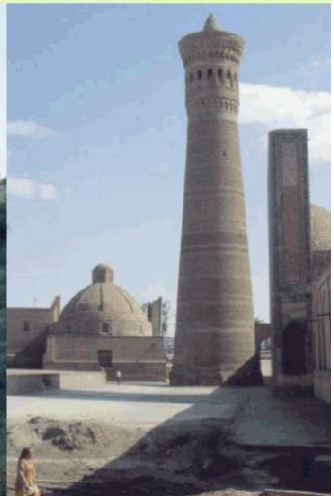




# AN ORDINARY LIFE-STORY

a non-fiction story about the life of a European man  
born around the beginning of WWII

## OMIKOMAR SEFOZI



# **AN ORDINARY LIFE-STORY**

**a non-fiction story about the life of a European man born  
around the beginning of WWII**

by Omikommar Sefozi

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## **Foreword to the continuation**

I haven't manage to publish the version of my manuscript finished in 1998. I tried to contact several publishers, but, as it would have been my first ever book, I would have to cover almost all costs myself that was unaffordable for me. As time went by someone helped me by finding a publishing agent for the English version, but she might have been a fake, as at last it has not been published. After many years' patience I recalled the commission. Maybe publishing on my own expenses would not have cost much more than the sum she took from me.

The manuscript has been remade twice since. First I set out details about my trips and amended them here and there, as well as I attached to them black and white copies of photos taken on my trips. Thus a new manuscript has sprung to life that I called *Canned Road dust*. I compiled it in both English and Hungarian. Alas, I went through the same road with its publishing once more, for this reason I gave up my intention to publish it as a book. At the second time I took out most of the details transferred to the travelogue. Although, as the last

twelve years haven't gone by completely without events, I decided recently that I try to put on paper also those happenings.

It is my hope that the Reader has found the original narrative interesting enough to be incited to read the following report too.

Budapest, 27 December 2010.

Omikommar Sefozi

## **INTRODUCTION**

The idea of writing these recollections occurred to me when it became clear that it is impossible to convince anybody about my true ego, least of all the woman, with whom I have been living together in marriage for more than thirty three years. People have their own judgment of the surrounding world including their relatives, friends and enemies, partners, sometimes themselves, and the hardest attempt is to try to alter their judgment into something that is more real and nearer to the true nature of surrounding human beings.

To make it more understandable how hard the latest years have been to me, in one of the chapters I give an detailed picture about happenings as they took place really differing from the false image of them as the person in question thinks to see them clearly and takes them for granted. It is left to the common sense of the Reader to decide, if it is convincing or isn't.

My desire to get close to other people's minds, to feel what others want or think and how they reach true or false guesses might have come from my parents or grandparents through genes, but my real interest in psychology has been helped to life by a book given as a farewell gift by a very good colleague of mine to show me that my behaviour was not always as right as I believed it had been. This book is *The Social Animal* by Mr Aronson. First I thought it was to mock me, as she was often of an opinion different from that of mine, we argued much at the same time, as we appreciated each other. When I read it and even more when I took it again into my hands to look up certain things in it, I understood that it was to help me to understand my surroundings better. It became evident then – that has not been so earlier at all – that people were living in a world different from the real one they had been placed in and they were prone to create false images of otherwise real things and relationships to solve mutual problems of their own. That book has opened my eyes more than a thousand ones before. It made me possible to foresee troubles and avoid them. It made me easier to survive hard times as I avoided useless attempts to convince somebody

about my ideas as it could be seen clearly that he whose interest is not to be altered would never accept my arguments. Shortly, I became wiser having read and understood that book.

My wife would never accept the fact of my being more honest than she believes it, because it would destroy her images of other people who were or are placed at the top in her mind and whom she considers perfect, but who – and she cannot deny it – made great mistakes. For this reason it is not my duty to do attempts in vain in order to convince her, but to leave her as she desires and to have a lot of patience, so as not to return on her all the rude charges she throws on me.

I feel the relationship between us can never be as good as it has been during the first ten years of our marriage, as it makes her frustrated to look for some proof that could support her doubts and never to find it. But I hope there will always be other problems to be solved in her life that can object her going completely insane.

## **Prologue**

It was a day at the beginning of August. I was on holiday from my assignment place, the Moscow office of my employer. I wanted to have a good rest in those days, after my near complete collapse two months before.

My soap-opera dreams have gone, I could sleep well, I thought, the future was better than those hard months that had caused my stress, and nearly led to my doom.

I wanted to utilize my time well. My replacement, a girl, who did my duties during my absence, did not want to stay over the four weeks, she had been assigned there. I would have to fly back and sit in my chair, draw the levers of control for the operation of sophisticated mechanism that was called representative office of an international long haul company.

That day I had to visit my colleagues at home in Budapest. Leaving home I was asked by my wife about the address of

an acquaintance. I told her to open my bag and look it up in my pocket diary and went my way.

Coming back hours later I found her agitated, her eyes bright – even there might have been traces of crying in them – and silent.

„What happened, dear?“ I asked her, as her look I did not like.

„You rogue, are you asking it from me? You told me to look into your bag and look up that address.“ She became more angry by every word of hers.

„Could you tell in plain what disturbs you?“

„You have logged down your every dirty minute in your diary. Your F. in your bed, her child and all. You have always been a womanizer, a Casanova. But to give your testimony into my hands is too much. I will not bear it. I leave you at last, after my sufferings, and let you have your lovers.“

Her eyes were fireballs, she was screaming these words.

I was surprised completely. I have never dreamt she had such ideas in her head, as my being a Casanova. Well, I liked



women, I had always been keen to have their company, but I had my views about infidelity, and they had not been positive in any sense.

At the same time, I did not want to lose my wife, my family was the symbol of peace and safety for me. I tried to convince her to change her mind about leaving me.

„My dear, what you saw in my diary was a narrative of my dreams.” I tried to embrace her, but she tore herself from me.

„You are lying me again. And that F. in your diary, is it no woman?”

„That is the abbreviation for fairy. It was in my dreams, she had your voice and face.”

„How dirty you can be! You want to catch my belief by my vanity. Do you believe, I would be cheated so simply?”

My position seemed hopeless. Would it be Ivan the Great, my former classmate, who would be right?

She looked quite decided.

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