

# TWICE

From the author of Fights of Your Life  
Frank van der Kok

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“Looking at her weakened body, my eyes got lost in a far-away universe. She was still beautiful. Still smiling. Even now. Worried about her hairstyle. About what people may see in her. How she was dressed. Ensuring she always remains a desired woman. She remained somehow the cute yet sexy woman I once enjoyed life with.”

It all started as a teenage romance. To be then put at risk by the cold breeze of death. Twice.

“Twice”, a fictional memoir by Frank van der Kok is not a love story. Rather the story of love. Of true love. One that endures time. And a brain damage caused by an unfortunate car accident. And breast cancer. Will it endure further trials?

Frank van der Kok tells this unique and touching story in a light and informal way. As if we would be discussing throughout the night, at the candle light, over a good old wine. Dare to open his books. You will never put them down again...

Dare to step in. Read on and experience a unique life story. With its immense swings. I will take you to the ups and downs of Flower's story. Hell and Heaven in one place. Past, present and future combined in one dimension.

Inspired by a true life experience.

SAMPLE READING:

### **In sickness, in health...**

She was beautiful. Amazing. Gorgeous. Angelic. We didn't organise too much the details, yet, it was all out of a perfect romance. Calm rays of the sun peeked into the church through the tall windows. To then meet her white dress and create a unique glitter all around. The stone walls that always seemed cold to me, now warmed up when reflecting the smooth sounds of the organ. She was approaching in small steps. Normally I'm against ceremonies and formal events. Not extremely patient either... Yet, in that loving moment I was enjoying every second of it. Her face started revealing itself to me more and more, as she was approaching. Her smiling,

joyful face. Always loved her smile. All women are most beautiful when smiling. Their cheeks play along, creating a new harmony. Making them cute and lovable. Flower was maxing out this experience. Her eyes were, to be more precise. She was smiling through her eyes. One could easily see the sparkle of happiness in her smile. The dress, the organ, it all made it even more amazing.

- I promise to be true to you in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health. I will love you and honour you all the days of my life.

Unbelievable. It seemed so far away. So abstract. One could say a man needs time to digest these sort of things. However, I did have more than enough time. I knew Flower for 9 years before taking her to the altar. Here I was now, living it. Saying these magic words. Heavy words. In the heat of the moment I guess most couples say it automatically. Just like me. Years after you turn back to them. They support you. Or haunt you, question of viewpoint. Either way, they are with you from there on. No matter what happens. Good times or bad. Sickness or health. Your vow remains solid. You said it. In front of God, in front of all the people you invited to witness it. Most importantly, you said it to HER. To the person you loved most that moment. It remains the base, whatever life brings further on. You may decide to let it go, of course. Marriages do break at times. For the right reasons or not. Understandably or not. Who are we to judge...? Would it actually matter? I presume not. The vow remains untouchable in their souls anyway. I know I will carry these words till the end of my life. No matter how the events turn and twist in the meantime.

(...)

Next thing I remember, we were already moving into our new home.

(...)

Did you ever taste coffee in the first sunrise on the terrace of your own home? First time you have a coffee there. If you did, you perfectly know what I felt. Same coffee as yesterday. Completely different taste. Much sweeter. Or stronger. Or sharper. Or whatever you enjoy most. Much-much better, for sure. And that's only the beginning. Try picking your own fruit or vegetable. From your garden or even balcony. They do taste amazing, right? Taste of home!

A home needs love.

(...)

We had so much love, oh God! I remember one night we slept in the garden. No special preparations, no beds, no tents. Just on the grass with some blankets. Crazy. Even then I said so. But it felt so good! Being one with Flower. One with our garden. The grass, the night breeze, the light of the moon peeking at us. All united through love.

## Teenage love

Looking at her weakened body, my eyes got lost in a far-away universe. She was still beautiful. Still smiling. Even now. Worried about her hairstyle. About what people may see in her. How she was dressed. Ensuring she always remains a desired woman. She remained somehow the cute yet sexy woman I once enjoyed life with.

- Remember how we used to kiss in the embrasures on the school hallway?

Flower looked at me surprised. It happens to me once in a while. I just assume people are playing along with my thoughts. So I just continued.

(...)

Flower's cheeks turned red. Her eyes were glowing with bright sparkle.

- Of course we did. We were so much in love, nobody could have separated us.

(...)

She pushed her wheelchair closer to me. Wrapping her arm around my neck. Pulling me closer. Holding me stronger.

- This always reminds me of the parties we had back then. We rarely cared what music was playing. Somehow always ended up in each other's arm.

- I loved dancing with you.

- You only loved? Not anymore?

- Come, you big mouth... Dance with me!

There was no music. Who cares...? Just like in those times. Our feelings gave the rhythm. The music of pure love was playing softly in our ears.

## Fly away

I noticed her long black hair first. Falling in straight shiny streams. Just as I always craved for. Long dark hair was always my thing. My fetish. No wonder I noticed her immediately in the crowd.

Her beautiful hair lead my eyes towards the shapes of a sexy young woman. Her hips were somewhat wider than one could have expected. Sign of fertility... It didn't ruin the harmony. On the contrary, it turned my hunter senses even sharper. Leading my eyes further down. Along her legs. Her rounded forms. Set like artistic design elements along those long legs.

Wanted to see her face as well. I had the feeling she must be beautiful. God doesn't play games like that. He should not, rather. It is just cruel. To all men around the world.

The crowd was dancing in exstasy. It was a party, after all. It was difficult to get around them. I was slowly cutting through the thick mass of people. Seemed as if the hunting has already started. I was already fighting for her. In a way.

To finally glance her face. Her marble skin. Pure and soft. It has to be soft. Yes, I am sure of that. Could already feel my hands swiping down on her skin. My fingertips started tingling on the velvet surface. While the satin hair waves were caressing the back of my hand.

She noticed me. She looked right into my eyes. I froze. Stood speechless. Those big brown eyes... I couldn't get out of their power zone. Busted. Past few minutes I started believing I was the hunter, looking for my gazelle. To now realise I was being hunted down. Spellbind by a feline predator. Bewitched.

- Would you dance with me?

(...)

I kissed her on the cheek. Nothing offensive, nothing abrupt. Just a short, soft kiss. I could feel how her body reacted immediately. Her muscles tensed. She even pushed me away slightly as we danced.

Slightly. Not totally. She continued dancing with me.

I could sense that moment of weakness. I could really see her giving in. Just maybe. I had to try further. Harder. Increasing the stakes.

I kissed her on the other cheek as well.

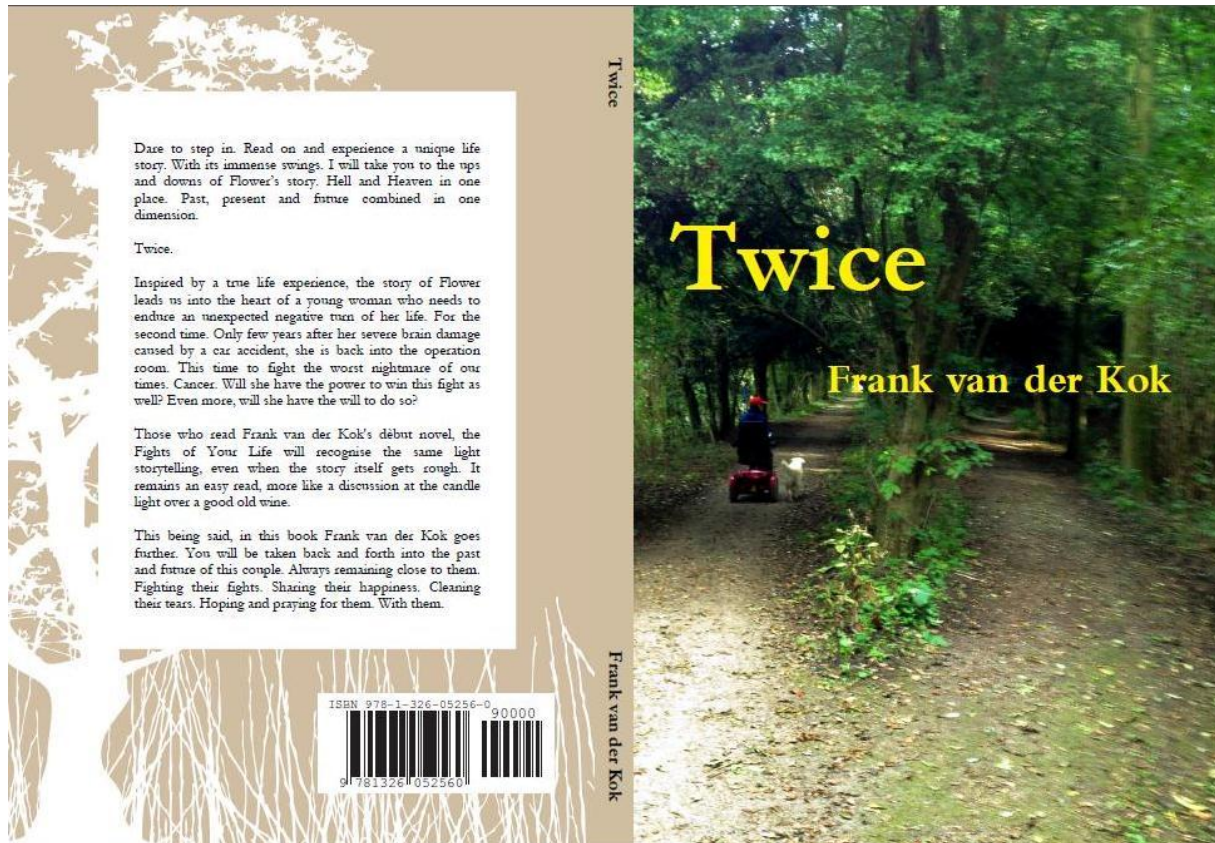
Her muscles tensed again.

“Is she turning her head away? Is she putting an end to this? Moment of truth, can't wait any longer.”

I didn't wait any second more. Our lips met. Softly touching each other. A warm, wet, cushion greeting. While I pulled her closer to me. Gently. Slowly. As I started feeling her tongue in my mouth...

(...)

Allowing a wild evening to start. A wild night. A wild life.”



Frank van der Kok is a Hungarian writer, currently living in Netherlands. Author of “Fights of Your Life” and “Twice”, a series of fictional memoirs.

Frank van der Kok's debut novel, the Fights of Your Life was first released in Hungarian in September 2013, to be then published in April 2014 in English as well. It tells the story of a young woman fighting for her life after a severe car accident.

The story of Flower now continues. Only years after recovering from a severe brain damage, Flower is now back in the surgery rooms. To fight the biggest nightmare of our times - cancer. Will she survive? Twice?