





CHAPTER THREE

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that seemed to penetrate my coat. I shivered as I walked towards the entrance of the building. The door was open, and a warm, fragrant smell greeted me. I stepped inside, and the door closed behind me. I was alone. I looked around, and the room was empty. I walked towards the back of the room, and I found a small, dark doorway. I opened it, and I was in a room that was even colder than the one I had just left. I shivered again, and I looked around. The room was empty. I walked towards the back of the room, and I found a small, dark doorway. I opened it, and I was in a room that was even colder than the one I had just left. I shivered again, and I looked around. The room was empty. I walked towards the back of the room, and I found a small, dark doorway. I opened it, and I was in a room that was even colder than the one I had just left. I shivered again, and I looked around. The room was empty.



АНАТОЛИЙ КРАВЧЕНКО



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