

A black and white photograph of a beach with waves crashing onto the shore. The waves are white and foamy, contrasting with the dark sand of the beach. The image is used as a background for the book cover.

Лола Рамз

# Your One and only

18+

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«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

2017

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Your One and only / Лола Рамз — «ЛитРес: Самиздат», 2017

One is an underestimated citizen who is constantly struggling with oneself and trying to find one's way to freedom.

One was alone. There was no one around. On the outside the strength could be seen, yet inside One was fragile, as fragile as cracked ice. In the evening One would fix the drink, sit in the chair and think about the foreseeable future. The flow of ideas was a mess. No idea could be based on logic, but on the drink. When One was drinking, the inspiration would come, and One's editor would be pleased to receive a new smart piece. Writing was the earning ground. It was the only thing that kept One alive and intrigued. Intrigued?! I know it's quite a strange choice of words but these articles kept intriguing One. The readers were pleased, but mostly the editor. One would get the payment and buy another bottle of whisky. Being sober is not the best option for writing a smart piece. One was believed to be smart by everyone due to the gotten diploma. However for this person diploma was just a piece of paper which was lying somewhere...who the hell knows where.

One loved the city, the darkness of which was quite welcoming. No matter how many times One could walk in the same directions, they were always different. The sun would give the leaves bright-yellow or fire-red shades. Winding paths would lead to new places. The rain would hide the tears and the wind would blow all your troubles away. The water was the most unpredictable, yet fascinating. The lamp lights would jump on the restless river, creating the best dances no human being could ever come up with. It was mesmerizing. One would sit on the bench nearby the river with a bottle of whisky, a sheet of paper and a pen, writing like a mad. That place was the heart of inspiration. The thoughts were hard to catch, they were sowing the mind. One would come up to the water and stare at it, trying to solve the unsolvable problem: 'Why drowning sounded like a good idea?' If you drown, you hear no noise, no hustle and bustle of the city. You are one on one with your thoughts, yet death didn't sound like fun. So One would make one step back from the water and go back home to drink one more glass of whisky.

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