

PROLOGUE

It's a rainy day outside. Birds are flying away, flowers are dying... These days, kids like me... Should be hiding at home.

I'm walking through a rain drenched forest. And I'm trying to hide from the rain itself, and the storm, and how scared my parents might BE right now, knowing that I'm not with them. I know what my punishment will be when I return...

In the distance I can see... a circus tent ? What's he doing here ? Okay, never mind... I'm still have to hide somewhere so I don't get sick, heh. The closer I get to the tent, the fewer trees there are. The closer the tent is, the more dead trees there are. Suddenly the ground turned white and the sky turned red... What kind of drug trips are these ? A few more steps and the surface turned blue. Another couple of steps and my God, who drugged me (and when) !? The tent is self-bowed - each new tent is painted in a new color.

My head starts to spin... Bad sign. It is clear from what trips you can die at all. I'm already close to the tent and immediately I'm back in the first trip, except... The sky is no more. My narcotic imagination copied the surface and inserted it up, turned it over, and the tents merged together. It was pitch dark in the tent. In the distance, pumpkins are burning, like on Halloween. Suddenly, out of nowhere, I hear someone's rapid, unintelligible whisper, the pumpkins begin to twist this way and that, and that's all I saw, nothing at all.

NASTYA

It was a dream. It was just a fucking dream. I don't know why I'm so upset about this. Honestly.

My mom is waiting me in the kitchen.

- Good morning.

- Yeah...

- Vanya, everything okay ? You look... dissatisfied. As much as I was upset that the dream was a dream, those trips clearly affected me a little.

- It's all right.

- Today we are going to Nastya's.

- Perfectly.

Nastya is always calm. Although, why do I lie, wherever I'm not at home, I feel distant from my problems.

- Hello, silly.

- Hello, silly.

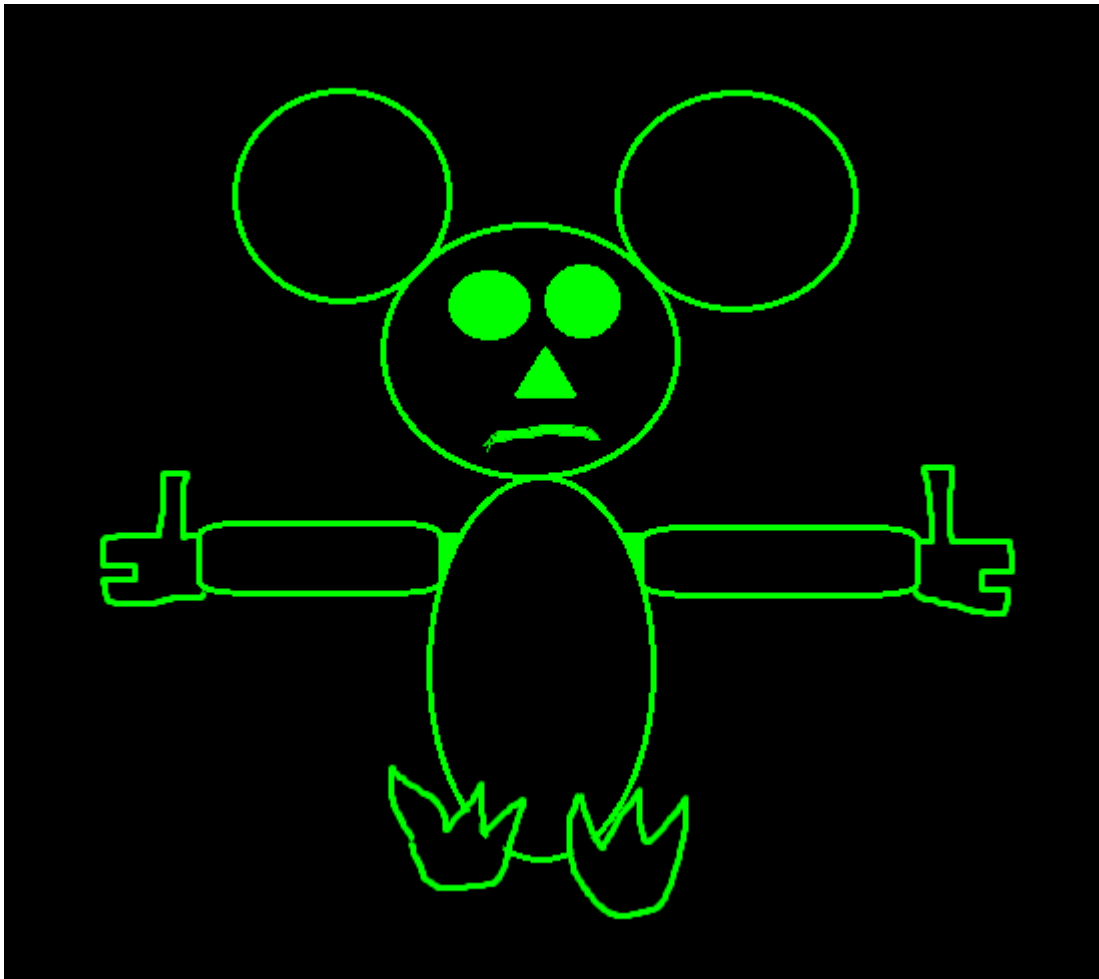
- How are you ?

- I had a dream about drug trips at the circus today.

- I always knew you were a secret drug addict.

- Thank you.

And then we talked about life. Nothing special. Suddenly, I saw something on her desk.



- What is it...?

- What ? Ah, I see.

Nastya went to the scary toy.

- I bought it at the store. This is "a lovely baby".
I couldn't help laughing.

- No, I'm serious.

- Don 't worry, I believe you.

- Look at the manufacturer's name.

"Adeon's Circus of Fun".

- Huh...

- Yeah. What is most interesting is that there is
nothing about this on the Internet.

- Yes ? Just like that ?

- Yeah.

I entered this name in Google, but as Nastya said,
nothing was found. I tried it in Yandex. Nothing.

- Okay, this is creepy. And why the fuck did you buy it ?

- I don 't know. Why not ?

- "Why not ?" What if this toy turns out to be a living killer ?

- No... This is mysticism. You don't believe that mysticism is real, do you ?

- Who knows...

Nastya suggested cheesecake. I agreed. I like to eat. While I was eating it, I chatted with Egor and he also noticed this strange toy. Threw off a picture of this mutant to Nick, he says that it is better to be afraid of him. I agree

When I ate the cheesecake, it started to get dark in my eyes. Nastya noticed this.

- Em, Van... All the g-good ?

I'm gonna pass out.

- VAN !? VANYA ?!?!?

THE GUEST

I woke up not in my apartment, not in Nastya's apartment, not in the hospital, but in the forest. In an empty and lonely forest. And I'm not alone. The monster that Nastya had was standing in front of me . But instead of that sad grimace, there was something else - a devilish smile, bloodshot eyes, bloodied teeth. I distinctly heard the sound of a churning stomach, presumably this "toy".

I started running. It runs after me. I can hear it breathing, it giggling, it belly... But... Why are these sounds getting louder !? Looking back, I began to notice that the creature was getting bigger and bigger with every step. Those creepy eyes... I speed up, and it increases in size. I must hide, but where ?

I noticed the entrance to the cave - I run there. However, not everything is so simple. While I was running around with this toy, it had already grown to the size of a dinosaur. It starts ripping trees out of the ground and throwing them at me. Bitch...

Managed. The creature pushed me inside a little wave from the tree. It's dark at first, but then, suddenly, there's light out of nowhere. It's a bonfire. Looks like I'm not alone here, the fire cannot burn forever, and accordingly it was made recently. A little more walking along the dark and narrow paths of the cave and I find myself... At the factory ?

From the stone cave I find myself in the factory of these creepy dolls: moving conveyors, metal walls, boxes with various equipment. I find a suspicious corridor at the end of which is a lonely room. It has lockers and a giant table with a lot of paper and mechanical shit on it. Is this like a small workshop ? On the papers are drawn drawings of various types of equipment, contracts with stores, some papers are generally empty. One of the papers attracts my attention because it has the name "Ilnar Ruchersky" written on it. Stop, this is- !? Contract with the director of I.S.Y "Z", a.k.a Ilnar Ruchersky, for the supply of equipment to this factory. The Z's helping this bastard, called "Andrew Rox", to make a small dolls the killers !?

I hear footsteps. Strong steps. Someone is coming. I hide under the table. A man in a grey hoodie and purple trousers enters the room. He is holding a glass with a plant in one hand and a book in the other. A person sits down at a table and says: "Everyone loves flowers". "I don't think so " - I say in a whisper. All of a sudden, I get the answer:

"Well, I'm so sorry, that I'm wasting your time here". I froze in place.

After a while, an unknown person leaves the room, leaving all their belongings here. On the table, he leaves a plant and a book with a QR-code-style cover and binary code text on all the pages. I think if you decipher it, it will be interesting, but I don't have a translator with me, so I need to get out of here as soon as possible. Quietly looking around the factory again, I notice the elevator through which this man came here. I'm going up - freedom.

EPILOGUE

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