words, so they swallowed a lump

in their throat. Although I did not leave hope despite the way she looks at me. And that I am a prominent guy and I can like such a beauty. Although I immediately erased these thoughts from my mind, I am still a child in her eyes and with this I will have to live on. I should try my luck with those closest to me. My eyes fell on Katya and Olya, to my surprise they were standing nearby and gossiping about something, looking at us. Maybe they're talking about me? I wonder what?

All the boys are gone. – Edward said, and we, in a purely male company, entered the house. It was spacious and clean. Ten beds, there's a lot to do and dance and fool around. Everything is still untouched and so clean. But knowing my guys, it won't be long. – Maintain cleanliness and do not litter. The schedule of duty will be posted on the door tomorrow, observe it and not shirk. You are the future of our great motherland, all hope is on you.

– Something he painfully sad. I said quietly to my friend. He nodded.

– Make your own beds. You have two hours to unpack and settle in. There is a prepared camp uniform and pajamas in the closet for you. It's signed, so you can't go wrong. If it gets dirty we have a laundry, I'll show you later. Change then lunch and ruler. Meet the camp director and his chefs. Then go to the nurse, she will examine you. We don't want slovenliness in the camp. I believe that we will have a fun summer guys. And now I'm gone. – He said cheerfully and closed the door, sighing heavily. He did this more than once in his life, he has experience in this

matter.

Then we realized that the time had come. Time to choose the best beds for yourself, no one wanted to sleep near the toilet, so we, pushing and fighting, took the beds, it was fun and my friend and I took places near the window. From them you can see the whole camp and the lake. And, of course, the house near which the girls were standing. I threw things on the bed and looked at them from the window. How beautiful they are when they stand with their backs to us. Especially counselor Julia, my new love. Although, as always in her youth, she is unrequited, but not devoid of romance and drama from this.

– Again you fly in the clouds. – Habitually hit me in the side Petka. It is necessary to wean him from this habit that is harmful to me, I will find nothing, how to take revenge on him, then it will stop.

– There is little. But you yourself see how beautiful it is here. Fresh air.

At these words, the fat man Tolik, the son of the local gangster director of the vegetable market, loudly spoiled the air. It's good that he doesn't do that in front of the ladies. The worst thing is that he doesn't even apologize for it. The smell in the house was disgusting.

– Yes, Victor. The cleanest air I've ever smelled. Let's open the window.

But then we found out that all our windows were boarded up. Anyone in their right mind would board up windows, just as it

is impossible.

– Weird guys. Yegorka said. A smart and athletic guy with dark hair. His golden sweatshirt has been my envy since I saw it a month ago. My parents don't have enough money for it. He is the son of a local funeral business. Profitable business by the way he dresses. We call him «The Gravedigger» behind his back in class. He is not offended by this and says that, having completed his studies at school, he will help his father in business. I don't blame him, to each his own. I wouldn't turn down that kind of money myself. Although I don't like buggers. They don't scare me, just don't like the smell. Too sweet, cloying. – Only my father in the office and in the basement closes the doors so that thieves do not enter.

– What is there to rob then? – Asked Oleg, a cheerful guy does not communicate with us much, he is a hooligan worse than us, the son of a world boxing champion. Bullies others but is afraid of us. At first, when I just transferred to this elite school, he started flattering me, I had to scare him. Every day I began to put bugs on his collar and said that I would not stop until he left me behind. He has a fear of insects. Here he is behind. We often remind him of this when he forgets. We show the antennae of the cockroach with our fingers. It makes him pale. Serve him a bully.

– There is one coffin for a hundred thousand. And that's the cheapest. There is a price up to a million, but this is for special customers. Wreaths of fifty thousand. So they nailed it after we

were robbed. He touched the glass. – Armored glass, that's all too much. You can't even break them with a shot. And the nails look like military ones. You can't buy these in the store. On them and symbols, some are drawn.

I took a closer look. The symbols on the hats looked too familiar to me. It is a pity that all the phones were taken away from us.

– These are Mayan symbols or even earlier. – Petka said with a smart look. He read a lot about ancient peoples. His grandfather has a large library of ancient books and parchments. – They were found in deserted stone cities in the mountains in North and South America. Grandpa says that this is how the ancient Maya protected themselves from evil. But according to him, this did not help them, and they fled into the forest. Many died there.

– All this is strange. Maybe we'll unpack our stuff and play outside. Something scary to me. – Said the quiet boy Andryusha who got the place closest to the toilet. Although there are still three empty beds before him. Will they add someone else to us, we did not know, and he is glad about this position in our peculiar society. We feel sorry for him, but we don't want to help him. Let yourself learn to deal with difficulties. We'll keep an eye on him anyway. His mother is a champion in figure skating, she cooks delicious pies. He did not have a father, they say that this is her former coach. I would be sorry not to try her cabbage pies again, because I often went to visit him. He tried to be friends with me so, through the stomach. Although I didn't want Petka

to be enough for me or already gone. This camp pulls me to sad thoughts.

– Who is the last rotten egg. – Shouted Petka and we ran.

It was fun to watch others. They take everything seriously. So that Andryusha would not be the last, I left after him. How pleased he is with this, he even put his hand to his chest. I am also satisfied, I did it pleasantly and in my heart as if it were a holiday. The guys did not dare to laugh at me, they would have laughed at him until the evening. Maybe in this camp I will find a new friend or girlfriend.

Chapter 4 Whistler

It smells good in the summer outside. The flowers are blooming. Insects fly in their summer mating rituals. All is well under the light of the sun.

A dark figure is standing near the toilet booth. His clothes were rubbish and in places all corroded by rats. But the number on the chest can be read, under the layers of the clothes of the camp leaders. The figure smiles. For a long time he waited for new victims. He pursed his lips and whistled. From this whistle, insects fell to the ground next to him. The grass turned into black goo. The figure liked what he did and what he was going to do. Strength returned to him after this place came to life again after so many years of silence. Children's laughter for him is music that gives strength, he has already heard screams, and the pain that he can give them, darkness craves new offerings, animals from the forest can no longer get enough of them, give victims of a completely different level.

– Let these kids play enough and have fun. I do not like to kill those who are sad.

And the figure disappeared leaving nothing behind, only death and sadness.

– What was it? – The fat man Tolik came out of the toilet all cold, although it was plus twenty-eight in the yard. Steam was coming out of his mouth. «I've never experienced anything

like this, it's like I'm going to give up eating chocolate before dinner. – Then he scratched his ass and went to the booth. «Well, no, nothing in this world can keep me from chocolate. Even hallucinations.

The witch smiled in the corner of her senior counselor's booth. The tarot cards were laid out. All candles are lit. Goat head in pictogram on the floor. The room smelled of sulfur.

– Everything is ready. She smiled happily, she had been preparing for this day for a long time.

Nothing was reflected in the mirror in front of her, although she should have been reflected. She liked it. It's not the first time she's performed such rituals, and it won't be the last. But this one is different. She was answered with this.

Come darkness to my call. Make these naughty children obedient to my will and let them begin to learn, and not misbehave.

A blurred silhouette appeared in the mirror. Although you can't make out anything, the view is terrible. The witch's breathing became heavy, from the smoke that went around the room, she began to cough. And it spoke in a hoarse voice.

– Your sacrifice is accepted and everything will be fulfilled according to the contract. But you must know that evil will take its toll.

The blurry silhouette is gone. The room brightened, and the witch fell unconscious, with a sense of accomplishment as a teacher. She could have been taken for dead, but her chest

heaved up and down to fill her lungs. She is alive and has done a secret evil that she read on the internet. (From the author. Do not repeat stupid rituals from the Internet, they still will not work all this lies. Evil and so inside each of us does not need to be called upon).

We, having played catch-up near the house, heard the sound of a siren. So loud and shrill that the bones shook. Why make such a loud sound? A cheerful Edward came up to us. I envied him, before that he spoke so casually with the beauty counselor Yulia. Maybe they are together? Just thinking about it made me hate him. Although then I examined it and realized that it was impossible. But it's better to know about it. Better to ask directly.

– Guys, this is a signal for us to go to dinner. We'd better hurry there's a lot of us here.

– Are you and the counselor Julius a couple? – I asked, strictly sticking out my chest. I don't know why I did it. The hormones are playing. Breathing became heavy and the air became stale. Few would dare to ask the question directly. Everyone looked at me like I was stupid.

– Me, me and Julia together. – The counselor changed in his face, turned purple, and his hands trembled. I didn't think there would be such an effect. – No, it's not. I wouldn't mind, of course. – He was significantly silent. In vain I started talking about this, otherwise he suddenly decided to call her on a date. And by the look of Yulia, she is not against communication, maybe even a summer romance. We don't have time for this.

He started clapping his hands. And he's more cheerful than I thought. – It's time. Otherwise, we'll be late, and everyone will eat for us.

We cheerfully went to the dining room. Petka looked askance at me, but said nothing. He realized that this summer I was too excited for chatter. All my thoughts were about girls. There were many in the dining room. Twice as many as guys. In total, there are two hundred people in the dining room. It's not that small, this camp. I already thought he was deserted. But apparently I was wrong. Leaders walked between the rows of hungry children and kept order. Three well-fed aunts stood near the distribution line. Their plump faces said that the food here is hearty, though whether we will get it is a big question. We, under the supervision of Edward, stood in a row of the same hungry children. All under sixteen. Although there are eight-year-olds. And what beautiful counselors here. Each even now print on the cover of a magazine. Who collected them all? I received the answer when we took the food and sat down at the table.

– Hello my new campers. – A man in a white shirt and pants stood on the podium. The leaders clapped rhythmically. They were rehearsing it. So they got it in sync. The girls are so cute in their counselor clothes. I was especially attracted to their short shorts. – I am Anatoly Pavlovich the director of this wonderful camp «Birch Groves». In it you will spend the best days of your life.

– Last days.

Petka said quietly, we laughed. It's good that no one noticed, or so it seemed to us.

– Not every day, you can take part in the grand opening of a new camp. You will also tell your children about this.

– You will get Katya from Viktor. Ha ha. – Sveta laughed softly. But I heard and looked at Katya, the object of my passion. She just blushed when she saw my look and turned away. That bastard Svetka wants to interfere with our happiness, I don't understand why she does this. I already help her with algebra and geometry, disinterestedly giving my notebooks when she asks. I thought that at least there would be gratitude from her, but no, at least it wouldn't interfere.

– Today is your first day at the camp and there will be a lot of interesting things after the lineup.

We ate and went to the line. I didn't want to stand in the front rows with Petka, so we stood at the back, where the view is better and you can pinch the ladies. But not noticeable, otherwise they can give a slap in the face. Received them many times. Petka once and hit the balls with his knee, so he does everything carefully.

Each counselor introduced himself in turn. I did not pay attention to the guys, only to the ladies. The director spoke about plans for the summer. He wanted to do a lot for us, including hiking in the woods and playing sports and orienteering. I liked it, maybe I'll get a prize in chess again. Then we were shown on the map where you can go where not. They handed out badges and raised the flag. We listened to the anthem and went to the

nurse under the supervision of Edward.

– Boys undress. – Said nurse Faina, the most beautiful that I have seen. No older than twenty-five in a short nurse uniform in black fishnet tights. I wanted her to treat me day and night, so I stood with my mouth open.

– She is mine. Petka said softly and poked me in the side.

– I am married and I have a son, he is two years old. So no more jokes. – She said menacingly, she has very good hearing, as well as legs. – Throw off your underpants and go behind the screen.

– Can I come to you sometimes, and you will repeat these words every time. During my visit. – Fat Tolik was unrecognizable, and he succumbed to her charms.

– If you say that, I'll smear the ass with turpentine. She raised her fist. Cute, just like her. – Get undressed quickly. Why is it the same every time?

The inspection was fun, she was surprised to see me naked, but said nothing, although I was her type. But for me, marriage is sacred and I didn't think badly of her, almost. The other guys got the most expensive one with a ruler, except for Petka, she even laughed at him.

Chapter 5 Encounter with the Unknown

The camp during the day is friendly and beautiful, but as night fell, it began to seem that I was being watched. Chill went through the skin, I'm not the only one who felt it. Petka and the guys rubbed their hands against the cold, although it was so warm that

the ground dried up under their feet. It has obviously not rained here for a long time. Although there were a lot of them in the city. The lake wasn't cold either. Only a premonition of something great and terrible, something that will not leave us with a wet place. A strong sense of anxiety cut through to the bones, as did the cold. When Eduard came to us after a whole day of games and told us to sit by the fire and listen to his stories, we did not argue, at least it was warm there. We didn't sit for long, then he walked us to the booth. After waiting for the other guys to fall asleep, my friend and I looked at each other.

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