

MEMOIRS OF
ANTARES

The poster features a man and a woman in ancient Egyptian-style clothing. The man, on the right, has dark hair and is wearing a white tunic with gold trim and a broad gold collar. The woman, on the left, has long dark hair and is wearing a white dress with gold trim and a wide gold bracelet. They are embracing each other. The background is a golden, textured surface with various Egyptian motifs, including hieroglyphs, a sphinx, a temple, a boat, and a group of people. At the top, the title 'MEMOIRS OF ANTARES' is written in a large, ornate, golden font. The word 'ANTARES' is particularly large and stylized, with wings extending from the 'A' and 'S'. A small star is positioned above the 'A' and another below the 'S'. At the bottom, the name 'ANNA TURGUENEVA' is written in a similar golden font, with a small star above the 'A'.

ANNA TURGUENEVA

Анна Тургенева

Memoirs of Antares

<https://litres.ru/74412983>

SelfPub; 2026

Аннотация

"The Memoirs of Antares" is an autobiographical story of a woman who, since childhood, refused to live by anyone else's script.

A singer and traveler, she made her way from a poor girl with a rich imagination to a woman who has traveled half the world, performed on stage, lived in Egypt, and survived many incredible events.

Her life is a tapestry of music, love, journeys, dreams, disappointments, and events that sometimes seem like a movie plot.

One of the most extraordinary stories was her intersection with Hrithik Roshan—a Bollywood star whose image unexpectedly stepped beyond the screen and took a special place in her personal history.

The author defines "Cinema Magic" as the ability to perceive life through cinematic images, dreams, imagination, and signs.

And the "Power of Disagreement" is the drive to refuse the boundaries imposed by circumstances and to create one's own path.

These are memoirs of a woman who continues to believe in miracles and write the script of her own life

Содержание

Глава 1	4
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	12

Анна Тургенева

Memoirs of Antares

Глава 1

Antares

Antares is a massive, fiery star that carries the power to destroy the old world for the sake of an inevitable rebirth from the ashes, just like a Phoenix. When this energy awakens within you, it becomes impossible to resist. It forces you to burn bridges and stubbornly create your own universe. It is under this very name that I am writing my memoirs. Most people live a life completely different from the one they once secretly dreamed of. They silently settle for less: meekly enduring nitpicking, swallowing grievances for years, and extinguishing their inner light for the sake of a hated job. They resign themselves to a perpetual lack of money, a dull routine, and even the flaws in their own appearance, burying their childhood dreams alive in this daily pretense. But a completely different spirit has always raged inside me since childhood—a fierce disagreement with this bland reality. My heart refused to play by anyone else's rules. It was this Power of Disagreement that awakened a proud Lioness inside me, the one who flatly refused to sit in a cage of compromises. My inner creator spread its wings, broke through

the forced plot, and drew me across the oceans. This force paved my way through a round-the-world voyage and forced space to bend, allowing me to travel half the world, create a fairy tale in reality, and reach for the actual stars. My faith in the magic of the frame began at the age of two, when it seemed to me as if a man from the television screen was speaking to me personally. Of course, it was just a fleeting childhood illusion, but for my impressionable nature, it became so tangible and powerful that I ran to my parents at full speed to announce: "The man on the screen just told me something!" I grew up with a deep understanding that this world is capable of speaking to me directly through the screen, dreams, and books. My imagination knew no bounds: I loved reading specifically those books that had been adapted into films, and my own dreams felt like episodes of some thrilling series, serving as intuitive guidance.

That is why, looking back, I called this trait of my impressionable nature Cinema Magic. Seeing how destiny unfolded its plots following my visions, in defiance of all circumstances, I realized that it was Cinema Magic and the Power of Disagreement that made my life look like a movie. Every single story here is worthy of a full-length feature film and an Oscar, and one of the brightest flashes along this path was an incredible crossing of paths with the main Indian star who lit up my sky. All the events in this book, all the cities and people in the frame, are absolutely real. But all the feelings, down to the very last drop, are entirely my own. These are the feelings shaped by

my deep, impressionable nature. My story is still far from over, but I will not reveal all the plot twists in advance. I simply invite you into this amazing, honest, and romantic voyage of my life...

A Window into Bollywood

It all began on a damp, chilly evening on October 20, 2012. Outside the window stood a bleak, endless Russian autumn that brought on a sense of melancholy, so my sister and I decided to warm up the twilight hours and turned on an Indian movie called "Kites". I wasn't expecting anything special, but this film literally turned my perception of cinematography upside down. I was stunned—by this piercing love story, the flawless acting, and the incredible, luxurious production. From that very autumn day, I realized that I was unconditionally hooked on modern Bollywood. In a short span of time, I watched every single movie featuring Hrithik Roshan. I was charmed by him to the depths of my soul. Watching this wonderful actor and magnificent dancer was a pure pleasure that instantly satisfied my aesthetic needs, bringing joy and brightening the cold, lonely evenings, becoming a small window into a vibrant world of love and hope. Gradually, this passion grew into a warm family tradition with my little daughter, and for the next two years, we immersed ourselves in Indian cinema only together. I considered such gentle, wise, soulful, and colorful stories to be intuitively beneficial for a little girl, essential for forming a pure and bright worldview. Watching these films turned into our sacred shared pastime: together we empathized with the characters, cried and rejoiced over the

screen dramas, and sang and danced right there in the room. This brought us incredibly close, building an invisible bridge of absolute trust between mother and daughter.

The turning point came in 2015 while we were watching the movie "Aap Mujhe Achche Lagne Lage". At the 14:30 mark, Hrithik looked from the screen—seemingly straight into my eyes, piercing the darkness of the room with his gaze—and spoke words that were vitally necessary to me at that exact second: "I believe that God plans the life of each of us. He knows and He decides where, when, with whom, and how we will meet. Perhaps He has planned something for us. Let's see how exactly He will arrange our meeting. Sometimes it's best to leave it to His discretion... I dream a lot, and perhaps in my dreams, I have already met you." At that time, I was very lonely. My life consisted of deep spiritual development, searching for my purpose, and a longing for a true soulmate. At that very second, my entire body began to shake. It was a very intense, physically tangible sensation, as if a stale, rigid shell that I had locked myself into over long years of loneliness was being torn away from me. This armor, which had protected me from the outside world, just slipped away in an instant, leaving me completely defenseless before this rushing tide of hope. My throat caught, my heart pounded right at my throat, and I burst into such intense, bitter sobbing that I frightened my daughter. The little girl ran over, began to hug me, comfort me, and cried along with me, not understanding what was happening to us. In that moment, Hrithik

reminded me of a personal Jesus descending from the screen straight into the room, bearing glad tidings, and I believed him unconditionally. It felt completely as though he had reached his hand out to me through space and quietly said: "Do not be afraid, trust me." I perceived him as a symbol of hope, as tangible proof that romantic men do exist. I desperately wanted my man to be like this hero in his ability to dream openly, to be wide open to the world, and to preserve that pure, childhood naivety that did not fade with the years and which I myself possess in full measure. I wasn't in love with Hrithik himself, but rather with the image of his noble characters. Moreover, I was fully aware that in real life he was married and had two wonderful boys; I built no illusions and simply rejoiced that such a person existed on earth, proving that romance was not dead. The armor of my loneliness shattered in a single moment. That evening, it felt as though I awoke from a long sleep and remembered my most cherished childhood dreams. A fragile hope came alive inside, and I began, little by little, to believe that real magic and fairy tales do exist in this world. Sitting on the floor in my daughter's embrace, amidst the bleak Russian autumn, I wished with all my heart for this fairy tale to come true one day and for me to find my way into it.

The Dream Board

I have always been a person of action. Fruitless, empty daydreams and passive waiting for a miracle—that is definitely not about me. Besides, by this point, I had already gone through a great number of different practices and knew that some of them

actually worked. One of them was a dream board. On an ordinary piece of cardboard, I carefully attached photographs of beautiful places and things that inspired me—the Maldives, the majestic Iguazu Falls, pictures of beautiful interiors and renovations. And right there, on top of all that, I placed a photograph of Hrithik. At that period, he wasn't a specific man I was pining for. His image on the dream board simply became a sacred symbol of that very new level of life, beauty, and talent that my soul instinctively yearned for. I made this board and peacefully let the thought go. Almost immediately after that, space reacted: I was unexpectedly offered a trip to Moscow for a serious women's training seminar, and I accepted without hesitation. In the capital, we did a ton of different meditations. And during these classes, the most vital and solid understanding came to me: I am worthy of more, and I will never again be able to settle for less. I reclaimed my inner right to be the master of my situation and was firmly determined to get what I wanted from this life, or to become the kind of woman who would get it. There was another important detail at the training that just settled in my memory as valuable information. Our mentor explained how to behave properly if fate ever brings you together with a high-status man. He taught us that in such a situation, under no circumstances should you slide into the behavior of a fan girl. I simply remembered it back then. I was returning home completely renewed. And it was this inner state that helped me take a step I would never have dared to take before. I realized

that I no longer wanted to return to my stable but already soul-crushing job on the ship. I simply walked away from it and stepped into absolute nowhere. With no guarantees, no contracts in my pocket, and no understanding of what tomorrow held for me. And it was then, left alone with myself and my silence, that I truly realized that a continuous inner dialogue is always going on between my dream and reality. I understood that I just needed to allow myself to have what I wanted and stop standing in my own way. I fell silent inside and allowed that deep intuitive call to unfold completely—the one that came through my strong, unyielding desire and stubbornly led me toward the unknown... Sitting in this unfamiliar, frightening emptiness, but at the same time feeling the taste of intoxicating freedom, I involuntarily began to look back, trying to trace the roots of this wild faith of mine. Where does this persistence in me come from? Why am I so stubbornly convinced, against all logic and common sense, that I am meant for something greater? My whole life, I was told the exact same phrase: "You want too much." Relatives, teachers, this whole predictable world around me tried to ground me, lower my standards, and force me to settle for less. But my inner "Self" always refused to accept it. To understand where this power came from, let's turn the page and look right at the very beginning—back to where the four-eyed girl Anyuta, in the middle of a noisy Soviet communal apartment, was just learning to defend her right to want the absolute maximum from this life, and where the roots of her magic were just beginning to

grow...-----

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