

Natalie Ponomareva

The football of all my life!

...and 2 stories: "FOOTBALLER'S
WEDDING", "Once upon a time AIR KISS!"



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2 stories: «Footballer's wedding»,
«Once upon a time air kiss!»

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Аннотация

To your attention the prose of the singing poetess Natalie Ponomaryova of www.певицанэт.рф is presented to “The football of all my life!” and 2 comedy-stories “Footballer’s wedding”, “Once upon a time air kiss!”

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**The football of all my life!
...and 2 stories: «Footballer's
wedding», «Once
upon a time air kiss!»**

Natalie Ponomareva

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Once upon a time AIR-KISS!

story

There was a football ball of the great Brazilian football player Ronaldo. Ronaldo sent it to play to the friend-goalkeeper-fan! The trainer drew to him eyes and a smile. Here what handsome man turned out!

And here our lover in Ronaldo the football player instead of a game in the field began to sprinkle Ronaldo's ball with air-kisses. The trainer tore on himself hair!

– Idiot! – the trainer shouted. The ball was in gate... The arbitrator's whistle sounds. Break. One player was already waited in shower by the girl to have sex (the guy suffered 2 weeks). The doctor examined team. Everything is all right. And here he was treated with a strange water with Chile pepper... The trainer suggested to drink to the defender... that took 1 sip – in a mouth the FIRE! All team similar to a 11-glavovy firedrake ran to drink water. Who joked of football players? On a tribune football players overturned the fountain with a statue...

Fans were in shock. A form, gaiters, sneakers – everything was in ketchup and the earth...

It was necessary to cause "911" and to send trucks with liquid

for washing of ware of “Fairy” from villages of “Villariba” and Villabadzho!

FUTBOLIT'S WEDDING

story

The sun warmed the rays, and Malto lying in a chaise lounge seized the laptop... Already half a year he looks for the bride! But photos of darlings deceived him... Instead of Pamela Anderson kept the appointment curve, cross-eyed unlucky persons with thick as liverny sausages, thighs... Well just Francois Villon's poetry!

Malta drank 2 cups of coffee... It took a break to beat a boxing pear and cyznm to remove stress...

But here IT entered! Dazzling beauty the blonde with smart long hair also sat down opposite to it. Her look of roasting by brown eyes! As Pushkin would tell, it was "the genius of pure beauty"! Malta treated it with coffee...

But so far Malto waited when the bartender brings coffee, he was horrified when he saw hairy legs of the beauty! Both laughter, and sin: it was the transvestite!

As if scalded by boiled water, Malto ran out from club and ran with a ball towards church... The church was open...

"My dear pastor! I was tired to look for the bride! Marry me, please, here to this football ball: it is my LIFE, LOVE, MONEY,

WEALTH and GLORY!”

SOCCER OF ALL MY LIFE

Story diary

Life as is a lot of football matches or as one big football matche

Germany! I am 18 years old. I got a job the selling assistant in federal network of autoshops. This is the official distributor of the German plant on production of video recorders and antiradars. For dinner I prepare a national German dish – stewed cabbage with fried sausages! The father opened a contribution in Austrian German bank... We bought winter boots to me in the Russian boutique of footwear. The footwear sewed on the German technologies! In music I prefer works of the German composer Ludwig Van Beethoven! In the evenings I become engrossed in reading of the novel by the German postmodernist Patrik Suskind! Das ist ja fast wie zu Hause! And in the childhood I collected toys from the German Kinder Surprise chocolate.

Father's call. He is a football coach of team of one local plant.

The daddy, I congratulate you! Our favorite team became the champion!

Yes, the darling, I supported them! I also didn't doubt these

children! They showed a class and pulled out a victory at Brazilians! A game, of course, was heavy... But in soccer always so! How you, native?

At me everything is all right!

Come to me to the headquarters tonight, we have a banquet on the occasion of a victory of Germany today.

When?

In six! I will wait for you!

Kiss you! Bye bye!

And meanwhile in bar beautiful electronic music began to sound... There began a rehearsal local musicians. Prepare for an evening performance...

Banquet in the headquarters

Shoot for goal... Gooooool! – I hear the father's voice at factory stadium. A game is ended by a victory of father's team. The hot training was! Football players already pull together striped gaiters from the brawny legs... Are photographed, fill a victorious cup with pear lemonade... Fun, tricks began...

And, daughter, it you? Well join! Today we have a double victory: German national team – the world champion, and my team won at a training!

I congratulate, fathers! – and my person grew stout in a smile... Fathers, and you won't pick up to me couple of !children for a performance at my concert?

Yes of course! Not a question

Party heat. All are turned in dances, watch film... And I needed to come into a toilet... I went down on steps in a bathroom... It was closed in a cabin... And when left and approached a mirror, saw painted a vanilla skin a wall in inscriptions:

“You won't escape”...

At first I just laughed... Also didn't pay attention... Here to me the friend went down.

Look! What it on a wall? – I speak.

Someone is kidding. Guys, has to be, joked one above another. Don't pay attention!

And we left. But the alarm for some reason lodged in my soul...

Picnic. We are ill for And *!**

Our favourite type of rest with friends are parties in the wood in the Open-air format in the summer. It when on social network VKontakte is advertized and gathered group of 200 tourists for a trip for the weekend to the picturesque river bank in a pinery. Tents are put, the fire is kindled, the bartender cooks cocktails, the huge TV outdoors, a sofa in the wood is installed, in the afternoon tourists play volleyball, badminton, sunbathe, bathe, and prepare shish kebabs and a festive dinner with splashes of “Coca-Cola” in the evening.

Last time we went to watch soccer on TV outdoors. It was a game A *** in the English football League. A legendary match in which And *** I have scored 4 goals in gate of rivals at once! “We love And ***! We are ill for And ***! We have t-shirts with a portrait And ***!” – all little girls shouted!

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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