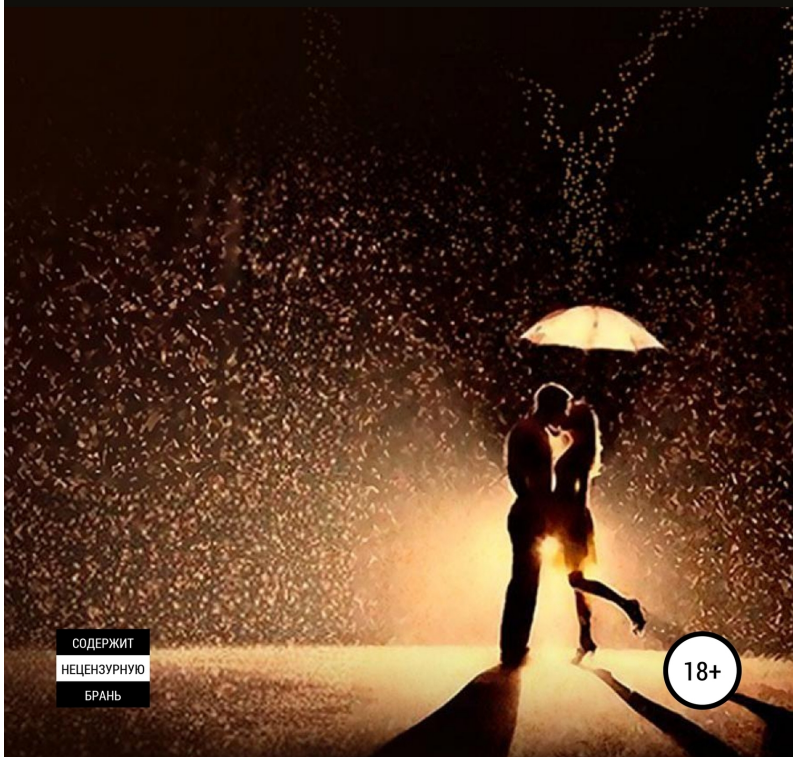


Julia Alex A

# *Margarita and Luca*

book 1



СОДЕРЖИТ  
НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ  
БРАНЬ

18+

# **Yulia Alexandrovna Andronova**

# **Margarita and Luca, book 1**

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## **Аннотация**

What do you see when you look at a beautiful body or face? Do you see the inner drops of sorrow? Or you feel the passion? No, not for you, for changing the digital generation of youngsters, to let them loosen up to stop for futher breakthroughs. No, not in technology, but in Kindness and Consciousness, in Love, in Human Closeness, and let it all happen not during a war, but in the world of Peace.Содержит нецензурную брань.

## CHAPTER 1

His letter.

“Ciao!

Do you remember me? I'm that insistent Italian from the plane to Cuba ?

You were the nicest person in the whole plane and I didn't even take a picture of us together... I was about to kill myself after.

Still not sure... Did we really talk? Or was it just a dream?

How are you? How was the vacation?

Luca”

Her letter.

“Ciao!

I wouldn't forget you even if I wanted: you were the only person I've talked to during those two days of travelling.

The holidays were wonderful and a bit crazy! I parascended... rose too high cause of my small weight and were hovering above the Caribbean sea! I was close to soil myself! I could never imagine landscape is so scenic if looking from the sky...”

She stopped for a moment. The reminiscences were still fresh.

A thin man fastens the belts on her waist, she thrusts her legs through the straps and a small rivet clicks. Two hooks are being joined to the parachute. Two tiny pegs. “What the fuck is that? They are not even soldered!”: a panic thought passes through her

head... few metal things which she entrusted her life with.

“Go!”: shouts a lively Afro-American to the other and the cutter starts with a jerk. The cloth gets smoothed dramatically and next second her feet come off the board. The boat rushes again, up to the heaven the parachute soared. Higher and higher! Now the sea is far underneath. The flimsy construction is dangling in the air. The strap she is sitting on starts to shift. There is mere beauty around, but the girl sees nothing, but the hooks. Each of them is the same size as her little finger. They are the only things that attach her to the cloth. If one of them has a flaw, the girl will fall down, tumble against the water.

The steersman yells grinning: “Three hundred feet!”. Horror chilled her fragile body to the bone. She will plop down dead against the waters of the Caribbean sea, which’s been dreaming to see... She has always thought that death can be not only tragic, but also inimitable. For instance, if you have given the Q-sign because of liver inflammation after an unforgettable week in the capital of love Paris... Having visited the most fashionable restaurants and tried the best food, the famous pumpkin soup or scallops, and got pie-eyed with the best French vintage wine in Lido while enjoying international dances performed by absolutely beautiful women with resilient bare breasts and buttocks. This would be a perfect death, wouldn’t it?

She is trying to relax: “There is no sense in being shriveled with eyes screwed during the last minutes of my life. Since I’m here, I should open my shoulders out and revel in the moment”.

The girl opens her eyes wide and looks into the distance. An imposing white castle reveals itself through the density of leafy trees and palms as if it were a prince's palace. The endless sea changes its colour from turquoise by the shore to deep blue in the main sea. The cutter turns back to the bay. The wind pulls the parachute. The strap nearly slips from under her bottom. Margot's heart is wrung with fear, the fingers awkwardly clutched at the damned hooks. And there is nothing poetic in the moment. You can't even think straight, but feel adrenalin which stones every centimeter of your body and, it seems, your soul too, if it exists. The brain is turned off: no pondering over your life. Nothing.

The Afro-Americans release the blond down and seat her to the bench. Margot senses that her body is strongly trembling almost as if she was having an epileptic seizure. Her movements are nervous and inaccurate, but she is carrying it off, smiling. Two hours in a row.

Finding herself overland, with Shtirlez's self-control she thanks the sailors and heads to the bar. The girl comes up to the boiler, hands shivering, hot water splashing over her legs. Mint tea doesn't help.

– How're you doin', beautiful lady? – sings a merry afro-American guy in a deep voice.

– Can I have a shot of tequila and a piece of lime, please...

The man smiles broader, protruding his first finger in the sign of approval. They made a lot of use of the gestural language

there, especially during the beautiful animation nights at the hotel bar: reggae, multinational audience, Caribbean breeze... On seeing you, the barman gives a signal. In a few minutes the same cocktail you've had last time is in front of you, on his clean-shaved brown head. The wind was oddly strong that evening. The refreshing breeze from the sea in heat was like a gulp of life. On coming back to Russia a week later, she learnt tsunami on Cuba had carried away about three hundred lives that night.

She'd made a cup of gentle Jamaican coffee and continued the letter.

“Besides, I flied the plane! Some Italian from the crew came up to me with the suggestion. I thought I had lost my reason after the eleven-hour flight. But the guy was so insistent...

An incredible feeling! I saw the Hawaii and the ocean! Waters by the islands are emerald green...

Another thing that struck me was the cheerful people's spirits, unbroken by poverty. How can one smile so shiny living in such conditions, having the history like that... I admire them!

And, I guess, weed help ;)

How was your week on Cuba?

Oh, I'm so sorry: I haven't hit on any marihuana field, so no photo for you”.

The Italian asked Margaret for the favour, while smacking the smell of an opened pack with few butts. After many hours without a single puff, all he could think of was tobacco, any kind

of...

“Ciao!

Now I know who to refer to if I'm in need of a pilot!

We had much fun and knocked about the island quite a bit. boundless beaches, cigars, seafood... For ten dollars any Cuban is ready to arrange a sumptuous feast for you in his own house! You are to choose the kind of fish, crab or whatever, and he catches it right away. His wife cooks the meal with spiceries and serve it to you with rum at the appointed hour. So at seven you are an honorable guest!”

“That kind of rambling around wouldn't work if you're a single young blond in the poor country populated with Afro-Americans”: she dropped her eyes.

Her letter:

“Buongiorno, amico mio!

Happy for your great vacation!

I know nothing about Italy, forgive me my ignorance. Would you mind educating me a bit? Do people live in blocks of flat or principally in detached houses? Where do you live?

Margot”

Luca:

“Good morning!

Don't worry – me too! You have to enlighten me about Russia.

I live close to Bologna, at the bottom of Apennines. It's a quiet place, but “civilization” is close as well. Everything here is marked by history...

Now the answer to your question.

Depending on where you are: the north is more industrial than the south. Most people live in blocks of flats, but there is also a great deal of detached houses, especially in the suburbs. The situation is not the best: we are getting too many meanwhile the territory is rather small.

And now a surprise: I live under a bridge!”

Sipping fresh-ground coffee the girl was trying to fancy the place, but finally decided: “Seeing is believing! I will ask him to take a picture!” Curiosity engrossed Margaret for the following days of pending.

Her mail to him

“I like the surprise about the bridge, though that's not that unusual for people to live under bridges in my city too. The only thing would make me worry: aren't U afraid of floods?

And to live not far from a mountain range – seems a great deal exotic to me. Could you send me some photos?”

His mail

“Ciao,

here are the pictures of the surroundings and the river not far from my house. The mountains are really close, I see them every morning driving to work.

Margo, I want to know more about you.

Do you have sisters or brothers, or are you an only child?”

Margot:

“Ciao!

Thanks for the beautiful photos! Wow! The Apennines are gorgeous!

Considering your question: there are no more kids in my family, only me. But I have a brother-in-law, my father's son from the previous marriage. I hadn't known about it for many years until I met him at a disco. We had a passionate attachment and then parents told us that we were brother and sister...

Everybody in my family had at least two marriages, and I'm not an exception ;) I have been married 3 times.

Do you have brothers or sisters?”

His mail

“I have a brother and numerous relatives, cousins and nephews... When all of them gather together at table on holidays it's quite a crowd!

Sorry, I didn't understand, may be because of my English...

Have you been married or are you still married?"

Realizing that he was not indifferent to her, Greta grinned. That meant he was in the mood for serious relationship.

Her letter

"Ciao!

How is the weather there?

Wow, I've always dreamt of a huge family like yours! My great grandma had eleven children... We all used to gather together on Sundays, at a groaning board: all dishes piping hot. I loved her home-made bread the most! All the meals had a special taste 'cause of being made in the furnace, stoked with wood.

When the great grandma died, everybody started quarrelling about inheritance and the family broke down.

No, I'm not married now".

His mail.

"But three times? When I saw you on the plane you seemed 23-25... Kids?

And the Pope?

Are you such a complicated girl?"

Her mail

"Yes, though I'm so young, I've had much experience already. It's not the same with marriage in Russia, as the Pope has no

power here :)

No! I'm not complicated at all. I'm just stupid and a hopeless optimist. I blindly believe that every person rules his life and is really able to change it for the better, especially having enough support, no matter what kind of unpleasant things have happened to him. And I don't accept weakness of spirit. Of course we all have chinks in our armours and let them be there until they don't ruin our lives.

For example, my first husband had midlife crisis (when he was only 30! And I was 18). I supported him in everything and things started going great with work, he became a politician and financial director of a large-scale construction firm and so on. But still couldn't give up drinking, smoking marijuana badly (he had started doing this stuff being depressed). I like to have fun too, but everything has its borders. So, when he started running around the house with a long sabre catching green devils with long bushy tails...

It's my fault – I always consider people better than they really are. Besides I'm too kind and long to help people. I guess I should not, I have already tried to get rid of this pernicious quality, and have been cherishing that illusion, then I realized – that's next to impossible for me to become indifferent to people.

And my optimism makes me fight till the very end, never give up! I'm highly disappointed when people destroy their lives by their own hands, being immensely lazy to make a single effort to set things right. It's like a sniper shot right into my heart.

There is a fairy tale, you probably know, about 2 mice which got into a basket with milk. One of them sank because it didn't want to labor to save itself, didn't make a tiny movement by its paws. The other mouse, in the opposite, kept moving it's legs so fast, that the milk turned to sour cream and the mouse survived.

That all is a bit shocking for you, the fact is that I was obliged to leave home when I was 14, I had no choice. My adult life started early...

I hope I didn't load you too much..."

She has never checked her mail so often before: ten times a day. Nothing from him. A month passed and no letters. She was getting sadder and sadder every day. «I'm too much for him... Too complicated... Men don't like women with baggage of experience behind»: she was thinking pulling a huge suitcase into Moscow airport. She was going to PARIS! A capital of love! Everyone dreams to come there with someone he loves to feel the romanticism of the city. She will arrive in the illustrious city with the empty cindered heart from the previous marriage and frustration from the present affair that ended before getting started. But the girl chinned up: «Apart from work I'll have as much fun as I can! Otherwise I'll never forgive myself for sitting locked in the room because I hate all men and life in general, as my ex-husband is a lascivious jerk. Shivers went up and down her spine remembering his words...

She did have fun. First at duty free ”

## CHAPTER 2

### Paris

A smiling Russian man, resembling more French than Russian in his manners and looks, was waiting for tourists by a small table, few minutes and they were going to the centre of Paris in a big comfy bus. Incredibly small streets astounded our girl: Margot was used to large wide spacious boulevards and streets in her own backyard, when you need eternity to cross the road dashing for the other side to feel safe and sound eventually!

The boutique hotel was small, but indisputably sumptuous. Her room was surprisingly huge and in red with gold colours. The bathroom – rather large for one, with beautifully decorated with pictures of old Paris walls. After shower she looked into the mini-bar: orange pressée and vin de champagne looked tempting! «Why not? I'm in Paris!!! Besides, I've never tried a true Champaign, only those made in the terrible alcohol plants in Russia »: she thought opening the little bottle. Five minutes later she was standing in front of her boss smiling utterly happily, thinking: «God, how I worship my work! Thank you for that!!!», tears of happiness in the green today eyes, the champagne was working well.

The day was hard: apart from much interpreting there were quarrels with Chinese directors on the topic «which turn is

correct and which is wrong», thus the investors were always late for the meetings, and thanks to their stubbornness, the working day finished later than expected – at ten in the evening. She rushed to the room, jumped in a shower, then put a brand new small black dress which opened nearly all of her back, and went downstairs. In the hall there were many photographers and film-stars: there was a week of Russian film those days. She enjoyed the view of fine dressed-up people and headed to the bar. It was crowded too: some French film was being shot there. Margo ordered some red wine and looking forward to tasting it, saw through the curtains a famous French actor who she had often seen in Hollywood films: a scene was being shot in the other posh-furnished room of the bar. Then she got involved into the wine, which was so fresh and fruity, that next five minutes the blonde was not aware what was happening around. On looking back she noticed that the filming had finished and the company of celebrated actors was sipping wine at the next table. Then the most handsome one stood up and headed towards our Margaret smiling:

– Bonsoir!

– Good evening, – she answered coldly.

– Can I ask you a question? You look splendid... I concluded that you are Russian, am I right?”

– Spasibo, – she whispered as the barmen handed her another glass of wine.

The actor got madly excited hearing the word “po-russky”

and was going to comment on it, but few fans approached with pictures and asked for his autograph.

–Can I ask you to join our company? Our work is finished for today and we’re relaxing... Everybody is impatient to get acquainted with you, – he said signing the pictures.

She looked at the table and a dark-haired beauty waved her smiling all over her face.

–No, thanks, – she stood up and disappeared before he could add anything else.

She rushed into her room and hid under a blanket, frustrated, with wet eyes: “Why can’t I socialize with a person, if he is a man?! And that was not supposed to be a date, just an invitation to a big company of outstanding individuals, where I could have much fun tonight... And I escaped as if a pervert was molesting me. The misfortune I had had with husbands seem to have affected me deeply... I was going to meet Luca... He would come all the way to Paris wishing to meet me and I would get frightened and escape next second like a horse hearing a gun shot! He’s not guilty of anything and doesn’t deserve a bad treat. I’m missing HIM so much. It’s incredible – to miss somebody, who I’ve seen only one time for few minutes on the plane. This must mean something. And he assures me he feels the same. But probably this Italian is just lying like everyone else. Like every man. He thinks: “I bet that could be an engrossing adventure!”, while I may fall in love... Or am I already there? No, I will not survive another derangement: my heart will not bear it. That

arrhythmia was serious”. She remembered THAT DAY. Her heart stopped literally. It just gave up for few seconds, then three fast rapid beats and then a silence again. Few months like that. Exactly like her grandma’s brother had had, then’d died at the age of thirty one. “My emotions often brim over... This is no good. I treat men too serious... But what can I do to it? I’m a woman”.

Few days of meetings and luncheons at various restaurants with utterly delicious meals and snacks from boulangeries-pâtisseries , the whole group of colleagues realized you can’t possibly find a mediocre restaurant in France. Even a tiny café on the side-street would surprise you with a unique dainty.

Besides, the time before catholic Christmas Paris is peculiarly beautiful with its festive illumination and pretty silver fir trees at hotels.

At six in the morning nine men and Margot were standing at the railway station waiting for the train to Switzerland to arrive. Six hours later they were on the railway station platform in Geneva.

She saw internet café by the station and ran towards it.

–What are you doing, Margaret?!?! – her boss was mad.

At that point she saw stars, but managed the anger. This girl had been used to hold emotions since childhood, when it was a must in order to survive. Having paid the fee, she hurried to the computer in the far corner.

Eventually there was a mail from him!!!

Luca's letter.

«I start to be afraid of flood now... It's been raining for 3 days already.

In spite of it the construction has still been proceeding and now a big part of the floor is finished!!

That's gripping what you said and I'm trying to imagine your expression when you're thinking about these things...

In my opinion one is what he has lived, if it's clear what I mean, this is life and for what I've understood yours must have been quite advanced. Now I'm more curious than loaded so don't worry.

I meet a lot of people from all over the world for work, and I perceive sort of... "skin feeling". Most of the time that helps me a lot recognize who I have in front of me. On that plane I saw a very solar person that surprised me with her simplicity. For me the most important virtues are honesty and respect, rare things to find.

I've read your email more and more, and still thousands of questions may

appear but too many to be written or a multitude where just an expression

could answer better than hundreds of words. I'm really

dreaming to meet you one day, a glass of good wine and a talk looking into your eyes. Do you think it could be possible?

I'm a very patient and quite person, not afraid to go ahead if I really crave for something (I think the precise words are "as stubborn as a mule"?!?!?)

Normally, I do not have to ponder over it, it comes naturally: if there is something that I do not like in a person, "distance" comes out

automatically. Considering how much I like talking with you (even if sometimes I will be incomprehensible...) it shouldn't be your case...

Ps I'm quite old-fashioned and ask my friends to send me postcards from the countries where they travel. Could you do it too? »

The address was attached below.

She was reading it again and again, while the boss was standing behind the window waving impatiently his hand with a huge golden ring signing they had to hurry up. She nodded and went out. Boss asked something but the girl didn't hear – her thoughts were too far. She bought a few postcards on the way, planning to ask a concierge to send them to Italy.

They went straight to the address where the first meeting was. Margot was destroyed from the trip, but three cups of coffee recharged the brain. Meetings were non-stop all day.

The interpreter's tongue seemed not hers anymore. But every business partner seeing the blonde tried to speak up more than necessary trying to socialize and spend some more time beside the beauty. She was going to burst, but didn't, trying to remember how much she is paid and other bright sides of the job.

Geneva was beautiful: a huge lake in the middle and fine architecture with old buildings and monuments, a chain of restaurants on the shore, and a great deal of bazaar-shops and expensive jewelry stores with rings and necklaces of all possible kinds and colours of brilliants and other valuable stones, shining under the sun beams.

Hanging around, she bought a red scarf and picked up the most fashionable restaurant: "I definitely deserve it!".

Snowy-white tablecloth, Pinot Noir , an amazing view of the lake from the panoramic window, palatable food. "I love Switzerland!": the blonde felt on top of the world, roaming about sun lighted streets in her favorite red leather jacket.

Few days later she returned to Russia, cold and gloomy at that time of the year. "Mendeleyev must have invented vodka in the end of November": she thought, trying to warm her hands breathing at them desperately while waiting for the taxi at Sheremetievo airport.

## CHAPTER 3

“Sorry for the delay....

There are some pictures of the latest renovation. May be they just give an idea of some area, once finished I'll try to do better:

8128 there will be the kitchen, after the furniture is installed probably the only visible part will be the one in the middle....

8135 That's how the road looked when I went to pick up some ceramics... It was incredible, I'd planned that day in advance and look at the weather!! It took a bit longer but I love driving when it's snowing.

8009-8148 The kitchen area before and after...

8138 The bathroom floor, I know that's hard to keep clean but I had to...

The wall will be white with something in the shower but I'm not telling you the details, sorry. Next time I hope it will be finished.

I've received most of the materials and this week work will speed up hopefully... I don't know in Russia but here builders are crazy...

About wall colors I still have to decide (help!). I put clear floor in the living room-kitchen to give light, while in the bedroom it will be wooden and in my bathroom – dark with a white graphic ornament. It's all is half installed. I'll take some new pictures this weekend, better to show....

The style will be modern, about decoration – it's your turn, I'm all ears. Suggest whatever.

Honestly I thought about something but...

it seems that your boss presses you a little bit. Is everything ok? Is it a long time that you work with him? I don't know there but here the end of the year is the worst at work..

Her letter

“I like your taste, I would do almost the same. I like the floor in the bathroom. The sport club that I attend has black floor and walls in shower area which I've always adored. With light floor your living room would produce a hospitable impression. I believe dark covering on the floor can be really great too, but in spacious rooms with big windows, or in castles. I assume it's not your case. Once I lived in such a place. In Russia, before “Perestroika” revolution they used to build rather large flats with high ceilings where at least 3 families were supposed to live. While studying at university, my 2 girl-friends and I were happy to rent one of those apartments for a few months. That was amazing!(After living in a tiny flat of 11,5 metros quadrates for 3 persons). The only disadvantage was that being there seemed to be in a tomba . It was always so dark and aria umida there because of the ground floor. But there was one sunny place – bathroom with white walls (I painted them myself with colore per facciate , this kind of paint doesn't peel off in high humid conditions, plus it was cheap and I didn't want to overhaul the

accommodation where I was going to live not more than a few months ) and huge window. It was entertaining to have a foam bath watching people and cars moving outside, as it was located on the high street. But most of all I enjoyed the fact that the phone was in the kitchen and you would never hear it from other rooms, never disturbed, unless you wanted it, which was important after studying and working at 2 jobs till late.

About decoration: it depends on your lifestyle and character. If you like to invite guests and have fun – some bright patches have to be present, if you often come home tired and worn out and mostly lie on the sofa – these bright accessoristica will irritate you, colori moderati will be OK. Or, if you are not that sensitive – just anything modern will be suitable! As for my flat, I love nature so much, that my walls are wooden and various plants are growing and flourishing on the old terrible but spacious windowsills. Recently I've been surprised to see one of my flowers grew to a tree with mandarin fruits and one small plant turned out to a big exotic palm tree. I'm envious (in a good way) you are decorating a new house, that's so exciting and refreshing! I've never been able to find time to renovate the decor. Fortunately I can follow your developments!

What picturesque scenery, the photo on the road! You're so lucky to have true snowy winter, while we still don't and I miss it a lot.

Concerning my boss, I've started working with him even before I entered university. He is the best businessman, a millionaire who's intelligent in making money, but absolutely disoriented in life and quarrelsome. His children and wife escaped from him long ago. Trips with him stress me because I hate to waste time if I have to complete some task. I'd rather spend time on rest or some nicer things ;) (If you understand what I mean), than quarreling and arguing with somebody, as I have a calm personality and scandals exhaust me. So, instead of finishing work at 7 we finished at 11 or even midnight. I quitted my job several times (those were not haste decisions, as I'm sensible to boredom), but every time my boss with tears promised to change for the better and I finally felt sorry for him and returned. He's improved his personality, but he's still slow in understanding simple things and stubborn. Everything should be told 100 times before he gets it.

I believe the end of the year is crazy everywhere..."

Her letter.

"It's 10 in the morning, sunny! I'm going to pay the final installment for my holiday trip!!! :D What a nice day today!"

His mail

"You must be flying around for such a desired vacation, I'm really happy for you... and for me too: you're becoming close

to me, you took the right time as I really needed such good vibrations in the period. This year everything has been happening and I see no light at the end of the tunnel... Is it because 2008 is a leap year?

So when and where do you exactly go? Probably I may hope to receive a postcard....

Here the house is going for the final rush, it seems there's a party during the day for how many people come and leave...

I still have to decide about colors and I'm forcing myself to find the time to go and see some colors, not too bright because I'm sure I would get tired soon but I'll see... I'm thinking also to ask a friend for a drawing on the wall. I got some pictures but prefer to send you some next week if you are still home, when it's also a little cleaner, so you can see before and after. I like how the things are taking form, if you can wait...

In Italy we say that curiosity is a woman. Is it the same in Russia?

(Honestly you cannot imagine how curious I am but I assure you that I'm not a girl!)

Поцелуй на твой левый плечо”

The last phrase truly excited the girl. She imagined him speaking Russian with his hard Italian accent. “But how would he do that?! I bet he’s not even capable of reading Cyrillic!”: she was laughing.

Margot started downloading a file. It was the video, that she'd made the year before, that summer when she'd met Luca. Few months before going to Jamaica, the girl and her husband had spent two weeks at a nice resort on the sea in Turkey. After his adultery. She was still loving him, she wanted him passionately, and hated at the same time. The husband was chasing after two girls from Serbia. The story repeated every trip. The year before during their honeymoon he had been courting two women from Nefteyugansk, north-west of Russia, Siberia. He must have forgotten that he'd just got married.

In the video Margot'd looked emaciated, as she'd been suffering anorexia nervosa. Unbelievably thin waist, almost every bone of her body was visible: you could count her prominent ribs on her back. Legs were skinny and shuddered in convulsions at every brusque movement, but thanks to hard training and lean protein from time to time, there was a trace of muscles, and resilient buttocks protruded, like thirteen year old children have.

That summer storms were in full swing. She skipped along the coast, plunging into the water having seen the tenth wave approaching.

The girl imagined Luca watching her laughing and squealing, having swallowed the water while the sea is stranding her tan body on a colored mattress with a whirl and a rush: "He will feel closer to me".

She added the letter:

“Ciao, Luca!

I will go to Turkey, Belek. It's a beautiful place. My parents have never been abroad and I decided to present them with the tour. I hope that will help them to start a new life after everything they've been through. We'll go in January, after New Year's Eve. Usually the prices fall after the 5th and you can enjoy the best fashionable hotel for a reasonable charge.

This year was not a cinch for me too.

Sometimes happiness and deep frustration overwhelmed me at the same time or changing each other without giving me a minute to take a breath, like those waves.

Although it's praiseworthy to plan things long in advance, that may also be enjoying being moved this way, as finally U may relax like in the cinema and be curious waiting what'll happen next...

No, we don't say in Russia that curiosity is a woman. Nowadays people are so indifferent, only kids are still curious and some men, may be. Women are busy with gluing fake nails and buying stupid things, then discussing these only topics.

Drawing on the wall is a fresh idea. I long to see it, if it takes place. Once my uncle went mad with the same idea and drew the whole flat instead of using wallpaper. Looked kind of cute, but too much. Concerning fade colours: very light pistachio always look elegant and not irritating. I like it fashionable hotels, but

could never imagine at somebody's home. May be also not bad. I'm impatient to see what U'll decide and the photos".

His letter.

"It's incredible, I really wish this year to finish as soon as possible... Yesterday I got into a road accident: another car touched my bumper. As it was raining my car started rotating in the street until it stopped crushing into a wall... While whirling trying to hold the car all my life was passing in my mind. I was really lucky having got my knee a bit swollen and some pain in my neck but not too bad, things could have gone worst... You're right when you say "....be courious waiting what will happen.." . I have my fingers crossed and go on. At this point I almost start to laugh, possibly because I'm going mad or perhaps 'cause my life scenario seems to be written by a comic dramatist...

A good thing among these troubles is that the doctor gave me work exemption for few days. So next week I can assist at the installation of many things inside the house. Finding time is a rare thing, day should be over 30 hours....

How will you celebrate Christmas? Do you like it? For me it's strange because I like it but at the same time it gives me some sadness, don't know exactly where it comes from but I cannot avoid it.

Have you already jumped into the crazy crowd of pre Christmas hustle that runs everywhere like hypnotized? In Italy

people at this period seem to become insane, running around without a particular destination...

This year I asked to materialize you here and talk to u looking in the eyes. I've been a good boy?, do you think it will be possible soon?

Ps By the way, what kind of music do you like?"

Her letter.

"What a frightening thing U told me. Please, be careful.

Meanwhile I'll ask Santa to shorten the year for U, you really need it.

Life is throwing us back and forth! Once I also kissed an airbag .

For me this year was terrible and great, especially the Friday 13th in June, when I became so nervous and exhausted that thought would truly have a heart or brain attack (many relatives died of them). Same day I did important translation for my boss, passed the final exam, defended the thesis, got the diploma, was robbed and found out that my beloved husband had been unfaithful to me. And that was supposed to be the happiest day of my life, as only God knows, what I've gone through to graduate from this first-rate university of Nizhny Novgorod studying free of charge.

I never notice when Christmas or other holidays come, 'cause I usually have to keep working. I think I've never celebrated Christmas, but would like to. I guess just never had time,

unfortunately, always busy at various jobs, that even didn't finish school. The consequence – must have done my best completing education at one of the “evening schools” in Moscow to be able to enter the university. Always dreamt there were 48 hours in a day. So, I don't know whether I like this holiday. What I've always liked about New Year's Eve – I could sleep whole night and next morning till late, as nobody works!

How do U usually spend Christmas? New Year? Could you take some photos for me? In Russia everybody gets drunk to death and fall asleep, face in popular salad “Olivier”. I eat, then sleep.

About music: I love Tiziano Ferro, but some of his songs are too romantic for me, depends on the mood... I also enjoy a lot Adriano Celentano, Eros Ramazzotti, Biagio Antonacci and somebody else whose names I don't remember. But recently I've forbidden myself to listen to music and now add only Spanish lessons into my mp3player, a kind of trap, otherwise I'll never start speaking the language”

## CHAPTER 4

“Ciao, principessa!

Christmas is a family day, so, everybody gather at our house at a big table, a lot of food, presents... I'm sending you few pics. They are not so sharp but I hope you'll get the idea, the atmosphere...

One of the ancient grandmas at the table is about a hundred

years old? There is my brother with his wife and kids, my mother and father, my aunt and uncle.

The dish is “ravioli”, very popular in Italy. Do you know?

Tonight nothing so special or incredible, dinner at friends house till midnight then who knows?? We do not have any special agenda for the New Year’s Eve, as in my experience the plans never go as you wish... We try to have fun with a good company, for me: more friends – more relaxation... :)

Try this site [www.deezer.com](http://www.deezer.com), it is all about music of all kind  
Поцелуй на твой нос ”

It was the 31st of December.

On waking up she hungrily ate everything that her eyes caught sight of, fixed a cup of coffee, made herself comfortable and opened the mail to thoroughly enjoy it.

The pictures were blurry and must have been taken by a simple hand-held camera. But they were pathetic with all those present-boxes and children impatiently rushing for the gifts; candles by each plate on the long festively laid table; two old grandmothers with rigorously made for the occasion white-haired curves.

Her letter:

“Good morning!

Thanks for the pictures! I’ve enjoyed much! You have a great family! I love the way you celebrate this holy day.

I have already brought a suitcase of presents to my parents and hid a kilogram of Swiss chocolate in the flat? I'll tell them later;) I've bought a bottle of wine and going to relish it!!!  
Happy New Year! ”

Margot turned on the radio and opened the Zinfandel ... The adorable fruity flavor influences her taste sensors producing endorphins, thus a smile.

“Селёдка под шубой” was waiting for its turn in the fridge. She called the mom.

## CHAPTER 5

January, 19

Two-metre high snowdrifts, three suitcases... The parents-invalids shocked by the situation, standing stiff with fright on the platform at a railway station of Nizhny Novgorod. Mom is after a stroke, the right half of her body is still uncontrollable: the right foot is curved not able to step, the arm is moving wherever it likes, one eye is dead. Her brains confuse things. Recently they've been working on crossword puzzles. Father asks: “A bird with a solid beak?” Mother cries out: “A rabbit!!!”

The dad is a former boxer, now suffering Epilepsy and has psychiatric disorders, which has irrevocably changed Margot's personality, but this story will be mentioned later.

Greta is goggling at them, calming herself down: “I have a

life-insurance. They are supposed to transport the body all the way to Russia... In case an epileptic attack happens in the sea and he will choke with water and drown...”

–I wish he wouldn’t spoil our trip by dying... – mom whispers into daughter’s ear.

–Don’t bother, mommy. It’s organized, in case... – the girl kisses mom’s cheek.

Six hours flew: black tea in old-fashioned glasses with holders and cheese-with-meat sandwiches, prepared with love by the caring daughter; old movies on the train TV; dozing.

## CHAPTER 6

Moscow. Our girl has thought everything over long in advance: a taxi driver meets the family by the carriage, helps with the luggage and chooses a “sightseeing route” heading towards Sheremetyevo . The traffic is heavy, but parents are not bored: they are childishly staring out of the car windows, eyes expressing curiosity and cautious happiness. Amazing architecture is slowly moving by: the Kremlin, the white high-rise beautiful building on Vorobyovy Hills is Moscow State University named Lomonosov, Hilton Moscow Leningradskaya, embassies; blocks of flats with huge impressive advertisements stuck on high buildings; imperial churches and majestic cathedrals: Nativity Church at Putinki, The Cathedral of the Annunciation, Arhangelsky sobor, Ivan the Great’s Belfry, gothic catholic Church in Presnya, colorful Pokrovsky Sobor on the Red Square is partially visible now...

Parents are totally fascinated by the changes since

“perestroika”, when every single thing was grey and identical: buildings, restaurants, clothes, even city plans and street names in Russia were alike in every region. If you felt like dining out, you would know what is on the menu wherever you come: modest dishes, which you could find in any home, tasty but all the same. No variety.

If you desired a different dress, the only way to get it was to sue it yourself, in case you’d managed to “obtain” a piece of fabric in that “uniform” or as school-girls called it “incubator chick” society.

Airport. Parents’ wide-open eyes. Planes. Mountains and seas in the porthole. Daughter is smiling happily seeing that mom is on the top of the world!

## CHAPTER 7

Antalya. Extremely bright light, fresh breeze, a conditioned buss welcomes the tourists. The driver kindly lowers the threshold helping mom in.

–Sweetheart, everybody’s so gentle to me... – mom is almost crying remembering attitude to invalids in Russia. When mom takes her daily stroll she’s about to be knocked out by a group of students rushing for a smoke and to get some snacks at the kiosk between lessons. In winter she slipped on the ice and fell down. Nobody gave her a helping hand so she was lying there in the middle of the sidewalk, humiliated, feeling unprotected

and helpless, not able to stand up, until some woman eventually raised her. – I will not worry anymore... I like it here! – says mom as tears of happiness are streaming out...

A beautiful hotel on the seashore is like a small town surrounded by Bushy Mediterranean pines and eucalyptus trees. Flourishing vegetation is everywhere.

Turkish buffet is breathtakingly beautiful, abundant. Parents, who haven't had enough food since "Perestroika", are in great perplexity. They slowly go by the desks with viands and sit at a small table in the corner. A waiter has already flied to them offering the drinks.

–Go, take the dishes and put there what you like.

Parents got all mushmouthed.

–It's "all inclusive"... All is already paid.

–Mm... Everything?

–Yes.

–All this food? Can we take whatever?

–Yep! Mom, what would you like? Let's go see!

Mom takes her stick.

–But I can't choose...

The first problem is that she can't realize what is on the plate, the second is – she has never had such a choice in her life.

Father is standing by one of the salvers with meat astounded and immobilized. Albeit daughter hated him with all her heart,

a discrepant feeling of content was filling her seeing the man happy.

After breakfast they used to walk in the garden and along the beach. Winter in Turkey is rather mild and the temperature on the coast doesn't go lower than five degrees Celsius above zero, while the water is about sixteen degrees Celsius in January. They say that Turkey is the only country where in April you can enjoy skiing in the mountains and then go down to have a swim in the Mediterranean sea. May be it's ok for those who love a refreshing bath: Internet info shows that the sea is only eighteen above zero in the middle of spring there this year.

Anyway, it goes without saying the climate was nicer than Moscow.

January midday sun is warm and lovely. The family is napping on beds on the beach.

## CHAPTER 8

### Saint Nicholas Cathedral

A mountain road is rising up to the clouds, the sound of hard rain in the ears. Relaxation. Everybody's staring around: rocks, few abandoned houses and a fell-into-decay hut, where an old couple arranged a souvenir market and toilet for tourists. The toilet was so insanitary that people preferred to use the grass around, while an old German couple decided to endure till the next stop.

Mom and daughter are happy to spend much time together. They go out to buy something and take pictures, rain beating against their faces, they are just laughing in return. Nadezhda is splendoring with a traditional Turkish fez on, Grethen takes few shots with a tall mountain in the background.

Saint Nicholas cathedral is situated in Demre.

The country is sinking in fog and coolness.

– It's forbidden to trade here!!! Immediately pay the price offered by the seller!!! – screams the guide with a deterrent tone. – Such things are sacred!

Fake-silver icons become obliterated displaying pink copper a year later. Business. Eventually, after having dragged the flock of sheep, oops sorry – the tourists, through the souvenir shops, the guide, a former Russian teacher named Natasha, leads them inside the cathedral, the place where a kind-hearted man Nicholas used to serve sufferers and made great deeds. There is an unpretentious house located few meters lower than the ground level around. They go inside, all is in darkness, only the altar is sprinkled by the beams of the sun rising from behind the clouds and percolating through the narrow windows. The guide brakes the silence and starts talking about Likia – this is the name of the country which was there long ago.

– In the first millennium BC this area was notable for an original culture it had. Later was invaded by Alexander the Great, by the Romans and the Turks, none the less keeping the autonomy, being a part of the Empires. The largest in the

antiquity city and the center of Lycia Xanthos was situated on the like named river, originating in the Taurus Mountains.

The land here is fertile: Lycians provided themselves with wine, bread and other products typical of Asia Minor.

Talking about the cultural heritage, which remained from those times, tomb-monuments carved in the rocks were perfectly preserved.

And now about the church itself, which is here in Myra Demre in Turkey. In the fourth century the bishop of the city in ancient times known as Myra was Nicholas. Here he was buried in a marble sarcophagus.

After the death of St. Nicholas a church was built in his honor, but an earthquake reduced it to ruins. Then a basilica was erected here, but it was destroyed, this time by the Arabs.

–Let's go back to Nicholas. You all know, of course, that the prototype of Santa Claus is Nicholas.

Margarita had no idea that the country with the famous all-inclusive had the Orthodox shrine, and in general was confident that St. Nicholas had been Russian!

– He was born in a wealthy family. In early age the boy believed in the teachings of Christ thanks to his servant. Throughout his life Nikolai was preaching Christianity.

Being a man of good and fair, worked goodness. Prayed for fishermen leaving for the sea ... Helped the poor and the sick, loved children.

In the church at Myra in Lycia, here, where we are standing now, to this day services are rarely conducted. Let's put our crosses onto the altar, so that they would embrace the grace of the place.

The tourists laid down their crosses, and as if waiting only for this, a muezzin suddenly began to sing in the mountains thunderously, doing the worshiping service, pronouncing the people's requests and thoughts to his God. Isn't it a miracle, to hear a beautiful voice out of nowhere in the fells? That's the God's blessing.

– Well, that's it? Come on, Greta! – Nadezhda is bustling.

– Hold on, Mom, let me stay here. I calm down among these walls ...

Margarita was wandering about the holy place for a long time, admiring the remains of mosaic floors and freschi.

Coming out of the basilica, Margo sees a strange picture: father and mother standing in the center of the dilapidated patio, and there is a flock of cats around them. It is amazing how these animals identified the most sick people from all the crowds of tourists and surrounded them. Cats were purring and rubbing the legs of the two disabled, Father stroked them, Mother had a puzzled smile.

Some "ruffled" woman runs up to

Greta's mother.

– Come on, you have to prostrate yourself in front of the sarcophagus!

Nadia is frightened, but she insists.

– Pray and get well!

Somehow, being held from both sides by hands, with shouts of fear to break a leg, which is tucked clumsily not wanting to get up on one knee, mother finally falls to the ground.

After a hearty lunch there was a sail on the yacht on the schedule.

– You are the first tourists in my memory, which were able to put to sea in January!

Shower is beating with large drops on oilcloth ceiling of a boat resembling a yacht, which is thrown from side to side like a paper boat.

Boris suffers from indigestion after gluttony, clutching a new icon in the pocket. Mom feels good: she

never suffered from stomach problems, her organism "kneads all" as she likes to say, "zero residue left!", whether it was wine, vodka, fatty or sugary foods. An hour later she is hungrily glancing around: "Is there anything delicious to eat?"

## CHAPTER 9

### Wandering about Antalya

A sweet tour guide talks about the virtues of local seaside life, obedient Russian tourists turn their heads right and left.

Avenue of palm trees behind, and now they have time for shopping. Margo buys parents some accessories, Mom rejoices

as a small child would, Boris in the opposite cannot forget how much it cost.

Walking down the street and tasting strong Turkish coffee in tiny cups with cute refined blue paint, the family acquired the idyll. They were joking and laughing, asking passers-by to take pictures of them to imprint these moments in the “paper-memory” forever.

## CHAPTER 10

“Ciao, Luca!

We’ve just returned! What a wonderful trip it was! Sending you the pictures!”

In the image from the solar country Margot, Mom and Dad are not able to restrain lips stretched into a smile, on the street lined with palm and orange trees, cafes. In the following photo: a walk by the sea, breakfast at the hotel, and of course, sipping Turkish coffee «Mehmet Efendi», sitting on chic sofas in the lobby with an unbelievable high ceiling.

Luke relishes every shot, marveling the wide range of emotion on the girl's face. "Such a nice and "warm" woman, that makes her even more beautiful," – the man is falling in love deeper and deeper.

“Principessa!

I see that you’ve pleased your family greatly! You are

amazing...”

The Italian could not take his eyes off the radiant smile and blonde long hair.

She is in a black blouse and trousers with inserts of lace along the legs. Luke involuntarily begins to look for the straps of her panties, absence of which strikes his body and brain into confusion: "Everything seems to be ideal for me in this Russian. Compassion merges with sex, beauty with naturalness. She understands and knows everything: when and exactly what I want, listens and hears. I have been dreaming of such a woman all my life ... What a pity I didn't meet her earlier ... But we can still

catch up... "

“Margaret, tell me five things about yourself... What do you like most of all...

PS A kiss on your lips...

When is your birthday?

Can I ask your phone number if you don't mind?"

“Ciao!

Thank you for the compliments, you are so kind. Yep, the trip was wonderful!

What do I like?

Well, firstly, cooking, especially for someone, but not often. ”  
I have so many favorite dishes, as once I've worked as a cook's

assistant where gained a wide experience: meat à la française, chicken crispy baked with potato and mushroom sauce, stuffed peppers served with sour cream sauce with fresh parsley and dill, shrimp in a pineapple with home-made mayo, spaghetti under a spicy pineapple sauce with beans – that tastes unexpectedly good you don't imagine! This page is not enough to enumerate everything... But when I try to bake a pie – that's a catastrophe! I'm absolutely incapable of...

Travelling penetrating into another mentality – that's fascinating...

Massage – relaxing and amplifying senses – I love it.

And the most pleasant, no doubt, – making love...

Oops... No! The most important is to eat well!!! How could I forget? That must be the first in my list!!!!

What do you like?

PS 7 905 176 45 36

Birthday – 2nd of March, yours?"

“Ciao, princess:\*

So fascinating to know new things about you...

About me.

I also like to cook, ain't me Italian, eh?

Our country is separated into the provinces and each of them is famed for some dishes. The crowning delicacy here is spaghetti Bolognese. I will surely cook it for you when you arrive!

Travelling and languages – absolutely.

Swimming, massage – of course.

Sex – how can one not love it? Loving it, any time...

PS I was born on the first day of summer”

## CHAPTER 11

March 2

Today is Margaret’s birthday and the second, immediately after her mother, sms comes from Luke. Margot leaves a shop: sun caresses her skin with the first spring warmth. The girl stops impatient to read his words. Her face is all smiling, heart’s pounding.

"How amazing is that – just seeing his name on the sms-envelope on the screen, you can experience a strong wave of joy"– flashed through her mind.

“Princess, happy birthday!!! Hug you tight! Many kisses! Have you decided how to celebrate?”

Margot was not going to celebrate anything, but destiny decided it for her.

Luke’s letter.

“Ciao!

How are you? Is the house intact? Mountains of presents?

Here finally the photos of the interior decoration, sorry for the

mess, looks like after a war... Bought an Indian red bedspread for the sofa in the living room, how do you find it? Now taking care of the garden... The workload worse than at the gym... Dug everything around in order to plant some grass, want so much to arrange green spaces here adding some shrubs and flowers. If I don't complete it now, I'll have to do it in summer, and when it's +35 Celsius... Everything starts to take its shape, it's so great to see the results of my work, the transformation, especially lying on the sofa...

Got three postcards from you, couldn't believe it, was amazed! You can do it again when you want;) )

I could do the same, but I don't know your address... Maybe you could give it to me, only if it doesn't cause you any problems..."

Margot made a cup of coffee and made herself comfortable in front of her boss's computer, while he was sleeping on the tiny office sofa completely drunk as usual.

– You are loaded again! E! – she frowned smelling the reek of alcohol that was filling the entire office.

– MMyessss! – and he growled again in his sweet snore.

Girl does not want to go back to her empty apartment, because there is nobody waiting for her. And her computer processor's burnt down. Covering boss's face with a blanket to diminish the stench, Margot decides to stay and serf the net.

Luke's house looks very manly, scruffy, but equipped with the

latest technology, besides enough spacious and cozy. The bed beckons.

– How nice it would be to jump under the soft blanket. How long I have not experienced a male heat ... I know that is fraught with ... – the girl is talking to herself.

– Yeah, – assents the boss through his dream.

Margot's letter:

“I'm so happy you got the postcards!

Love red, I like it in your house!

I had much fun on my birthday. Usually I don't celebrate, I mean I've tried few times but something always went wrong or some dreadful stuff happened... Eventually I nearly stopped noticing the day. That's not like I am frightened, have already confessed to you, I'm blinded by optimism and don't remember bad time and yet it would be useful from time to time...

No doubt I was working on this day, I'd rather shoot myself for fervent responsibility and diligence. But people attacked me with congratulations! Even those who I haven't seen for ages. Actually you were the first from my friends who wrote me the birthday wishes, thank you.

Seven Chinese colleagues from the board of directors sent me a Chinese tree and abundant quantity of alcohol! ;)

Then my students came with a huge lemon cake, made to order for me. Touching... Unfortunately I don't enjoy sweets, but I like how confectionary look and smell, anyway I always prefer a large

piece of pork to them. So the cake was being fed to everyone dropped in on me.

Then I met with the friends from other cities where I used to live, all of them are close so it was quite convenient. This time they arrived unexpectedly without notification, and I'm grateful to them endless! On occasion only a good kick in my ass can move me from the working desk.

After the International Women's Day crept quietly... Seas of flowers and drunk men at every corner...

To sum it up – the hangover was outstanding..."

Luke's letter.

"Me, I'm stuck to a computer all day long, irritating... Thinking it's high time to change the job. Thanks to this boredom I'm having a "withdrawal syndrome". I desperately need to escape somewhere for a week! What do you think about Egypt? Turkey?"

Margot's letter

"Ah, I feel so sorry for you! Being tied to one place all day long – that drives crazy, it's so annoying counting hours waiting for the working day to finish – one can be bored to death! I couldn't make myself working like that, I remember that managed only 2 months and then quit on the New Year's Eve. I hope you'll find something more exciting soon.

Red Sea is mesmerizing by the set of colorful fishes that swirl curious shoals around you, right close to your face. There is only one problem: while admiring the wonders of the underwater world, you do not notice how time flies, you spend eternity, then for dinner you cannot sit on your bottom because the entire back part of your body has got burnt on the merciless African sun! My friends and I were vacationing in December and experienced the itchy-ass experience first-hand.

I should warn you: service in Egypt is mostly awful, except for few five-star hotels in Sharm El Sheikh (for example Savoy) and Hurghada (Golden Five), perhaps another one good is in Taba (Radisson Sas). There is nowhere to go if you are outside of your lovely hotel: the desert and frightful white houses without windows. But there is one town – Naama Bay in Sharm El Sheikh where there is also a Duty Free shop. You can stroll along the street lined with stores with bright eastern utensils and rest on sofas, which are all along the street, sipping local cold reddish hibiscus drink. Or go to a cafe with hookahs a bit farther from the mortal coil, where apart from the usual fruit filling someone will whisper in your ear offering opium or something like that ...

In such circumstances, among some jolly friends you can spend time memorably, trust me!

Turkey is much more civilized: pretty neat towns, big intriguing cities with impressive hotels, discos and restaurants, greenery, the sea is clean and beautiful, but fish is not abundant. Engaging in diving is not very fascinating. Besides, it's quite

chilly there up till the end of May.

You go to a hotel or ...?

I'm so glad that you'll tear yourself away from the boring place for a while! : D You'll feel relieved at once!"

Margaret sent the letter, took a cherry-coloured bag and headed for a new wardrobe, sanctioned by the American chief company. After she goes to Dubai! And there is a strict dress-code: elbows, knees and everything else should be covered.

## CHAPTER 12

### UAE

First, I would like to give you, my dear reader, a little historical reference about the United Arab Emirates.

In the 70s there was a significant jump in prices for oil. In the same year, more precisely on the second of December 1971, six emirates of Trucial Oman, and Ras Al Khaimah joined them a year later, created a federation of the UAE, a dreamlike state was built in the desert in an unprecedented short term.

So, the United Arab Emirates are in the Middle East, the Arabian peninsula is surrounded by the Persian Gulf in the north and Oman to the east. Abu Dhabi, Dubai, Sharjah, Ajman, Ras Al Khaimah, Umm Al-Cu-Wayne and Fujairah, along with several islands in the Persian Gulf compose the UAE. The basis of the economy is production and export of oil and gas and a rapidly growing tourism industry.

The UAE government is worthy of all respect, because it essentially creates a paradise for its citizens. Residents are not burdened with utility payments, the newlyweds receive an apartment and an interest-free loan for the wedding, which is repaid by the State in case of a child's birth. Just when a toddler appears family gets a villa (the apartment remains theirs, they usually rent it to someone), and the husband gets an increase in the amount of another salary, and so with every child born in the family. Thus the wise government believes that if you have ten children – you need ten salaries! Unique logic, isn't it?! Children can acquire higher education at any university of the world at the expense of the Treasury. It is said that these Muslims are too rigid, they put a woman into prison for an abortion. But isn't it a sin in such luxurious living conditions! There are no homeless people as by begging a man sentences himself to imprisonment. No thieves: people leave cars at the parking lot with the ignition key in and go for a leisurely walk to the mall! A seller gives you a diamond necklace to take home without any collateral – to show your husband: "If he likes it – bring the money tomorrow!"

These people protect themselves from dangerous viral infections and bacteria: every one that applies for a resident visa is required to donate blood for HIV, hepatitis, syphilis. Analyses are verified in the UAE.

Citizens who have these diseases are denied a visa. On the one hand, it should be considered discrimination. On the other – the government's maternal care

of the citizens of the state.

Conclusion is that people in many countries do not live, they survive in comparison with Emirates. The country lives under Sharia law, which simultaneously seem both fair and cruel.

The Holy Quran and Sunnah – are read in order to learn how to act in different, sometimes quite controversial situations. They are based on the actions of the Prophet Muhammad and considered as the basis of Sharia. Muslims of different countries deal shortly with applying the law accurately. Thus, for murder, rape and adultery the guilty ones are sometimes sentenced to death, for theft – to amputation of hands.

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