

THE [REDACTED] OBLAST INCIDENT - BY TERENCE LEE FIELDS

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CLEARANCE: TOP SECRET

Journal of Vladislav [REDACTED], M.D.

JUNE 21

1953

Please forgive me this introduction. I wish to account for my sometimes unconventional mode of communication:

Before this all started, I styled myself another Chekhov. Both writer and doctor, he could peer into both the matter and metaphorical soul of man. When I was informed of the devastation in [REDACTED] Oblast not [250 miles]¹ from my home in [REDACTED], I knew I had been summoned from my dull position in the regional hospital for the right reasons. Even the new Soviet man grows ill from time to time. Like that good doctor before me, I wished to heal and comfort the sick regardless of the danger or poverty I would face. What luck, then, that I was immediately transferred to [REDACTED] Oblast! I did not know how little I understood of either matter or - what I must simply call - the soul. The one changes the other until the cycle resolves in something beyond ourselves.

Ponder these questions, heterodox as they are... Were ancient deities survivors of a more ancient civilizational collapse? In the vacuum of power and values, did the weak become the strong? Did the strong then pulsate, grow, and thrive? I apologize, incidentally, for this digression as well. I also style myself a philosopher at times.

While recuperating in hospital from my own - let us call them - flesh wounds, I have been tasked with assembling my observations and data into a narrative. Though our recording equipment was lost, I transcribed enough of what I saw and heard into journals to provide this fragmentary narrative. I understand why it is just that you have

¹ Metric figures have been converted to Imperial figures per imperialistic American convention (from the Editor)

put those journals into evidence. I also fully understand the other measures you have taken. If it is ever convenient for my siblings and their children to visit, I will explain to them the value of discretion when the truth can only spread panic in the proletariat.

Please forgive me another pause that I may emphasize a point: I cannot, will not tell them anything of what I have truly experienced. The revolutionary consciousness can only be revolved so many times before it swivels off its neck and falls to the floor.

DOCUMENTARY TEXT:

JUNE 2

1953

After a day of travel through rural Siberia, we have arrived in the village of [REDACTED]. The scale of destruction is overwhelming. Though a few structures remain standing, most of the villagers' log huts have been flattened or blasted apart. Trees have been ripped from the earth. All is ash and mud and wreckage.

We have been told about the [REDACTED] device. A normal military operation was disrupted when a counter-revolutionary subordinate released the [REDACTED] device from a Tu-4 at an altitude of [31,500 feet]. Along with the other medical staff, I am informed of the device's known impact on human physiology for those outside the immediate blast range. Though less powerful than the atom bomb or hydrogen bomb, it is thought to exert harmful but somewhat unpredictable effects on various physical systems. Testing with military cadets revealed 45% medium- to long-term cancer-related fatality rates among those proximal to the blast radius, with idiopathic symptoms (dementia, Parkinsonism, pathological enlargement of extremities, etc.) among 40% of those remaining. 10% survival rate is thus assumed for that zone. We are on the fringe of that zone, and so I anticipate that most of my patients will die.

JUNE 3

1953

Since sunrise, and without much sleep, I have been attending to the sick and dying. The eldest villagers do not understand what has happened. We are not permitted to disclose the cause of the

explosion. Publicly, they are divided into two camps: most blame American treachery, while a minority babble through radiation-charred lips about the wrath of a vengeful God. Even knowing what I do, I must admire both sides. American militarism drove us to this extreme, and a Yankee-diddling traitor pushed the button. On the other hand, though I do not believe in God, I do believe that if his anger were expressed outside of the ancient Orient, it would look and feel much like this.

JUNE 4

1953

A man, not as sick as most, arrived in the mobile clinic today with news. He has information of survivors from a village [5 miles] to the east, slightly further within the blast radius. I have transcribed his words:

ALEXEI [REDACTED] JUNE 3 13:04 - "My cousin [REDACTED] - he came to us yesterday evening from [REDACTED]... He said there were scars in the earth like the craters of the moon - fires burning - not a creature, not even a carcass, across acres of blackened farmland. He walked through it carrying his son, my nephew, coughing and sputtering, until he reached my door. I do not think he remembered how he made it. He died soon after - his son, praise be, may live - but before he did, he moaned for water. After drinking what little water he could, he told me that he had seen survivors. Just a few survivors, women from the village of [REDACTED]. I need to - let me return to the child, please. But I could not rest without telling you. Death has had his fill. Life must eat."

And with that burst of rude poetry, Alexei charged out of our tent.

By 15:00, I had organized an expedition. We do not have enough men to spare, so I only selected two: Boris [REDACTED], a private first class noted for his moral courage, as well as his commanding physical stature, and Evgeny [REDACTED], another medical officer who is less experienced but no less competent than I. Evgeny's education included extensive scientific analyses of radiation zones, as well as practical training in how to minimize the effects of radiation as a first responder.

AN INTERRUPTION FROM THE HOSPITAL BED:

I pause to thank him for the [REDACTED] methods he taught us to avoid radiation sickness. Along with our lead suits and masks, it was, at least at first, the only thing that prevented the three of us from succumbing to the [REDACTED] fumes.

RESUME NARRATIVE:

We departed at 15:30. After picking our way through a hellscape to which Alexei [REDACTED]'s description did fair justice, we encamped for the night in the remains of an Orthodox church 2 km from [REDACTED]. Evgeny found this setting darkly humorous. "Let us drink to the smashing of false idols," he grinned, pointing at a half-burned icon of the Mother and Child before pushing back his mask to take a sip of vodka.

"Don't trouble Him," grumbled Boris. "He may be all that has carried us this far." Boris had lately been emboldened by changing revolutionary policy regarding expression of religious beliefs.

"Do you listen to yourself?" asked Evgeny. "This," he said, grabbing his lead-lined lapel, "is our only salvation."

"Comrades," I interrupted, "we are wasting energy. Think of the innocent women."

The campsite grew silent. We put out our campfire, though our site was still eerily lit by a few brush fires smoldering in the adjacent fields. To guard against immolation, we have been sleeping in shifts. Now, thankfully, it is my turn to rest.

JUNE 5

1953

We resumed our eastward march at sunup, not much later than 4 AM at this latitude. This last stretch was the worst we have yet encountered. Soon, however, the landscape subtly shifted. Though black and brown and grey, it began to show a few more standing trees. Evgeny was startled to see a skylark, which landed on a charcoal-like stump near him and then took off for bluer skies. "That's odd," he frowned. "Proceeding at this angle to the center of the blast, we should actually be seeing things get worse."

"And you're complaining?" said Boris. "He works in mysterious ways, comrade."

"Or weather patterns distribute radioactive fallout unevenly," said Evgeny. "We saw the same type of thing after [REDACTED] event in '49."

"Look!" I said. We were finally on the outskirts of [REDACTED] village.

In [REDACTED] Oblast, [REDACTED] had a reputation for being backward, which was no mean feat in the region. Before we set out, villagers had warned us of what we were to encounter, informing us of the most scurrilous rumors. The people of [REDACTED] were said to be poor, subliterate, and even inbred. I assumed that some of this was exaggeration from alienated neighbors. Seeing [REDACTED] up close, I could tell that it was a fairly impoverished Siberian settlement. What was unusual was that virtually all of the buildings, though damaged, were still standing.

We walked into the village square along a narrow dirt road. Up ahead, we saw a humble wooden church. As we entered it, we heard a cry from within.

"Be careful! Do not open it too wide!"

We quickly shut the door behind us. The church was lit by a few candles. We could see two women in the aisle, one crouching above the other. The one who was crouching, Oksana [REDACTED], had been the one who cried to us. Clad in a thick woollen dress, Oksana was a small, somewhat squat young woman around 22 years of age with brown, curly hair and a face tanned from working outside. She was crouching over her cousin, Maya [REDACTED]. Maya was a striking contrast to Oksana. Around 18 years of age, she was very thin, relatively tall, and quite pale. Her blonde hair was gathered in two braids that reached to her shoulders. Though her thin shift would have been immodest under different circumstances, it was necessary to prevent her from overheating. Oksana explained that "the reckoning" (her words) had increased Maya's sensitivity to sunlight.

Though we exchanged glances, Evgeny, Boris, and I could not bring ourselves to point out the obvious: Maya's photosensitivity aside, neither of them were visibly injured by the blast.

"What happened to the men?" Evgeny asked.

Oksana slowly shook her head and motioned for him to be silent. Maya moaned.

"Are there are any other survivors?" I asked.

"One," said Oksana. She briefly abandoned her post and led us across the road to a hut that would have looked dilapidated before the blast. "My mother is grieving inside," she explained.

"But not sick?" asked Evgeny. "Has she had a fever, lost hair, stopped eating?"

"No. She is only sick in the heart," said Oksana, patting her chest before turning back to tend to her cousin.

We walked into the hut, where we saw a babushka sitting beside a dying fire. Though Masha [REDACTED] did not know how old she was, I would have guessed her to be perhaps 55 years of age. With gray hair, wrinkled features, and look of inexpressible sadness exacerbated by cloudy cataracts, she appeared to have been worn down by the hardships of her rural existence. The loss of her husband left her too mournful to even rebuild her fire. Desiring to make ourselves useful, we went outside and fetched wood from the road.

"Mother," said Boris as he rebuilt the fire for her, "you have been spared."

"And you have an appetite," said Evgeny. Masha had just finished the second plate of cold military-grade food we had prepared for her.

"Yes, but what is the point?" lamented Masha. "My poor, sweet husband. The boys die in Leningrad, and now this is their father's fate?"

"Yes, but you somehow live. You must give thanks for that, at least," said Boris.

"I give thanks to no one," said Masha. "But I will have another plate of food."

"Pure shock," I muttered to Evgeny. "A typical reaction."

"I dunno," he whispered back. "I think she might have the right idea."

JUNE 6

1953

Maya and Oksana are faring better. Maya still looked a little too pale when I saw her this morning, but Oksana now informs me that she has stopped moaning.

Oksana was optimistic enough about Maya to join me in the afternoon to chop wood. I soon noticed that she was chopping faster and more forcefully than I. There were also some odd bulges beneath her shirtsleeves.

"Very strange..." I murmured.

Although she was initially hesitant to let me examine her, Oksana relented when I reminded her that I am a medical doctor. Rolling up her shirtsleeves, I noticed that her (strangely tanned) biceps and triceps were unusually large for a woman.

"Are you normally this, uh, strong-looking?" I asked.

"Well, this is a strange thing," began Oksana. She informed me that over the last few days, they had begun to swell, along with her legs. "Is this a problem?"

"No, not necessarily," I said. "Though swelling is symptomatic of [REDACTED] exposure," I silently thought.

At dinner, both Oksana and Masha ate ravenously. Evgeny started to object, but I pressed on his foot and reminded him that these women were recovering from an inconceivable trauma. "This is the healthiest response they could exhibit," I hissed.

"So healthy that it's hurting my health," Evgeny grouched.

At the end of the meal, I asked Masha if they were feeling well enough to return to [REDACTED] for further supplies and medical treatment for Maya.

"Very soon," said Masha in an unexpectedly warm voice. "We must tend to Maya a little while longer so she can handle the journey." She placed a hand on Oksana's hand and smiled.

As we left, I couldn't help but notice that Masha's eyes looked less cloudy than they had the day before. In spite of my own gnawing hunger, I felt a surge of happiness. Though Masha was fully 15 years older than I, I still felt greater kinship with her than with her daughter and niece, who were far closer in age to college-aged Boris and the sedulous young Dr. Evgeny. Watching her recovery, I sensed that I too would recover something I had lost, though perhaps only in a previous life.

JUNE 7

1953

"It's strange indeed, this place." Evgeny murmured as I approached him. As twilight darkened the village square, he had settled down on the porch of one of the abandoned huts.

"In what way now?" I asked him. Over the past few days, we had developed an affectionate, determinedly rationalistic rapport over the seeming irrationality of what we were seeing. Since Boris interpreted every sign of hope as loaves and fishes, he was necessarily excluded from this rapport, which, conveniently for the sake of productivity, bolstered Evgeny's ego.

"Well, just now, as I approached the church, Oksana barrelled into me and blocked it."

"She's protective of her cousin," I said. "As the Bard remarked, 'though she be but little, she is fierce.'"

"Well, that's precisely my concern, Vlad. When I say 'barrelled,' I mean she pushed me with tremendous force. Have you seen her arms and legs? They're... powerful."

Today, citing the encroaching summer heat, Oksana had emerged from her and Masha's hut with her dress trimmed up to her knees, exposing sculpted calves that smoothly connected with her wool-swaddled thighs. She had also cut off her long shirtsleeves to the middle of

her upper arms, exposing limbs that seemed more muscular than they had only a day before.

"She's a sturdy peasant woman, Evgeny." I said. "I think that's what Boris sees in her, anyway."

We both laughed. After Oksana had unveiled her new look, Boris had been spotted trailing suspiciously close behind her as she walked around the village. "Would his God approve of such sinful thoughts?" snickered Evgeny.

"Not by the priests' reckoning!" I chortled. Inside, I thought, "Not much more than Reason would approve of mine."

Earlier that day, I had convinced Oksana and Masha to let me examine them more closely (they had insisted on waiting a few more days to examine Maya inside the church). First to volunteer was Oksana. After Masha left the room, Oksana got up on the kitchen table and rapidly pulled off her shift before lying down.

Although my eyes could have been deceiving me, her curly, dark brown hair appeared longer and fuller than it had when we first arrived. Likewise, though I had initially assumed that her tanned skin was the result of outdoor work, it appeared that her entire frame had a healthy olive glow. In fact, her entire body looked remarkably healthy and strong. From her thick trapezius muscles to her abdominal muscles, which rose and fell as she breathed, to her large, robust gluteus maximus, she appeared to be a Hellenized version of the new Soviet woman. Though I see that I initially described her as "small" and "somewhat squat," I must have misjudged. She measured a very healthy [5'7] from head to toe.

When I rested my hand between her small breasts to feel her heartbeat, she giggled. "Doctor, please be careful. Though I am not as delicate as sweet Maya, I think the blast did increase my sensitivity to touch."

After Oksana skipped back to the fields, Masha entered and gracefully disrobed. Again, I was shocked by the evidently poor reliability of my initial impressions. Although I had described her as looking like a 55-year-old, the woman lounging regally on the table in front of me could not have been more than about 45. Though her hair still had a grayish tinge, it had clearly mellowed from a lively shade of auburn.

In only a day's time, Masha's skin looked softer, her lips looked fuller, and her cataracts had almost disappeared. The only thing matronly about her was her colossal bosom, which spilled out over her ribs as she sat up looking at me.

"You just going to stare for awhile, blue eyes?" she said with a laugh.

I blushed and tried to reestablish my professional detachment while examining her. She measured a somewhat incredible [5'10] in height, just [an inch or two] shorter than I. The blast could have altered her metabolism, as she seemed thinner around the waist than before. As I haltingly announced the gynecological examination would be next, she sat up, gripped my upper arm, and rubbed it reassuringly. "Don't worry about it." She smiled, revealing incongruously white and symmetrical teeth. "You're certainly not the first one to go there."

"Madam!" I said, genuinely affronted. "Have some propriety."

"Make me," she laughed, wiggling her toes as she parted her legs. I examined her private areas, which I can report were then consistent with those of a childless 30-year-old woman.

Back in the twilit village square, Oksana's distant bellow shook me from my reverie. "She expects us to cook another meal!" whined Evgeny. "Cover me, Vlad!" He pulled a pouch of military-grade food out of his bag and started furiously eating it.

JUNE 8

1953

"Maybe," mused Evgeny, "it's genetics."

"Genetics?" I stared at him across the abandoned hut. "You think this could be genetics?"

"Hear me out, comrade. Radiation damages genetic material, yes? So, to simplify a bit, it causes mutations." He gripped his brow and nervously tapped his fingers upon the sod floor on which we sat. "And for most people, most of the time, those mutations are harmful. Virtually anything done randomly to such a fine-tuned system would be harmful. Like, of all the truly random things that a mechanic could

do to your car in a million years, only a very small number would coincide with the things that happen to fix it, right?"

"Comrade, this is Russia in 1953," I reminded him. "Neither of us own cars."

"But what if this family - through inbreeding, perhaps - happens to have some genetic abnormality that allowed them to benefit from whatever surge of energy the [REDACTED] device released?"

"By 'benefited,' do you mean grow to seven feet tall?" This dramatic discovery, which we had both made at roughly same time when Oksana and Masha arose for the morning chores, was the primary reason we had retired to the abandoned hut.

When Oksana appeared in the doorway of her and Masha's house, I noticed that the remains of her drab woollen dress barely covered her midsection and enormous upper thighs. The outline of her womanhood was visible behind it.

Masha, meanwhile, had reassembled her babushka into a makeshift brassiere for her humongous, visibly pulsating breasts. If she had looked 45 yesterday, today she looked like a voluptuous 35. Rather than a dress, she was wearing a pair of bloomers that her elongating, thickening legs were clearly about to outgrow. I heard a soft rip as the center of her babushka bra began to give way. "Oops. Looks like it's time for breakfast, babies," she trilled in a rich, clear voice.

All the blood drained from my head. I was about to respond when Evgeny piped up: "Can... can we see how Maya is doing in the church?"

"Not yet, bitch!" shouted Oksana. She stamped her mighty foot, and the ground trembled a bit. "We'll tell you when it's time."

In a reaction that was, in retrospect, somewhat unmanly, Evgeny and I fled to the abandoned hut in which we now sat.

"Come out," we heard Oksana call from far away. "I was just teasin'. We'll let you see your girlfriend soon, okay?"

"Oh, leave him alone, dear." we heard Masha say. "Those two don't want to play yet." We could see through the windows that Boris was still outside. Any of the subtlety he had displayed when following

Oksana's massive, swaying rear end in the past was gone. He looked like a dog chasing a bone, or, most accurately, another dog's posterior. From time to time, Oksana turned around to face her sniffing paramour, smiled, and drew his face to her chiseled torso. "Patience," I thought I heard her say softly. She bent and kissed the crown of his head. As he reached out to touch her, she grabbed his wrist and pushed his hand away.

"Genetics... That seems like the firmest scientific explanation to me," Evgeny proclaimed. "And it's the most consistent with revolutionary politics. I think I'm finally satisfied." A slightly dazed expression was taking hold of Evgeny's face. He hadn't had more than two meals in the past three days.

I stared through the window at Masha, who was now happily striding towards her hut with a milk pail in her hand. "'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'"

"Is that from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream?'" asked Evgeny.

JUNE 9

1953

"Wake up, kulak scum!" Evgeny said as he jabbed my ribs. It was still dark outside.

"What?" The musty hut had not been a very comfortable place to sleep, and my dreams had been... unsettled, so it didn't take very much to wake me up.

"We have to rescue her."

"Who?"

"Maya," he said. Even in the darkness, I saw his face sink into that half-dazed expression from the day before. "Those two... I think they're draining the life force from her. Demonesses, Vlad. Succubi, or perhaps landlocked rusalka [water nymphs]. They've already bewitched Boris, which means we're the only ones who can stop them."

"I thought it was genetics," I said with a yawn.

"That's just it. Their genetic potential for demonhood has been realized. Why do you think there were such nasty rumors about [REDACTED], Vlad? Each old wife's tale begins with a young wife overhearing something horrifying."

Captivated by the image of an old wife transforming into a young wife, I stood up and quickly adjusted myself. "I don't know if you're right, Evgeny. In fact, I think you're descending into madness. But there's only one way to find out!"

When day began to break, we tiptoed down the dirt road towards the humble church. As we approached the door, we saw someone racing towards us from the front of Masha's and Oksana's house. It was Boris, who sounded for all the world like a barking guard dog.

"Shit!" screamed Evgeny. He started pounding on the doors of the church. "Maya! I'm here to save you from these - these counter-revolutionaries!"

"Oh, you needn't do that," a resonant, dusky voice said. "Calm down, Boris." Oksana stood up from behind the hut, which was now only as high as her shoulder. Though she was still wearing some version of her woollen dress, her vigorous, natural movements and gradual expansion had torn and reshaped it into something a bikini. Her large, dark nipples protruded from behind thin strips of cloth, as did a dark semicircle of pubic hair at her crotch. The cloth there was hugged by the lips of her enormous labia, which made soft puckering noises from time to time. As she walked over to the church, which was now only a few strides away, she turned and called, "It's showtime, mama."

I nearly fainted when Masha came to her feet. She was, if anything, taller than muscular Oksana, and even looked younger than her daughter. Masha's calm, radiantly beautiful face was framed by two long tresses of wavy auburn hair. Though her hair was thick and long, it parted like the Red Sea around her massive, unclothed breasts, which jiggled this way and that as she moved. They were still pulsating and had begun leaking milk.

Masha's long, smooth legs strode over her former home. As she stepped over me, I caught a glimpse of her smooth, pink womanhood. "Maya," she cooed in a heavenly voice that could have melted even Stalin's metallic heart, "it's time to get up. The boys are hungry."

After a moment of silence, a rumbling sound came from the humble wooden church. Evgeny and I watched open-mouthed as the church's steeple rose from the roof. We saw a pair of thin, luminously pale arms toss it off towards a field.

Towering over the unroofed church, Maya really did resemble a gigantic water nymph. Straight, platinum blonde hair tumbled out over her blindingly pale skin and down to her knees. Her arms and legs seemed to have lengthened in proportion to her body, and her breasts had swollen beneath her blonde hair to the size of hay bales. She too was leaking; tears of joy, milk of plenty, and rose-scented quim mingled in a shimmering pool within the church at her perfect young feet. She had to be another [20 feet] taller than her aunt and cousin.

"She is risen!" Masha cried, jumping and clapping her hands. "And now, let us give thanks." She smiled at me, and I had to steady myself against the side of the ruined church.

"Aw c'mon," whined Oksana, "How can I give thanks if these things won't give?" She cupped her comparatively flat breasts. Boris nuzzled her shin and made a comforting noise.

"How could I forget?" Masha's piercingly clear blue irises changed to red, and she stared at Oksana's chest. Oksana's breasts slowly expanded, as did her already enormous rear end. As they did, her skin darkened further to an unearthly purple hue. Her nipples expanded as well, growing wider and more erect until they too started leaking milk. The remains of her woollen dress snapped and fell to the ground. As Oksana began milking, she wiped a bit of it from her muscular midsection and tasted it. "Tastes nasty," she said.

"Not to them," Masha scolded in a tone beyond mortal reproach. "It is their nectar." Masha reached down and picked me up in her warm, unlined hands. A feeling of inhuman bliss settled over me as my face approached her quivering nipple.

"Drink," she said. Her voice enveloping my fragile body, casting me beyond time and world. I managed to glance over and see that Boris and Evgeny were similarly cradled by Oksana and Maya.

The taste of her was beyond compare. I knew the tragedy and triumph of man, of ape, of protozoan, of gods. "I know the goodness in your heart," Masha whispered as my body began to grow. As I suckled, I grew larger than her hands, then her neck, then her soft, forgiving breasts. "Your kindness is larger than one man can contain. So you must become more than a man."

She set me down on the ground as I continued to grow. I reached her inviting thighs, her fragrant womanhood, her navel, her still-quivering nipples, her neck, and finally, her unimaginable face, sublimity of sublimities. I glanced away from the splendor, realizing that my clothing had been torn away.

She pulled my cheek back and stared into my eyes. "You must be partake of infinity."

Masha led me by the hand to a field. As Helios's chariot rose higher in the sky over her perfect form, I realized the once-charred landscape around [REDACTED] had transformed into bucolic countryside - a Siberia that had never existed before.

"You must partake of me."

With a laugh that sounded like sunlight, she lay down in the soft field and slowly opened her legs. I knelt down and crawled towards her. As my manhood slid into her quivering womanhood, pleasure beyond pleasures thrust me into immortality. My revolution was complete.

SUMMATION:

And now, in my vastly diminished state, I find myself in this military hospital. I cannot account for how I changed or how I changed back. And I do not know where Boris [REDACTED] and Evgeny [REDACTED] have gone. All I can do is wish for peace - peace to everyone! And I can plead for peace to the gods of my choice.

Editor's postscript: There are no official records in the Kremlin archives consistent with the account of Vladislav. In addition, nothing can be found to confirm the existence of Boris, Evgeny, Masha, Oksana, or Maya, or the radioactive blast that this account describes.

When the Grudge Retort published this piece, they received this response from an anonymized email address:

“my great-uncle was a prison guard at [X] penitentiary complex in siberia. he didn’t start until 60s but in the prison there is an urban legend of an event that has always been regarded as a metaphorical one in the Soviet state - maybe it interests you.

during a meteor shower in early 50s there was a deafening noise heard in the prison, prisoners thought a space rock had hit the jail and so they nearly rioted. there were criminals there not just political prisoners. so those same crooks would start to tremble and pray when my great-uncle asked about the story, because of what happens next - one of the big metal gates of prison is ripped open and four “gods of the kievian rus” and their queen appear, silhouetted by the falling stars overhead. there beauty is so blinding a guard literally lost his sight (sounds fake I know). the story goes that after a few minutes of pure insanity the gods seal up the prison and disappear into the taiga.

anyway who knows what’s buried in those kremlin archives. okay thanks for your time god bless you and keep you.”