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**WARRIOR OF THE INTERWORLD**

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## Warrior of the InterWorlds

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### **Аннотация**

The last thing he remembered from his previous life. This is that he was driving home from work. When he found himself in a parallel reality or in the future, he did not remember his name or who he was. But the locals called him Neur...

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## Warrior of the InterWorlds

Book 1.

Another world.

Prologue.

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But the locals called him Neur...

Ch. 1

When his wife died, he was in sorrow, life seemed to have stopped for him, Nikolai had always read a lot, and now he was immersed in reading, but he did not just read, he searched, searched for information about the gods and from those who are connected with the higher worlds, the world of high energies where it is no longer necessary to have a physical body. He was determined to find a way to bring his wife back to life or join her. He spent a lot of time searching, but to no avail. But one night, when he was on the verge of despair, someone came to him. Or rather, I could not say at all who or what it was. There were only half-human, half-cat-like eyes, green, but with pure white pupils.

You take on too much, mortal, said the eyes, or rather the voice in his head. But I'll help you, and you'll help me with one thing. At this point, the first contact was interrupted. Nikolai could not find a place for himself for the rest of the night, but time passed and nothing happened. A month or a month and a half passed, and he began to notice strange things. At times, he seemed to fall out of reality, sometimes he did not remember how he ended up in this or that place, it seemed that he should not have been there today, but in some strange way he ended up there. After these failures or movements, the whole body ached, and in the eyes, if they were closed, the stars shone. One night he was lying on the couch and already on the verge of sleep these eyes appeared again, green, teardrop-shaped with white pupils, as he remembered, they did not blink once.

A voice in his head said, I found her in one of the many worlds of reality, but you will have to decide if you are ready for what may await you in that world? Nikolai asked who you were or what? His eyes flashed brightly, a sea of lights exploded in Nikolai's brain, although his eyes were closed, he clearly saw the picture.

A majestic sea of fire floated in complete darkness and slowly rotated, here and there small dots of other lights could be seen. Nikolai felt as if he was hanging in a void, and a galaxy of several hundred billion stars was slowly rotating in front of him. A voice in my head said, It doesn't matter so much who I am. It is important who you are! Both for me and for you!

A voice in my head said, try to speed up the rotation.

Nikolai tensed, his body was pierced by cold, and Nikolai did not like cold. A voice in your head mockingly but softly said, mentally imagine that you are warm. And in the same way, mentally speed up the rotation or slow it down. Nikolai watched as the galaxy began to rotate faster and faster thanks to his mental command, he only in his thoughts spun it faster and faster, and it obediently rotated. A ball flew off from the wildly spinning galaxy, a galactic satellite, he understood. He abruptly stopped rotating, all the stars in the galaxy were torn from their places and the space around seemed to go berserk. He felt his body tear apart, then he fell into unconsciousness.

He woke up to a voice still sounding in his head, "I congratulate you, you just destroyed the galaxy, and now be kind enough to put everything back.

Nikolai opened his eyes and saw the ceiling of his room, he was lying on his sofa, his body was shaking from the cold, the cold was inside his bones, he was as if frozen from the inside. There was a feeling that he was just a piece of ice, but gradually he warmed up. Looking at his watch, he realized that the night would be without sleep, he began to think about what was happening to him, what had happened a moment ago. I'm going crazy, he decided, got up and went outside to smoke. He went out the door, but for some reason he was not in his yard, but in an open field. Nikolai blinked, staring blankly at the skeleton of a man at his feet. He was small in the bone, about twenty

meters tall, but still it was clear that he was an adult, over forty years old, a man. The skull was quite wide, with an arrow sticking out of the left eye socket. Nikolai looked down, another arrow sticking out of his chest. His right hand was cut off at the elbow, in his left hand the former warrior held a sword. Apparently, the warrior wielded both hands equally, but this did not save him. Nikolai looked up and looked around the field. As far as the eye could see, the entire field was covered with skeletons. They lay in all sorts of ways, but all pierced by arrows, spears or swords. Nikolai stood, his breath choked as if a log had been hit in his chest, he staggered and sweat poured down his face. It was a fierce battle, he thought, and wiped the sweat from his face with his hand. The next moment he was standing on the porch of the house, clutching the railing with his hands. After smoking a cigarette, he returned to the house. He sat on the couch and thought what was happening to me, whether the roof had gone off or everything was real. He drank coffee, packed his things by simply putting them in a bag, and put a block of cigarettes in the same place. He has decided everything for himself, he is ready for anything!

And he went out into the night.

## Ch. 2

He was sitting in the cemetery, smoking a cigarette on his wife's grave, the second one was lying on the grave as usual. Won't I interfere?" A voice was heard from the left, it was two

o'clock in the morning and it seemed that no one should be at the cemetery. Nikolai turned his head and saw a rather large cat in the darkness under a tree, he said, "I want to be alone now." The cat, flashing his eyes, disappeared silently, as soon as a voice was heard: if you are ready, call. A couple of years passed, but nothing else happened. But one night at work, he suddenly froze, straightened up abruptly and turned around, a rider with a spear was rushing at him. Nikolai grabbed the shovel and jumped away nimbly, at the same time deflecting the blow. There was a clink of metal and a crack of wood. Turning around, he saw no one. Never held the shovel like a sword, staring blankly at the shovel, where the spearhead with a fragment of the shaft was sticking out, piercing it. He spat, poured himself a cup of coffee, and lit a cigarette. Sitting down, he thought I hadn't had these glitches for a long time, did everything really come back. He called in his mind, Hey greens! And immediately, he saw those green eyes, but everything returned. Nikolai mentally told them when he returned. A voice greeted him as well.

A voice in his head asked if he could take on an appearance, because he was tired of being disembodied, Nikolai agreed, he was also tired of talking to who knows who. A meter and a half away from him, the air swirled and a rather large cat with green teardrop-shaped eyes, but with pure white pupils, materialized there. The animal was large, almost as tall as an adult, the chest was wide. Instead of hair, it had wide plates, and along its back, like on a dinosaur, there was a comb with a metal low tide. The

plates are also made of metal, Nikolai asked. The beast nodded affirmatively and said. You know, what has always surprised me the most is that you have never been afraid of any animal. By the way, I took this image from your head, but there are no such animals in your world. It doesn't surprise you. You've stopped training, but there's no more time. If you're ready," Nikolai nodded, then I'll start transferring.

Nikolai nodded again, poured coffee again. He looked at the beast and suddenly asked, "Listen, who are you and what is your name?" The beast arched like a real cat, growled, flashed its eyes, and disappeared. A voice reached Nicholas, everything has its mortal time, now wait for the transfer. He no longer wanted to work, he lay down on the ground and began to peer into the sky. So the night passed, the sky was covered with clouds, in the morning it would rain. It was dawn, he was driving home by car, suddenly lightning struck in front of the car. The second, more powerful, struck directly into the car, his blood boiled in his veins and darkness and oblivion fell.

### Ch. 3

The last thing he remembered from his previous life. This is that he was driving home from work. When he found himself in a parallel reality or in the future, he did not remember his name or who he was.

But the locals called him Neur...

In the dilapidated courtyard, some preparations were going on. Nevr stood in the semi-darkness and smoked a cigarette, looking around the courtyard and the bustle of people. Strangely, all of them were not tall, and he, Nevr was seventy-five meters, but none of them, even the tallest, were higher than the level of his chest. They were dark, thin and tanned, but still they were people. At his feet, a little girl, about ten years old, was squatting and chirping something. Nevrus practically did not understand the speech of people, there were many incomprehensible words and expressions, although the Slavic language was the basis.

It's okay, Nevr thought, blowing smoke into the gloom of the courtyard, I'll figure it out.

A man and a woman were bustling closest, packing their things, occasionally casting sidelong glances at him.

It looks like they were the girl's parents.

Nevr looked around the yard again and lit a cigarette again. Oh, now a cup of coffee! A thought flashed through his mind, he shuddered, where did it come from! He, Nevrus, was tall, wiry. His thin body was as if burned in the sun, which made him look almost black in the twilight. Behind him was a good bow of dark wood and a quiver of arrows. His attention was attracted by a jumping and squealing girl, she was pointing her finger at the outskirts of the village and saying something.

There were lights flashing there, it was time to get out of here.

After looking around the yard again, there was no one there, he went to his transport. It was a hovercraft, but there

was still a wing in the front. For some reason, he was not surprised. Whistling to the girl, he started the engine, it rumbled softly, so quietly that it was almost inaudible. A girl ran up and immediately climbed between him and the steering wheel. The engine rumbled softly as it drove through the evening dilapidated city, beginning to vaguely recognize the outlines of the streets and houses. It was almost dark, the girl explained with gestures where she could stay for the night. Nevr shook his head.

I don't know how the girl led him to her own.

Sitting by the fire at night, adults smoked and drank a light alcoholic beverage. For the umpteenth time trying to establish communication. Nevr understood a tenth of what he was told, but he was not understood at all. Vaguely understanding from the explanations and more intuitively, the following picture was formed. People live by hunting and fishing, there is an exchange of goods, but many unite in gangs and engage in robbery. rolled out into the evening gloom. That the cities, at least the nearest ones, are destroyed and almost everywhere is the same. He also realized that they were very afraid of him, they had not seen such people.

#### Ch. 4

His name was Nikolai! He was almost fifty! It was his hometown!

Waking up in a cold sweat, he reached for a cigarette. Yes, it was his city! But what happened? How and when? How much

time has passed? And most importantly, where was he all this time?! Taking the cigarettes, he quietly slipped out into the darkness. There was a rustling sound behind him. It was a girl, as if she was afraid that he would disappear and therefore followed him on his heels.

After smoking a cigarette, Nevr scanned the surroundings. It was still dark, the stars were shining in the sky, but we could already feel the approach of dawn. He looked at the starry sky, looking for familiar constellations. It was the first time in his time that he had spent in a new world when he could calmly look at the sky. All the stars would have been in place, only Betelgeuse in the constellation Orion was missing, and a couple of other stars were displaced from their places. Nor could he find Venus, the morning star, as this planet was often called in his time. Strangely, he hadn't forgotten that.

For the first couple of days, he did not remember at all, except for a wet rag on his eyes and forehead. Sometimes it disappeared, then he closed his eyes from the bright green light, and the bells began to ring in his head. Then the cloth was laid down again, soaked in cold water. Then he fell into oblivion. Then they explained to him with gestures that he had been lying like this for two days. By the end of the third day, Nikolai had the strength to get up and sit down. He was sitting in some basement or dugout. At that moment, a woman climbed down the rope and, seeing him sitting, climbed back up with screams. Mentally waving his hand, he lay back down. I wanted to sleep. Delirium, he thought

and fell asleep.

When he woke up, he sat down, there was some kind of jug standing nearby, there was a pleasant smell from there, stretching out his hand he took the jug, his stomach croaked hungrily. Sniffing the jug, he drank it carefully, it was a pleasant-tasting, viscous liquid, something like jelly, but it gave him vigor and strength. He stood up without letting go of the jug, drank to the bottom, a pleasant heaviness appeared in his stomach from this. Not finding where to put the jug, he simply lowered it to the floor, and headed for the rope that led to the top. He vaguely remembered climbing the rope to the top, only the fresh air cleared his brain a little. In the center of the ruined courtyard a large fire was burning, tied up people were sitting and lying nearby, many did not move. Others, armed with spears and axes, ran around, searching the courtyard. Not far from the fire, almost on the verge of light and darkness, a tall man in some kind of skin sat and gave orders, only he was armed with a bow. There was some rustling nearby, then someone slowly touched his leg, sitting down he saw a girl of about ten years old, with blond curly hair. She was insistently beckoning somewhere down. Never trusted his instincts and followed the girl. Making their way through the passages narrow for him, and in some places on all fours, they got out of the courtyard. The girl grabbed her hand and pulled it somewhere into the darkness, so they walked for five minutes, there was a wall ahead, the girl stomped her foot, there was a screech and creak of the door, waving her hand,

the girl darted into the opening that opened. There was a faint light, shrugging his shoulders, Nevr followed there, he could walk like a proud lion only on all fours, but soon the manhole ended and it became completely light, he found himself in some room, quite large and spacious. A man and a woman were sitting in the corner, huddled together in fear, the man held out a spear in front of him, the girl said something to them and they calmed down a little, Nevr looked around, the room was littered with spears and axes, here and there he saw arrows. Then his gaze fell on the far wall of the room. A magnificent bow of dark wood and a quiver of arrows hung there, saiduck was lying on the floor, Nevr went to it as if spellbound. As he approached, he looked at the man and the woman, horror in their eyes. Nevr nodded, saying that it is possible? He stretched out his hand and took the bow, a pleasant power flowed from it into his body. crouching down and putting his hand into the saidak, he felt for an archery glove and two coils of bowstring, in spite of everything, the bowstring was preserved very well. Having unwound one ball, he threw a noose over one horn, rested it in a corner and began to bend the bow to throw the second noose, he had little strength, he still managed to throw it on, although he was wet from the effort. Putting on the glove, he pulled the bowstring, which hummed menacingly, but withstood. Putting a quiver on his back and fastening a belt at his belt, moving his shoulders, he sat like a glove, did not interfere and did not dangle. Taking the bow, he drew an arrow and fired, the bowstring clicked loudly, immediately there was a

second click, it was Nevr who immediately put another arrow and almost instantly fired. Arrows thudded into the wooden jamb, one next to the other. With a satisfied grunt, he shoved the onion into the saiduck. Nevr did not remember where he learned to shoot. The man and the woman looked at him as if with fear, then Nevr learned that no one could draw a bowstring on this bow, let alone shoot. The little girl was next to him all the time, and looked at him with admiration. He began to walk around the room throwing various trash, found two knives in cases, found another bow weaker, but also powerful, grabbing it and wandered on. The girl followed on her heels. Gathering a large number of arrows and tying them into a tight bundle, he headed for the exit. I had to push bows and arrows first, and then crawl myself in a narrow manhole. So they got out.

Sweating heavily, Nevr climbed out, the fresh air cooling down a little and clearing his head. He did not know why he took these bows, everything happened as if by itself.

Him, now him, the dark bow seemed to be calling, take and use me, he felt it with his whole body, with every cell of his body. There is some strange power in this weapon, he felt it.

Looking at the second bow, which was made from a single piece of wood, it was good, lightweight, and comfortable in his hand. He would have to find a bowstring for him, thought Nevrus, and swapped the bows. From the dark wood bow, some strange power poured into his body, filling him with strength. He went in

the direction of the fire, as he remembered, it was night outside, the sky was overcast. Everything is in my favor, he thought, it's strange where these thoughts come from. But he did not know what was leading him.

Stepping quietly, he approached the fire, but remaining in the darkness, there was still a bustle of marauders, only the leader sat and gave orders, a little away from the fire sat bound people, some bodies lay motionless.

Neur shrugged his shoulders, checking how the quiver sitted, he put his hand behind his back and felt for the plumage. The arrow fell on the bowstring, once again looking around the yard, he fired, the leader of the marauders was not young and experienced, or a flair, he managed to swing and the arrow pierced his shoulder. He managed to somersault, jumped up and threw himself into the darkness, on the verge of light and darkness, the second arrow pierced his back with a dull thud, the leader fell and remained motionless, then there were only the sonorous clicks of the bowstring, almost merged into continuous singing. The nearest marauder received an arrow in the chest, the blow was so strong that he was simply knocked down, another fell with an arrow in his eye socket, five others had arrows sticking out in their chests, the rest rushed into the scattering and disappeared into the darkness.

Only the tramp of fleeing feet could be heard. Nevr looked around the courtyard, six marauders were dead, and one crawled away somewhere in the darkness, following the trail of blood,

he found him five meters away. That's right, it was the leader. The second arrow pierced the spine, but the wound was still fatal. There was a noise on the left, a girl and a woman were untying the bound, a man was standing with a spear, his spear was also covered in blood, he was shuddering slightly, from which he constantly shuddered. The eyes of the people looked at Nevr and the bow in his hands. He saw superstitious fear and horror in them. It was beginning to dawn, people were sitting around the fire, smoking pipes, cigarettes. Nevr approached them and asked for a cigarette, they looked at him uncomprehendingly, then he gestured what he wanted. I desperately wanted to smoke. He was given a pack of cigarettes and matches and he lit a cigarette, sitting also by the fire, Nevr looked into the flames, tried to remember his name, and who and where he was.

## Ch.5

Suddenly, green half-cat-like, half-human eyes appeared in the flames of the fire. A soft, kind, pure white-green light came from them, for some reason Nevr was not surprised. Their eyes looked sternly, a little reproachfully, but also with mockery, saying that they wanted this? So get it!

Nevr shuddered, looked down at his hand uncomprehendingly, where the cigarette butt burned his fingers, he unclenched his fingers with a machine gun. Looking up at the flames, he saw the green eyes disappearing, they were laughing at him. There was a bang and then a dazzling, bright white flash

and everything disappeared, only the little girl stood with her arm outstretched towards the fire, everyone else seemed frozen. In an instant, everything returned to normal, he heard the girl shouting something to her relatives and poking her hand into the fire, then into it. The dawn of the fourth day came, everyone was still sitting by the fire. It began to smell delicious, the woman was preparing breakfast. Nevr stood up, picked up the hatchet lying on the way and went to collect arrows, only now wondering at how fast he shot and how hard he hit the bow. Some arrows stuck out in the bodies up to the plumage. The girl was ahead of him, having already collected more than half of the arrows, they were lying in a heap, snatching the rest of the arrows from him, ran to wash them. Nevr looked around again and went into the passage, apparently there was a gate here before. The houses were half-destroyed, and most of them were completely destroyed, but still it was a street, it could be recognized by the curbs that stuck out of the ground, but most often they were simply torn out. Nevr walked a little down the street when he heard the tramp of bare feet, it was a girl, she ran after him, caught up with him and walked beside him. Further down the street there was some kind of transport, Nevr came up and inspected. The technique was similar to scooters or motorcycles, but without wheels, and clearly not designed for its weight. Too flimsy, although there was, as Nevr called it, a more massive and heavier scooter. A wing was installed in front of the steering wheel, maybe it flies, or maybe a counterweight. Nevr examined it, yes, if it starts, it

will go, all not on foot. He sat down on the scooter and began to examine the instruments. The girl he had forgotten began to chirp something, her voice was like a bird's. She poked her finger at the button, but was afraid to press it. Nevr shook his head and pressed, meowing softly, the engine started, the scooter rose into the air and hovered twenty centimeters from the ground. Well, the rest seemed to be clear: turning on the speed, Nevr made a circle and drove up to the house where the battle with the looters took place. There were training camps, everyone was going somewhere. He gathered his arrows and put them in a saidak. I examined the scooter again, attached a second bow to the left, and a bunch of arrows to the right, so that it was convenient to take them. The dark bow took its place behind his back, moving his shoulders, made it more comfortable. Not knowing what to do, he called out to the girl and squatted, took a twig and began to draw trees, the girl looked with interest, Nevr gestured where? The girl nodded her head, rushed to the scooter and sat down and waved her hand. He got on the scooter and started the engine, almost on the verge of hearing, it rumbled softly. The girl settled in front between his arms, Nevr turned on the speed and rolled smoothly down the street. The direction was indicated by the girl, he felt that he was being watched. The ruins of a house caught his attention, and Nevr slowed down. He slowly drove up to the ruins and stopped.

Standing in the opening of the gate, he looked at the dilapidated courtyard and house. His inner instinct spoke of danger, he took the bow, raised his hand and felt for the plumage. The arrow landed on the bowstring, Nevr slowly walked inside the courtyard and gestured for the girl to stand. After taking a couple of steps, he fired with lightning speed, and immediately the second arrow fell on the bowstring. A marauder crawled out of the ruins, raising his hands and trembling all over, It seemed that he was hiding, waiting for darkness. He was not tall, of thin build, his face was painted with gray paint and he looked as if there was no skin or meat, but only a skull. Nevr nodded, saying to get out while you're alive and the marauder disappeared like a ghost. But Nevr still held the bow in his hands. The day had already passed noon and it became unbearably hot, but it did not bother him much, he was just very thirsty. The girl sat in the shadow of the wall and waited.

He walked into the yard, vaguely familiar for some reason, but he didn't remember it, all he remembered was the last two or three days. On a large stone almost in the middle of the yard lay a rather large lizard basking in the sun, at the sight of a man it tensed and became alert. A gnarled stick whistled over his ear and hit the lizard on the head. She fell from the stone and twitched, the girl ran up and finished off with a stick, then began to collect branches. Nevr joined in and built a fire. Then he took out a knife and began to cut the lizard nailed by the girl. He strung the meat on the cut twigs of the bush and

arranged it to roast by the fire. It began to smell delicious, the girl imperceptibly took over the cooking, as Nevr froze, looking into the fire. Suddenly, green eyes flashed in the flames and disappeared, but a vague picture appeared. He, Neurus, stands on the edge of a high cliff, and there lies a green valley below, through which a large river flows like a snake. He shuddered, looked around uncomprehendingly, the girl sat silently and also looked at the fire. It was already getting dark, it smelled very tasty, my stomach croaked with hunger. He stretched out his hand and took the rod with the meat. They ate, the meat was delicious, tender, something like chicken. It was warm outside, Nevr took out a cigarette and lit a cigarette. ...

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