Nicolae Sfetcu



MultiMedia Publishing

A New Life

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Published by: MultiMedia Publishing

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ISBN 978-606-9041-01-7

BOOK PREVIEW

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It was well lit outside. And to top it all, one dog barked obstinately.

He pulled the sheet over his head, trying to sleep a bit more. He did not want to miss the pleasure of the bed in a Saturday morning. And then, why would wake up?

The noise from outside was lost somewhere far away. And he saw again Helen, in front of the school, with an amused face, as he had left her yesterday at noon. He knew that he is in his morning quasi-dream, before waking, which usually control it with ease. But now, the feeling of shame was too strong, stronger than him.

What will he do from now on? In his dreams in recent months, the main character was Helen. He decided not long ago to tell her. To be friends.

Helen laughed amused, and told him that she has a lot of friends, so she have nothing against one more. On Facebook.

"I never went to Facebook," said Dan. "And then, it is not about this. I'm talking about a real friendship. I want to walk together late at night, taking us by the hand. To talk about trifles and how we change the world together, to laugh, and then to remain silent. I would like to remain silent with you.

"Dan, you're good guy, but I do not have time for this. I have my problems. But you will find me anytime on Facebook, simply search for me. Although there are a few girls with the same name, I am the only one from here, and then I put a picture from the trip last year were you was with us, you will recognize me.

Dan said nothing, lowered his head turned and had left dispirited. His world had collapsed.

He never used Facebook, and had no intention to do. A place of those who have nothing to do. In his morning's dream, he tried to imagine Facebook. But it was impossible. It has nothing to do with all those slackers from the social networks.

* * *

"Dan, wake up, it's 10 o'clock!"

Dan heard the weak and distant cry if his mother.

"I'm going to stay a little longer, Mom."

He turned voluptuously on the other side, taking care to remain covered with the sheet up over his head. But the smell of toast and scrambled eggs came through the sheet. He tried to resist for two minutes, then suddenly threw the sheet aside and jumped out of bed. Although outside was

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warm and beautiful, it seemed to hem that the bathroom is cool, and the water is too cold. More splash him than to wash, rubbed well with the towel, and walked quickly toward the kitchen.

He ate quickly and hungrily, and went into the room to dress for the football match to be held at 12.00 against the rival school class. But suddenly he remembered Helen, and his mood for football died. He slammed in bed, staring at the ceiling. What will he do from now on? His life has any more meaning?

He gave up playing football, anyway no more wish to play. Remaining in pajamas, he went to the window and looked lost in the distance for a few minutes. He was waked up from the reverie by two roosters, which began to fight with strident cries. He annoyed. They had a lot of chickens, what did not suit them?!

He went by rote to the office, sat down on the chair and swiveled his eyes trying to understand what he was doing there. His gaze fell on mathematics school book. He remembered that they had to solve several complex problems for Monday. He stretched and picked up the notebook, but it dropped from his hand and fell on his shut laptop.

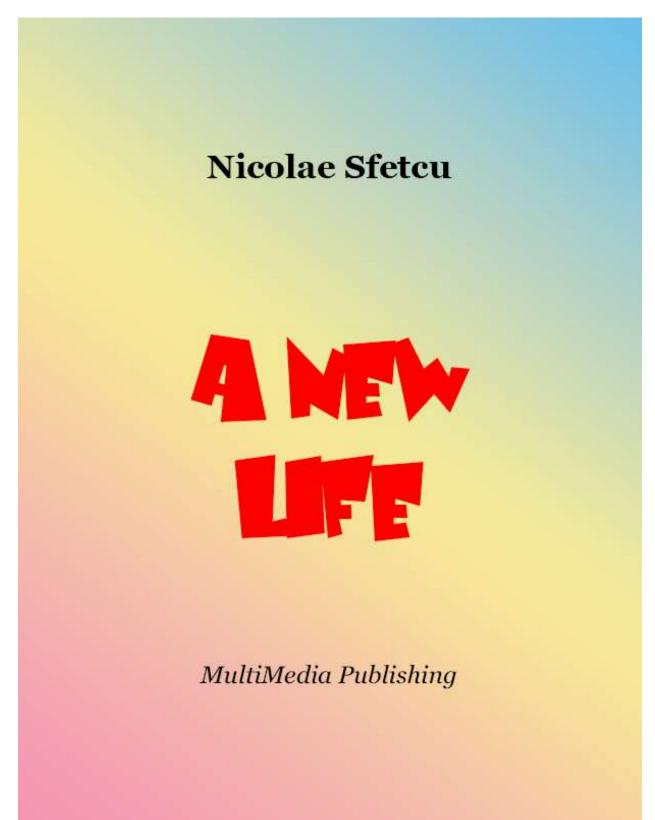
Prior to do his homework, he would focus better if he first would read a few articles on the net. He drawn the laptop towards him, opened it and waited to load.

D.T. - So he signed all comments on blogs which seemed to him interesting and where he felt he had something to say. From Dan Turner. But D.T. can be anyone else. For example, Dorian Townsend. Yes, it's an idea. He can be Dorian Townsend, an anonymous man. So he will be able to express any idea without fear of being derided in real life. Dorian Townsend will be another man. One more decided in opinions, more bluntly.

But what if he will disguise this way on Facebook, too? To sign up for an account?

Dan is remaining in thought, his hand raised to the sky.

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A simple and real story. About love, dreams, achievements and disappointments.

MultiMedia Publishing House <u>https://www.telework.ro/en/e-books/a-new-life/</u>

Digital: EPUB (ISBN 978-606-9041-00-0), Kindle (ISBN 978-606-9041-02-4), PDF (ISBN 978-606-9041-01-7)

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