



Eden

Molly

Molly Eden

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Аннотация

Eden by the author under the pseudonym Molly. The angel always communicates with you, you either notice it, or you do not. But communication is still happening between you and an angel. In noisy big cities if you had lost your own soul's voice and would like to talk with your inner soul and would like to speak with your angel, then you have to read this book, all answers will come to you! Communicate with the angel. Ask angel questions. Get answers.

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What is Chaos is my life Chaos is me!!!

There was a flash the in the Sun with an ejection of the coronal mass and bursts of radio emission. At that time, a weak magnetic disturbance of class G1 was recorded.

One particular ray touched her head. And from that moment on, she began to understand and read the angel's hints.

“Why she?” – You will ask. Because she was weak and she needed protection? In fact, she was not weak, but just very kind and very trusting! And she had a sweetheart. Of course, like everyone else, she always had an angel. But from that day she began to communicate with her angel. Through books, through music and through T-shirts of passers-by. We each have an angel. And they often interact with us and, of course, they try to protect us, but sometimes, when we do wrong things, they punish us.

Today she wore a T-shirt had an inscription “Cute but psycho”!

It was real and part of life she was also mad!



Angel's Tips

Are there angels on this earth?

Yes, there are.

Every time and every day they give you clues and lead precisely to the city in which you should have lived part of your life, even if you were born in another. Also if you do not have money to exist in a city intended for you and for all the universal reasons, you should not or should not have entered this particular city. An angel would come up with many ideas for you to live your life there.

Of course, you are an angel for yourself and your mother, but there is still an invisible angel. He leads you on this or that road. Angels are you and me!

I am an introvert, but sometimes I can also be an extrovert. I run away from my family and my society!

And guess where I ran? I escaped for some reason into the city of love. I'm 25. I love people, but I do not like to communicate with them, this is my paradox.

A girl was born in the city of X. All over the world gave codes to cities, her town was number 012. And she had to go and live in the city 021. She did not know anything.

But since her memory was for some reason intricate, she lived in a world without the past and the future. For all, she seemed normal. In fact, she was abnormal. And in her head lived as

a minimum of 6 evil and 6 normal cockroaches. Total 12. She had a single guardian angel, who for some reason helped her live on this land until she was 28 years old. To be continued...

Two people from the village A and B met in the metropolis M. The city of M was always rainy. And probably in this city, you can starve to death. Without money, without support, two students with their love. But for some reason, they decided to get married and have children. Perhaps this is fate?

Love? What is love?

Love is a feeling that is peculiar to a person, a deep affection for another person or an object, a sense of sincere sympathy.

(Internet)

I hope that always a pure love of almost 90 per cent leads to children. Sometimes it happens that sex is happening. This is probably an unusual idea? For people to be born and continue to live for some reasons?

And sometimes they made the lives of others a little better and a bit lighter!!! And they gave hope that they would continue to live and entertain themselves.

I'm just me. I was called a collection of letters, which in the human world matters as a name, and my name is Adele. Women's shell. When I was conceived, I preferred to be a girl. I love myself, my life and you, my friend. Yesterday I thought I was going to die!

After all, you also had strange thoughts?

That everything is, and emotionally you do not feel anything.

I have this syndrome has been going on for 5 years. I do not care what I think about. A big shit about what's happening around me. I'm sick of everything that surrounds me. This is called emotional burnout. It is necessary to return and turn from ash into a beautiful, strong flying bird of Phoenix.

In general, I'm tired, I think you're tired too. But, as you can see, I'm still alive, just decided not to give up.

Okay, I'm continuing my story. I'm looking for the same pure love. The love of life is the most important thing.

I, of course, live in the material world. But since this material world is a little rough and creepy, I exist in it with my cloudy consciousness. For some reason, I get garbage thoughts in my head. What you need to love a person with all your heart. When this person, whom you love and give yourself entirely to him, takes and cuts your heart and throws out? Why be soft and fluffy and help everyone?

Alas, I cannot do anything with myself! Because I am what I am. And I cannot defend myself, the angel comes to my rescue.

In the morning I went back to work today and saw "we help you to invent the future." – was written on the T-shirt of a guy who was passing in the subway.

Believe and by your faith will be given

The city of love, the population of this city, is more than 30 150 000 people. And 51 per cent of them is men.

Geographical coordinates: 211° 122 's. w. 121°211'.The telephone year of the city is 210. And in this city, I feel loneliness and lack of that single person.

My angel said that, of course, you can change the future, but some ways are still predetermined. And sometimes we should be where we are now.

These two souls had to meet one day, fall in love with each other and not let go. He fell in love with her soul, missed her when she was in another city and in another country. She wanted to breathe it, and he wanted it. They say that even the ocean will seem like a puddle if there is a person on the other side who needs you.

He heated it the same way as a woollen sweater, bought once in a beloved city. He is that gallant man in a black tuxedo and a bow tie, each time inviting her to the terraces of the most expensive restaurants. Her favourite drink was mojito and champagne. It contained sugar syrup, a little vodka, fresh lemon and mint. And champagne because It was sparkling. But most of the time she enjoys to drink just water, water, water, water pure water!

Her man remained pure. Over the years, it became better and

better, as cognac becomes better over time, and she rated it as rare, with 150 years of ageing. He – the same man... Galant, who knows how to care for and loving, to support his only woman!

She also loved everything antiquarian and natural, everything that existed and was produced 100 years ago. She liked the smell of pure natural leather, she was crazy about pure wool and clothes in monochrome colours.

Even her name was a retro tribute – Adele.

They met for the first time when she was 18 years old when she did not yet know what life was, and he was already accomplished and experienced. He had seen many people in his life. His name was Right.

That day, Right's car broke down, and he had to go by subway, and Adele, as always, was in a hurry to go to her college. Her curly hair stirred the streams of wind from the air, which she served at the station, she made up her nails that day in the colour of red wine, made a manicure and put on a dark blue dress. She smelled of herself, but, oddly enough, that day he smelled a woman. Since there were many people in the subway, he stood behind Adele. She lifted the strap of the dress, mechanically corrected her hair and began to look at something in her phone. After turning on the music. She stood holding on to the handrail, and he entered the Numizmat station, where the financial centre was located. She suddenly steps on his shoes. Because the train suddenly stuck. And she smiled back she doesn't know why. Without thinking twice, he quickly got out his business card and wrote on the back:

“I’m inviting coffee. 12:00. Tomorrow. On the dam from the side of the new city, to the Starbucks.”

Probably, I would say fuck off to the guys or men inviting coffee, because high-quality coffee is expensive and it needs to be cooked by itself, just like quality men are less and less in our world. It’s better to say: people.

I went for a walk, and get warm from the sun, and substitute my face. After all, I can not live without sunshine and pure love.

I went for a walk, and get warm from the sun, and substitute my face. After all, I can not live without sunshine and pure love.

When I embrace children as if saturated with life and strength. Now in this big city, I have no desire to welcome anyone, I just wait for that one. Stop dreaming and fly in the clouds.

He always brings me around. It’s when I have a mess in my life on the ground, and I have nothing to live on. I took the card on the subway and moved in the direction of the store, where I had to buy cheese. I was on the 12th line. And then he jumped some guy else with his bag.

I was pushed in front, and I stepped forward to him on foot. What an awkwardness, he probably hurts, but also my heels.

“Oh, I’m sorry, probably it hurts you?” – I asked in embarrassment and with anger.

“Yes, it hurts!” – A strange stranger in the subway answered a maniacal but calm voice.

And he also gave his business card.

– Hello, how are you? – The voice. “Excellent, how are you?”

– Thank you, all is well!

– Well, let's go?

We chose the other side of the waterfront. There were a cosy place and very few people. You could enjoy this rising sun.

I chose, as always, Americano with milk and a cake. And he wanted a cappuccino and apple pie.

Sometimes I feel that I lack real human love. True love and fake – it can be readily distinguished. This is how instead of real milk you are given a powder or instead of noodles a natural mixture with a chemical composition. I'm sick of forgery. I am fed with fake emotions and fake food and artificial sun!

For some reason, I had one incomprehensible and, maybe, a silly dream and so.

Dream number one: I want a man of my dreams to ride me on a bicycle, so he turns the wheels, and I was sitting in the back in a white dress and hat.

One day he decided to make a surprise for me – he came by bicycle, and we strolled through the park.

We sat all day on the lawn and watched the children play with grandparents, and one dream came true. But I was not in a white dress I was just in jeans shorts and a white t-shirt and in sneakers.

He was always busy with his startup project, which he said he would share with me and tell me and that I can participate in it. Self-confident and kind. Investment and working till 10—11 pm and waking up in the early morning around 7.

But in the park, we often talked heart to heart. We were

frankly in our thoughts. Today my cousin, who has lived for 5 years with her husband, decided to divorce. Of course, what can I do, they have two beautiful daughters, one 5 years old, another 3 years old. Why do people get married and get divorced, maybe it would be better to live a civil marriage, as all do? But I imagined that even if it were a civil marriage, nothing would change in the soul. When they have a divorce, if someone really loved, then after parting, perhaps, the heart would not stand that and would just refuse to fight, at least this is my perception of love.

The answer is simple: she divorces him because he has another on his side. God, where is the love gone?

I want to cry! But alas! This is the reality, and this is life! People are free to let them be free and be free yourself.

For me, loving a person is hugging him every night!!! And cook in the morning breakfast, and just enjoy. The unconditional love that's what I want. And I guess that's what a lot of people want. Not only me?

And when I feel sad, I repeat one poem from the Internet:

Angel tip 1

*Let the impossible become possible.
Let all that is far away become closer.
And let all that seems so complicated,
It is solved beautifully and effortlessly.*

Right: Adele, I'm a little hungry, maybe we'll go? Do we eat pizza? Good? Perhaps we'll have coffee too?

Adele: Okay, come on.

We very much like to eat together and walk together. When I walk with, I forget about many things. That people are starving in the world and that somewhere on this planet, there is a war. War, the reasons that even the belligerents themselves do not understand. Today I have no mood, I decided to go home.

Adele: Something's wrong with me, can I go home?

Right: Yes, of course! Do you mind if I will call for you a cub?

Adele: No, do not, I'll get it myself.

Metro. Crowds of people, and I in my thoughts. how

Always, I think that we are men and women, we are all from the same planet. And all just people who have to hold these promises to each other and not deceive and care for each other. Unconditional love, does it exist in the world? Why I have these thoughts in my head? Do you know?

There were two friends, a guy and a girl. They broke up. The girl drank the pills and left this world!

The story from the Internet, I read this news while riding the subway. And I came to the idea that if everyone died because of parting, then on earth would die 1/4 of the total population. Perhaps, it is better to love art or food, at least they will not betray you.

Angel Tip 2

Trust your forebodings. You know, sometimes it happens that your mind says one thing and your heart is something else. And then it's better sometimes to listen to my heart, rather than believe external factors. Learn to trust yourself.

I was 18 years old when I first flew abroad. I had to go through a small test when, before the border guards, an elegant, middle-aged companion stood up for me, saying to the officer:

– Pass this young person without a notarised assurance of her parents – she is the future diplomat of her country.

So I first saw him and with him for the first time tried a real coffee with milk. I will never forget this taste. He smiled then and gallantly took me from the airport to the city. In this city, I spent no less than a year. After graduation, she went home. When I left, he again quietly escorted me, having treated a tasty supper in one of the Italian restaurants. I flew home, but for some reason, I was still drawn back, to where he was.

I told you I like the gems but I like the diamonds and to make one great, brilliant need a lot of time in nature than after nature 2 found diamonds have to sharpen to each other. Other stone cant grinds the diamond.

On the second trip, he decided to surprise me. I see the city in the night in a multitude of lights, in me, as if everything was frozen deep inside in my soul, caught my breath.

These lights of the city were always near to me, but I didn't notice them. When I needed advice, I went out on the dam and asked him out of the city. The city embraced me and as if said that everything will be fine, do not worry.

He again met me calmly and loving, did not say anything, but just sent me to study further. I still spent a year in splendid solitude, fighting for my existence. Each day I had to devote five hours to learning a new language, which was challenging to master. I could not get a standard pronunciation, but I stubbornly taught a unique style for myself.

The first time I went to study, my parents paid for my studies. The second time I received a grant for training. The year passed again unnoticed, as time flies and you seem to fly after time. Once again, we had to return to our native small town, and that city, the city of love, stayed behind the sea. It was a world megalopolis, where more than 15,000,000 people lived, where life was built for people. They even tried to plant trees here, but these trees had only a kind and a subtle smell of green.

A city that you can not stop loving, you can only reach for it. When I went to another town can just be a week, or even less. Otherwise, this city began to be very jealous of me.

I forgot to say that recently when Adele was walking around

the city, she saw that in the old part of it the sun was setting, and in the new moon came out. Probably, she did not notice before that it happens. But it happened. It's like yin and yang.

As in everything right there is terrible, and in everything wrong there is good. Like life and death. With each passing day, be closer to life and at the same time – to end.

I do not know, no one will ever tell the truth about the reasons for my existence on this earth, but for some strange reason, I needed this Universe and him. He wanted to take care of me, give me time to himself.

We met again.

For the third time, when I was a little older but was still as naive as before.

You know, then Adele realised that after a time she changed her views on life, people, everything. It's strange how we live. Life is changing, and we are replacing with it.

Putting chocolate and medicine in a bag, I flew with the hope of a future life with him. But this time we again could not be together, he was swamped, but it so happened I found a friend. I went into the room on the first floor, where there were two beds, chose and settled.

On the one that was closer to the wall. The room was damp, here everything was not mine, and at the same time mine, the vague feeling of little freedom prevailed in the place, which 20-year-old girls could afford, who had neither money, nor

fashionable clothes, nor cool phones, cool parents. They could not take care of even what they would eat tomorrow or what they would put on in case of rain.

I saw her when she went into the room with a hat on her head, and with a handbag, she made herself out of two curved records.

I saw and for some reason thought that she was from another city of love. But it turned out that she came here and at all from a fairy-tale town, which for one part of earthlings was also a city of love. Our friendship began at a glance when she saw my chocolate and immediately realised where I was from. I'll tell you a secret my friend was from Petersburg.

Zoe

“Good morning, Adel!”

“It's morning, Zoe!”

“Adele, wake up, or you'll be late!”

So she tried to wake me up every morning. Then we sat down to have breakfast. She adored her porridge, and I loved cooking steamed vegetables for a couple. Fruits and yoghurts were also on the table every day.

We lived a soul in the soul. You know, one day, when we were given another scholarship, we went and bought our bicycles. She preferred her white colour, and mine was red. We went with her to the beloved city and sometimes went to the nearest supermarket for groceries. Riding a bicycle is really like living: for the movement, you need hands and feet, and to represent

where you are going – head and heart. Sometimes, it was included in the craving for adventure, brains were turned off, and then we could accidentally turn around somewhere wrong, but still fell into paradise gardens. Biking is like living: if you want to reach the top, you have to work hard and to go downhill, no effort is needed.

Zoe successfully passed the exams and went to her parents, where, frankly, she felt wrong and not there, because in this city of love she came to seek and meditate.

Although, to be honest, I also came to this city in search of myself. After all, sooner or later, a person understands his destiny or simply must create and understand his purpose, as this is predetermined by his fate and nature.

And of course, in this city was he. We often wrote letters to each other.

To be honest, after so many years, I was surprised that there are sincerity and friendship between the two girls. It exists and exists, as well as the sun and the moonwalk in the sky. We had something in common. And in her, and in me there lived a desire for independence and freedom. We were united by a universal love for the city, natural coffee and mulled wine. And for something we dreamed too much.

Of course, one could dream long, but...

I was running this morning, and a guy was running ahead of me. He smelled so delicious that she wanted to continue

running without end. He was tall and kept straightening his hair. Behind him stretched a train of spirits. I ran three laps, and when I started to overtake him, he decided to run alongside. Well, well, it was even better for me.

But then I started running in the gym. Opposite me was the mirror I was looking at while running. I think that very few people look at themselves in the mirror for a long time while running for a long time. Speed 8, height 3, ran for 20 minutes.

She lived a month at home and decided to come earlier than I, but for some reason, after a hard winter, she runs on the collected money to rest on the island. When I arrived, I saw my friend fresh, tanned, but still, the one who went to meditate.

Meditation and self-seeking always lead in the right way. Meditation is the way to silence, reigning inside, when noise around us continually sounds in the form of advertising, lectures, talking about anything and the words of friends advising what you are wearing today, or discussing what is happening today. As for her and me, I remember we just kept silent and lived with her in a quiet room, lit candles and breathed fragrance. It was the fragrance of silence and love in this city. All three years our television was off, and even after, when I lived alone, two more years it was not included. Do you know what else united us? At me and she had clothes bought in second hand.

We often walked, and he sometimes joined us silently, as invisible, while simultaneously romantic and pragmatic.

He combined the qualities of a practical financier, a manager and a male dandy who loves expensive cars and girls who love and are devoted to their homeland, their culture and traditions, and was one who can exist only in the future, in 100 years. Or... calmly be a friend who will never betray, with whom one can go to any war and, of course, complete it with a complete victory. And after a gallant drink of champagne.

If two people are destined to be together, no matter how much separation and tears they experience, fate will unite them anyway.

And that was true. He was from one part of the planet, I was from another part of the world, but why were we drawn to each other? He did not let go, and I could not leave him – we were in love.

You know, he always liked to repeat one phrase! *“If God is with you, what difference does it make who is against you?”*

And in this he was right. He was the kind of man you could rely on and be happy with.

So, the story of the two girlfriends continues. Zoe went to her house, and I went to my place.

We were looking for ourselves, and we were looking for true love. It is as difficult to find oneself as to search for love:

everything comes by itself and only when you are ready to go your own way with or without it. We knew one thing: a person on his life's path always goes with an angel on his shoulder. But he must go the way himself. The angel only tells, although not everyone sees or understands his clues.

How can you see the angel's hints? Through numbers, I gradually began to catch them. Sometimes, she was angry with herself when she made a mistake, and in her thoughts, painted a picture of how she could have acted differently. The angel's hints said that everyone has his own way and his numbers. My numbers were 12 and 21. I often became convinced of this. Recently I flew away from him for a month and accidentally stood on the check-box 12. Then, when I was spending time at the airport before the departure, a man in a green T-shirt with number 21 stopped in front of me. The world is mirrored, it reflects your thoughts, as in a mirror of water. Yes, and the human brain consists of 85 per cent of water and earth, too. So the numbers of my tips have always been mirrored, why should I be surprised?

So, the city in which I was born had a telephone code X12, and the town in which I lived all my conscious life, and the code number of the city of love was X21.

Do you know why I fall in love with him?? The fact that he knows how to seek a girl gallantly knows how to love, wait, care and teach. I am a young girl of 18, naive and stupid,

brought up an intelligent woman, who then passed many tests. I remember the day when I was very hysterical, I got drunk, missed for some reason the city where I grew up, and he calmly met me... I pounded him, thumped him in the face, and he calmly embraced me and asked if I was torn at work. He said, embracing that you can not drink alone, it's dangerous.

I think he does not understand very much what sometimes happens in my life, he lives his own, in his world, where everything is and even more. In his city, no one remains cold. For all, there is something to eat and drink. Tasty kebabs, different kinds of dishes from fish and the best cuisine in the world – delicious recipes, ingredients from around the globe. And to all this delicacy – cooks from all over the world, wines brought by ships or planes to his city. Golden youth who travel on expensive cars. He seems to have become accustomed to such a life.

He is not one who wants to buy a woman. It does not occur to him, he was brought up in other traditions, when the gentlemen got up at the entrance of the ladies and took off their hats before them.

You know, he once said: “Now there are few women and few real men. And we will not do anything about it. “As if his city was divided, like many cities, into wealthy, middle class and very poor.

So, from time to time, when my brains were starting to boil,

he took me with him to the talks. To him often came the familiar businessmen to discuss the contracts. Shipowners who carry goods to another part of the earth. Directors of large cement and oil refineries...

Manufacturers could do the same equipment from a different composition of materials, which facilitated the construction of a ton, and the price depended on that.

In fact, we were just shown the factories, and the central part of the business negotiations was left to the partners for lunch, usually held in an expensive local hotel. As in the good old days, costly wines, all kinds of meat, vegetables and fruits were served on the table, all dishes were cooked by excellent chefs.

Today, the first of March, the first day of spring, he invited me to take a walk through the streets of this beautiful city. And gave a bouquet of tulips. It was terrible unforgettable feelings.

Rain, in Shanghai today is a slight rain. Adele did not take the umbrella, although she went running to the stadium. Today, handsome with perfume was not. Adel ran five laps, you must finally lose weight.

Right sent a photo of the latest Tesla model, asking: "I like it, do I buy it?"

Adele crouched to meditate.

Right sent a picture of how the local kids are playing on his Porsche. One climbed up, and others ran around. Adele laughed when she saw the little small kids.

Adele went for a walk in the park, where there were many statues, the bushes blossomed there, and the flowers exuded a delicate aroma. Yellow, white flowers on the trees. She walked into the pagoda that stood in the park, and looked at the fish, quietly floating in the pond next to her.

While she was running, her phone fell several times, and now she found that some of the buttons did not work. Especially it pissed that punctuation marks are omitted.

The park usually gathered middle-aged men, who no longer worked. They played unusual folk instruments with unique music and discussed something. Adele was thoroughly soaked, and when she sat down to rest, she felt cold.

The phone did work all the same. Adele came home and cooked her usual dish: cut salad leaves, tomato, added olive oil, salt and squeezed lemon. This has long been her food. Zoe came in and asked what was new, like studying. Adele answered that everything was fine.

Zoe went to her friend Ana, whose boyfriend was a fitness trainer in the new quarters of the city of love. He worked with wealthy people who lived in villas.

– My whole body hurts.

– Yes?

– Yes. Yesterday I did some exercise, and the three of us did cardio. And then I already scored 2 kilograms. I was told to eat more protein eggs every day. I only eat vegetables and fruits.

– Yes, it is clear. Do you want tea with lemon? Will you have honey? – No. Listen, I want to cut my hair short.

– Yes? I think you will.

Zoe came from work sick. Apparently, the flu.

“I’m like a robot, I can not move anymore.”

– All right, go.

How do people change over time? They don’t like most of the things around them

Partners city government and the whole universe.

It is their universe which they don’t like and hate!

They do not want one this they don’t like the other...

Today it’s raining again. Adele went to a meeting, on business. Today she wore a dark blue raincoat and a light blue scarf under the colour of the metro’s eight metro lines in the city of love. She wears jeans and brown boots, like cowboys, and a white cotton shirt without, but not ironed, is peeking out from under her cloak. In the city of love, few people use irons. Adele is chewing gum. Today for breakfast she again ate salad leaves and tomato. She decided to switch to coffee with lemon, it seemed to her an excellent combination. What is it, the youth of the 21st century?

Somewhere seeking? They are called millennials. But it seems that over time they do not particularly well begin to remember the world history and the history of their country. They as Adele

live on Instagram and put everywhere filters that life seems more exciting and colourful. Sometimes they don't know how to spend time alone by themselves without phone and internet.

“Do not doubt, I'm with you, no matter what happens.” It's the whisper of an angel.

Where do angels live? In you.

Adele asked herself this question.

But in the headphones, Yade Lauren sang the song Invitation.

No looking back. Adele liked this expression: do not look back. The past does not return, you need to strive only forward.

The office where Adele went was number 200120. Again you say – 12, and office number 2312. Strange coincidence, is not it?

But she had this happen all year.

When Right came, we took a bath together. Children's toys floated in it-yellow ducks. Children love to play when they are bathed. Same as me.

Adele sat in a taxi, and from the car window, she looked at the cold city in the rain. Yes, sometimes it's interesting, but sometimes just strange, this city. She was sitting in the lobby in the bank building, and reading aloud Bernard Verber's book *The Voice of the Earth*, and listened to Paganini's *Cantabile*, but then switched to *Caprice*.

In fact, Adele was a pretty capricious person. She now only switched to white socks. She had 20 pairs of socks, and the

primary condition she put in was that they should all be out of cotton.

One day the Universe spoke in my language. While flying, she looked out the window. I said, "I love the univers" and the universe turned the heart from the cloud into a response. The stewardess gave me a pen and paper – I feel better when I have paper and a pen in my hands. A person is led by his destiny, you can not escape from it. And you will not fly away, sitting on the plane, you will not surrender. Doing yoga on the plane, I thought that I was a little crazy.

Adele got lost in the mall where the grand piano sounded. Indeed, she went to Lanvin, Celine and Chanel.

Last night, Right persuaded Adele to dinner by candlelight. He prepared rice and salmon, opened a white wine with bubbles. Adele wrapped herself, as in her childhood, in a knitted woollen warm blanket, and it seemed that the rain would not reach her there.

Football field on the roof of the house, mini-garden, swimming pool. What's not on the roofs of the houses.

Bicyclists hurried somewhere on a sunny morning, with bags and without. Here the bicycle was and is the mainland transport. Everyone either has a bicycle or can rent it, any colour whatsoever.

Two living statues also hurried somewhere. One of them had an umbrella, the other did not.

Adele, my Adele, tired after the show. I went to the Harbor House to buy furniture. Long chose bed and bed linen.

The first violin is a Woman? It turned out – Man... Must the conductor have a patent leather shoe? And he should be grey? What should life be like? How is the music of the symphony orchestra? Real and with love?

While it was raining outside, people bought pearls.

What is the meaning of music? What is the purpose of life? Not with anything. Everyone finds what he is looking for.

The pianist returned and began to play Mendelssohn's march.

Everyone continued to listen to him. The flautist thought when he had a wedding. Trumpet girls dropped notes.

The pianist passed the roses. The audience applauded.

Why close your eyes when you kiss? Why close your eyes when you listen to symphonic music?

Whitelist. On it, after all, you can write anything or draw? Has risked.

Dance is a drawing. Music is a note...

The drummer, tired of music, plugged his ears with earplugs. The conductor did not look like a magician. One violinist also had lacquered shoes, probably he himself wanted them too...

After the order of goods, Adele went to the hairdresser to do her hair. Her master wore a cap with the inscription "happiness and unhappiness". United in one symbol, they meant that life

flows by itself. The hairdresser dried her hair for a long time with a hairdryer and smoothed it, and before that, his assistant was doing Adeline's massage for a long time with her head and shoulders.

Keep the moments that she can not hold...

When she is in a beautiful skirt of Marsal colour and in a black jacket made of lace. Or in a dark blue raincoat, and in the ears of pearl earrings...

They went to the Spanish restaurant La Cocina.

At Swing party, everything is smart. Now Adele knows how to get into the past. Going to the swing party was necessary.

Where does the wind blow?

Adele likes to cuddle with the sun and catch up with the clouds – in fact, this is the most exciting thing that she can do. Adel read Nassib Taleb's article "Wealth as poison for the rich. "Venenum in auro.

We are growing up, we have a chance to revive life, but still, we are going to die.

Who do you want to see? What should you do when old age approaches?

Adel did not finish her coffee today. The unyielding taxi driver drove like Schumacher: he did not have a speedometer. Does this city love her, how does she love him?

Right invited her to the restaurant, but in fact, she did not particularly like restaurants, except for some, and what was the

point of the restaurants? Probably, for some it is, but Adel would have had enough soup cooked at stake, with fresh bread and fresh air.

Right taught Adele to dream and get up in the morning, but this time he had a trip for three days, and they spent them together. Right had to launch his project with clothes, they went to the city where they produce materials, and on the way, they ate at McDonald's. Right kept her coffee, and she fell asleep sugar. They bought tickets without seats, on the train, they were standing upright, and Right held Adele's hand, as if afraid to lose her.

When they returned, it started to rain again, Right feared that Adel would get wet, he somehow did not want even a drop of water to fall on her, and Adel already used to walk in the heavy rain alone and happily!

Rain and wind have always been frequent visitors to this city. Drinking tea with lemon and ginger with Right is a great pleasure. Rain – and people you can not keep in your life when you want.

First Right washed Adel with shampoo and wiped it after showering, then Adele washed him and dried it with a towel.

“I like your lips and nose.”

– And I like your braces.

– I will take them only after a year.

For some reason, for no reason at all, Right thoughtfully carried:

– But life is short, we all die, and what about

Will it be with us after death?

But today Adele did not want to talk and think about death. She just wanted to enjoy the evening.

“Yes, you’re right, someday we’ll all die.”

She always felt sad when she thought about what was going on with us after death. Some smartbooks say that end is part of life and we must take it as it is.

Every city has its own spirit. At this city it is original. In the modern world, there are many types of transport that we can choose: a private car – it’s fast, convenient, with a breeze and safe; the metro is also fast, but with a breeze from air conditioners and a constant crowd of people... Buses. They are in this city lead to noise. Of course, you can choose a motorcycle, and still have a bike. Well, he and I moved around on all types of transport, and sometimes just preferred human feet. The beauty of this type of transportation is that when you walk, the whole body is in motion and it seems that you perceive the world around differently. Of course, it would not hurt to shut your ears from the city noise. But still, it’s not a forest or steppe.

Where only the wind and footsteps are heard, maybe even the murmur of a stream.

Cos, when you walk all your body, begin to work, and you start to notice everything around you.

Sometimes I want to drink green tea without any smacks!

Apparently, only with a mug of tea, a modern man locked in a stone jungle can become a little closer to nature, to one that is not touched by civilisation in some places of our planet.

So, today we decided to walk with him. Near the temple on the left side there is a pedestrian bridge, and to the left is a luxury hotel, and, strangely enough, opposite this hotel, there are many bars with bright signs advertising beer. But in fact, they provide other services there... More than once I had to make sure that humanity on one side of the street is sinning, and after crossing the road, it can commit sins... Then we went to the store to buy products. Our relationship was like everyone else: shops – walk – joint night views of films. I was sometimes sick of his attitude towards me and my attitude towards him.

It always seemed to me that the saying “from love to hate is one step” is not about me, but in life, it turned out to be true...

– What do men think? I asked unobtrusively.

“About the women and about the money” he growled with a severe air. – What about women?

“Probably about the stars” I said jokingly, but in fact, about what they think, no one knows: who is talking about diamonds, which is about flowers, and someone about children.

Different thoughts came to me. He was sometimes far away, and I stayed in our city, where we spent our time breathing the same air. You know, sometimes I did not have enough air.

At work sometimes had to leave for another, no less fairy-tale city, where I met different people from embassies of different countries or with organisers of exhibitions around the world. I realised that intense feelings of people towards each other – it's true. When you watch a TV series on TV, and in it from hatred to each other before love, one step, you still do not perceive it, until you experience such feelings. So I also hated him and loved him as much as he was. After all, a person cannot be perfect in everything? The ideal guy, husband, wife...

“The heart has its own laws, which the mind does not know”. Blaise Pascal said this. My mind often made mistakes, but my heart never. I did not understand that I lived by the subconscious. Maybe Blaise Pascal had in mind the psyche when he meant the heart. The angel has his own way of communicating – he communicates with you through your intuition.

All living things are eager for freedom. And I, too, was alive, and I broke out into the street, to freedom, left work, and now I have nothing to live on. But nothing, apparently, it was my conscious or unconscious choice, but I did it. I was just strangling the office. Decided to be a wanderer without money and without housing.

In the south, very heavy rains. After one of the business meetings, I was lost in an unfamiliar city, I had nowhere to go, and along the way, I asked the casual passer-by on how to get to the nearest metro station. And he bought me milk, and we spent an hour on a bus trip. Of course, I went on the latest

achievements of the automotive industry and saw in public transport of different people, from prime ministers to presidents of great countries. But this is not the most important thing. Bus, people, road – we lost touch with spirituality, exchanged romance for material life.

I could afford everything I wanted: expensive restaurants, Italian and French wines. Costly bags made of genuine leather. But I lacked one thing – discovering myself as a person and understanding my destiny.

I was very fond of diamonds. Some stones were lost several times and could not be found. But it would be better if I found myself. How many times did she tell herself that she should always go ahead, and what is even better, run away? It's a shame when the time is wasted on empty chatter. You can not do it – do not say anything, and if you said so, do it.

My city is with me, and I am with it. My world is with me, but will I live with it? Or die with it? It seems to me that life is like death. One without the other no. Life is like a hotel: you are in it, but you have nothing in it, nothing in it belongs to you, everything is temporary. We all die sooner or later, and then why ask what kind of nation you have? Just enjoy your life and the things that humanity left in it. Next, I do not see the point, I live in my time.

So, we went to eat my favourite pizza with delicious cheese and Italian muscat wine.

Then they took a taxi and drove to the most expensive club in the city to drink a mojito and seize a lemon. They sat, drank wine and admired the views of my beloved city. He treats me like a princess, but... We had an arrangement that in my life for my expenses I am responsible myself.

A girl should not depend on the man who is near. Well, except that at night, if afraid that the window will look at the monsters.

And so we go for walks, go shopping, buy silk handkerchiefs and dresses... Yes, I remember, we went to a silk factory! Now I will tell...

There is a legend that the young Chinese Empress Xi Lin Chi accidentally dropped the cocoon of the caterpillar into the water and discovered that the shiny threads of the envelope can be unwound.

Adels childhood

When she was in sixth grade, she felt like a caterpillar that would never turn into a bubble: she was wearing old shoes, which was more than two sizes, wearing a coat damaged by a moth. But it turns out that life is unpredictable if you try to change yourself. Now she is dressed in expensive boutiques and requires things only from collections of famous designers. And she wears only silk dresses.

Perhaps, recalling her childhood, she now appreciates the human labour and even rice, which is often thrown out in restaurants.

I'm used to silk only and can not do anything about it. And now I'm used to diamonds, I'm just drawn to them. So, in continuation of the fact that the angels exist, yesterday I got 102 bills, but on the contrary, as always, a bottle with number 12 (twelve-year cognac or, perhaps, a whiskey). I do not remember. It does not matter. But it seems that only this number love me. Something in the last days I lost track of time. For me, there is no night and day. After all, the night turns into a day, and he surrenders to the night.

The birthday of the writer, with whose books I communicated in awkward moments, is also December 12.

My favourite is always with me. When I feel good and when it's terrible. When I alone drink my favourite coffee at Starbucks or when we drink wine with friends. Or when we rush with furious speed on the High Way. I understood why I could only live in this city. He loves me, and I love him.

Again, on December 12, we drank champagne early in the morning. That's how the morning should begin.

I can not say that I loved more – a man or a city.

We went to a professional massage for \$ 100 per hour, and after that, I slept for 2 days. To be honest, I'm just a bit different from a homeless guy who does not have anything, but he's at least tied to nothing. Nothing disturbs him, he has no responsibility to either the family or the society, he does what he wants.

I realised that there was fraud around me. Your branded dress in the store for one and a half, or even three thousand dollars, and the net cost of it from a hundred. The rest – to pay for the pleasure of the owner of the store and the designer of the thing. And if it's nice to tear up a T-shirt on yourself – here are your designer clothes. And the food in expensive hotels? A kilogram of rice costs less than one dollar, and for how much will they sell you one plate, putting, also, a couple of shrimp? But a person is happy that he can afford to be rich. We are all consumers. Yes, consumers. I'm included! I am a consumer as well! Sometimes I run away from my apartment, so the things in it for some reason press on me. Recently, I do not even wear jeans.

In addition to music and air, I do not need anything yet. You know, I left my job, as I said. Just tired of sitting every day in the office, where I did not have enough air. Now I watch TV shows. I go for walks in the parks, and sometimes – for the most famous art projects. It's good when you do not have a job and have time to sleep peacefully, rather than force yourself to achieve the goals.

I think I love him. But I would have lived with him. I was ready to work and achieve success with him. For some reason, he wants me to find a business that I like. He said he would provide investment for the project. But you know, I want everything.

To achieve it myself, and make him is proud of me. We have to dream and struggle for our dreams!

Often, when he works at his desk, I sit down on his lap, and he shakes me and hugs me. The day before yesterday we went to the club. They ordered champagne for fifteen hundred dollars. But after all the drunk I vomited. To me already it became ridiculous. Why do we drink? It is clear that the mood rises and there is a sense of flight. But after? And imagine, if you were a homeless person? Wouldn't it be work, food, housing? Anyway, I would have lived somehow. Sometimes I also live without a penny in my pocket.

I'm going to meet a friend at the airport today, which we often rave about. And the day before yesterday I bought myself a coffee maker and a bathroom. Soon, I think, I'll order a bedroom and a beautiful box to put my diamonds into it. Sometimes, when I rage, I throw them away. And he still buys new ones. Well, there is love. It's just that sometimes I get bored with all this. I decided to be a volunteer and go to Africa to live there for more than a year. Not to be spoiled. Everything is straightforward. I registered on the site to devote a year of my life to volunteer work. But, it seems, they do not need a volunteer. For the full complex began to learn the Turkish and French language and learned to dance. Well, okay, the year has passed, the purification has turned out to be complete, but I'll tell about it later. I remember the days when I drank Dom Perignon and smoked cigars in splendid solitude, and sometimes with him.

Again thoughts about death came. What will become of my

body? Warm? With the world? Dancing penguin – that's what I turned into today. In the dancing penguin!

Sometimes it's so relaxing to sit in the dark. And that no one was around. I remember my childhood, the taste of apples and cherries, the rustle of leaves from the wind. Now either the music in the headphones or the noise of the city. I began to forget how the ants scurry back and forth, began to forget what life is. Often the space of streets is so stifling that I want to escape to the forest or to the mountains, where only grasses, goats and me. Yesterday we went out with him again to walk and drink.

She remembers the ant, whom the five-year-old girl wanted to crush with small fingers. Probably, she often did this when she was little. Childhood will come back soon only you will go towards your childhood. Sometimes it is ok to be a child neither than the adult.

Conversation mine with Right.

– I'm not for you.

“I tried to forget you.”

“Try again, forget it.”

– As you can see, nothing happened.

– You can afford anything, but not me. – The creature.

– I miss you.

“Shut up and leave.”

“I do not need you, believe me, I can manage.”

– I have no doubt.

– See you in another life, or, when I die,

Send me roses.

– I want us to be together, I want to enjoy to wait for your beauty, your eyes, I want to see how you smile, I want to feel your smell, touch your body, caress you, I want to explore the touch of your lips. I do not know what is happening to me.

That’s how they swore.

God has presented a woman’s body and a masculine character. One with another is not particularly combined. But if there were no male character inside, then a long time ago this fragile outside of the girl would not have existed.

In a dream, I often get into the Second World War, where I am a five-year-old girl, who was given a piece of bread. And I usually walk around the collapsed buildings. And sometimes I get into the future. There I saw either robots, or drones, without legs, but with a human face. Do they have a soul? I do not know.

How delicious the rain smells and how pleasant it is on its own! You need to try it, and only then can you understand this. What happiness – to stand in the rain without an umbrella!

– I do not want to look into his eyes, he exhausted my strength and my confidence.

– What do you want most of all?

– I missed the family, and on it, I want champagne.

“He probably wants you, too, and champagne... Correspondence with a friend who does not exist.”

A mysterious city of love without time and space. Adele adored these Parisian perfumes Dior Jadore and Gio Aqua, and he always smells of Bulgury, Davidoff – this smell attracted and confused her thoughts.

And do you know what attracts me most to him? His erudition. In my childhood I had

A toy “Scrabble”, there are all the letters of the alphabet and a board – on it, you could make up words. It has always been exciting to play.

We sat with him on the lawn next to University, decided to play and relax.

Wrote words. He wrote the word “trust”, I wrote – “faith”. He wrote the word “love”. The wind caressed our faces. It was our trip to Shanghai.

Sometimes her heart beat in unison with the city, occasionally tapping the SOS signal. No one answered him except the capital.

And in these moments I go to my psychologist, and we communicate on different topics.

I’m just asking questions.

– Why do people in one place feast and grow fat, and at the same time, they die of hunger somewhere? The world is not at all the same as we imagine it, and we only pretend that everything is normal, but in fact, we live in a madhouse?

A pause from my psychologist. He ponders why such wild thoughts are into the head of this woman and where they come from.

My psychologist lives in his daily routine with clients. And he doesn't want to know why I was hedonist and ascet at the same time it was too much for him!!! He decided that this questions should be resolved by the client.

When the heart knocks and says “SOS, save me,” I go in for sports or dance. Or I drink a glass of champagne and fall asleep.

I go to my master, he makes me a haircut, which I want, and after a hairdresser, I go to do a manicure and buy a new dress every time, drink coffee and after that I sit, basking in the sun.

The psychologist with an intelligent air explained to me that the struggle of the two began in my soul – the hedonist and the ascetic – inevitably dooming me to chaos. Male and female are intermixed. Many artistically gifted people are weak-willed and contradictory. And I'm also inconsistent and, maybe, somewhat weak-willed. Sometimes I forget what happened yesterday.

The room where the session is taking place. The walls are white, the sofas are dark blue, the smell of sandalwood. It always calmed me down. And still sounded Fur Elise Beethoven.

We did not live long in that city.

I booked a taxi and came to the Tower, it is in another part of the city. Journalists and cigar lovers gathered. Everyone watched the video as if somewhere far away in Cuba they roll cigars by hand. Drank French wine.

He spoke again about life, Adele remained silent and pretended not to hear him.

During this conversation, a random acquaintance, a representative of some magazine sat next to us. He pretended that he did not pay attention to our discussion, although he understood perfectly well what was going on. We spoke English, but our new friend spoke another language. We talked about the old city, what it was like and how the ancient people lived here when they were young. We were nostalgic for the bohemian veins of the time.

By the way, bohemian parties then took place in the hotel in the centre of the city, which is located close to the bund. This is a pedestrian street, along which everyone walks to look at the new part of the town. And behind – all the old buildings.

We enjoyed cigars and wine.

I sometimes like solitude and drink with the city and the building. I usually talk to buildings or monuments on such days.

As always, I was in a black dress, put on a pearl and, when preparing for the exit, put on light make-up.

Solitude! Solitude! Solitude!

We went outside and thought to walk to the dam. He did not want to. We decided to go to another terrace, where no one was. He made some photos for me and kissed my cheek gently.

“I want us to travel!” – I do not want!!!

– Well, then to Thailand, to Vietnam or Bali? “I do not want to go anywhere now!”

– Then let’s go to Moscow? – Maybe!

I have often been to Moscow. I like the city, the river and the monument to Peter the Great that is located on an artificial island. I did not want to go back to the town where we spent time with him. We were there in the winter. In February it was freezing, but we decided to walk along the embankment of the Moscow River. We rode around Moscow at night, playing, pushed each other into a snowdrift, and people hurried home, walked with dogs.

We decided to eat with him. In Shanghai, there are a lot of different cuisines, from traditional Chinese, a lot of Russian and European restaurants, various bars. Usually, I’m not choosy, I eat everything.

Today we decided to try Vietnamese cuisine. He ordered noodles with meat, and I – fried grass and rice.

Rice I ate whole, leaving nothing in the plate because it was grown far and put a lot of effort.

He wanted to pay. But I paid. At this point in my life, he was a friend to me. He had a passion, and I have devotion. The rain gradually dripped, we took a taxi and drove me. He opened

Refrigerator and said that it must be filled, so I did not starve. He knows that I do not have a job now. I enjoy the city, the city – me, and he wants to be somewhere between us? The town filled my soul with calmness, and he – with love. It's probably divine predestination that we met with him, and if not for him, would I be then? He saved my soul and body.

When the girl's soul is hovering in the clouds, her clothes and hair are fluttered by the wind. Feeling of incomprehensible comfort and divine state.

I would paint the white walls in blue. Although no. I would replace the white walls on the island and the azure coast. I would admire the blue clouds and luxuriate, bathing in warm water, while he would look at me and praise at the same time.

We broke up at the airport in Hong Kong: he flew on business to Moscow, and I went to Shanghai. We agreed to meet again in Hong Kong, as we already met earlier in New York, Bali and Jakarta.

In Jakarta, they lived in the Kempinski hotel. Adele went for a walk and reached the cathedral. She quietly went into the temple and saw a praying person who was alone. She also

often prayed. I prayed that she would be rescued from herself. Sometimes I prayed that there would not be a third world war. After all, if there were a world war, probably, the city of love would be wiped off the face of the earth. And not only the city of love, but the whole world.

We went up to the tallest building in Shanghai, which was called the Shanghai Tower. After that, we went to a restaurant called Aura. And then in the Italian Scene. It was exciting. We drank Italian white dry wine and looked at the city and the river. Jazz sounded in the hall. He gave roses. But I wanted these roses to be alive so that I planted them in our garden and raised a whole roses garden in which our children would run.

Rose of gardens that how will look my future garden.
Or I will live in a big city with no roses?

I like my walks with him when we walk in New York. It was amazing. I love the Central Park. Central Park was my favourite with a lot of people around.

Recently I asked him to make me a child. Time flies, and along with the time I'm flying into the abyss. He has no desire to have a child. What am I talking about? Time, of course, flies, but lousy ecology, maybe, the coming third world war? Who knows...

I left him and very happy!

Although he sent me an Imassage painted heart. For some

reason, blue. At that moment, I wondered if there was still a heart in me, or already it was pulled out without anaesthesia. Torn and burned. Now it can never be returned?

Although there is a hope that in this our world love still exists. After all, there is still a love of life, for coffee and for Italian spaghetti in the form of a heart.

We must continue to live, where to go?

I decided to walk in torn jeans and in a woollen sweater, which is already with holes. You know, true love is like a real sweater made of wool. Of course, there are holes in the heart, as if from bullets, but we do not know that the shot is life or death. And love is the same.

Inviting smell of ground coffee, which I just prepared, hurrying for an interview. She looked

A lot of clothes that I would like to wear. I tried on ten dresses, but none fit my mental state of freedom and carelessness. Not suitable for the weather. On the street January, but 13 degrees of heat. As a result, she put on a comfortable silk sweater and a leather jacket, bought once in Turkey. I got on the bus and went for an interview.

Recently I had an emotional burnout because of work, because of the search for the meaning of life and the search for true love. And I went to visit my parents, I met with them, and then I planned a trip to Turkey, namely Istanbul. Where Asia and Europe intersect each other. I really liked the seagulls that fly and

the shipping ships. Marmara, which transports people and cars from the European part to the Asian region. I took Metro over the city and under the city. Trams and taxis. Tourists standing in line, and shop sellers offering tea and sweets of the East. I decided to go to the Aya-Sofia mosque and the Basilica reservoir, here you can store 80,000 cubic meters of water. But he was given the name of Erebatan-Saray, which means "The palace that collapsed under the ground". I like this name. I think that in the end, we all will fail under the earth and from this, no one is ever insured. Someone is just in the distant mountains, as in Central Asia because of unresponsive and young mothers, children fall into the fast currents of water at the age of 2 years and never return, and someone falls merely into old age in a dream. And someone just in a goal at the age of 20, as a girl who lives in a city of love did. And some young guys in the prime of life leave and fail because of the ideological differences of countries. Nobody knows the answer. While I was flying to Turkey, there was a lot of turbulence, and then I too.

I thought about dropping into the palace. If I fail and never come back, what will happen to my relatives? What will happen to the plans that I set for myself? But this time everything turned out. Probably, the universe has its own programs, perhaps for some reason, I still need on this earth. Presumably, on this earth still need a man who is looking for true love and who is continuously experiencing an internal war. War of the material

world and the battle of the peace of mind. Walking through the streets of Istanbul and seeing different handkerchiefs, I was so sorry, and why on these scarves are not drawn gulls. And she happened to find that handkerchief with seagulls and the sea. I walked every day from morning till night and was happy. Is it abnormal to travel alone? Is she crazy? Maybe yes! I agree with you! Need to be mad to be a solitary tourist? Well, okay. I really love lentil soup, and kebab, and, of course, Rahat-lukum, and how to do without raki – white aniseed vodka. Voila! While I enjoyed this happy moment of loneliness and amid my fantasy. In a dream before flying back to Turkey, I saw a tree. I saw how I made the Selfie climbing this curved tree, and for some reason, I often saw in a dream a city that is built on the slopes of the mountain and smoothly descending to the sea. This was one of the tips of my angel. On the third day of my trip, I walked without any specific plan, it's like a leaf in the wind. The foliage just begins to fall, and you do not know where it will fall, so do I. Persistent sellers of the tour of the Bosphorus took me by the hand and sold for \$ 20 a tour of the Bosphorus. I accepted and sat on the ship for tourists and swept, the wind stroked my face, and my hair was fluttering in the breeze, I was pleased to inhale this sea air. And left the ship, and went up towards the centre of the city, and suddenly

accidentally reached that very tree from my dream. This is one of the angel's hints. When I left while I was travelling to the airport, I saw a bus numbered 12. It was a sign from an angel

that at that very moment in my life I was supposed to be here, and not somewhere else.

I went into the subway.

There was a message from the past.) And it was from the angel that the lines of the great Russian poet Alexander Sergeevich Pushkin.

If life deceives you If life deceives you, Do not grieve, do not be angry!

On the Day of Despondency, Resign

A day of fun, believe it, will come. The heart lives in the future; The present is sad:

Everything is instant, everything will pass. What will give away, it will be cute!

In the evening I went to drink a glass of mojito.

– There are different girls in the lounge bar. Some by themselves, do not owe anything to anyone, they came to drink, for example, mojito after a long working day or those that especially come to the bar as a job, painted, elegant.

– Distinguish their clothes and manner of behaviour.

– The girls in the first category are dressed, what is convenient for them. Jeans, ballet flats or, maybe, their favourite dress. Faint cosmetics and self-confidence, which rush to the bar in the distance. They even, probably, the men do not really need anything, they just like music, for example, the club.⁴⁹

Another category: they need peasants and peasants also need them for one night or a maximum of two. This is called buying and selling for them. Business people are used to buying and selling everything in this world. People can calmly buy organs. They can say to the girl: “Let’s buy you a phone” – and think that this is all, the love of a poor girl is bought. It is a pity that you can not give in the face and spit. Angel tells me that such people receive punishment differently. There will be a time when before God they will be powerless. After all, God does not take a bill.

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