

**ЗАОЧНОЕ ПУТЕШЕСТВИЕ
ПО СТРАНИЦАМ ИСТОРИИ
И ВОЗНИКНОВЕНИЯ
КНИГИ**





Узелковое письмо



Древние инки

- Черный цвет узелка - смерть,
белый – серебро, мир,
красный - война, опасность,
желтый - золото, богатство,
зеленый – хлеб,
не окрашен - цифра.
Простой узел - десятки,
двойной - сотни.





Защита
(Входная дверь,
детская комната)



Весна
(Предприятия)



Красота
(Ванная комната)



Путь
(Решения)



Свет
(Депрессии)



Благосостояние
(Кошелек, банков-
ские документы)















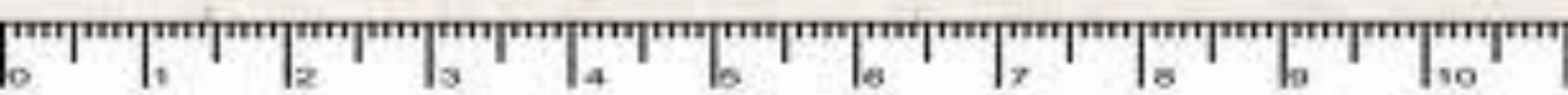
Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a form of shorthand or a specific dialect. The text is arranged in several lines, with some characters appearing to be stylized or abbreviated. The lines of text are roughly as follows:

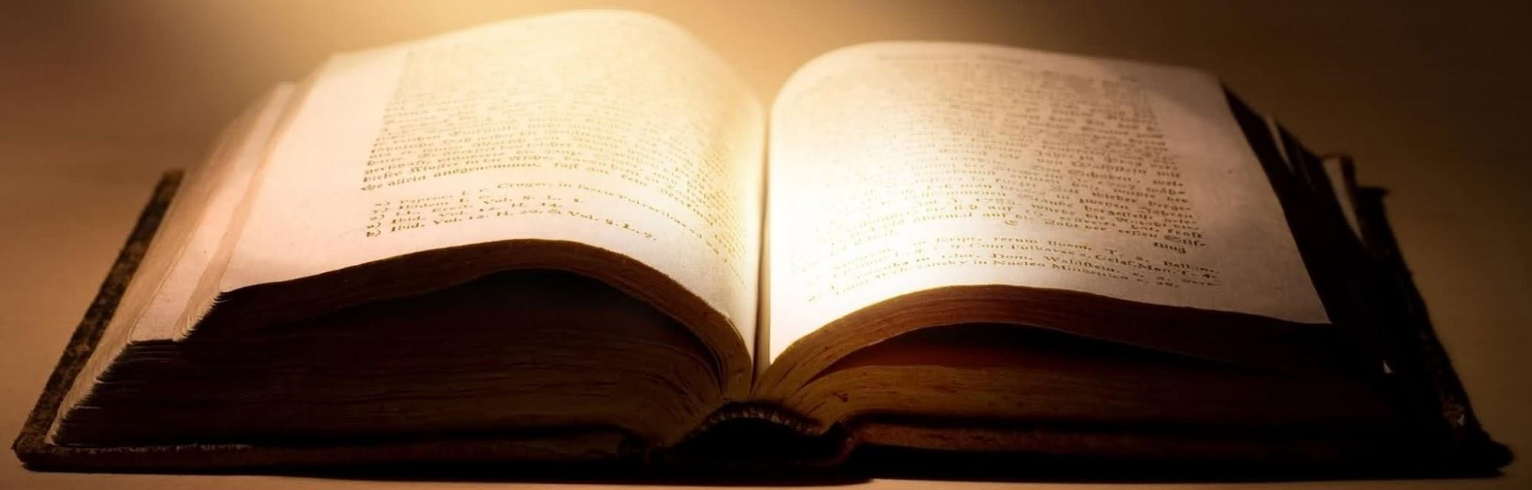
Line 1: N A A O
Line 2: A H P B
Line 3: A T H
Line 4: A O A O A H
Line 5: I B



Handwritten text in an ancient script, possibly Linear B, on a fragment of papyrus or similar material. The text is arranged in several lines, with some characters appearing to be grouped or separated by dots. The fragment is held in place by metal pins on a white background.

Line 1: NA G H M K N E · NA A H C N P I I
Line 2: N H K K · T P H B NA · NA A O P O P K H NA
Line 3: K O J K B N H K K · Q · Z E M E N I H · NA
Line 4: NA MA I B · NA TA A P K N E B E
Line 5: I · TA H B N K · NA B A C H H A K





kindle

PROLOGUE

*T*hough I often looked for one, I finally had to admit that there could be no cure for Paris. Part of it was the war. The world had ended once already and could again at any moment. The war had come and changed us by happening when everyone said it couldn't. No one knew how many had died, but when you heard the numbers—nine million or fourteen million—you thought, *Impossible*. Paris was full of ghosts and the walking wounded. Many came back to Rouen or Oak Park, Illinois, shot through and carrying little pieces of what they'd seen behind their





