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THE IDOL

MARIA SHESTAKOVA

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Shestakova M.

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Each of us has dreams. But is it destined to be fulfilled by the most secret of them? Our days. The girl lives with a dream - to see her Idol in reality. Based on real events, the story is romantic, a bit dramatic and mysterious. Written in the style of a personal diary, it will immerse you in the inner world of the heroine. With her fears, pain and hopes. Together you will go the way to her dream. Think, desire, visualize and go to your goal!

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Introduction

This is not a biography of a famous person, but a story about how amazing and unpredictable our life is...

We live in a big world of events. This is our life. Someone is ordinary, someone full of adventure. But everyone creates his own world: strives for the best, goes after his dream and brings it to life. And the others are not. Maybe they are afraid?

Prologue

The average young girl lives in a small Siberian city. Her world rotates on the same axis as most people: home, work, children, husband.

But the husband turned out to be not the person who endlessly loves, appreciates and thanks for beautiful children. He is a tyrant who inspired her with the idea of the worthlessness and aimlessness of existence. She does not dream of anything else, because she learned to live with it.

There is a secret in her heart, her small world. The Idol. The one whose image flickers from the screens of TVs and social networks, and His voice sounds everywhere. He heals her soul and wounded heart. With Him, she gets up and falls asleep, has lunch, goes in for sports, brings up children, walks with a dog. He is always with her.

Will she ever see an Idol in reality? Will look into His sad deep eyes and hear a penetrating voice?

Chapter 1. This is not for me

April 15, 2017. This day will forever remain in my heart. Then the first meeting with Idol took place. I dreamed for a long time, hoped and believed...

February 2016. Morning. Office. I'm browsing the news on the local website, I come across a poster. It can not be! My Angel, my Idol comes on tour to my hometown. I can't believe my eyes, I read several times. I feel butterflies in the stomach. The concert is only in May. But I already know the ticket prices. The salary of an ordinary manager leaves much to be desired, and the decision to purchase a ticket is postponed until later.

Day after day, peering into the concert hall scheme on the website, I count how many tickets are left, at what price, and can I afford it?

Time flies. It's already May. A few days before the concert. I pull the time. No money. I catch myself thinking: "Maybe not? I got carried away like a young fan. And I have a husband, children." I can't decide.

On the concert day, I suffer that He is not far away. But remains unapproachable for me. I read reviews about the concert, bite my elbows, worry and look for an excuse. Let the teenage girls go to concerts, squeal and hope that someday they will marry Idol, give birth to a bunch of children and shine next to him. Not. My love is different. Strict, restrained and deep. I bow to him.

Chapter 2. A gift of fate

Life goes on. Spring and summer flashed. A cold, dank autumn has arrived, and one must be a complete optimist so as not to get depressed. Autumn in my city is dullness, endless winds and longing.

There are only discontent, showdown and humiliation at home. It is forbidden to go anywhere. The only salvation is Idol. Inside the car, to the sound of rain and wind, a passionate and gentle voice of warm milk with a drop of honey spilled into my heart.

I continue to follow His work. Awards, prizes. I rejoice in victories with Him.

A year has passed.

The usual morning. I break out of the flow of annoying calls for the implementation of the sales plan. I read the news. Poster. Stop. Is it old? No, unbelievable! What? Again? Is He? Is coming? One more chance! The concert is on April 15th. There is still time to prepare and do everything to get there. This time I can. I will be at this concert. It seemed that at that moment I was ready to sell my soul to the devil.

The whole office exulted. Yes, I got like-minded people. We decide to buy tickets. Oh, that sharp financial issue! Is it justly to choose between a concert of the beloved Artist and a new dress?

Tickets are getting fewer. I'm not waiting for anyone. Everything has been decided for me. I'll get to the concert, whatever it costs me. I take a prepaid expense. I'm going to the central ticket office. The cherished ticket is in my hands. Yes, I will see Him.

The concert day is coming. There is a girl among my colleagues. Her name is Tatyana. Not a close friend, but at that moment I had special warm feelings for her. Troubles of life constantly accompanied her. I empathized and felt sorry for her. She wanted to go to the concert too but cannot afford it. I was very worried about this. How am I going, but she is not?

There were 3 days left before the concert. Preparation process. What to wear, how to get there? Tanya looks at me with longing and asks for a detailed photo report. My heart is bleeding. Evening. I keep thinking about her. I'll give her my ticket. She must go instead of me. She deserves it. Life should be at least a little supportive.

In the morning at the office, feeling like a fairy, I give my ticket to Tatyana. No, I do not regret it. This is my decision. The soul is comfortable and calm. But I understand that concert is tomorrow. My inner voice mercilessly sounds in my ears: "You must be there, He is waiting for you!".

Listen to your thoughts and follow them. These are the signals of the universe, they will lead you on the right path. I borrow money. Buying a ticket. Now the place is even closer than in the previous one.

Chapter 3. The first concert

Today, the sun is especially bright. I catch the heat spreading over my body. Imagination is playing. I can imagine what He really will be. Careful preparation: the best dress, styling, makeup. Arrive in advance. Excited, confused in thoughts.

We met in the lobby with Tanya. We take seats in the concert hall. This is my first time at a concert. Empty but ready to go scene. Smoke from the spotlights descends above. Everyone is waiting. Applause is heard. What does He feel there behind the scene? The light goes out. Tension. Holding my breath, waiting.

The show begins. Hundreds of pairs of eyes are fixed at one point. In the light of bright white lights He appears. I'm sitting far away. But I can consider everything without difficulty: facial features, movements, costume. I look around in confusion. This is not a dream, all in reality. Favorite hits, kaleidoscope of images, sensual voice. Wild energy, like a rampant mustang. I dissolve in Him.

Euphoria. I can't sit still. Going down to the scene. Nobody is stopping me. I'm near the stage, on an improvised balcony. How does he succeed? Dance and sing at the same time. My Idol comes to the edge of the stage, looks intriguingly and jumping down. The distraught worshipers rushed to Him. He is opposite me. But still do not reach out! We are treacherously separated by the cold bar of the balcony. A painfully familiar profile, light seductive bristles, ruffled bangs, sweat droplets flow down a strained neck. This is He, my Idol! I believe now. He leaves me no chance. My heart forever belongs to Him alone.

Two hours passed in one breath. How little it was! Leaving the concert hall I understood that I became a hostage of love to Him.



Chapter 4. Life after

I'm happy. But loneliness and sadness strangled me. Will I see Him again? Endlessly I review the concert video. I miss Him. I do not like to show off my personal life. But I subscribe to my idol on social networks. The morning begins with publications in His profile.

Summer has come. Burning in the chest from melancholy is replaced by a desire to live. But when I only heard His voice as everything fades into the background. In periods of despair, I drive. Healing hoarseness voice penetrates every cell and soothes. His music is the cure.

Chapter 5. My autumn

Fall 2018.

Time passed. I seriously thought about changing my job. I wanted to develop, and the Chief was not particularly pleased. Anxiety, stresses. Autumn is in it's power.

What could cheer up? Only one piece of news: November 6, 2018. He gives a concert in my city again. Oh God One year later! This time I did not ask anyone and persuade to go to the concert with me. The hall was free. But I was afraid to take the ticket to the front row. It seemed indecently close to Him I think. Two years ago, I could not even dream that I would see my Artist. But once a year I come to His concerts now.

I know my Idol a little more than before now. He is sincere, vulnerable and honest with himself and with the audience. He has become an example for me in many ways.

Cold November burst rapidly. I'm waiting. There is a week left before the concert. I'm already having a fever. X hour has come. I fluttered a butterfly around the office and lustily waited for the evening. The girls looked at me enviously. But it was their choice. Waiting for the evening barely, I fly from the office and rush to meet my beloved.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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