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Ольга Баранова

«LITERARY BLOG»

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## Literary blog

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### **Аннотация**

Литературный блог. Произведения на иностранном языке. Перевод есть в моих ранее опубликованных книгах: зеркало души, моя душа, струны души.

# Literary blog

## Ольга Баранова

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«Literary Blog» by Olga Baranova

«Message to Descendants»

Written in 2026, in the summer, when not everyone yet understood how fragile humanity's memory is...

Dear Reader of the Future,

If you are holding these books in your hands or reading on a phone or computer, it means that something of me has reached you. Through the years, through generations, through the dust of time — my words have found you.

I do not know what your world has become. Do ships fly to the stars? Do trees speak with people? Or perhaps you have finally learned to live without war, lies, and loneliness?

I wrote these books not for fame. I wrote because I had to.

Because in them is a piece of my soul, my fears, my belief that good is stronger than evil, that love does not disappear but only changes form.

If in my lines you find something of your own, then we are already acquainted.

If you feel your heart skip a beat — then I am alive.

I did not ask for rewards, I did not dream of monuments.

I dreamed of only one thing: that someone, somewhere, someday would open these books and say:

«Yes. I understood. Thank you.»

You are that someone.

Thank you for making it here.

With love from the past,

The Author

2026, Krasnodar Krai

I am Olga, and my life divided into «Before» and «After» the moment I heard the phrase: «Your element is not the articles of legal codes, but the wind between the lines.»

I am a lawyer with a notebook of poems that were noticed.

I slept for a long time and finally woke up.

To My Distant Ones, To My Close Ones

If you are reading these lines, then I have already become the silence between the pages you hold in your hands. My name is Olga Baranova, and during my lifetime I was called strange. Now call me whatever you wish.

I was not a prophet. I did not see the future in a crystal ball. But I had one peculiarity: any story I wrote by hand in a notebook would, after some time, come true. Not immediately, not literally, but recognizably. As if the world read the draft and decided: «Not bad, we'll do it our way, but the idea is clear.»

Despite the misunderstanding of those around me, I kept writing. Because not writing meant suffocating. You, my descendants, will understand this better than others. Because this strange, dangerous, aching ability — to live in an imagined world so that it becomes real — has been passed on to you as well.

You are not obliged to be writers. But if one day it seems to you that your thought is too bright, and your imagination too dense — know that it is it.

Keep three things:

- silence about what you can do;
- kindness when you imagine;
- and this notebook. I am in it.

I love you very much. Even without knowing your names.

Olga Baranova

autumn, a year that no longer exists in calendars

The Dream.

Olga put down her pen and looked over the pages of the manuscript — her characters were coming to life on them, and the lines seemed to glow from within. On the shelf nearby stood three of her books with bright covers; on the coffee table were fresh reviews from readers and a letter from the publishing house offering a new contract. In the hallway, ringing laughter sounded: the children had returned from school, eagerly telling each other how much everyone in class liked the books by «their mom the writer.»

Olga smiled, got up from the table, and went to them. The children hugged her, then ran to the kitchen, where the smell of baked goods already lingered. «Mom, you're a genius!» the youngest shouted, grabbing a cookie. The eldest daughter showed the cover of a magazine featuring Olga's photo at the presentation of her latest book. «We are so proud of you,» she said, and in those words was so much warmth that her heart ached with happiness.

She returned to the table to finish the final chapter, and suddenly felt a strange lightness, as if everything around had become translucent. The letters on the pages trembled, the shelves with books dissolved into mist, and the children's voices faded away, turning into a distant whisper.

...Olga abruptly opened her eyes. She was lying in her childhood room, under an old blanket embroidered with flowers. The early morning sun peeked through the curtains. Her

mother stood beside her, gently shaking her shoulder and softly repeating: «Olya, wake up, get ready for school, you'll be late!»

Olga sat up in bed, still feeling the phantom weight of the pen in her fingers. On the nightstand lay her school diary and an algebra textbook, and beside them — a worn notebook of poems she hid from everyone. «Writing something again in your sleep?» her mother smiled, noticing her confused look.

The girl nodded silently, clutching the corner of the notebook in her palm. In her dream, she had become a writer, with books and grateful readers, loving children... But here — only dreams and the fear that her parents wouldn't understand. She took a deep breath, opened her diary to write down her homework, but on the last page, as if by itself, a line appeared: «Someday I will tell these stories to the world.»

Her mother left the room, and Olga took out a pen. On a blank sheet, the first words of a new fairy tale began to flow — the very one she had dreamed of that night. And although she was still a schoolgirl hurrying to her lessons, the writer she was destined to become already lived within her.

### Letter to Myself.

Well, hello there, my dear addressee. How are you doing there? I think everything is brilliant for you, because your dreams have already come true here, while still in the present. You are probably enjoying life, because I am doing everything here for

that.

Do you remember how you wrote at night, trying to make your texts understandable to the reader and beautiful at the same time? You didn't get enough sleep, but the fruits of your labor were appreciated.

Here I continue to work wonders, and so I know for sure that you are there rejoicing in the results of my labors here.

I will be glad to receive an answer from you.

With love — You!

## POETRY!

Woland.

He was at Kant's breakfast,  
On Patriarch's Ponds, at Varieté  
He dined with Pontius Pilate,  
He saw eternity on earth.

Behemoth the Cat, Koroviev, Azazello,  
His whole retinue with him, always, everywhere,  
He chose the queen worthily,  
For the ball where Satan rules.

He is Woland, merciless with those  
Who are not pure in soul themselves,



Who are greedy, believe in nothing,  
Who do not sacrifice their shoulder for others.

A guest with a cane, he looked into everyone's faces,  
A connoisseur of wine and wise beyond his days,  
Having spent Holy Week in the capital,  
He rushed away, leaving his trace behind.

June 22. Day of Remembrance and Sorrow!

The dawn froze in ringing silence,  
The last moment of cloudless summer.  
Flowers have not yet wilted in the windows, but  
Breath has already touched the light.

In the country it's morning... about four o'clock,  
Graduation has already rung in the schools,  
On the radio at that hour they announced to all:  
War... And the whole world fell silent.

In that house where children laughed yesterday,  
Today there is only ash and cinders.  
And there is no country on the whole wide world,  
No victory, that which awaited.

Over Brest smoke, over Kyiv fire,

From the Volga to the Neva a single moan.  
And every yard — a soldier's pedestal,

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