My ideal holidays.

It was a madly fervent summer. I looked at the clear sky and screwed up my eyes from the baking rays. Then I caught up a straw bonnet & jumped on the scorching sand. It remained only to go up a hill, pass a wicket and here it is - an alluring river. I ran down to it, shedding clothes as I went and dipped into with run, crying with joy & laughing. I swam deeper and deeper; until water became cold then I opened my eyes and admired the shoal of fishes, flashed by me. At last a sandbank appeared. I climbed up it & felt myself as Robinson Crusoe on a desert island. Holding my nose and breath I fell to water by the back. It was an amazing feeling, it seemed that the sun fell with me. I lay easy and looked through the water at my hands with interest. “Probably, there are the same islands in heaven and angels are walking there now”-I thought.

Suddenly I saw somebody’s eyes right over mine. Taking aback, I gave a start and let the air out. “Sorry if I scared”- said an absolute angel-“I just thought you may get a bad sunburn”. “Under water?”- I smiled and had a fit of coughing suddenly. “Oh, it seems to me you have got your mouth full of water, it will be better to get back”. The stranger put my arms around his neck and began to swim slowly. His golden hair smelt of freshness and forest. “Probably the angel came down to earth in order to bring me home”- I thought to myself.

**Family & marriage.**

A reasonable wife! If you want your husband to spend his spare time with you, then you mast make sure in order he couldn’t find so much pleasure, modesty & tenderness elsewhere.

Pifagor

Oh God! What a pleasure to love out in the open & bear the name of your precious… and children, the pledge of your love, are its new bonds. If you meet the same marriage, so dear alliance, you can consider, that it is the paradise on earth. But it shall be ruefully to sell your freedom, good name & status under the treaty, bend them in despot's will. The main despot’s servant is quarrels, then you begin to avoid each other day by day…spend nights without love…live without hope… waste away in a deep suffering - the same marriage is the hell of our life.

There are many reasons, which prevent women to make a family. One of them is the unrequited love. It can be a strong & long-lived passion for a man, who doesn’t reciprocate. He can live at another world's end, to be married or a confirmed bachelor, young or old, but she will wait for him fondly and believe. In reality, a woman, *getting caught in an endless loop* on the only one man, has a neurotic disorder that had no connection with real love.

What marriage means for me.

On the one hand, our body has its own physical wishes, but on the other-our mind & conscience, which form the basis of our character. I think we can call out our best qualities in marriage, if we control our physical wishes, for ex. to raise a hullabaloo or burst into tears. What for me, I can hardly fight back my tears, that’s why can easily say that I’m a weeper, but the worst for me to see my friend’s tears, not to speak of my sister’s crying after quarrel with her husband. So, the musician’s talent calls out it best, when he wields his instrument. The instrument isn’t a source of his talent, but only a way of its expression. Similarly, a human’s body isn’t a source of love, but it’s the means of show his worth. And the real man must have his man’s qualities in addition to his body & muscles. It also concerns of women.

A real happy marriage, as I see it, consist of people, who understand it and can save their love.

Tyrtyshnaya M.

Air crash.

It was too late, when I understand what happened.

My relatives waited for me on the Christmas in Ufa and I knew I had a long flight ahead of me. Our flight promised to be routine. All of passengers wanted to taste that **greatly praised** beef, but I didn’t order anything, because I’ve had a **heavy meal** this afternoon. Pretty airhostesses ran around with food trays from the galley. Later I **was impatient to** go to **loo** (lavatory)**,** but when I came back I felt the easy swaying. Children cried and somebody was very fearful. At first sight it seemed to me that they got airsick together. I went alone the aisle and proffered help. But soon I dug, that there was another reason. It happened because of that beef, which **got out of order**. I said to the hostess: “**Tell me the worst at once**!”(Скажите мне худшее сразу). And she told, that our first pilot just has had a spoil food from the galley and so he can’t keep the wheels now”. I exclaimed: “But what’s up with people?” “May be it’s the same with them…”-the hostesses supposed-“will you kindly hold a medicine chest, please? What sort of devilry is this?” -she was continuing to talk to herself.

Of course, I didn’t believe her. And I decided to find out everything myself. I knew, that there was a co-pilot there. Then I found him out in the pilot’s cabin, he **stumbled over** a footstep and fallen. “What’s a safe flight?”-I said with irritation. Suddenly I heard the intense alarm and voice of radio operator, probably the first pilot contacted ground control. It happened a small air crash with us, because we hit in air-pocket. We shook & jumped in the air during 30 minutes. The plane gained height. At that time panic began to spread, half of the people ran around & sobbed and didn’t let to attend to the sick. Sometimes I felt sick, but I collected myself.

Suddenly the concrete runway flashed by my eyes and we finally touched the ground. And only then I understood, that we had a blind flying during the whole 30 minutes!!!

“It is all over now”, -I thought. I was wrong. We suddenly stopped to circling and screeched to a halt.

It was a miracle for all people and for me. All I can remember then were ambulances, next to the plane and my mother’s face, next to me in our house in Ufa.

Well, I was about to think, that it was my last Christmas Eve.