

THE DARLING OF SOCHI



MEREDITH MEREDITH

**THE DARLING
OF SOCHI**

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Dedicated to

Albina

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Chapter One

"How do you tell a flower that you are beautiful? How do you tell a sunset that you stun me? How do you tell a mountain that I am in awe of you? How do you tell the wind that I appreciate you? How do you tell an ocean that I am thankful for you? How do you tell a forest that I need you? How do you tell the snow that you make me happy? How do you tell the sky that you inspire me? Most of all, how do you tell an angel that I feel the warmth of your kiss? And kiss me a thousand times."

Albina is a poet and entrepreneur, a rare combination; she is standing in an open café in the front of a crowd at a tourist mecca in the heart of Russia – Sochi. The year is 2014.

She grabbed her notebook and began to read to those who had gathered to hear her recital. She knew Russians have little appreciation for an unknown Russian-American poet because Russia has some of the greatest poets; Pushkin, Mayakovsky, Krylov, Blok, Yesenin - who have blessed our ears, and she aimed to change that.

Albina paused and gazed across her sun-drenched audience, who were intrigued by her introductory words, she continues.

"This is a poem I wrote for Nikolay my first love who died in a submarine accident fifteen years ago, I entitled it;"

Kiss Me a Thousand Times

"I went to heaven. I was in paradise where there is no night or day but only presence. I saw a familiar face, and it was the face of

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an angel who motioned me to come over and sit by her side, and I came to you, and I wondered who this could be, so beautiful and young.

You grabbed my hand and ran your fingers through my fingers, and you said to me, "It's me," and I said, "Who are you?" and you answered, "Your angel."

I asked, "Why can't I remember you?" and you said, "But you can." Then you said, "Think of all the happy times and sad times you have had and see who was by your side."

Then I remembered you, and I rejoiced, "It's you, it's you," I cried! And, "You look so amazing," beyond anything I can describe.

Then you embraced me and gently said, "I love you beyond words can say." And I replied, "Yes, I know because I can feel your love penetrate the depths of my soul; it is indescribable!" And I could not let her go.

For what seems to be an eternity, our souls would not let go of each other, and we were for a moment, one soul. Then you whispered into my ear, "Come, let me show you our home," "What do you mean?" I said. A place where you can rest and reflect and hear the sounds of paradise tinkle your ears for as long as you want.

You grabbed my hand, and in an instant, I was at the door, and it opened as you took me in where I saw colors and shapes in perfect place. It was a home, unlike any place I have been.

The ambiance of the sun shone not in this place because you were the sun in this place. In this home, I felt a longing and belonging that I have not known, then you said to me with a smile, "That is because I am your home, and this is where you belong."

I know not how you knew my thoughts, then you explained, "In this place, we hear the thoughts of our hearts. When you think I know," then I heard your thoughts, "You need not fear anything, my love, because all things are yours."

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In paradise, whatever you desire except that which harms others, you may have and enjoy, and no one can take it away from you. You are the king of your own castle and master of your own destiny.

Then you said to me with earnestness, "You must go back, and soon I will meet you again." I thought, "How is this that I can experience you and love you as I have never known you before, and now I must leave you."

Then you said, "In paradise, time has no meaning, and love has no tests." I paused to reflect, then you continued, "If you leave, I will come to you, but if you stay, you will lose me because, in perfection, you have no need of me and I of you."

Then I realized that I had to choose between paradise and my angel? If that is so then, "I chose you!" but before I go, I pleaded, "Please, Kiss me a thousand times!"

Albina knew she had captured her audience; across the crowd, she noticed couples had learned their heads and touched their skulls, and there were many more holding hands. "More!" they chanted, "Read us more."

"I can't," she whispered. She collapsed, and she was immediately surrounded by a crowd of faces who had rushed forward and stood around her, perplexed by what had happened. One man shouted, "Let me through, I am a doctor," and as he approached, he motioned to the crowd, "Please give her some room to breathe!"

Everyone stepped back, and the doctor examined her for a pulse, and he opened her eye and looked at it attentively. "She is alright," he said, "She has just fainted." A man came out of the crowd and picked her up and carried her away.



For what seemed to be an eternity, Albina found herself in the place she had just read out to the crowd.

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Everywhere was pure light, an ambiance and serenity she has never experienced before. A brightness that illuminated everything yet did not hurt her eyes. She was dumbstruck but not afraid. She thought, “Am I in heaven?”

She saw the form of beings who looked like people but were covered in a shroud of brilliant light. Then out of the crowd of these beings emerged a man who looked like he was in his twenties with a sharply trimmed beard. He was dressed in a white loosely fitted garment with a stunning emerald blue belt.

He said, “Hello, Miriam.” “This is not my name,” she shook her head in disagreement. “Your birth name is Albina, and that is your generic identity,” the man assured her.

“In this place, we have one name, and it never changes,” explained the man. “On earth, you will have many identities, but here we know you by one name, and your name has not changed. We call you Miriam because that is the name the Father gave you.”

“Come and sit here with me,” said the man. As he lowered his body to sit, a chair and table appeared out of thin air. Miriam was fascinated by this. “How did you do that?” she asked.

The man answered, “In this place, there is no resistance to what you believe, everything is possible except that which will harm others. You are in the matrix of eternity. All you have to do is believe and receive.”

“Here you try it,” invited the man.

“Ok, I want to drink a freshly squeezed apple juice.” She thought about it; it materialized before her. She was wrapped by what she saw and exclaimed, “I want to try this again?” like a little child.

“Go ahead,” said the man. Miriam thought, “Let there be a field of flowers with butterflies in the air and clouds in the sky and the sun on the horizon.” And so it was exactly as she had said.

She asked the man, "Is this real or a figment of my imagination?" "Actually it is both," the man said. He continued,

"In Eternity, infinite realities exist simultaneously, so that when you think of that possibility, it is already there. It is like living in multiple virtual reality worlds that are real. When you want to change the scene, for instance, you now want to be on a white sandy beach with birds flying in the air, it will appear before you, but the scene in which you just left is still there as a dimension in another reality. You call it Quantum Universes in your world."

"But you," he pointed to Miriam, "You don't change, it is the same you every time you cross realities. I hope I am not confusing you," the man questioned in concern. "Oh certainly not, I am intrigued beyond words!"

"By the way, my name is Tupal, and I am your friend." "Nice to meet you, Tupal!" Miriam was relieved. "For a moment there, I thought you were Nikolay," she smiled.

"Oh no," said Tupal. "In this place, we don't have partnerships and marriage; you are never the partner or husband or the wife of another. It is like that poem you read."

She wondered, "You listened to that?" Tupal answered, "No, it is written on your heart, and I can read it from you." Miriam was quiet for a moment while she contemplated what he had said. She also thought there are no secrets in this place.

"You are wondering if he is here, right? If he were, he would have been here to meet you." She thought for a moment, Oh my God, perhaps he has gone to hell.

"Hades was not created for humans, trust me he is not there." "Then you mean he is..." She paused.

"After the accident, he came to this place, and he left a year later, he could not stand being in Paradise without you."

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“Did you meet him?” she quickly responded. “Yes, I did, and I was assigned to him just like I am assigned to you because your souls linked,” he said.

“He would not stop speaking about you, Miriam. He desperately wanted to return to meet you again, but I explained to him why that was not possible.”

“You see, Miriam, when you return to earth, you are given another identity, and you could be reborn anywhere the Father deems. As a spirit living in a body of water and dust, you are subject to the same cycles that govern all earthly things. The difference is when die you return here, and if you elect after a short stay, you may return to earth to continue your education. Nikolay, whom we know as Mikael returned to earth three years later in your earth time.”

“By the way,” he said, “Time does not exist here. This is the eternal present – the infinite now. And you are always in the moment and never in the past or the future.”

We also do not have or maintain secrets here because of the thoughts of your heart are as an open book. We feel each other.

Miriam, while fascinated with what she was learning, was not really interested. She only wanted to find her lost love. Memories of him were still fresh in her mind as a newbie fresh off the boat.

“So, where is he?” demanded Miriam. “I cannot tell you that Miriam because I do not know where the Father sent him. You need special permission from the above to find him, and you need to understand that he will be but a boy in your earth time.”

Miriam was baffled; she could not believe what she was hearing, and can this all be true, she wondered. Tupal could listen to her thoughts.

“There is no need to doubt my words. Would you like me to take you to someone who can answer your question, Miriam?”

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“Yes!” she burst out in frustration. “Here, take hold of my hand,” and in an instant, they were in a waiting space where other people were sitting waiting for their turn. Everyone kept to themselves and enjoyed the amusement they chose while they patiently waited.

In the silence of this place, there was tranquil peace that permeated your soul, and everyone sat quietly and absorbed the presence.

Before each waiting area stood two beings dressed in a brilliant shroud without faces, behind the creatures was a wall and several doors that had no door handle or knob. Around us, there was infinite space.

Tupal looked at Miriam, “I must leave you, and when you are finished, I will return to meet you. When they call your name, proceed through that door,” as he pointed to the door.

In an instant, Tupal was gone, and Miriam sat down to wait for her turn. She wondered if she was here to meet God. What would he look like, and what would I say to him were questions she pondered.





Chapter Two

After a short while the being in the shroud called her name. “Miriam, thank you for waiting, please proceed through the door” he instructed her.

As Miriam approached the door, it disappeared like a vapor. She was unsure of what might be on the other side; she cautiously sticks out her neck and peaks in and slowly walks through.

An elderly man with a sharply trimmed beard came to meet her. He looked distinguished and wise. “Hello Miriam,” and he invited her to sit down, and two lounge type chairs and side tables appeared out of thin air.

“Would you like something to drink?” he offered. “No, thank you,” she politely spoke.

Miriam pondered in her mind if he was God as he looked like an eternally wise soul.

“My name is Hovel, and I am not the Father, but I am of Him, and with Him, how can I help you?” asked the man.

Miriam was speechless for a moment, unsure of why she was there. The whole experience was catching up to her, and this was beyond anything she had ever imagined of the afterlife if she could call it that.

The elderly man said, “I know what is burning on your heart? You want to know where Nikolay is and why you cannot meet him.”

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“Yes,” Miriam answered. “I owe him so much, including my life, and I wonder about him,” she passionately exclaims.

The elderly man explains, “First of all, he is no longer your betrothed Miriam. Once he left his body, he ceased to be your betrothed. In this place, he is called Mikael”.

Hovel continued, “He elected to return of his own free will, and it was explained to him that he would be of the age of a young boy to you, but he insisted he would like to meet you again regardless, not that you would know each other.”

The man continued, “This is an unusual request, but it is not against the rules.”

“This cannot be possible?” exclaimed Miriam. Hovel wondered if she understood him. He shifted his body to the edge of the seat as he leaned forward to explain again.

She interrupted him, “I know you don’t think I understand you, but I do very clearly, Mr. Hovel. Let me explain, please.”

Hovel eased back into his seat. “You see, Mr. Hovel, my Nikolay, whom you call Mikael, is my soul mate. I met him when I was four years old, and I became engaged to him when I was nineteen. At twenty-one years, he was taken from me in a naval submarine accident, at the prime of our relationship.” Concern was in her voice.

“I have wondered about this day because I have always asked myself why my Nikolay was taken from me so young, and we had never had an opportunity to have a family. The love of life, the hope of my dreams, and the man of my needs snuffed out like a candle in the wind.”

Hovel leaned forward, grasping his both hands, “Miriam there are some questions I cannot answer. I cannot tell you why Nikolay died young and why he died in that situation. What I understand to be your major concern is where Mikael is right now and why you

cannot meet him again. Obviously, you are here to convince me that it is right for you to meet him again, but you must bear in mind that we have eternal rules for this sort of matter.” He paused and looked at her intently.

“Since you know my intention, Sir, kindly allow me to tell you why my situation should be exception?” Miriam begged him.

Hovel replied, “Please do so and take your time as every detail you can provide will help me better assess your request, understanding always that the Father is sovereign, meaning He does what He knows is the best for you, and I do not presume in the slightest to instruct Him.”

Hovel could see that this was going to be a long story, so he relaxed and sat back and listened as he was accustomed to. After all, there was no clock, bells, or whistle in this place so that angels could know when to leave or come in. Time did not exist. They are in the eternal present.

Miriam started, “Nikolay and I met during the end of the cold war when our parents were stationed at the Kuznetsov Naval Academy. Our parents were teachers there, and I met him at Kindergarten school. I had a nanny who looked after me, and he had his mum.

In those days, it was hard to get family help because the State-controlled everything, but they allowed my parents to have support because my father was an important Naval Scientist, and my mother worked alongside him.

I was something to behold, you know! Every day my nanny would beatify me and dress me smartly for school because she did not believe in half measures. My routine would begin at 7.00 AM on the dot, rain or shine, cold or hot, nothing changed.

I always arrived on time at the school, and my mother would kiss me goodbye and say, “please behave, my Albina Trotsky.”

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I remember precisely the day I first saw him. He was a handsome and scrounging looking lad with short hair, just like a military man. He marched right past me and up the steps and into the doors of our school, in his black uniform with his tapered cap and school bag.

It was during our lunch break that I first made his acquaintance in the courtyard of our school. He was sitting by himself quietly eating his lunch when I walked up to him and asked him his name.

“Nikolay,” he said, “Its Nikolay,” with a stiff upper lip, and he countered me, “What is your name?” Emphasizing the “your” in his question.

“Albina,” I said. Then he did something that told me he was going to be my friend for a very long time; he offered me some of his precious lunch. “Here have some,” he grinned.

That was it; we were friends from that day on. Every lunchtime, we would sit together and eat lunch and talk. In those three years of Kindergarten, we discussed just about anything our little brains could talk about and did we laugh and play? We became inseparable and adorable.

Nikolay was not as smart as I was and was slow to learn, but when he got it, he did not forget. I remember during our test times, he would sit in the desk next to me.

I would look at over at him, and he would peek over at me. Sometimes I would share an answer or two when I knew he could not solve the problem when the teacher was not looking our way.

One day I got in trouble for helping him, and he stood up and told our teacher that he was the instigator. Instead, we both got into trouble, and our parents were asked to appear before the Principal after our teacher had reported us for copying.

Kindergarten soon turned into junior school. I was five, and he was six. The school we attended was one continuous school from Kindergarten up to Secondary School, all within the same

compound, not too far away from the Naval Academy where our parents worked.

At the completion of Secondary school, an assessment was made to determine one's ability and gift. Those who were academically inclined were sent to various Academies and Universities. Those who were manually inclined were sent to Technical Institutes to learn a trade.

However, most of the pupils attending our school, their parents worked at the Naval Academy; therefore, they were eared marked for the Military Academy. There was always the sound of distant gunfire and sonic booms in the air.

Junior school was fun because I had my fun machine, and it was my Nikolay. He was always testing the boundaries. When the teacher told him he could not do something, Nikolay would deliberately do the opposite to see what would happen, and silly old me would always be there to cushion his confession.

I remember one particular day when a teacher told us that we could not go above a specific floor of our four-story building because it was off bounds and only for the teachers. A sign stood at the entrance to the second floor saying, "off bounds." To Nikolay, that was an invitation to fun. To him, the wrong way was the fun way.

During our lunch break, Nikolay invited me to go with him to the second floor; as he walked up the steps, I said, "I know where you are going?" "So come with me." "No!" I said. "You are a chicken," he teased me. "No! Just smarter, Nikolay."

He ran up the steps, and I knew I had to follow him to make sure he did not get into trouble. As he dashed up the steps, he kept on looking back to see if I was pursuing him, and how could I not? I was like a dumb puppy following the lead of a crazy dog. Pass the third floor we went right up to the fourth floor, where we meet our maths teacher Mr. Brevenchev coming out of a room, who saw us

and shouted, "Stop you two!" We froze in our tracks, and we looked at each other, and I could read what was in his eyes.

"Run Albina!" he exclaimed, "Run!" We turned around and dashed down those steps like we were running in an open field, and to our surprise Mr. Brevenchev did not pursue us. When we got to the bottom, we hugged each other in a frenzy of laughter.

We did not get off without a telling. During our maths class, Mr. Brevenchev summoned us to the front of the class and told us that he saw the two of us up on the fourth floor and warned us that if it happened again, he would report us to the principal. Actually, we both liked Mr. Brevenchev.

We had gotten off with a warning and a lesson. We were relieved not to appear again before the principal, and from that day, I warned Nikolay that I would not participate in his mischief anymore.

The rest of our days at junior school was pretty much eventless, and Nikolay and I studied together, and we got through the curriculum. He was ten years old when he finished junior school, and I was nine."



It occurred to me that my memory of these events was somewhat near perfect. I was curious, and I asked Hovel. "How is it that I can remember all these details perfectly, and yet when I am down there, I can't remember as good as I can here?"

Hovel explains, "On earth, your thought process is limited by your cognitive abilities, which has to do with your mental capacity, which is limited to 20 percent of your brain. Here there is no such limitation; you have full use of your cognitive capacity- in other words, you have access to 100 percent of your brain. That is why you can remember clearly and relate better."

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“Wow! It is like I am on mind high, and I can’t ever remember seeing these events in such details and as clear. And I can choose to feel or not to feel their on impact me. All the more, I should go on as I have so much to explain to you.” Mr. Hovel was remarkably a patient person, and how can you not be in this place where time has no relevance.



Chapter Three

We were like twins. “Every birthday party we would open each other’s gifts and eat cake together and drink all the soft drinks we could muster together.

Both our parents remarked with certainty that one day we would get married. They often laughed about it and called us “the cubs” after the infamous Russian mama bear and her adorable cubs.

I remember distinctly the first day he kissed me on the lips, and it was on my tenth birthday. Yeah, he had kissed me before but always on the cheek or the head.

It was at my house, and as always my parents invited his parents to the party. We had become a close family.

We had come outside on the porch of our apartment building of my family’s unit, and we sat outside on a chair facing the ocean.

It was a full moon, and the moonlight shimmered as it reflected off the sea, and the sky was as a canopy of stars. Ships were passing in the distance. It was a special moment, and we both knew it.

Everyone was inside because it was cold and they were chanting and singing while they drank Vodka. Vapors of ice materialized in the air as we drew breaths, but we were not cold as we huddled next to each other. We stared at the moon; we looked at each other, and then our eyes locked on each other.

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Nikolay leaned over, and he kissed me on my lips, and he said for the very first time, "I love you, Albina." I smiled, and I replied, "I know."

We held hands and sat there for an hour, not feeling the cold because the warmth of the love we had just exchanged warmed our insides.

It was not long, and we felt two hands touch our shoulders from behind, and a voice said, "Come inside, you two, it is cold." It was his father.

That day I knew our relationship had changed and was now on another level; we were no longer just friends but boyfriend and girlfriend.

Whenever we could be together by ourselves, we sneaked a kiss, and I would lean over to his shoulder and rest my head. I always felt safe being with Nikolay. It was as if he was my guardian angel.

Hovel interrupted me, "Are we getting somewhere with this?" And I cheekily replied, "I thought you said we have all the time in the world." "Yes, I did, didn't I; please continue," he smiled.

Secondary school was our proving years, we went to every class together, and we attended the same subjects, music classes, and PE classes. We were inseparable.

We both had friends, but all of our friends knew we were together. I was his, and he was mine.

Nikolay was tall and grew a bit cubby in his intermediate years. No one dared pick a fight with him, although the odd senior would test his resolve on the wrestling mat.

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Nikolay liked wrestling, and he was always on the top of his game. He was picked to be on the school wrestling squad at the age of 12 years, and he won a few cups in his division.

Short or tall, he fought his opponents with skill and determination to win. Sometimes he lost, sometimes he won but always in a gentlemen spirit, shaking the hand of his opponent at the end of every match, although not all shook his hand, especially when they lost after having called him names.

He was fifteen years old, and I was fourteen when we went out on our first date, and it was at the beginning of our senior year at secondary school. I recall the day he asked me to go to dinner with him and how that moment sticks with me to this day.

He said, “Albina you know our parents trust us, and they know one day we are going to tie the knot, I want to ask your father if he would allow you to go on a date with me.” I listened, and I did not say a word because I liked what I heard.

He continued, “I want to take you to dinner and then to a movie, and I promise I will have you back by nine.” I interrupted, “Why so early?” He interjected, “Because if I say I will bring you back at ten, they may not let you go. So if we are late, it’s better that way.”

He came to my house one evening, and he asked my dad, unfortunately, I was not there as I was out shopping with my mother and he got permission to take me on our first date, but there was a catch, we both did not expect.

My nanny had to come with us, and that spoiled our plan to hug and kiss, and perhaps who knows.

I looked stunning in my blue dress, and he looked handsome in his black suit with a purple tie.

It was a really awkward first date because my dad told my nanny to sit right next to Nikolay and not me. During the movie, when his

hand reached over to touch my hand, nanny pinched his thigh, and he got the message.

Instead, he moved his shoulder and rubbed it against mine, which did not catch my nanny's attention. Now and then, I would lean my head over onto his shoulder, and the nanny would signal me.

Talk about uncomfortable dinner was worse, nanny sat at the head of the table and listened to everything we said. We could not move her because she was under strict orders to not let him touch me, and she took her order seriously.

Secretly I reached with my leg under the seat and rubbed it against his, and he has a hard time composing himself, especially when my leg got a little bit higher. We giggled and teased each other. Then our fun turned sower.

Nikolay asked, "What would you like to study when you finish Secondary School?" I replied, "I want to study English literature because I like Shakespeare." He was not happy with my choice.

"You know I am going to the Academy where our parents are teaching to enter the Navy." "I know you have told me this before." "Then why do you want to go somewhere else away from me, Albina?" His voice was tenacious. I tried to calm him down.

"It would only be for three or four years until I get my qualification, and then I would like to teach in a Secondary School like the one we are attending."

He was now angry. "What about us Albina, what if you meet someone else?" he raised his voice. "I am not married to you, Nikolay; I have to make up my mind," I angrily replied. That was it.

"He got up and gave me that look, "How could you, you know I love you."

Nanny, whose face had turned from a pleasant surprise to one of concern, and she interjected, "I think it is time we go home." Nikolay agreed, and we left.

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On our way out, the waiter looked at us with a disappointed look; we had not ordered our meal.

After that day, Nikolay started to avoid me, and for the first time in my life, I felt the void of our companionship.

He would say hello to me but not in the same way that he had before with affection and care.

He started to hang out with his friends a lot more, and when my fifteenth birthday arrived, he did not attend for the first time since he was four.

Secondary school came, and it was a turning point for our relationship; he no longer sat by me but with his male companions or more like his goons.

But he kept a close eye on me, and I found out that he warned potential rivals to stay clear of me. Everyone feared him because he now had grown tall and had filled out somewhat.

When Nikolay left my space, I filled that void with English literature, but it was not the same. The words of the Poets and the stories which I read did not resonate with my soul because Nikolay was the light in my soul.

But I knew this separation was only for a time because he would be feeling the pain just as I was. When he had told me that he loved me, I knew he meant it was forever.

Two years had passed and I was seventeen and he was eighteen. I had developed a circle of friends of whom were all female. They kept me posted on his movements and his male and female friends. I did not like what was being reported to me.

Nikolay was now the captain of the wrestling team and somewhat a school hero. I often snuck to the back of the gym and watched Nikolay wrestle, and he was unstoppable.

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He was the king of the ring, and with his success came the girls and the parties, where he started to experiment with drink and flirt with the dirt.

It was the start of the last year of our secondary school days, and a God incident occurred?

Hovel steps in to make sure I understand what I had just said, "You mean you believe the Father did something." "Yes, I assured him.

Nikolay got seriously hurt in a wrestling match. A stronger opponent had got him in a reverse lock over his back, but he would not tap the mat despite being told repeatedly by his opponent to give up.

His opponent was the region's Secondary School Champ, and Nikolay was outplayed, and his pride got the better of him. So instead of submitting, the Champ dislocated vertebrae in his spine, rendering him motionless, and the referee stopped the match. He was in excruciating pain.

I was there in the gym right at the back, where I usually sit. I saw them bring in the stretcher and carry him out under passageway to the car park.

I rushed down to see where they were taking him, and an ambulance was outside waiting for him.

I ran after the stretcher, and he saw me. Suddenly he shouted to the stretcher-bearers, "Please stop! Please stop! Put me down, put me down," he demanded.

"Sir, we need to get to the hospital; it could be internal." He demanded, "Only one minute, please." They put him down.

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I rushed over to him, and he slowly lifted his left hand, and he spoke gently, “Albina, you are the only person I thought of and wanted when I got hurt. I am sorry, Albina, for hurting you; please forgive me?”

I knew from that moment on that I had gotten my Nikolay back, and my heartfelt the ointment of his healing words.

I said to him, “I never left you Nikolay,” and tears welled up in my eyes.

The ambulance bearers said, “I am sorry we have to take him, but you can see him at the hospital. He will be alright,” they assured me.



I could see Hovel was raptured in my story, but I knew he was also gently guiding me to my conclusion. “It did not turn out as you expected, did it?” he asked, and I nodded in agreement.



THE DARLING OF SOCHI

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About the Author

eredith Meredith is a New Zealander who lives in a remote paradise in the South Pacific. A romantic and young at heart, he believes in finding true love and one's soul mate. He is the author of the Darling of Sochi, a romantic novel, his first and Smilies For You, a collection of humor and short stories. He writes from experience and his sense of mission. An entrepreneur and a teacher by background, he composes poems and writes love stories that have attracted a social media following. He has created a particular brand of Poetry called Moments.

THE DARLING OF SOCHI

Albina is a Russian poet and an American entrepreneur, a rare combination at a time in Russia when two world powers were still in a cold war. She has two men in her life, Nikolay a Russian Naval Officer, and Tom an American billionaire. She works to become the heir to a fashion empire. Her story weaves in and out of Sochi, a Russian tourist mecca along the Black Sea. Between Moscow, New York and Thailand, she finds her destiny. Albina is taken to heaven, where she narrates her story to an Angel who guides her through her life to discover the true identities of people she loves. You will have a hard time discerning what is fiction and what is reality. This is a delightful story with an eternal message and an inspiring ending that is sure to leave you happy.

MEREDITH MEREDITH



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