

Absolute white space, in which it seemed even the cosmos itself could dissolve, in this pure and immaculate place. However, in spite of the fact that there was an illusion of the infinity of this "purity" there one can see absolute darkness ahead. Darkness that was cold, all absorbing and incredibly exciting. This place is called "The Edge of the Worlds". In this very place, it was decided who will live, and who it's time to meet with death.

All this beautiful, quiet place was disturbed by a loud, strong, screaming:

- "In my practice, I did not see such a vile soul!" - said the blond with eyes the color of sapphire.

"Calm yourself, that you are to bathe, then from nowhere, we'll throw into the cauldron of sinners, and let one boil a few years old," said the brunette with ruby-colored eyes and with a smile of the devil.

- "I see you liked this soul The idea is not bad But only the leadership says that this measure is too banal and easy for such a soul "

- "Well, what does the leadership want to do with it?"

"They want to send him to a world where he must look for fragments of his memory and carry virtue to the people who live there"

7

- "Uuuuu if it's about, this is the world, I do not envy him."

- "Well, so they went after this soul? As in any way, but orders of superiors need to be carried out "

- "You are right though I do not like this idea, but the order is an order"

That world or otherwise it is called "Ascherepia" this world was created as a prototype of the Earth, but it was only a spoiled and rotten copy of a failed experiment that they wanted to throw out and forget. On her lived a lot of creatures as sensible and no, there were monsters. However, I would in your place be afraid of more people that live on that planet. Of course, not all people there are angry, as not all races are pure and kind. But only in human countries, slavery was not banned.

On behalf of the main character.

I woke up in a place that was very similar to the office of a high-ranking person. A massive solid table, no less expensive and beautiful chair made from the same mahogany tree as the table. There was also a bookshelf the size of the wall to which it was attached, books on it were different from psychology to classical literature. After I looked around the room in which I woke up, I began to frantically remember who I was and what I was doing here. While I was trying to recall in vain, a

man entered the room. It was a man in the form of years 35 - 40 in a suit and with an absurd yellow butterfly.

#13

"Hello, I beg your pardon for being late, today too many souls have arrived and there is not enough time at all"

"Who are you? and what am I doing here ????"

- "I am the" Guide ", and you are the soul that today must go to another world"

- "Soul???? What kind of nonsense are you carrying ?! How can I be dead if you and I are now conducting a dialogue ????? "

- "Haaaaaa means to be explained clearly" - pulling something out of his jacket, the man said.

Getting accustomed I realized that this was a gun and it was aimed at me !!!!! I wanted to dodge, but it was too late

Baaah !!!!!!!!!, Babah !!! Came a piercing 2 shots. Closing my eyes from fear, I began to think why it did not hurt, because I saw exactly how these two shots were aimed at me.

Opening my eyes, I saw that the two bullets passed through me and remained in the chair.

Did I really die, but why? And most importantly for what?

Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

Его статус: перевод редактируется

<http://tl.rulate.ru/book/9695/183027>