

Contents

Table of contents	1
Chapter 1 Introduction.....	3
Chapter 2, Lola	22
Chapter 3, Moye Mishna, , my cat	26
Chapter 4, Ruslana, Otin Krasiva	34
Chapter 5, Odessa Adin	37
Chapter 6, The Metro Incident	40
Chapter 7, Pitch-black period.....	44
Chapter 8, Writing as Therapy	48
Chapter 9, Flashback Erasmus University.....	53
Chapter 10, Turkish Delight	58
Chapter 11, The Missing American in Kiev	62
Chapter 12, The Mystical Element	66
Chapter 13, Loublou Kiev	71
Chapter 14, Loublou Gallandia Nimnoshka	75
Chapter 15, Epilogue	82

LILİYANA GADYKA, 2nd and final
edition

CHAPTER 1 INTRODUCTION

It all started with a date with the sister of a Dutch Miss Universe contestant in February 2010. This sister was probably even more beautiful than her sister, and I was deeply impressed by her. We went out for dinner on Saturday evening at the Greek restaurant Olympia.

Normally, that restaurant stayed open until 11 p.m., but because we were talking so intensely, we lost track of time and the staff stayed until half past midnight without warning us. She told me about her last ex-boyfriend, with whom she had ended her relationship.

He owned a few Grand Cafés in the Netherlands, was filthy rich, had several expensive cars and a huge house in Brasschaat, Belgium. I immediately felt that I didn't fit into her category of men because I had divorced a few years earlier and was just recovering financially from this 'robbery in broad daylight', which is the best way to describe Dutch divorce law.

There were years when I only had €1 per day to spend, but I survived this ordeal because I lived with one of the most beautiful nurses in our country for three years.

After three years, we were at a dead end and wanted to go in a completely different direction. She wanted to buy a bigger house, and I didn't want to commit to her permanently. I saw buying a house as a guarantee of a monotonous life, which felt like a waiting room for death to me.

Anyway, this exceptionally attractive Hindustani lady told me that her ex-boyfriend spent all day in his room and was constantly chatting with Russian and Ukrainian ladies on dating sites. I couldn't imagine that because I had never met such an extremely beautiful woman as her.

That's why I wasn't really myself and behaved a bit submissively and obsequiously. I talked a lot, maybe too much, but I caught myself searching for the right words so as not to repel her, and that backfired.

So, it remained at this one date. That story about my friend stuck with me and aroused my curiosity. I also went to look at those sites and couldn't believe that those Russian and Ukrainian women were real, they were so incredibly attractive.

I was quite used to beauty, as my ex-wife was also one of the most beautiful women in the Netherlands; she was Serbian.

I fantasized that this Igor, with his long beard, was scamming men in the West, using photos of extremely attractive women to completely drain them financially. Such practices are still commonplace today.

Because this fascination and curiosity grew stronger, my best friend Hans and I decided to take the plunge in April 2010. We went to Ukraine for the first time, first to the city of Vinnitsa and then to Kiev.

We were completely shocked, because those women were so incredibly beautiful, very intelligent, adventurous, accessible and playful. Every street in Kiev looked like a Miss Universe competition.

The men there lived in Valhalla without realizing it or appreciating its value. At that time, there was a significant surplus of relatively young, highly educated women. They formed the backbone of this immense country, larger than Germany or France.

The men generally behaved boorishly and took no responsibility whatsoever, because it is strong legs that can carry wealth.

Hans and I often had sore necks from looking back, and from that moment on we fell in love with Kiev, and not just because of the women. It was a vibrant, energetic city with beautiful buildings and countless excellent and inexpensive restaurants.

At first, my love for Kiev was much deeper than Hans's, because I was determined to go there for a longer period. Getting into a serious relationship when you only stay somewhere twice a year for a long weekend is a futile exercise from the outset.

In 2010 and 2011, we only went to Kiev for two long weekends. At the end of 2011, I effectively finished my work as a top manager of a medium-sized city in our country. Although I had enjoyed my time there for four years, the political environment had become so toxic, and the left-wing faction of the city council did everything it could to trip up the female mayor from right-wing circles.

According to Confucius, emperors do not stumble over mountains, but over molehills. In September, the political attack on this mayor was launched on a broad scale and I subsequently had access to email exchanges between councilors and aldermen, in which they agreed when and how she should come to a political end.

There was a drinks bill that was submitted to the municipal council for approval, but in the emails mentioned, this was not considered the most appropriate moment, whereas her reappointment procedure a few months later was the right moment.

From that moment on, the vilest rumors about her were spread through a whispering campaign and her integrity was seriously questioned. An external agency that had often missed the mark completely was hired to legitimize this 'political assassination' and was sent out with a mission that could have nailed even Mother Theresa to the cross, so to speak.

Everyone was invited to spread rumors about her, which some did. A close communications adviser and former journalist, who had a personal feud with the mayor, met with her former colleagues in a seedy café in that city and there they decided on a joint strategy.

If I write a libelous article in my national newspaper on Monday, you must go over it with your national newspaper on Tuesday, and you from another newspaper do the same again on the following Wednesday.

I heard about this scene years later from an honest journalist who had also been present at this conspiracy and immediately dropped out. And the people did the rest, because the vox populi generally believes everything, especially negative sensational stories about a cheating mayor, because deep down, the people hate the government in principle.

At best, it is a love-hate relationship. Dignitaries are easy prey. I will not elaborate further on this matter here. For that, you will have to read my book *Paarelkettering*, based on Dante's *Commedia de la Morte*, more precisely the 5th Gap of Maleboge.

At that time, I was completely fed up with that political hornet's nest or snake pit, if you will, and thought this was my golden opportunity to free myself and find the true love of my life. In addition, I have a certain sense of honor, and the report from that 'research agency' was flawed in every way, forcing me, very much against my will, to challenge the report in court.

I won almost all the court cases, except when it came to the court awarding damages for an unlawful act. In our country, judges are extremely reluctant to award damages.

In that respect, we are the exact opposite of the US, where you can get millions of dollars in damages if you drink coffee that is too hot at McDonald's, which in my opinion is absurd. In summary proceedings before the Court of Appeal in Arnhem, where it was abundantly clear that the judges had not read the documents at all, the outcome of any proceedings on the merits was already anticipated, which in my opinion was a legal nod to the court in Utrecht, which meant that it was already clear in advance that I would never receive any compensation from that agency.

That agency was protected by the judiciary because the Public Prosecution Service itself did not want to investigate such politically sensitive integrity issues, which carried a high risk of damage. A few years ago, the Speaker of the House of Representatives also fell from grace, and a former fellow student of mine, who made it to King's Commissioner, suffered the same fate two years ago.

The masses simply do not understand how easy it is to slander someone in a high position and destroy them socially. There was virtually nothing incriminating about me in that report, but through the (media) weapon of association, you can also make and break people who are not directly involved.

Nowadays, it is not the facts and context that are decisive, but the image. You can spin that however you want. The mayor was 'wrong', so he and his fellow board members must have been too. That's how the weapon of association works.

The mayor had to prove for roughly 10 years that she had not done something, which is physically and legally impossible because you can almost never prove a negative. In Dutch law, the person who makes the claim must prove it, not the other way around. But that legal principle was conveniently abandoned in the case of Paarelketting.

I called her Pearl Necklace in that book because she was from a VVD family, and in those circles, women sometimes wear pearl necklaces. I had no conflict whatsoever with the municipality. They gave me a very generous handshake, and I was able to put my mission in Kiev on concrete terms.

I was finally free! It was a blessing in disguise, as former Prime Minister Ruud Lubbers once called a blunder. Without setbacks in life, you don't grow. Without friction, there is no heat, and "what doesn't kill you makes you stronger," as Americans say.