

The Awakening of a Siberian Wolf

Prologue



by QuantumWarrior

© 2017 by QuantumWarrior
<http://qwlтт.blogspot.com>

Prologue

Dream/Vision

Date and Location Unknown



Jennifer woke up slowly, finding herself in a strange bed. Fighting off sleep, she struggled to remember where she last was. She remembered being at her parents' house, visiting for the summer. It was June 2013. Today she was going to go to the airport with her brother and their friend Joshua. Or at least that was what was supposed to be going on. But this was not her parents' guest room. This was not any room she recognized.

She remembered going to bed last night at her parents' house. After that her memories were of her dreams. She didn't do anything between then and now. Nothing in her memories would explain why she was not where she expected herself to be. *I must still be asleep, dreaming. Either that or I have lost memories. But would the boundary of my memory loss be as if I had been asleep just before regaining consciousness? Maybe my brain would put together my memories to adjust the boundary. ... No. This must be a dream. Either I am still asleep seeing a fictitious room or am partially asleep and have forgotten where I am.*

Jennifer picked herself up without fully getting up or out of bed in order to determine if she could. *No, this does not feel like a dream. I can move for real and keep my eyes open. The sights are real. I am awake. ... Although everything*

still feels weird. Either this was a dream and she was meant to find this place unfamiliar, or she was really in an unfamiliar location, either having forgotten or having been brought here. Either way she needed to determine where she was.



Jennifer quickly examined what she saw of the room before she got up any further. In front of her was a window with the shades closed, with a door to one side and a radiator underneath. This took up the majority of the space on the far wall. To the left was a table with chairs and two armchairs. On the right was a stenka and a TV on a stand. The TV was very old, or at least a very old fashioned style. *I have only seen TVs like that in old movies or movies taking place in the mid 20th century. Why would there be a TV from the 60s here?*

Her gaze and attention moved from what was in her line of sight to the bed she was in. *I am in bed with someone.* There was a man in the bed, someone whom she did not recognize. She had no dreamlike associations or insights of this man being a particular person. But he was still asleep. *I need to figure out what is going on before he wakes up.* With fear rising in her body and her mind continuing to run, Jennifer took the blankets off of her and cautiously got up.



He mozy. I am not going to be able to do this. ... I need to focus. She struggled to figure out how this could make sense. *In a TV show, the character may have gotten drunk and gone home with someone.* But that wouldn't work for her. *Or someone may have kidnapped me in the night.* It still seemed unlikely. *I must still be dreaming.* But she knew she needed to act as if this were real. She tried to work out what she needed to do and found that instead of being paralyzed with fear and uncertainty, she had some instincts, or perhaps training, guiding her.

There is something unusual about my thoughts ... and my body. She put this observation aside, however. She could not yet identify what was different, and there were more important concerns.

Jennifer was at this point wide awake. She carefully made her way to the end of the bed, where she had enough room to stand up comfortably. From here she had a better view of room she was in. She looked around to determine where she was.



Jennifer first noticed the paintings on the walls next to her. Above the bed there was a painting of a wolf. On the wall next to her was an image of an angelic version of Athena. Fear flowed through her body again. *Whoever put these here knows me.* There was something familiar about the design of the images. As if they came from her soul. ... *Did I make these?* That wouldn't make any sense. Unless this was a dream. Or she had amnesia.

She saw on the wall right next to her an opening to a hallway. Through the opening there was a wall on the opposite side, but she could see the corridor went left and right. It ended immediately to the left of the opening at a kitchen. To the right it continued before turning forward, away from the room she was in. The *stenka* she had seen before was right after the opening.

On the wall opposing her there was a wardrobe. Next to it was a bookshelf. On the other side of the bookshelf was a lamp and small table before one of the armchairs which she had noted previously. She turned back to look towards the front of the room. *Well, this room is certainly more than just as a bedroom, but it does not seem like a dorm room. Maybe однокомнатная квартира, a one room – studio? – apartment, with a balcony.*



If I am to leave, I will need some clothes, and I do not see any visible. Jennifer walked over to the wardrobe and opened it. There were clothes for both a man and a woman, with the male clothes to the left and the female clothes on the right. The styles were obviously old fashioned, perhaps from the early to mid 20th century, with dresses for the female. Everything is old. Nothing seems to be modern.

There was also a military style uniform on each side. He is military. ... Or paramilitary – police – I guess. And there is a woman who lives here who is as well. Fear washed through her body again. I need to get out of here.

I guess a dress would probably fit. The dress was relatively plain and actually covered her body, so she took it. These are not my clothes, but they seem acceptable. Jennifer put on the dress. I need to figure out who this guy is. She carefully walked to the stenka in order to look for an id of his. There were some personal belongings on top of it. She picked up two ids, one of them a passport, the other the size of an id card, but thicker. She moved closer to the window in order to get enough light to read and examined the smaller one first.



“Committee for State Security.” DHS? Is he trying to get information about my friends? She shook as heat and dread ran through her body again. But her brain was not paralyzed by uncertainty. It was working quickly, focused on trying to understand.

I can't be doing anything which warrants surveillance. And I doubt I know anything useful to track others. But he doesn't know that. ... Is he trying to blackmail or seduce me? It won't work, but maybe he doesn't know. ... How did he get me here? This can't be legal. ... Why is his id here then? Did he expect me to wake up after him? This seems too trustful for me to be a mark.

Sergey Volkov. I am not going to remember that. ... Well, wolf boy, like the picture. I wonder if this means something.



Before looking at the passport, a photograph caught her eye. There was a man and a woman, in uniform. The man was probably the one on the bed. His image matched the one in the id. *He certainly has a wife. She is clearly police as well. She appears to be higher ranking. ... Since when can I read military ranks? ... I wonder where she is. Her purse is here, but she is not. ... She looks similar to me!*

Something is really odd about this situation, and I do not know what.



«Доброе утро, Сонечка.» Sergey's voice startled Jennifer. She recognized what he said as a greeting – he knew her. There was something odd about what he

said, but it didn't register in her mind. Something about it was natural and unfamiliar at the same time. *He didn't use my name. He was talking to me, but used a different name. ... He thinks I am his wife?* Jennifer almost realized she was missing something else, but she understood him or understood the words at least.

There must be some way to get information from him without revealing his mistake. ... Well, this means I have some time. I can continue to gather information. I will need to know where I am in order to get home. I can call home when he leaves.

Sergey switched on the light next to him. Jennifer opened the window shade.



“It is snowing!” While Jennifer spoke this observation out loud, it was not meant for him. Something about this situation made her relax enough that vocalizing this thought did not seem problematic.

«Снег в декабре – это нормально!» Sergey made this comment as he was getting dressed.

When I went to bed last night it was summer. She felt at this point like the more she learned the weirder her situation was going to get. *Perhaps the old styles are not an accident.*

Amnesia could cause a time displacement, but that would imply higher tech

should be expected, not lower tech. The southern hemisphere reverses the seasons, but they would still have at least some of the modern technology, like cell phones, and why would he think I was someone else? A quantum leap type situation, however, would fit what was going on, if it were possible.

In these types of unbelievable situations, it would be more effective to determine the time and location by a newspaper rather than by asking. «Где самая свежая газета?»

There was something unusual about her words as well. There is something I am missing.

«В коридоре. Я приготовлю завтрак.»

A man cooking. That is the first modern aspect of this situation. Although, I guess, it doesn't need to be modern. Just like having a wife outrank her husband. That is not typical even in modern times, but that doesn't make it impossible.



Jennifer put down Sergey's id where she found it and looked through his passport. He was born in 1926 in the Voronezh oblast. 1926! He should be as old as my grandparents. But he looks more like he is in his 30s. She flipped back a page to check something. According to this, he is a Soviet citizen. Which may explain why his “state” of birth is unfamiliar. She picked up his id and looked at it again. Why didn't I notice that before? ... And why is it in English?

Confused, she continued to look through the passport. *Well, he is less than 45. He is certainly married. He served in WWII. Starting before he was 18. Although this was issued later, so he may have lied about his age. Or he worked for the partisans and they counted this service. And 18 is an arbitrary age. Different places may have different ages of majority.*

His home is in Moscow. That is probably where we are. I wonder if there is one near home. I guess everything else so far would be consistent for being in Russia. Besides, the government at home would not use the case structure in these documents. Or a cursive font which looks so different from the print. Or ...

Finally she realized at least part of what was so odd. *Everything is in Russian! And I understand.*

This realization brought the whole language aspect fully into her conscious mind. And it brought another realization. *I have skills I shouldn't have! A dream could fake this, but otherwise there is certainly more going on than just a game. And faking a case structure? I don't think a dream could do that. But it could fake the fonts as many people do. Assuming I knew something about Cyrillic cursive. And I don't think I did. ...*

This as a dream with the details being real would be just as strange as this being real.

Jennifer's mind started to look for other inconsistencies. *I have been wandering around trying to gather information without drawing attention to myself instead of being paralyzed by uncertainty.* She wondered what other skills she had which she shouldn't. She looked at the passport again. *This isn't a passport, it is an id booklet. And how do I know he is less than 45? There is nothing labeling the age for the photos.* Her train of thought wandered off.

Am I really so accustomed to these passports that I didn't notice anything odd about it?



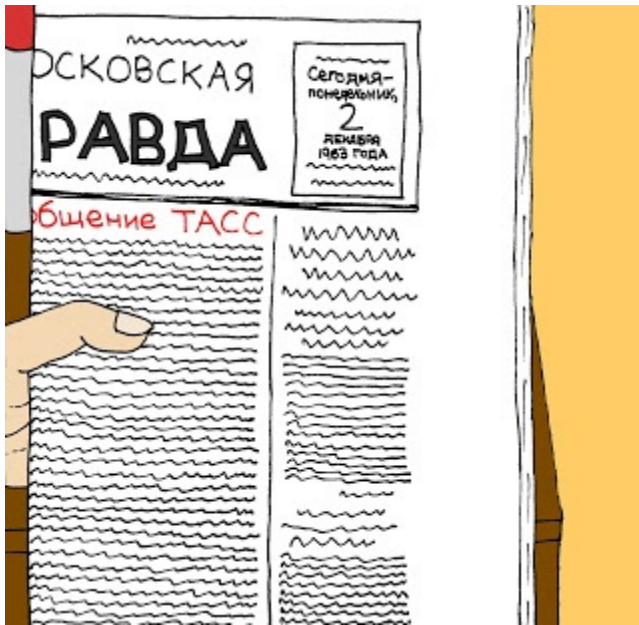
I need to know the exact date. Jennifer put Sergey's passport down, grabbed the purse on the ground, and headed into the hallway. There was a table to the right before the hallway turned. Jennifer walked to this table. From this position she could see the hallway ended with a door with another door and a mirror to one side and a closet on the other. As she was doing this, she tried to process everything.

If this is true, how would this be possible? What would it mean if I go outside and everything is consistent? In some sense, not being in the US made sense. If there is time travel, why would the location be the same, when there is an entire world to “choose from”. However, if someone else were designing this situation, it wouldn't make sense for them to choose the USSR. Unless they misunderstand what I want, but then they don't know me and this would be too much effort for little gain. Not unless I were actually in this society would manipulating me to believe I am a part of it make sense. But then this wouldn't explain why I am here. As a dream, the issue was she didn't know this world. The details couldn't be correct without external knowledge. And this doesn't feel like a dream. The sights are real, in detail, full detail. I have trouble focusing further than normal in dreams and here I can. And the design of this home is realistic yet unfamiliar.

But there were more concerns than just what the situation was. For starters, she knew something of what it would be like to be a woman in the past. Something contradicted by what she had seen so far. But the false notions of femininity she knew still existed in the 21st century could only be worse here, and that scared

her.

For her, though, the 50s, and the entire cold war period evoked another very specific discomfort. The McCarthy era and communist witch hunts; the anti-communist and anti-Russian mentality which permeates (or defines?) American mentality even into the 21st century. Purposefully demonizing people for being different typically made Jennifer feel she was the one being rejected. There was too much chance for her to be included in the targeted group. *Well I guess this is not a concern here. But I may be forced to participate in perpetrating the equivalent. I do not know if I will be able to handle that.*

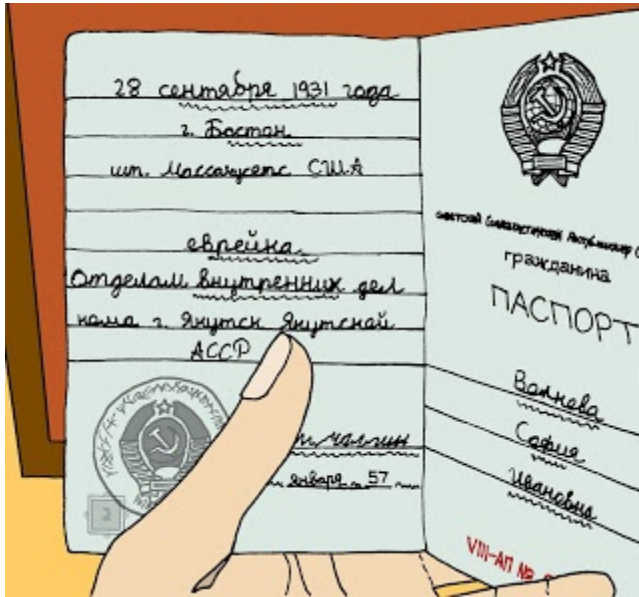


She turned on the light and picked up the paper to look at the date. December 3rd, 1963.

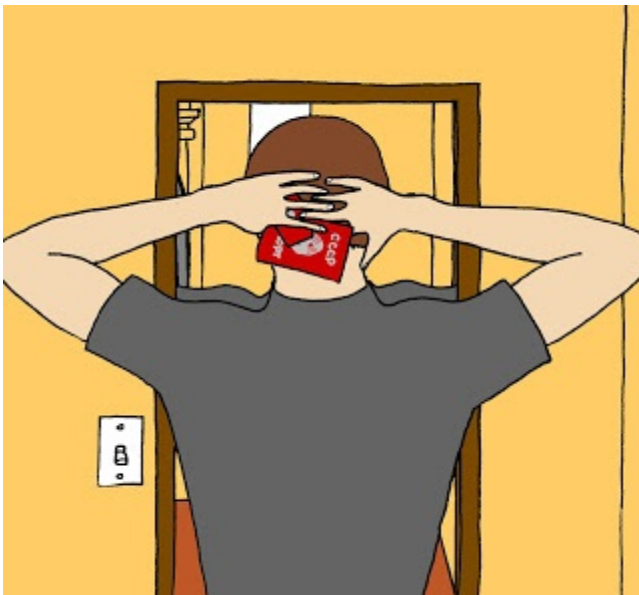


In the hallway, Jen looked at her reflection. The thought would be that a Quantum Leap type body switching would be recognizable. Her face, however, looked like her own. Older, perhaps, and clear of acne, but still her own. *Maybe I just recognize it as my own face. There are apparently other things which I have not noticed as unusual. Well, my eye color is correct – light brown. My hair is brown, short and easy to maintain. ... Besides, nothing seems to indicate that I can't detect the oddities when looking for them. And this doesn't feel unusual, unlike the other aspects where my instincts seem to be split.*

She took out her passport from the purse. She turned to the page with her picture. It did look like her. She compared that image to the one on her id. They matched. She then compared the image to her reflection. They also matched. She looked back at her KGB id. The feeling of dread returned. I can't be this person.



Okay. I need to calm down. She breathed in slowly and breathed out even slower. There is other information here. I need to know who this woman is. She looked through the passport. My birthday is incorrect, although that would be understandable considering the circumstance. My place of birth, however, is close to my real one. Perhaps they couldn't hide my accent and mannerisms. ... Although this would only make sense if this person is me, not if I were put into another's life. ... I guess similar principles may still apply. Something like a "Life on Mars" type circumstance would require the other individual to still be me.



She continued to look at the ids. She would have been ... 25 when she got this.

My age. In Yakutsk, wherever that is. Siberia. Not here. Did her life start after my memories end? Based on the dates, that was 7 years ago. She put her hand to her head in frustration. I need to get as much information as I can. She continued to look through the booklet. Marriage status matches this guy, as well as address. I guess that makes sense considering the consistency here.

She didn't know what to think. Everything seemed to fit together, but it was wrong, impossible. The life she was put into – this was wrong, she couldn't do this for many reasons. It was not that she didn't understand what this meant, it was that she did, and she couldn't be a part of it. She looked at her passport and id again, trying to take it in.

This is ridiculous, why would they even want me. I am not the same type of socialist they are. It would make more sense for them to imprison me, force me to work. This is not a labor camp. Besides, the uniform was an officer uniform. It was like they said, “I think she needs to be in charge of people – it would help with her self-confidence.” ... Это нелепо. There is no way this could be me.

There is no way I am getting through the day; this entire thing is crazy.

Besides, it would be irresponsible of me to do this. I would have access to classified information I should not and power over others not intended for me. Maybe I can tell him. If I still speak as this woman, but as if I lost my memory, he may be able to get me out of this situation without harm to me, or anyone else.

«Сонь, иди сюда и садись.»

Sergey's voice brought Jennifer out of her thoughts, but did not startle her. I guess I have run out of time to look at the ids. I have what I can get from them anyway. I need to get information from this man. She put down what she was looking at and made her way to the kitchen.



The kitchen was small, but did include a table on which to eat. She sat down next to the dishes which were clearly laid out for her. *Eggs and porridge. He knows what I eat. I am not sure what I expected, or what is normal, though.* She tried the food in front of her. It was not identical to what she was used to, but it was still good.

They ate together in silence. While this prevented her from revealing who she was, it made it difficult for her to determine with whom she was sitting. This did, however, give Jennifer time to think about her situation. She wondered if she should tell this man she was not who he thought she was. Every time she thought of opening her mouth to talk about it, however, she found she didn't know what to say.

It is strange. Everything about this world seems to fit me. Or rather, everything about me seems to fit this world. I am clearly not who I was.

By the time Jennifer had finished, Sergey was already by the kitchen sink.
«Сонечка, ты будешь помогать мне мыть посуду? Ты же не думаешь, что я должен делать всё сам, правда?»

Hearing Sergey's voice again shifted Jennifer's attention out of her train of thought. *Right, I guess that makes sense. Him cooking would have to do with how we could split household chores. Which, while I am familiar with this concept, is not common, especially further in the past.* Jennifer picked up her dishes and took them to the sink.



While they were washing the dishes, Sergey began to speak again. «Что с тобой? Ты проснулась рано и медлила это всё утро.»

So much for him not noticing anything being off.

«Ты боишься суда сегодня?»

Of course he would attribute the oddities in behavior to anxiety rather than, well, not being who I am supposed to be.

«Ты думаешь, что ты не сможешь выстоять против своего брата?»

She decided she would try to play along and attempt to pretend to be sick. Maybe he won't make me be this person. «У меня что-то с животом.» Jennifer held her hand around her abdomen and raised it up some as she spoke. Wait, what is this about my brother? Does this woman – Sofiya Ivanovna – have a brother as well? And what did he do?

“That is fear. It is understandable. But Nikolay is not who he was. And you can't save these people. These people from your past may remind you of who you used to be. But Sonya, Jennifer, you are not who you were. You have a society in which you belong. And you are not alone.”

I am not going to get out of doing this easily. ... Nikolay? Does he mean Nicholas, my brother? Well, I guess that confirms this is supposed to be me.

Although a lot has happened in between.

When they finished cleaning up, they turned off the kitchen light and went back to the main room.



Sergey walked over to the wardrobe and took out the two uniforms. He passed the female one to Jennifer. She took the uniform in hand and looked it over.

Do I really have to wear this? But she knew if she didn't he would know she was not who she was supposed to be. So she took off her dress. Seriously, though, skirts and uniforms. How do people think this is a good idea. She slowly got changed, though. I am not going to blend in in this. ... Although I guess nobody should actually confuse it for something sexual. It is actually designed to be modest, not revealing. I am just too accustomed to female bodies being considered sexual objects.

How did I agree to join the KGB? How does that make sense? Although I am probably working against the US, not the dissidents. I do want to fight against capital; I know how much of a threat this ends up being. I am influenced by fictional depictions of heroism and have warrior instincts. Many people do this type of thing believing they are helping. But I know better. ... What could have changed to make this possible? And what is this about my brother? ... And I doubt I could do this. Assuming, of course, that I can't overcome my limitations, most of which I am sure I can. Some aspects may actually make me more aware

and helpful. Maybe the physical limitations don't matter. Or were healed.



Jennifer had put on her skirt and shirt and was holding her tie when Sergey came over.

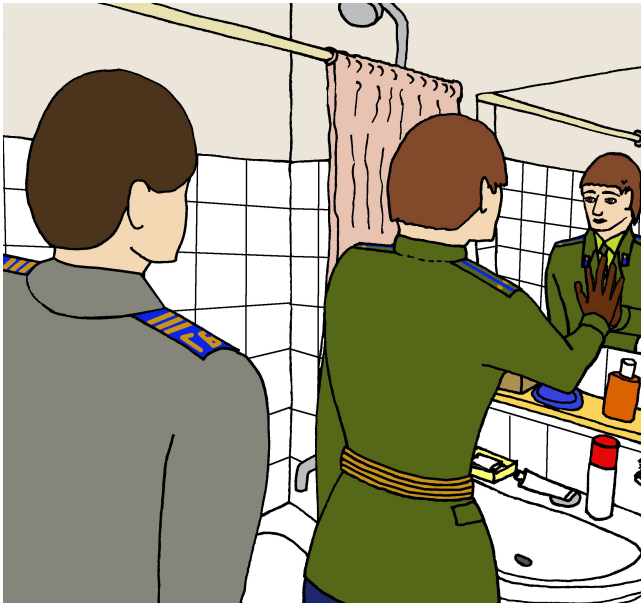
«Тебе помочь?»

«Да.» She handed him the tie but she still half expected him to hurt her. When he didn't, she was relieved. *Right. This is a dress uniform. I probably haven't worn a tie very often. He doesn't actually expect me to understand how to deal with male fashion accessories.* He took his hands away when done and handed her jacket to her.

Jennifer put on and buttoned up her jacket then picked up the rest of the outfit and followed him into the hallway.

In the kitchen he said I belong here. What, does he mean that ... ? No. Probably more like I actually have a sense that these are my people, that life makes sense. ... Is that even possible for me?

Sergey took out his jacket from the closet. Meanwhile, Jennifer walked past him into the bathroom and looked at her reflection in the mirror. She put her hand on the mirror, trying to fully take in who she was supposed to be.



Sergey noticed her and walked in behind her. He looked at her positioning. Jennifer had noticed him come in, although was still processing her situation as he paused to consider what he saw.

«Ой! Ты не привыкла представлять в форме своё государство.»

Jennifer turned around to face him.

“When you were young, you were taught that all of this is evil. Even if you know what you were taught is wrong, it still impacts you.” He picked up a comb. «Можно?» She nodded to him. He started combing her hair. He backed off when he was done.

Sergey spoke again. «Форма тебе идёт.» Jennifer became uncomfortable because of the comment, something which Sergey noticed and attempted to fix. “Your uniform makes you look like a warrior, not a sexual object. We don't do that here. You know this.”

But Jennifer had trouble relaxing, for this brought up another concern. “You know how I think?”

“Sonya, I know you. I care about you. You saved my life. I don't know what I would do without you. I would never hurt you.”

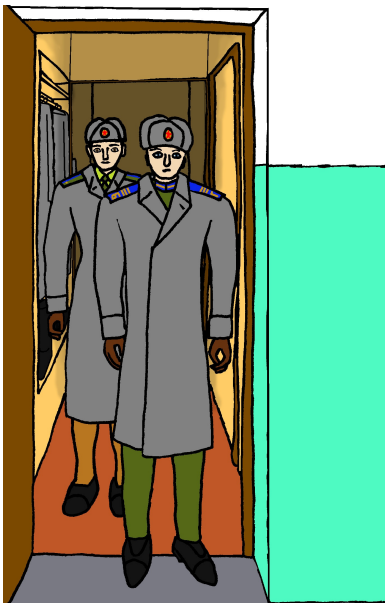
She didn't know if she should believe him.

At this point Jennifer felt like she had little choice but to pretend to be who she was supposed to be. The feeling of fear subsided some in her body, but not in her mind. *All I have to do is pretend to not be afraid. I have done things despite being afraid before.* Hopefully whatever skills she seemed to have would hide her feeling out of place, and the fact that she was supposed to be this individual would prevent them from noticing that she was not.

To Sergey at least, she was not an enemy; she was an ally, probably a loved one as well. *Unless this is all a lie.* But she knew things she was not supposed to. She would just have to pay attention and remain alert.

She hoped that she would not be asked to do anything which would involve hurting people.

Jennifer breathed in and out deeply again. «Готова.»



Both of them walked back into the hallway, put on their boots, hats, and coats, and grabbed their belongings. They turned off the lights, and walked out of the front door.