

An aerial photograph of a large green park, likely St. James's Park in London, with a city skyline in the background. The skyline includes several tall buildings and a large stadium with a distinctive roof structure. The park is lush green with many trees, and a small structure is visible on the grass in the foreground. The sky is clear and blue.

**Serik Jumanov**  
**Rise**  
**of**  
**London Gambler**

**Serik Jumanov**  
**Rise of London**  
**Gambler. Second edition**

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**Аннотация**

About the author: Serik Jumanov – author of novel “Youlia” (2012), his debut work, which had success in Biennale Cinema College script contest in Venice. “Rise of London Gambler” is his second big project.

# Содержание

Rise of London Gambler	5
Novels by Serik Jumanov	5
Rise of London Gambler	7
Three years earlier. London riots, Monday, August 8, 2011	17
Saturday, August 13, 2011	28
The first step	34
Last corner kick	36
Moving to another flat	39
November 5, 2011	44
Friday evening, November 25, 2011	48
December 10, 2011	65
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	69

# Rise of London Gambler

## Second edition

**Serik Jumanov**

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*Inspired by real events*

# **Rise of London Gambler**

## **You-lia**

### **Schizo**

**Novels by Serik Jumanov**

#### Preface

This is the second edition of “Rise of London Gambler”. I deeply apologize for grammar errors, misprints, etc, contained in the first edition. Also, minor changes were made in the original text, and some additional information was added. However, you are very welcome to leave your feedback and remarks on Facebook page of “Rise of London Gambler”: <https://www.facebook.com/riseoflondongambler>.

Many times I was asked to write a book or brochure about my experience and business tactics. Sixteen years ago I wrote one brochure about trading techniques and investment risk assessment but, in my opinion, it had a very limited impact. For someone, the brochure was too brief and could not express all the details I usually share when I talk in person – for others, it had too many technical details making understanding difficult.

Therefore, I did not have a proper motivation to write a new book.

However, a couple of years ago I wrote a script based on my novel called “You-lia” for Biennale Cinema College script contest in Venice and, surprisingly, it had relevant success which inspired me again. After some hesitations, I decided to write a book which had to be both entertaining and informative.

“Rise of London Gambler” is a story about a student who pursued his Master degree in Finances and decided to apply his skills to gambling. You will read about his scientific approach, elements of psychology in the gambling, his exciting life, and, finally, his way to success. So, I hope, you can spend some time reading this book and have fun, and some of you could read between the lines and/or pay attention to some details which could be useful for you.

The term “football” in this book relates to association football (soccer). Knowing of its basic rules is desirable for readers, but not necessary.

“Schizo” novel was adapted from a script.

The book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, and incidents are either the products of the author’s imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

# **Rise of London Gambler**

## **London. Sunday, July 6, 2014**

“So, what is this vanity fair all about, Ben?” asked Chris, starting to sip his cocktail at “Seven Bells” pub in Putney. On Friday Ben invited him and his two other friends, Neil and Bruce, which was a bit of surprise for them. Free drinks offer was pretty tempting too, so Chris, who usually prefers spending his Sunday evenings at home and recovering for a coming business week, decided to come. Ben also texted there will be gifts for everyone.

“Let’s wait till Neil arrives,” replied Ben. “I have great news for you, and I wanna announce it once for all of you. Can’t wait to see your faces!” he laughed. “And yes, especially for this event I brought – tada! – a, here you are, the box of amazing dark crème flavored cigars from Costa Rica called ‘Senior Diaz’! You’re gonna love it, I’m sure! Buenas noches, caballeros!”

“What happened, Ben? One of the Arab Sheikhs became your client or your robbed a bank?” asked Chris, smiling.

“Not really, but it’s a good idea!” laughed Ben. “Come on, just wait. For God’s sake, where is Neil? Can he learn how to be in time, at last?” Ben was dying to tell them the news.

“Oh, I’m sure, it’s again one of London Tube closures or something. We’ll find it out when he arrives. This guy never misses freebies,” added Bruce, smiling.

“Good stuff, I like it,” said Chris, tasting the cigar. “Class A shit,” he said with Latino accent. “How much is the box?”

“He-e-ey!” exclaimed all of them, seeing Neil entering the pub. They could see he was rushing as he was all flustered.

“Sorry, sorry, guys,” was saying he, greeting his friends. “I was late for a train so had to wait for the next one.... How is it going? Good? So, what is the reason of this party for the crème de la crème? Did you get a promotion or salary increase? Or you married a millionaire’s daughter, Benny, you lucky bastard?” Everybody burst into laughter.

“Words ‘Ben’ and ‘luck’ in one sentence is the last thing in the world I would expect,” said Chris, smiling.

“Okay, take seats. Now each of you will get an envelope. It is my gift for you, guys.” Ben distributed the envelopes. “You can open it right now if you wish, or you can do it later at home.”

Neil already opened his envelope:

“One thousand?! Oh God, Benny, you’re... you are the best friend! Where did you get it?”

“Look, Ben, thank you very much indeed, but I’m not accepting it,” said Chris, shocked. “This is very nice of you, but this is too much for me and... you need money and Laura...”

“Laura? You said ‘Laura’? ! Benny, come on, yesterday it was Liz!” All guys started laughing at Neil’s joke – they all knew that in fact, Ben was pretty conservative when dealing with women.

“Please stop, okay? Give me five minutes to explain something to you.” Ben stood up to calm everybody down. “Just relax! Everything is legal and fine. I didn’t kill anybody and my ‘new girlfriend’ Laura is happy about everything. Do you guys remember how many times I borrowed some cash from you and never gave back? Mostly because I just forgot about it, but I know, Neil hates me for that!” smiled Ben.

“No-no, I just asked if you can...” said Neil but Ben stopped him.

“So, this is my compensation to you for the years in debt, if you will. And, the last but not least reason is I made big money! But to tell you about it I have to come back to one particular subject not so pleasant to talk about, no ladies but gentlemen!

This is World Cup in Brazil...”

“Booo! Shut up, Benny!” Chris pretended like if he was disappointed – which in fact he was. Recent results of England national team were...

“Pain in the ass! Assholes! I can play better if I had a professional coach!” Neil now looked pretty angry.

“Yeah, yeah, enough! We all know about it and we talked and shouted about it many times. They’ve been eliminated, so what can we do?” asked Ben impatiently.

“Erh, fuck it,” said Chris. “So, what’s your point, Ben?” Clubs of smoke now were covering the guys’ heads.

“Have some of you noticed that tonight we are smoking cigars made in Costa Rica?” Ben raised the box of cigars. “Reason why is now I am enjoying everything Costa Rican is their national association football team helped me to win £80,000!!!” shouted he and slammed his fists on the table. Everybody in the cafe turned their heads to see what’s going on and, noticing nothing special, continued their chats, flirts, whatever.

“80 grand?! Are you kidding? Did you bet?” asked guys.

“Yeah, exactly! I just placed few bets on Costa Rica. You know, they were playing pretty well, and I felt like they were underestimated. I won £2,600 when they beat Uruguay, then £5,000 when they beat Italy and £15,000 when England couldn’t beat them. I thought it would be good compensation for me if England is eliminated so I placed my bet on it, why not? I just was securing myself from this kind of frustration! Then I continued to bet on Costa Rica till they got eliminated by Netherlands – but it happened only after a penalty shoot-out, so Costa Rica did not lose in regular time and thus I made money anyway.” Now Ben looked satisfied.

“Cheers! For Benny!” Guys raised their glasses with cocktails. “That’s really lucky, mate!”

“I have a plan now,” continued Ben. “I’d like to sponsor one amateur football club, New Eltham Blazers FC. My nephew plays for them. They are in Kent League now, and I’d like to help them get promoted to a higher league and go as far as possible in English FA Cup. That is my nephew’s dream – to play versus Premiership team. Where else can he do it with his club if not in FA Cup?”

“Unbelievable! 80 grand in two weeks?!”

“It all started by mistake,” replied Ben, starting a new cigar.

“I wanted to place a bet with £10 stake, but since I was rushing, I typed ‘100’ instead of ‘10’ and hit ‘Place bet’ button. Odd for Costa Rica to win was already 26 since it was already 60<sup>th</sup> minute of the match, the score was 0—1, they were one goal behind, but I thought they had some chances to win. 26 was an attractive odd to bet on, considering the character of the game. I liked them, really. Just an underdog team, but they played with passion! I enjoyed the match. It’s like a strike of intuition, you know what I mean? Oh God, I got so nervous first, but after the equalizer, I calmed down a lot.”

“It’s like winning a lottery! Very lucky of you, Ben! Don’t bet again, keep some money! Take Laura to Florida or Hawaii...” advised Bruce.

“Well, I knew one guy who made his living on bets,” said Chris. “We studied together at business school and I used to meet him at Finance lectures. Really smart guy, analytical mind. I remember he won 5—6 grand once. We played football together for our business school team, a few times. I lost any connections with him after that semester, and I heard he ended up in a mental hospital being totally broke. What was his name – John, James? I mean that is not so unlikely to make living on bets and gambling.”

All evening they shared the wonderful stories of lucky bets

they or their friends once made. Finally, they ended up talking about girls, and Chris felt like it's time to go home.

“Okay, guys, tomorrow is Monday. It's time to go to bed, kids.”

“Oh come on, grow up, man! It's 10pm only! All fun is just beginning! Look at those chicas, man! I bet, in an hour there will be a dozen of them!” argued Neil. “Come on, we have money now!” added he, smiling.

“Neil, my dear friend, you can stay here as long as you wish, but I'm definitely going home!” replied Chris.

“Yeah, dear Chris is going home to clean teeth, jerk off, and sleep!” laughed Neil.

“I will drive you home, guys,” said Bruce. “Don't worry, I am not too drunk.”

They got in the car and drove the night streets of Wandsworth. For them, streets looked great tonight. Gorgeous young girl in a miniskirt was standing alone at the bus stop.

“O-o-o-o-o-oh!” shouted Neil when he saw her. “I love her legs! Look at these legs!”

“Wow! Fuck, yeah! Fuck me, baby! Please, fuck me, please! Yee-haw!” Now everybody, except Bruce, was staring at the poor girl.

“What? Where?” asked Bruce, as he seemed to be concentrating all his attention on his driving.

“We have to come back! I wanna see it again! Turn left, Bruce! Turn left! U-turn!” shouted Neil.

Bruce readily U-turned. He drove back to the bus stop. Indeed, the girl was gorgeous.

“Oh, yes, baby, do it for me. I’m so horny tonight!” said Neil in the tone of fake excitement and dropped his pants, pretending as if he was going to jerk off in a backseat, making Chris who was sitting next to him, burst into laughter.

Ben turned back to see what’s going on in a backseat. “Oh, come on, stop it,” he smiled.

“Shit, it’s just a pussy belt! What a hot chica!” said Bruce, while driving to the bus stop.

Then he U-turned again coming back to his normal route. Neil

prepared his mobile phone to shoot the picture of the girl and opened the car window.

“Look at me, sweetheart!” shouted he.

The girl looked at them embarrassedly and turned her back.

“Come on, Neil, go and get her number!” said Ben.

“Me? No way!”

“Oh, come on, Neil, this ‘Slovenian supermodel’ is dying to see you, man!” said Chris. “Bruce, stop the car!”

Chris pretended to push Neil out of the car, but he desperately wanted to stay in. This caused another burst of laughter because now Neil looked like a chicken.

“Okay, let’s go. I’m afraid we never get home if we continue,” said Bruce.

“I don’t mind to continue this night with the girl, man!” laughed Chris.

“Okay, maybe next time, guys. If I make some more money, I’ll take you to massage saloon with ‘happy ending’. I know one

place in Ealing. But be careful, don't say anything if Laura is around," said Ben.

"Oh yeah! Little Benny's grown up!" laughed Neil and said with a lady's voice: "Hello, this is Happy Ending Paradise. Can I talk to Mister Ben regarding his order? Our models cannot wait to see him again!"

Ben laughed and turned to Neil, pretending like he is going to punch him.

"Okay, okay, I'm just kidding!" shouted Neil, protecting himself.

Bruce increased the volume of the radio. "You're beautiful, you're beautiful / beautiful, it's true" was the song.

"I saw your face in a crowded place." Guys started to sing too. "And I don't know what to do/ "Cause I'll never be with you."

## **Three years earlier. London riots, Monday, August 8, 2011**

“Hi, man! How was your job interview?” asked Mike. John was sitting in a kitchen and having his five o’clock tea.

“Another waste of time, and money,” replied John sadly. “Three hours of my precious life and effort are spent for nothing.”

“Was it that bad, mate?”

“Well, thing is, they don’t hire people at all. All they want is you to invest money in stock trading, and then you can either trade by yourself or appoint them to manage your account and trade on your behalf. Plus, there are no guarantees your money will be safe since it’s a high-risk business, and there is no fixed salary except commissions. A few years ago I worked as a FOREX trader so I know this shit. That’s not what I am looking for.”

Mike and John were roommates who shared a two-bed room flat in Tooting, a small town in South West London. Both were students – Mike was pursuing a Bachelors degree in Social Studies, and John was attending a business school for a Masters

degree in Business Administration or “MBA” for short. They were good friends; both loved football and had many common topics to converse on. Mike was a 20-year old British citizen with Jamaican roots, and John, 28-year old, was from Russia. John’s real name was “Ivan” but he preferred when people called him “John” as he wanted to look like British.

“Hey, John, what the ‘MBA’ stands for? Managing the banks and accounts?” Mike asked him once.

“Nope, but you’re close. I’d say it stands for ‘Master of Being an Asshole’, ” laughed John.

“How is that?” laughed Mike too.

“Well, they teach you how to make cuts if your company is struggling with finances, how to fire people or hire only one of thousands to fire him in a month anyway and keep searching for a better candidate, and so on. Plus they teach you how to make more profit, more dividends, to keep shareholders happy even if workers have to suffer.”

“Is that the case? I always suspected that!” smiled Mike.

“Yeah, Mikey, you know I’m kidding.”

Recently, John got his redundancy payment from his employer who was having a hard time, and it has been a couple of months since John started looking for a new job as he didn't like to ask his parents for help, as he usually did. Moreover, despite his parents, it was his decision to take all his savings and go to England to pursue MBA degree as he thought it would help him to find a better job than the dead-end career of microserf he undertook before entering the business school. Borrowing money from his parents would feel like a defeat.

“I have a friend who works in a cafe, and he says they always need cleaners,” said Mike. “The job involves cleaning the cafe in the evening when it's closed. Not big money, but it's something you could be doing till you find something.”

“Oh, thank you, Mikey, but they make only £400, maybe £500 per month. I can't even pay my rent with that. The minimum I'm willing to take is £900 or so. Is that too much to ask in this hopeless city?” A dejected John showed signs of despair. “Well, don't worry, Mike. I have money; I just didn't plan on being unemployed, that's all.”

In fact, John was running out of money. He was already planning to move to a cheaper room, and also calculated the expenses a room change normally incurs. Now, every time he went to the grocery store, he spent some time reading ads on

the shop windows. Some ads read, “Looking for a roommate”, “Philippino only”, “One room in a house for six” – the cheapest option he found was a room for two in a house for eight, only for £200 per month with no security deposit. He saved the phone number from the ad, just in case.

“I see these FOREX ads everywhere. What is it, for God’s sake? Please tell me!” Mike’s voice brought John back to reality.

“Well, it is pretty simple, in fact. You just need to buy currency which is going to go up, i.e. increase in value.”

“So how do you make money then? I heard some people got rich doing that.”

“Okay, for example, let’s say, one pound costs one dollar. You expect that tomorrow one dollar will cost two pounds. So today you borrow one million pounds from the bank, buy one million dollars, and tomorrow you buy one million pounds for half a million dollars, return one million pounds to the bank, and the half of million dollars is now yours.”

He wrote:

$\$1 = \pounds 1$

$\$1,000,000 = \pounds 1,000,000$

If \$1=£2

\$1,000,000=£2,000,000

£1,000,000 => \$1,000,000 => £2,000,000

\$1,000,000=\$500,000+\$500,000=£1,000,000+£1,000,000

“So, you can keep \$500,000 as a profit.”

“Sounds like a good deal for me!” Mike burst into laughter. “Five hundred grand! Why did you quit the job then? People should be doing great money out of it!”

“You see, it’s not that simple to predict the future. If you predict right, then you make money. If not, then you lose. Once I saw one guy who made sixteen thousand pounds overnight trading a Japanese yen versus American dollar. I swear that’s true! But when you work for commission, you don’t really care about clients’ money since you have constant pressure to make commissions money for yourself and for the company you work for...”

Mike’s mobile rang suddenly. He picked it up and his face changed dramatically.

“Hello? What?!!! You’re kidding! Shit!!! Okay, we’ll be there,

man! Shit!!!” exclaimed Mike.

“What... What happened?!” asked John.

“Somebody held up the bookie, Ladbrokes! People went on riots! Our guys are there. It was Santiago just now, he said shops are closed, but people break in and take anything they want! Let’s go!!!”

In a moment Mike and John were running down Rectory Lane towards Ladbrokes betting shop. Different thoughts were in John’s mind at that moment so he decided to talk to Mike.

“Listen, Mikey, it is not a good idea. The police station is just a couple of blocks from here. CCTV is everywhere, you know this. I don’t know if it’s the right idea, bro. They’ll find us before we even get back home!”

“Come on! I’m not saying we are going to hold up some shop or break in, let’s just take a look and leave. By the way, Santiago said he already got nine or ten smart phones and PlayStations!” Mike looked really excited about things happening. “And he also said that Derek got a gun so we’ll be safe, innit!”

“Gun?!!! Is he crazy?! Fuck, they can shoot him if they see a piece of weapon in his hand! Remember that guy shot dead

in Tottenham, Mark sumthin'?"

Mike slowed down a little. "Yeah, you might be right... Okay, we'll just go and see. Fuck me; I never saw anything like this in my life! We'll be careful, okay? But some day we will pay back to those rotten cops!"

"Oh, come on, chillax, Mikey! You don't really mean it, right?"

They arrived at Ladbrokes shop. Windows were broken, all office equipment was gone, and a mess was everywhere. On the floor, there was a calendar with a date "August 8, 2011" and a billboard saying "Bet on Man City – Swansea correct score 4—0! Odd is 15.0!"

"4—0?! Do you think we're idiots?!" John smiled skeptically. "No wonder they broke in your shop, guys."

"Cool, let's go!" said Mike. "There's nothing left in here. Let me talk to Santiago, let's find him. He should be around."

They went out the shop and walked down the street. Sounds of sirens were in the air but they seemed to be far away. All small shops were closed with their steel shutters locked, but one shop remained open. Young guys were looting the shop while a lame old woman with a walking stick in her hand was shouting at them:

"That's disgusting! Shame on you! Is this what Martin Luther

King was fighting for?! Shame on you! You don't deserve to have proper human rights; you're just plain old scum! You hear me?! Animals! Vandals!"

Some youngsters who were approaching the shop started to hesitate. The old woman stood near the door and looked straight into the eyes if anyone who was trying to enter the shop. Some guys were recording her on a video with their smart phones and having fun.

"Well, you know, she might be right," said John. He continued, "Why rob somebody's shop if you have a problem with the police? Shop owners aren't responsible for shooting that poor lad dead. I hope the shop owner has insurance."

"Insurance?!" exclaimed Mike. "Fuck sake, what insurance you talking about, man? I am sure the guy can't afford insurance because they can't even pay minimal wage to the men that slave in their shops! This guy is really fucked up now, and there's nothing he can do about it! Fuck, they have to get some supermarkets like Tesco, not the poor Indian man's shop! Now rich people will get richer again, and poor people will get poorer. This country is really fucked up, that's what I think!"

There lingered a short silence.

“Look, it’s Santiago!” Mike pointed out to the other side of the street and they ran towards each other.

“What’s up, bro! What a fucking day, eh!” Mike smiled to Santiago and his mates. “We just saw that bookie, it’s totally empty. Nothing left except chairs and tables!”

“Do you see this?” Santiago wasn’t listening. He looked high and overexcited. There was a gun in his hand.

“Where’d you get that?!” asked Mike, but at that very moment, the siren of an approaching police car could be heard. Santiago turned his head like a hunting cat.

“C’mon, let’s fuck it! I’ll shoot those fucking bastards! Eye for an eye! Let’s have some fun!” Santiago was shaking his gun in the air. John pounced on him and caught his hand with the gun, trying to put it down and cover it from the sight of the oncoming police car.

“For God sake, hide it!!! What are you doing?! Santiago, hide it!!! Are you in a fucking movie?! You’ll be safer if you don’t show them your gun, believe me! You’re not John Wayne. This is South London, not a bloody Western movie! Hide your gun and let’s fuck off from here!”

Santiago calmed down a little. The police car stopped at the guys, and a policeman asked:

“Everything’s alright, guys?”

“Yes, sir, we’re just watching why there’s so much noise around here”, said Mike, pretending to look like a good schoolboy.

The policeman looked over the guys thoroughly. “Come on, they have nothing in their hands, let’s go, Tom!” said a voice inside the car.

“You better go home, guys,” said the policemen and drove to the Indian’s small shop.

“I’m going home, Mikey. I’ve had enough for today,” said John angrily. “Shit, this is only a Monday. See you, guys!”

“Okay, see you, bro!”

John left the “scene” and headed towards the flat. He did not want to stay with the armed guys as you never know what is going to happen next, and he thought the best decision in this situation is to come back home.

“Fuck, if somebody had told me about it a week ago, I’d have never believed...”

# Saturday, August 13, 2011

The referee pointed for a corner kick.

“Shit, it’s going to be a goal” murmured John, taking a position near the post.

His height did not allow him to be successful with headers when playing football so he always took position near the posts when an opponent team had a corner kick. He looked around to see where Mike is and found him marking a tall guy, a central defender of the opponent team. The corner kick was taken, the ball was crossed to the area of penalty kick where the opponent striker was the first to head it – just into the net – goal!!! Goalkeeper looked helpless. The opponent team roared and began to greet each other, crawling around the striker.

It was only a couple of minutes to the end of the match. Score now was 1—1, and it was really unlikely to score again in such a tight game. The wind became stronger and colder, blowing the leaves towards John’s opponent team goal. Darren, the manager of Fulham Compton Football Club – the team John and Mike were playing for – looked satisfied, though.

The game restarted, and John, who was in a position

of a central midfielder, got the pass from a teammate. He dribbled into the opponent half but nobody seemed to be supporting him. He took a quick look around – no; there were no options in the attack. Another moment of intuition struck him as he was dribbling alone. The defender was approaching to block and tackle him. John shot intuitively from long distance. The wind blew the ball and it lobbed the opponent team goalkeeper – right under the crossbar!

“Goaaaaaaal!!!” He cried, being intoxicated with joy, and ran with raised hands to his teammates who were jumping and running to greet him.

“Great, man! We fucking did it!!! High five! Yeah!!!” Congratulations and cheering were coming like a waterfall.

“I can’t believe it!” John was laughing happily. “It’s just my lucky day!”

“Heads up!” shouted opponent’s manager to his players. “Let’s play!!!”

The match soon finished, and the players went to the dressing rooms and showers. Darren, the team manager, John and Mike decided to meet at the clubhouse near the pitch to watch a football match on TV.

“It’s a good idea to talk to a manager. Darren seems to be an adequate guy, and if he invites you to have a beer with him, there are strong reasons for that, believe me,” said John talking to Mike. “Also, the waitresses are Fulham Compton’s women team players!” smiled John.

“OK, let’s go. Do you know, how much is the beer at the clubhouse?” asked Mike but John didn’t hear him since it was very noisy in the dressing room.

Darren was sitting at the table in the bar and taking probably the best seats to watch TV. He waved his hand once he saw John and Mike, inviting them to his table.

“The first half is almost over, it’s going to be a break now, so let’s talk,” said Darren, chewing.

“Let me be brief with you, guys. What are your plans this season? I’d really want you to stay with us. Club President – you can see him at the bar, he is also a bartender here – told me he will sponsor the team only if we have a strong one. Last season our team earned only one point throughout a whole season, the team was shit, and the only reason why they decided to keep it is my promise that I am going to make a successful team this season. We are doing okay by now, but if you leave – I know you might leave, let me be straight with you – we are not going

to have a team. I know you have friends who can play ball really well. You can invite them to play for us, right? So, guys, if you stay with us this season, I can confirm to Club President we will participate in the League...”

“Of course, Darren, we are with you,” said John, turning his eyes to Mike who nodded his head affirmatively. “You can rely on us. What about new players, I have some...”

“Great!” exclaimed Darren with a smile of satisfaction. “Let’s have a drink! The club pays for all drinks today! Okay, let me introduce you to our Club President, Andrew. I think he will be happy to hear the news.”

Club President was a nice guy, approximately forty years old, plus he was an effective communicator. They had a brief but intense chat. “So, if we need you to play for our first team, we can call you, right?” he asked the guys who happily nodded their heads. “OK then, we’ll keep in touch, Darren. Any more drinks? Meatballs and pasta are going to be ready soon.”

The guys returned to their table. Next hour was spent in discussion on the match finished and the teammates’ performance.

“Darren, we need to talk to the keeper. I know he is a nice guy

but if he continues playing like that, we...”

“Only person I need to talk to right now is that girl over there, you see?” said Darren, laughing. “The waitress, her name is Zaida. She is a midfielder of Fulham Compton Ladies team.”

“Manchester City – Swansea: 4—0, fulltime” read John on the screen.

“Wait! Oh my God!!! Is it real?! Is it final score?” – he asked the people around him. “I just won one hundred fifty pounds!!!”



## The first step

“How did you do that? Come on, tell me!” John and Mike took the seats in the bus back home to Tooting Broadway and began to discuss John’s lucky bet.

“Remember that night when we went to Ladbrokes shop? When I came back home, I thought about things like predictions etc., and it came up to my mind that the score 4—0 which was written on that Ladbrokes board (remember?) might be a good deal since the future is pretty surprising and shocking sometimes. So I registered at bookie website, checked few odds, and placed bets on correct score (4—0), -3.5 goals handicap (i.e. Manchester City are to win with at least 4 goals margin), total number of goals in the match (more than three) – you know, just for safety of my stakes if something goes wrong – and you see, all the bets won! Damn, this is just exactly when I need money most!”

“So, what you’re gonna do now? Become a professional gambler?”

“Come on, this is too early to talk about it. This is only one bet! When I get home, I’m going to see the odds and use my intuition. Oh God, please... If I am same lucky again, in a month

I'm gonna be a millionaire!"

"H... How is that??"

"Look, my balance increased by 10 times today, and I started with £10. Now I have £100, okay? Next week I'm gonna win £1,000, and in two weeks it's gonna be 10,000! In four weeks I will have £1,000,000 if everything goes fine. But this is in theory only."

"This would be amazing," said Mike after a moment of silence. "I'd wish to have such money-making ideas too..."

"Don't worry, Mike, your old buddy will help you," smiled John.

## **Last corner kick**

The following month John spent all evenings and nights checking odds, reading statistics, players' and football managers' interviews. Many times when Mike saw him, John was either smoking in a backyard or watching football with his earphones on. "What are you listening to?" asked Mike once just to have a chat with John since he started to worry about him. "It's trance, best DJ's compilations," replied John, showing that it is the end of the conversation but Mike wasn't leaving.

"C'mon, please, one more corner, please..." murmured John.

"What are you watching?"

"It's a match I found online on this bookie website. They accept in-play bets during the match so I checked them and decided to bet on a total number of corners in the match. They seem to have lots of corners – the match is intense, attacking football, and the pitch looks relatively small," replied John with a concerned face. "It's the 93rd minute, the match is about to end, and I need one more corner, please..." said John.

Mike joined him and started to watch too.

“Did you say ‘size of the pitch’? How is that related to a number of corner kicks?” asked he.

“Well, this is my theory only but it works well. Since the size is smaller, it takes less time to get from one box to another and earn a corner kick. It also depends on the character of the game so I need to spend some time watching the match to see if it’s worthwhile,” replied John.

“How much is your stake?” asked Mike after a while.

“£44, it’s a half of my current balance. My tactic is to bet half of my balance every time, just for safety so you keep your balance active as long as possible. The odd is about 5, which is cool for such game, I think. They had 5 corners in the first half, and another five by 60th minute – so I decided to bet that there will be more than 16 corners in the match since usually, the teams in such intense games tend to earn more corner kicks in the last 10 minutes of matches.”

“Look, look!” exclaimed Mike impatiently. Attacking team was approaching the opponents’ box. Striker shot on goal but the ball was blocked by a defender. The ball bounced from the defender and crossed the goal line.

“Corner! It’s a bloody corner!!!” exclaimed John and smiled.

“Ref is giving a corner kick! Yeah!!!”

A player who was now going to take the corner kick placed the ball and raised his hand to signal his teammates. At this moment, the referee whistled for the end of the match.

“Cool, man! Let’s have a tea!” said John happily. “Would you like some tea, Mike?”

“Yes, sure!”

“Great! Where are my cigarettes...?”

They had few sandwiches, made tea, and went out to the backyard garden where John liked to smoke.

The same evening John got a message from bookie saying that as soon as the last corner kick wasn’t taken, it is not counted in the match statistics, so his bet lost.

## **Moving to another flat**

October was approaching so John and Mike had to make payment to a landlord. Mike needed to talk about it with John who never delayed any payments due. It is why he was very happy to see John when he entered his room.

“May I? Look, we have to pay rent soon; here is my part, but... I am afraid next month I am moving to...”

“Why? How are your bets going? You didn’t make money?” asked Mike, starting to worry.

“No. The things did not go so well. I tried everything, but the things went crazy. It’s like a spell on me, I don’t know. I did everything according to statistics and match expectations, but I always needed either one more goal scored or one more corner taken. All shit like that. I decided to stop,” said John sadly. “It was a nice try anyway.”

“Sure, John. You will make it, I feel it.”

“Thanks, mate. We’ll see. Maybe some day... I am planning to place small bets, just for fun and experience. Listen, I am sorry for causing these troubles you’re gonna have – you know, finding

a new roommate etc – but now I cannot afford £500 per month to rent a room.”

“I see.” sighed Mike. “Come on; tell me, how bad is your situation? I can lend some money...”

“No-no, it’s all right.”

In fact, John’s situation was pretty bad now. He lost not only the money he won at the beginning but also a significant part of his savings. Now, he had only about £1,000 which would let him survive for a couple of months if he finds a cheaper room, plus he was expecting to get back his £750 security deposit from a landlord. He had 6 months remaining till the graduation, so his budget was pretty tight now.

“Okay, man, let’s have some tea. We did not talk lately; I saw you were busy and nervous, so I kept leaving you alone. By the way, Darren also asked me why you changed recently, and I said you are busy with your studies.”

For a tea, they had milk, toasts, jam and chocolate cream. That was their usual ration.

“Sometimes I was so close to winning big money. Sometimes even up to £100,000. I made double, triple, four-fold, and even

fourteen-fold bets sometimes. And every time there was one bet or two bets which lost. Damn, I started to feel the matches are fixed!” said John desperately.

“Fixed? It’s against the law, isn’t it??”

“Yes, it is, but it doesn’t mean there are no fixed matches, right? Remember few cases in Italy when Juventus and Milan were relegated for fixing matches? Or in Turkey? Some clubs were fined in Turkey for fixing their matches! And I am sure there are many small clubs which fixed their matches too, but they are not on the news.”

“Are you sure??”

“Well, not really sure but I have a feeling that there is something which looks like if some matches were fixed. If I feel the match is not fixed, almost all my bets win. But sometimes match goes just the opposite way I expect, and I can’t explain why. For example, when we play in Saturday League, the matches are pretty clear and simple, right? I just dream they allow us to make bets on those matches! You can see which team is stronger and whether it can win. Usually stronger team wins more corner kicks and gets less yellow and red cards. I checked our games we had – they all are in line with my theory. Well, maybe I made mistakes in my predictions a couple of times, but

when I bet with bookies, results were catastrophic!”

“Well, professionals play very tactical games, not like us,” said Mike. “We just kick the ball and run, we don’t have any tactical approach, I think.”

“Right, I thought about it too! So I bet in-play when I see how the game is going, and what to expect from the teams. Even so, many of my bets lost! How could it be?? I don’t get it! I just don’t get it!!!”

John went out for a smoke and Mike joined him. They sat in a backyard garden as usual. It was nice and silent here, apart from street noise. John really liked smoking here where nobody could disturb him.

“Thought about finding a job? Maybe you should try FOREX or stock-market again?” asked Mike.

“No, no way. Turnover in bookmaker industry is three times larger than in FOREX market. By the way, it also makes me think that somebody fixes the matches. It’s a big-big money, and there is always someone struggling with club budget etc. A temptation is high, and people are weak usually. If there are known black dealers in FOREX market – which is three times less than bookmaking one – then how many match fixers are

there? I don't know for sure but I suspect that there are plenty of them.”

“Well, up to you, man, whatever you think. If you need a job, I can ask my friends, maybe they can find something for you.”

“Thank you. I am trying too, but all I found by now is a job of a part-time football coach. I will have to conduct training sessions on Saturdays – exactly when we have our games for Fulham Compton – I really need to choose, but I wanna play since I promised Darren, remember? And I really wanna play!” said John.

“By the way – it's good you reminded me – I talked to those guys you wanted for our team. Rickets, who you said is perfect for a left midfielder, and that tall guy, his nickname is Stix (not sure if it's right for us to call him so), Jay Jay and Gareth are ready to play for us, but they cannot pay for playing in the team.”

“Wow, it is great news! Darren told me he is bringing one central defender from Fulham Compton third team since the guy is frustrated to be in reserve all the time. I feel that we're gonna have a hell of a team!”

## November 5, 2011

John moved to another flat in a neighbourhood to share a room with Pakistani guy called Emil who worked in a fast-food shop on the ground floor. In the past six months they met in the shop frequently, and one day John saw an ad saying Emil needs a roommate. Rent was £200 per month which was a good deal for him. Emil seemed to be a nice guy, and John decided that he hardly could find a better roommate. Emil was not interested in football but was fun of cricket. He also was a practicing Muslim, a moderate one, not a fanatic, so John had no problem with it. One evening Emil made Pakistani tea which was tea leaves boiled in milk with sugar, and they started talking about religions since they both had something to share.

“What are you doing all the time? Betting? It is not good, brother. Betting is a sin!” said Emil.

“Look, Emil, I believe there is a Creator. Since we live in the world which exists then someone or something created it. The world is like heartless mechanism. For example, the gravity. Anything just drops on the ground, right? No matter, you’re a saint or an evil doer, you just hit the ground. So, I am just not sure the Creator has intelligence and there are heaven and hell etc. Look at this world! How perfect is it? Do you think it may be

created by an intelligent and wise person? Yes, laws of physics and mathematics are flawless, but what about society? You know it better than me!”

“Yes, right. But it is people who make society messy. God made everything perfect, it is people and Lucifer spoiled everything. It’s why.”

“Okay, do you remember who Lucifer was? One of the angels, right? Who was created to worship the God and had no own will – unlike humans. Just like a computer. Just programmed. How come he started having his own will?? Can you imagine the computer having its own will? Can your cell phone start having its own will?!”

“Well, I don’t know...”

“So, do you see my point? This is only one of my questions. It’s why I am not into religions. I trust something I can check using experiments or observations. People should have critical thinking, right? I can’t say I fully trust modern physicians too, but they have a more analytical approach to everything, they check and double-check their data and conclusions, it makes me trust them more, but I cannot say they are absolutely right in everything. You know, they develop own vision all the time, they don’t get stuck with dogmas etc.”

“So, what you wanna say? Scientists are right or religions are right?”

“Let’s say, none of them. The truth is somewhere in between, I suppose. I hope in the future they will come to a common solution. At least now they have one common point – definitions of God and energy are just about the same. God was there and will be forever and so is the energy. You can say I believe in energy. Not sure the energy has intelligence, though. Thus, there is no sin, but active and destructive actions since energy cannot judge you. You just get your energy and accumulate it, or you lose it, and that’s the only punishment you get”.

“So, you mean, saintly life is a spending your energy in right way which helps you accumulate more energy?”

“Good point! Probably, yes. Frankly speaking, I’ve never thought what a saintly life is since I don’t dare to be a saint or something. Wait, I need to do something.”

John looked at his laptop and placed the bets on odds he just has found attractive, and relaxed.

“By the way,” he said. “Investing is not a sin, right? You can say I invest in my bets. Any investment involves risk, so

it is some sort of gambling, don't you think? And if investing is allowed, then what could be wrong with betting? I'm not gambling blindly, I'm working hard to analyze the games and make my 'investments', but in the other form only! Also, this is absolutely fair business, no cheating. I win money, but it's not easy. I take risks to lose, and for reward, I get a chance to win some money. It is absolutely similar to investing – except the fact that I am not producing any material or tangible asset. Frankly speaking, this fact is confusing me to some extent, but don't the shareholders do the same? They invest money only, and then share the profit if they are lucky.”

# Friday evening, November 25, 2011

John and Mike entered the room with plastic bags full of food and drinks.

“Hey, Emil, salam aleikum, bro! Get up, let’s celebrate! This is my friend Mike, you probably saw him in your shop.”

“Oh, aleikum salam, brothers!” Emil shook hands with Mike and looked at the bags amusedly. “Today you have a birthday or what?”

“No, just having a tea with my best friends! I’m celebrating my big victory, man!” laughed John.

“You won money?”

“Yes, man! £6,000 in one bet!!! Miracles happen, you see?” smiled John.

“OK, tell us, John! How did you make it?” asked Mike impatiently.

John took his laptop and switched it on.

“See, it is the history of my bets. I found two matches, which looked pretty interesting. These teams often concede the goals in the second half and lose the game even if they are winning after the half-time. I bet on so-called half-time/full-time result – it’s usually the highest odd offered – and the number of corners kicks. There were two matches, so it makes a 4-fold bet. Total odd was 5,848. My stake was £1 only – it’s all I could afford at that time.”

“25... 3... 17... 4...” murmured Mike, watching the screen. “You are a genius, man! You are a fucking genius!”

“Oh no, this is all about being sharp-eyed, Mike. Thank you anyway,” replied John, smiling.

“I will go to make tea,” said Emil and rushed into the kitchen which they shared with other tenants but John never felt comfortable with them.

“Yes, please! Emil makes brilliant Pakistani tea, Mike, you’re gonna love it.”

John sat on his bed and took a sigh of relief: “You know how great is it to feel you have money. A couple of days ago I had money to survive one month only, and now I have them enough to survive for one year! All my troubles are over now!” added

he with irony.

Room table was small, so they spread newspapers like a tablecloth on the floor. Usually, Emil did it this way when John was occupying the table with his laptop, analyzing and making bets. Now John felt enormously thankful to this Pakistani guy for his patience and constant readiness to help. He recalled one day in his mind when John fell down with the flue, desiring to die as soon as possible since the pain in his head was tormenting him. Emil found him lying on the bed totally sick, all in sweat. He ran to the drugstore and bought some pills even though he was dog-tired after his shift in the fast-food shop. After taking that medicine, John fell asleep and woke up next morning, with no pain, but still weak. Smoking the cigarette at Amen Corner and looking at the sun shining, he started to think how beautiful life is. He decided to take a break from his bets, statistics, and studies since he had no power to continue. “Sweet surrender,” thought he to himself that day. “You’re sweet indeed...”

“What did you say?” asked Mike.

“Did I?”

“Yeah, you were murmuring something. I thought, maybe, you’re talking to me”

“Oh... never mind! I bought soft avocado to have them with doughnuts. It’s delicious, and it doesn’t make you too fat.”

They have heard a young white girl’s voice from the kitchen. The voice was smoky and boozed.

“Who are the other tenants? You know them?” asked Mike.

“Well, they are Pakistani guys too. Some of them are students, but it seems like they work most of the time as salesmen or cleaners, I don’t know exactly.”

“Come on, ladies, come on, ladies! One-pound fi-i-i-ish! Come on, ladies, come on, ladies! One-pound fish!” One Pakistani guy started singing the popular song, and a burst of laughter exploded in the kitchen.

“It seems like they’re having fun tonight too,” said John.

“By the way, what about Julie?” Julie was John’s classmate at business school. Once he invited her to the cinema, then a football match, and to his flat when he lived with Mike.

“I don’t know, man,” replied John. “I haven’t seen her for ages. I talked to my advisor at school so he let me work on my assignment at home, so... also, you know, girls are consuming

a lot of time, effort and money... it's kind of..."

"Oh, I see. You're becoming an old asshole, man!" laughed Mike.

Emil came back with the saucepan of his exotic tea. He also brought a kettle of water to add in case if the tea is too strong for the guys.

"We have visitors tonight? I never saw a lady living in the house," asked John.

"No... they are colleagues. She is Karim's colleague," replied Emil, being confused for something.

"Nice voice," laughed John. "Is she the same beautiful like her voice?" Guys laughed. "Maybe, we can invite her to our 'royal' party? Look, I have to heat up the doughnuts."

He took the doughnuts and went to the kitchen. He saw Karim earlier; it was young long-limbed and a gimlet-eyed guy. John never found him nice so avoided unnecessary contact with him. Karim was sitting at the table with a good-looking woman, approximately 27—30 years old, with tons of make-up on her face.

“Good evening! Sorry for bothering you,” said John, entering the kitchen. “I just need to use the microwave.”

The woman took stock of John, and said: “Hello, my name is Jenny.”

“Nice to meet you, Jenny! I’m John. By the way, we’re having tea in our room. Wanna join us? You’re welcome!”

“God’s sake, men stopped drinking beer around here or what?” asked Jenny slowly, becoming somewhat upset.

“He is a sportsman,” laughed Karim. “He plays football,” he added and broke into laughter.

“What’s so funny?” thought John.

“You play football?” asked Jenny, while microwave oven began buzzing.

“Yep, I play some football with my friends. It’s an amateur team, each Saturday.”

“Amateurs, you see?” laughed Karim again.

“Yeah, amateurs,” said John, starting to get mad about Karim.

“Nothing special, just having fun to play footie.”

“Call me when you have some beer, sweetie,” said Jenny.  
“What is in the box? Doughnuts??”

“Yeah, we’ve just brought them from Sainsbury’s.”

“Fuck me-e-e! Fuck me! Jesus! Grow up! How old are you?! You’re a bunch of suckers!” Karim and Jenny burst into laughter again.

“I’d fuck you till you appeal for mercy, bitch,” thought John, starting to get mad, but he laughed with them instead.

The oven has signaled that doughnuts are ready. John took them and went out of the kitchen.

“See you, guys!”

“Bye!”

When he entered the room, Emil and Mikey were talking about John’s bets.

Emil was talking excitedly: “One player of Pakistani national cricket team was found guilty in fixing the matches. It was

written in the newspaper!” He looked around at the floor, trying to find the lying newspaper he was talking about, but now it was impossible.

“Shit! Bastards! I can imagine how much they make out of it, man!” said Mike. “Wow, doughnuts!”

“Here you are. Help yourself, guys, don’t be shy. Nobody likes shy guys!” said John.

The tea was amazing, and so were the doughnuts. After having four or five of those, John asked Mike:

“By the way, how is your new roommate? What was his name, again?”

“His name is Stephen,” replied Mike. “Good guy, he studies a lot. The only thing he is too religious, so he talks about the doomsday and Illuminati all the time, but it’s okay. He would like to play football with us some day. He says he used to be a good defender at school.”

“Yeah, no problem. Let him come to our training on Wednesday. By the way, Emil also talks to me about Islam a lot, so we both are kind of on the firing line!” smiled John.

“Once he told me,” continued Mike, “he told me, that you can find devil’s sign “666” in the name of Coca-Cola, “‘cause each “C” looks like “6”. So he never drinks it. And he doesn’t celebrate Christmas because it is not really a Jesus’ birthday, and Santa is an anagram of “Satan’!”

The guys laughed. Emil started cleaning the room and said he had to go to the fast-food shop he worked at to help his back-to-back with cleaning. Also, he said, there might be some chicken fries unsold, so he’d like to bring them, as usually.

“You know what,” said John as Emil left. “Religious fanatics usually lack education or mental aptitude, I don’t know. At the same time, they either have an enormous ego or they are absolute nice guys. Nothing in between. They usually come from those who we think are nerds or losers, but they will never say so. They just want to look big, like ‘you all are plain shit, but I know the Truth with capital “T”. So, honour me!’ An easy way to the public recognition. No need to study, no need to work hard, etc. Just read only one holy book and feel important.”

“Yep, probably right. People like freebies. Some people like to think they are more important just because they are white, black, purple, or if they’re coming from some local area. Or if they got more money than you!” replied Mike.

“I bet there always will be someone looking for such reason to be more important than others. If all people would be black, they still will be looking for the differences – some might be deep black, some would be violet black, and some would be yellowish-black. I think, they just need a dream they could believe in, and it makes their day. Deep inside, they subconsciously realize that they are ‘plain shit’ and their existence is meaningless, but they want to be important somehow. They need a purpose in their lives. Well, Mike, do you have a purpose in your life?”

“Do I what?! What purpose, man? I’m just trying to survive here each fucking day!” replied Mike, laughing. “Do you have a purpose?”

John thought to himself for a moment.

“Good question, mate! Well, I don’t know what to say... I just want to be happy. That’s all. As soon as we were placed into this world, we have to survive and enjoy the process, if possible. But if you enjoy bullying others, then you’re a piece of shit.”

Mike said he has to go since it is becoming late, and John went out to send him. For John, it was a chance to walk and smoke in a company.

“So what are your plans now, John?” asked Mike. “You wanna

come back to our flat or move to some better place?”

“No, I’m fine,” replied John. “Yeah, this new place is shit. Recently I caught a cold here while sleeping. But I still have to make some more money. When I have enough, I’ll move out.”

They were walking down Southcroft Road. A red bus passed them by, leaving in silence.

“Okay, Steve seems to be sleeping already,” said Mike, looking through the window. “So, what time do we meet in the morning”?

There was a game with kick-off scheduled at 10am, as usually on each Saturday, so they had to meet and take a bus.

“Oh, yeah, nearly forgot. Darren said he’ll pick us up at 9:00am at Tooting Station. So let’s meet at 8:45am at my flat.”

“OK.”

“See later, man.”

“See later.”

John felt great – now he didn’t have to worry about money until the end of his training course. Also, now he could place

bigger stakes to win more. “My road to million,” murmured he. “Then I could forget about the day job, and run my own business. Maybe, open another bookie?”

Through the window, he saw Emil cleaning the fast-food shop with his workmate. The guy waved his hand to John, and so did John. “OK, one more cigarette,” decided John and stopped by the shop.

“Oh, another Friday evening show-off,” thought John, looking at walking young girls, who were sexually dressed and made up. Two pretty Asian girls were passing him by.

“Good evening, ladies!” he said, trying to pick them up, but they ignored him.

“Yeah, nice. Very nice.” Emil was smiling and showing gestures to John so to stop the girls. His workmate was smiling too.

Emil went out of the shop and started pulling steel shutters down. “Did you see these two sisters?” asked Emil. “I know them. They often come to our shop. I want to invite them.”

“Oh, they are very nice, tut-tut,” said Emil’s workmate with a strong Pakistani accent, shaking his head and smiling.

“It seems like they are already invited, mate. Try it tomorrow or next weekend,” replied John.

“Are you hungry? I took chicken fries,” said Emil. John wasn’t, but the fries flavor was too attractive.

“OK, bye, guys!” said Emil’s workmate.

“Oh, bye, man!”

John and Emil went upstairs to their room. Tea was hot enough still. They sat on the floor again.

“I am very happy for you, brother,” said Emil. “You are a great man.”

“Thank you, Emil! Another ‘slumdog millionaire’, eh?” laughed John.

Someone opened the door and entered the room. It was Karim. He asked Emil something in Urdu and they started talking. Karim laughed.

“You have no girlfriend?” asked he, looking at John now. “Is he your girlfriend?” he pointed at Emil and laughing.

“No, I have no girlfriend, why?” replied John. “How can Emil be my girlfriend?” asked he, but Karim went out.

“This guy has very strange sense of humor,” said John. “When I was younger, I used to beat such guys senseless.”

“It’s OK, brother, don’t worry. I will punish him.” Emil looked upset.

“What you were talking about?” asked John.

“Oh, nothing,” replied Emil. “You know, he is a bad guy. This girl sleeps with men for money. He is her manager.”

“Really?! He is a fucking pimp?” laughed John. “How much does he make then?”

“He said £30 an hour. He asked if we wanna try her.”

“£30? And what did you say?”

“No, I don’t want such things. It’s not good.”

“OK, man, just relax. Look, I don’t mind fucking her brains out, man. Are they in the kitchen?”

“Oh, brother... Look, if you want I can talk to him.”

“Yeah, why not? Sorry, where will you stay when we...”

“I can Skype at the kitchen, bro, no problem. If you want – then no problem.”

“Okay, man. Sorry for it, okay?”

“It’s okay.”

Emil went out of the room with his mobile phone and earphones in hands.

John lay on the bed. “Maybe, I should buy some beer?” thought he, but at this moment Jenny, with only a few clothes on, entered the room with a bottle of beer in her hand.

“Hi, honey!” smiled she, and suddenly John felt he is almost ready to rape her. “So, we wanna have fun, ah?” said she and sat on the bed.

“Sure, why not?”

“You got condoms? A real man always has condoms,” laughed

Jenny.

John had no condoms but he didn't want to look like a not "real man" now. So he said:

"I have no condoms. I prefer having sex with a woman, not a condom."

Jenny laughed.

"Okay, I will take a quick shower, sweetie. Come on, go with me!"

John took soap and towel. They went out the room and saw Karim sitting in the kitchen. He grinned with satisfaction right at the moment he had seen them.

John showed him "OK" gesture and pushed Jenny towards the bathroom.

They have had a shower together, and Jenny kneeled down in front of John.

"Do you want it right here or should we go to your room?" asked she. The look of her eyes was gorgeous.

“Somebody might come here to have a shower. We better go to my room,” replied John.

This time when Karim saw them, he started whistling the “Come on, ladies! One-pound fish” tune. John didn’t turn back to see him.

“Oh, boy, you seem too horny... Come on, lie down. Did you lock the door?” She locked the door, turned the light off and closed the curtains.

Lying on the bed, he saw her coming naked. “Oh boy... your dick is so hard already” said she, holding his cock. John closed eyes and relaxed.

Jenny kissed and licked his belly, going lower and lower. Then she started her “sex magic”.

“Sweet surrender...” remembered John and then he cleared his mind from all thoughts he was overloaded with the last couple of months.

# December 10, 2011

During December, John tested his theory of fixed matches. Nights and days were spent in analyzing match results, league tables, history of matches, and so on.

“Well, currently I have few ideas,” was he saying to Emil as it helped him to put his thoughts in order. “The first one is friendly games. Usually, they are conducted to test the team and new players, so results of underdog teams are higher than expected. Depending on odds, I select an event to bet on – underdog team is not to lose, or win with goal handicap. Odds have to be really attractive – either higher than 2, or pretty likely to win”.

“The second idea is,” continued he, “to find teams in some tournament, like a regular championship, which have lost motivation to play – for example, they have already avoided relegation or lost chances to promotion. There are many tournaments around the world, so you can often find one where some teams meet the criteria. You can make the same type of bets I just mentioned or even more – the half time/fulltime results. These odds can be really high, from 17 to 81 or so. Assuming that the match is going to be fixed, it will be fixed for higher profit because if you fix the match, you’re going to make money as much as possible, right? Usually, it is when one team

leads the score after halftime, and then another team wins the match finally, i.e. leads the score after full-time. Am I clear?"

Emil nodded his head.

"Oh yeah, cup games are also good to bet on in the case of halftime/fulltime results. I think it is due to the nature of the tournament. It is a playoff, only one match played usually, there is lots of excitement, and thus the team tactics sucks. I mean, losing teams have to go all-in, and sometimes it works for them."

"Hm..."

"Then you collect all your single bets and make a few-fold bet. For example, today I collected 14 bets and made 2-fold bets on all combinations of them. If only one pair of bets wins, I will increase my stake up to 10 times. If I also make 3-fold or even 5-fold bet, it can make me a millionaire just like that." Saying it, John snapped his fingers. "So I hope, someday I will, sooner or later. It's just matter of time and luck."

"You are winning money now? I mean, every day?" asked Emil.

"No, not every day, unfortunately, but my balance is okay, I'm not losing money. Currently, I'm thinking of adding another type

of bets, which is a stronger team to win from behind, since the odds are worthwhile too, from 8 to 10. But it must be a really stronger team which is able to make a comeback, you see. And, of course, all these teams of leagues have to have a history of such match results, that's' my observation."

"Yes, brother, we must make money to help our families. If you can make money this way, it is good for your family," said Emil.

Recently Emil got a lack of money in the till, some £50. He got very upset but refused to accept any help.

"Emil, how much do you make a day? Or per month? £500? You can also bet if you want. But I cannot say my bets are 100% sure win. I noticed that when I give bet advice or tips, they lose. You see, I bet my money, this is my responsibility only, but when I give advice... it's not my money under risk. I feel really uncomfortable when people lose, using my bits of advice."

"Look, you can sell your advice and make money too," said Emil.

"Listen, I don't like fooling people around. Also, I don't understand why people trust those guys who sell their betting tips. If, as they say, every day the tipster makes 100% win, then

bet with odd of 2 at least, then in a month he'll be a billionaire! If I were a billionaire, I would never mess with selling my tips for £5 or even £500! I better sit alone, smoke my cigar, drink my coffee and make money like a money-printing machine! It's why I believe those tipsters are liars! Somebody should get them and kick their asses!"

Emil nodded. There was a minute of silence. Then Emil said:

"Some people become bet maniacs. They lose all their money, and every day they want to bet again and again."

"I see what you're talking about. That's not my case. I saw some crazy guys at bookie shops; it looks like they live there. Poor guys! But it is a fair business. Nobody forces you to bet. You either accept the odd for your bet or not." John sighed.

"It is very hard to work every day, and do not make money enough to help your family. It's like running, running and running, but you do not get closer to your goal," sighed Emil too.

"Oh, fuck it, man! Just fuck it! We'll make it, I'm sure! Someday we'll buy that shop and it will be your own! Come on! Let's go to the cinema! I'm inviting you. I'll pay for everything," said John.

# Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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