



ELVIRA FRANKENHEIM

Seven Days Spain

Seven Days Spain - Elvira Frankenheim

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The author Dieter, grown little older then appreciated and his young girlfriend, wished for nothing but peace and chill out times in Spain, when they booked an all included trip to Mallorca. But an invasive horde of tschech cellists did actually devastate the hotel rooms in the peaceful little village and that meant alot of work for Sarah Sackmann. The sexy tour guide was taking care of the utter bliss and happiness of the holiday guests. Though focusing little more on the male side ...

"It is definitely not the right things, that man is that alone. I want to create another being that helps him and suits him well."

Thoughts of an artist, realized.

Preface

Not everyone, speaking German, actually comes from Germany, neither is every American born in USA. Bruce Willis was born in Germany. Sandra Bullock saw the light of the world in Arlington, Virginia, being the daughter of a German opera singer. Later she lived for some while in Germany and Austria. This small country belonged to Germany, back yonder. That during a time, when the Germans were still going for conquering and were already keen on establishing one European currency, already 60 years before the introduction of the Euro, and this on whatever costs.

Austria, the land of hills and ravines. Back yonder, you paid with the Alp dollar, called the Schilling. But sad enough, the Euro took this last piece of national pride away from the Austrian, a tribe speaking a slight touch of weird German, when this Schilling was substituted by the Euro. Born in exactly this country, was the terminator, the destructor, full of delusions de grandeur, the one who wanted to conquer the whole world. According to my personal psychological interpretation and knowledge, this idea was mainly based on his more than giant inferiority complex, said the shrink in me.

Referring to the terminator, I am not thinking of Arnold Schwarzenegger, but Adolf Hitler. Schwarzenegger did only conquer the cinematic silver screens and now jobs as a governor and is calling out for red alerts, as it constantly starts to burn there. Probably he staged all the fires himself, not to loose his image as the bad guy. Indeed Hitler was not born in Germany, but in Austria. Thus all men from Austria are classified to be dangerous from the German point of view and we are all happy that Arnold fucked off to the States. Different though with the Austrian women, they are more than favored in Germany. Especially women like the Josephine Mutzenbacher, a "fille de joy" from Vienna, and the empress Sissy, she is available on DVD. Men do actually prefer the Josephine, while women do watch some more Sissy. Sissy real first name is Elisabeth and she was born in Munich. The German town Munich is worldwide well-known, because of the worldwide international solidarnus of alcoholics, taking place in the *Hofbräuhaus* or during the *Oktoberfest*.

The German himself, yes, he bettered himself and is not interested in any further war. Because the one, who lost already two in one go, one after the other, just does not go for another one. Nevertheless, after the downfall of the *Third Reich*, we managed to conquer without any military invasion another little spot on the map, where everything is German only in the meantime and where you do not have to search long for any *Weißbier*, *Schweinshaxe* and *Sauerkraut*, you get it at every street corner. This little spot is located in the Mediterranean and is called Mallorca. Hitler should have better invested in the tourist branches, instead of the industrial military complex, to realize his dream of the Großdeutschen Reich. Via the means of mass tourism, the Spanish was made a minority on this island. The loss of cultural and lingual identity favored the expansion of the German lifestyle. According to my opinion, the insulations should now decide themselves, whether Mallorca should be added as a German county or not. Somewhat like in Hawaii, back yonder.

Germany, the country of poets and philosophers. But who the fuck is Elvira Frankenheim? In Germany Elvira Frankenheim is for a writer approximately the same pseudonym as Alan Smithee for a director that does not want to have his real name connected to his work.

And please do not expect anything like Goethe or Schiller from my work, no expect everything, everything, but please no niveau! Because I am orientating myself way more direction Charles Bukowski and *Hank* was according to common knowledge born in a German town on the left river bank of the Rhine. I myself do live coincidentally in a small town along the Rhine, where triumphantly wins of the Handball team and disturbances in the local chemical plants are holding each other in suspense. Happily or sadly, both of them happen rather seldom.

And apart from that, when you cannot at all relate to this story, then please blame it on that goat of a woman, the lecturess, she had the best lines white out. But in one point I really do agree with Miss Lecturess, when she states: *satiric texts are of very serious matters*. Agreed.

Did you read the bible? And did you internalize this shit? That is another very serious matter. As you have only two options, where to finally end up - heaven or hell. Readings that are not in accordance with the Holy Writings are rather unhealthy for people. Believe me. To divide between the important and unimportant, that's the mission. Thus not the to focus on the spelling style of the Bible, but of course its message. God is good and man is evil. First came sin and from that, basically, deriving all human problems. Jesus Christ did save us all by donating his blood from all our sins. Jesus Christ, the emperor over all creation, the alpha and the omega. Believe me. Alpha is the first letter of the Greek ABC, Omega the last one.

Elvira Frankenheim

Slogan of a film director

"May the 4th, we'll be with you."

Funny error of a German translator - no joke! You do not understand?
Wait until the end ...

Germany, Düsseldorf, May 5, 2009 - 3.55 a.m.

Jesus Christus, He is obsessed by the devil. With 55 miles speeding through a closed village. Luckily I have my personal ID along, I accidentally found it in my wallet, and 10 seconds ago I wanted to scream "Turn around!" to the new Michael Schumacher. Our taxi driver, born in Anatolia does smell more then intentionally after aftershave, brand Ataturk, you know, the one with the fragrance garlic. Great! Dieter is sitting in the front seat and naps abit. It's shortly before 4 o'clock in the morning. At these times, no nightingale or larch is tweeting, only some of the girls will. Tweeting with their lovers or with their lawful and allowable husbands. *When you are married, then daily there will be tweeted less and less but more and more quarreled*, a serious warning from my older sister, always.

Yes, my sister. She took the nicest care of me, after our mother died due to the aftermaths of an evil disease, this came all totally out of the blue for us all. I was eight in those days back yonder and she was fourteen. It was an utter shock for all of us; especially my father was suffering hard. For him, after this crisis, he lost all sense in life. He drank in one month more booze then Bukowski and lost his job. Two years after the death of my mother, we had to leave our old apartment and moved into a very well priced and affordable apartment in some concrete silo settling. The people there were very involved in all kinds of addictions; they fought them with cigarettes, the alcohol, the drugs, the gambling and the sodomy. This, called the milieu, did actually very coin my sister. She was now like a mother to me. When I was finally developing breast and slowly turned into a woman, she seriously warned me to smoke, to drink alcohol and to have contact to any lads. All things, that she was more then infamous in her teenager times.

Concerning any lads, my sister was short-termed together with that little gangster dude, called by everyone only Disaster Detlef, being a luminosity in matters of catastrophes. All gifts, carefully planned, ended in total disasters. Detlef's thesaurus was not to big, containing approximately 50 basic words, roughly a third being pluriversal terms for the coitus. Furthermore, his sentences were more or less two words

based, for example: *a beer* in the bar, *two rolls* at the baker's or *three hamburgers* at Mac Donald's. Being broke all the times, he always said *next week* to the landlord, *hands up* at the store and *not guilty* in front of the judge. Disaster Detlef, though I never met him personally, but his stories were more than well known and famous. Already in those times, he was a living legend, his grammar as gappy as his teeth.

Yes, my sister. My friend was taken care of me. We are both having a holiday, to share a week full of togetherness and because we were never any luckier than to spend a weekend together. Additionally, we were that hot in the box last night, submittingly, that I need seven days to recover. Dieter is a great lover. Since the day, he ripped off my slip on his birthday, approximately three months ago, I thought, this will be the fastest number of your life ever. But no, I was proven better. Already the foreplay was that tickling, as never before experienced in my life. Neither potential problems nor prostatic ones ever seem to cause him any difficulties, a rarity with men in his age around the fifties. Though I had not collected too many experiences with men in his age, yet. Dieter already had the first grey hairs, that strengthens the character, isn't it? My father always quotes the lines: *The true character of someone is only shown, when seriously challenged.*

The cabdriver asks me, whether I would like to listen to music from his home country. Without thinking I say, yes. The dudeling is horrible, and additionally he sings, at least he tries hard, this pain in the ass. My schatz shows himself off to be the personified calm and keeps on napping totally unimpressed. When the song is over, the chaotic karaoke-amateur admits, that his brother in law does own the little kebab joint Istanbul, where you can find the best Kebab in Düsseldorf Altstadt, the undercover red-light district of town. He stole that jive from American films, Of course you always get the hamburgers in town there, even when in a sleepy province nest, most of the time in the texanian-mexican border hood. The stranger, entering the restaurant, always hunts an abscond prisoner, an alien or investigates any environmental scandal. Or it is the ascend prisoner.

Our chauffer changes to the left spur in the tunnel, because he is starting a maneuver to overtake. I will surely not go for any snack at

his brother-in-law; I prefer sushi and curry dishes. Who can judge, where to dine best? Always making me smile, while watching *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* With the quizmaster Günther Jauch is the following question: "How many percent are you sure?" Ha, either I am sure or not. Nothing inbetween. Or? There isn't no a little pregnant, or? When someone thinks all four answers to be Spanish, and he goes for dead sure for one, then he would have to basically be 25 percent sure. I do not know how they all always come to the 10, 20, 30 percent, really no idea. Well, mathematics, en contraire to go shopping and draw mangas, was never really my cup of tea. Life is already complicate enough and with bionomic formulas it only gets even more complicated, don't you think? Everyone knows more and more, but that does surely not solve any more problems of this world either, or?

We arrived at the terminal. Dieter may pay the cabdriver. Eight years ago, my father flew to Venice with one of those cheap flights. The thirteen miles cabdriver to town were more expensive then the return ticket. Dieter has to pay 35 euro for the ride, because we gambled last night and only one can win, obviously. Bad luck for him, good luck for me. I will shop something hot for that bucks saved, funky! Hand on heart, all we women do share this rags tick, or? And all wanna-have, would be even better. Well, yes, sure, why not right away a little house with a garden in the greens and fruit trees, I want cherries. ***Avidity back - avidity forth.*** But who's not daydreaming about that? Dieter does not give any shit, how much I spend for rags, my taste of clothes would be nice, and he appreciates my funky taste. My father, when he was younger, was always jabbering, when I spent all my money on rags. He did not think too much of my taste. And the people should develop a consciousness for God and not for clothes and he constantly wanted of greediness. My father went Christian, after having overcome the crisis after my mother's death. And the belief in Jesus Christ changed him completely, and of course only to the better and more positive. He could reestablish himself in his profession and is now a very successful businessman. He does not spend any dime on alcohol; instead he is financially supporting projects for people in need. He loves to help others.

My father is Christian and according to his personal views, in many churches it does nothing but stink, religious hypocrisy. You can find for example people, that read the word of God, listen to it, preach it, but never follow and thus cannot draw anything out of it. Why is any Christian whining? Why is any Christian wallowing in self-pity? Important is, how some churchgoer behaves, when he happens not to be in church. A real Christian is deeply enjoying his life, no matter, where he happens to find himself. Such people are full of joy and happiness and that is the sign, that the living God Jesus Christ lives in them, my father always says. Alike with the *Karnevalsjecken (carnival reveler)*. During the season they are all funny on command, but over the rest of the year they can be rather uncomfortable guys.

With the Turkish fragrance our driver will surely not attract any women, but maybe this is exactly the deal. Jumping out of the car, the smell is a little penetrate and rather fast check-in and all that shit. This can take some while. "Hopefully the will not again show *Mr. Bean at the dentist's* on the plane" my schatz tells me, when queuing at the counter of AIRBERLIN. With this agency, Dieter travelled more then one time to Mallorca. And I had no rendezvous with my dentist in ages, comes to my mind. I should see him after the holidays. He is of such a capacity, my doctor, additionally looking gorgeous, that I appreciate it every time, him teaching me the use of tooth silk. I have no hairs on my teeth, but Dieter the more. Rather in many a way the complete opposite of me, alone optically. When I dress up in the right rags, I am that sharp, that any novice, entering a cloister would reconsider this decision - hard! Now, well, **vanity back - vanity forth**, we girl love to dress sharp for the men, don't we? And we girl love to be the center of the action, or? We girl love it, when everything evolves around us, or?

Concerning the optics again, Dieter would defiantly not win any flowerpot or washing machine taking part in any beauty contest. And the ones, going for tight-lipped and grouchy guy, they should see my schatz early morning before his third cup of coffee! Well, *The Beauty and the Beast* was always an all-time classic. Dieter always means, the best weapon of a man is the desirability of his wife. My father of course makes me aware, that all beauty is decaying and only a god-

fearing woman will get her rewards. Acoustically, my Romeo is way more activated than me. But there are exceptions. Early morning before the third cup of coffee and during sex, that's where I get to be really loud. Or when standing on stage. That is my thing - acting!

Dieter lives in a town at the river Rhine, between Cologne and Düsseldorf. Here in the mid 90ies someone lost a crocodile at a quarry point, causing some headlines nationwide. We know us since five years. He was looking via the web for an illustrating artist, and found me. Coincidence? Fate? God's will? God has everywhere his finger in, my father educates me. This could actually be called fate. Coincidence would be nothing else but a synonym for the Almighty.

The first four years Dieter and I communicated exclusively via internet and phone. On the level of collaborations and work, we got along very well. I was allowed to draw the cover figures for his crazy satiric books. To permute his ideas graphically, was total fun and gave me affirmation, as Dieter was very content with my work. We complemented us from the first moment and that never stopped. Apropos crazy. A nice verdict from Dieter coming to my mind, it goes as follows: "*The highest form of happiness in life goes with a certain grade of craze.*" Rather crass, or? Apart from some ticks, I consider me to be rather normal.

Last year in July, Dieter had to take care of some things in Osnabrück and we used that chance, to finally take some looks into our little eyes. During this first meeting in a restaurant, he immediately attracted me - magically. For the reception, I was bathed in compliments that were charming, funny and full of ideas. I really came to my costs, and he, too. His self-confidence made me feel secure; I felt completely home in his presence, he became more than sympatric. We respected us. Ah, yes, before I forget it. Later, we went into a disco, meeting friends of mine. Dieter paged hard to blasting punk on the dance floor, but badly twisted his ankle. A friend of mine was nice enough to drive him in her car to his hotel. Mid October, we met for the second time, again, he came to Osnabrück. The third meeting, his birthday, at his place, finally we had the time to deepen our relationship. We found out, that we really more than matched well under the equator.

The queue in front of the passenger check in is not too long, Dieter drops his hand luggage off to have it x-rayed, into a plastic bowl. All, what I can connect to anything close to metal, I put it into my designer handbag. The little watch, the chain, and the *Goldene Blatt* (a German boulevard press mag / Goldene = golden). I drop this little bag into the plastic bowl and push it onto the conveyor. With both hands, Dieter is shielding his ears and walks through the frameless door. An acoustic signal, none sounds. I follow him and hope that the detectors will not react to my belly button piercing, that I plain forgot. Luckily they don't. Dieter embraces me and puts his right arm around my shoulder: "Everything ok?" he funny enough does not want to know from me, but from the security person, who silently nods. "What's your name, officer?" the next question. But luckily Dieter turned his head in my direction, so he appeared talking to me. After some schmatzer on my cheek, he takes his arm away from me. I am free again and just fetch the *Emporio Armani* from being x-rayed.

The officer will not have heard the rap with the soldier, as he does not react. Not to be overheard, a sheikh, he is sounding up the whole hall with his cell phone talks. He will surely fly direction Mecca. Next to him an incarnation, wrapped in black - his wife? The voice of the sheikh is getting louder and louder, and more aggressive. Either he is fiving his father shit, or one of his six brothers, his sister, his brother-in-law or one of his 33 sisters-in-law. In and around Mecca, marriages are still arranged and thus he can complain at least with his parents, when the woman gives him a hard time. Or he can marry some more. Competition keeps the marriage alive.

Within the cellphoneterror in the waiting zone we are looking fast for some quiet spot. I unpack my magazines, while Dieter takes care of the coffee. When he returns with the two mugs, he is wondering "Since when are you reading the *Goldene Blatt*, magic mouse?" *I bought it, because there is an article about Bruce Willis inside, that's why.* "I inherited them from my grandma!" I joke. My loves is curious. "You do not have any better excuse?" "Well, ok, to be honest. I just bought it, because ... they have written something about Lady Gaga ... Lady Di..." "I am lying, while my face turns red and more... But a woman has to keep her secrets and thus staying eternally interesting

for the man. "I will be soon writing an article about the escapades of prominent riding teachers in royal riding schools," my beloved author speaks and grins. The one who knows the story around Lady Di, knows, how disillusioning this all must have become for the reader of the boulevard press. First the dream marriage, then the divorce, and then finally the mysterious death. Is the ideal world nothing but an illusion?

When the flight to Palma is called, Dieter jumps up, grabs tenderly my right hand and drags me with the words "You are my magic mouse, my one and only" out of my seat. How respectful, how contagious. Yawning I walk holding hands with my cavalier to the boarding gate. Ten minutes later, I am sitting in the airplane, window seat 12 F. To my right, the window, to my left a great and experienced man.

May 5, 2009 - 5.30 a.m.

Next to my honey pie, one with black long n not them most styled hair on planet squatted. This small guy is wearing a black t-shirt over his hands and I would think him to be somewhat around the beginning of 30. Dieter turns around to me and whispers in my ear: "Boah, this freak smells totally like Bucharest Station Toilet, Main station. You smell it, too?" "Happily not" and I take some deep inhales. Where was Bucharest again? Isn't that the capital of Bulgaria? No, this was called Budapest, or?

Now it actually does start to smell a little strange. Dieter is being addressed by his neighbor that surely did not have any rendezvous in the last three days, neither with his shower, nor with his razor. "Now, where is the father flying with his daughter," we are asked. "New York? - Rio? - Tokyo?" The guy is grinning and shows his teeth, which obviously had no rendezvous either, and surely in the last 30 years and surely not with any toothbrush. Seen against my purely white teeth they are the sheer kariesimperium. Dieter looks at me surprised. Without waiting for any verbal reaction from our side, he asks, faster than any politician can lie, suddenly a new question. "Shall I tell you some joke?" asks the guy and starts right away. Heard it in Italy, Watch out, there is a preacher and a ferocious bus driver, that was well known for his wild driving style, are standing after their death in front of heaven's door. Petrus says to the preacher: "I am very sorry, but you can't enter, but Enzo may!" The preacher is mad with rage and asks for the reason. "Tja, dear preacher, in your mass, everyone was nothing but sleeping, but in the bus, when Enzo was driving, everyone was praying as hard as can!" I had to grin, this stinker seems to be real fun. "By the way, I am Karl-Heinz." The intermission clown is introducing himself. In exchange, we tell him our surnames.

All passengers have boarded and a stewardess, miss she must be something special, is handing out the safety instructions. Miss she must be something special is named Marina and speaks with an east-European accent. Karl-Heinz says: "You know, how she sounds? Like Teresa Orłowski. You know, whom I refer to?" Who was that again?

I ask and have really no clue. "A former porno producer, and she worked as an actress, too," answers Dieter. "Hey super, you are really a checker." Karl-Heinz states with enthusiasm and jokes on: "When this Queen of Hardcore would be on board, she would surely say: the inflatables are under the seats. Please just blow them up after leaving the airplane. As for the sake of stimulation, we will show you an erotic film out of our program. In case of potential problems, we will serve some drinks on demand with Viagra. Of course you will have time to buy the new fragrance, designed by Lindsay Lohan." "Since when do women need fragrance?" Dieter wants to know and I am curious on Karl-Heinz answer. "After all intimate razors, of course." "Ah, this is a good one," interrupts Dieter and starts to grin. "Which village will you fuck shit up?" "I don't know yet, I booked a Roulette Travel Deal. And you?" "Cala Ratjada ..."

The Captain introduces himself and states the flight duration to be one hour and fifty-five minutes. They say that all time that self-assured, as if nothing could ever happen. Just assuming, a completely freaked out guy with some handgranade in his fingers and a Koran under its arm would enter this style the cockpit, then I would be utterly curious, whether we would have some safe landings anywhere.

May 5, 2009 - 6.30 a.m.

We are already airborne since a quarter of an hour. "On the right hand side you can clearly see Paris." Our Captain informs us. I see nothing but a fluffy blanket of clouds; you cannot even see any pike of the Eiffel Tower. For some million of Euro, the question of the height of the tower would be a little too easy. The exact weigh though, would be of a little more difficult nature. That is interesting us girls much more anyway. Especially Kitty, my best and a slight touch of overweight friend, that favors to eat between the meals. Kitty is vamping up all her favorite dishes with chocolate sauce. My oh my, and can she talk without end. The lil fatty blabbermouth is originally named Michaela Kittner. She was given this pet name thus due to her family name. We know each other since roughly three years, because of the theater group. Kitty is not only standing on stage, but sometimes she is

prompting, too. She had her 24th birthday some 3 days ago and is now thanks to a more than generous monetary donation from her mother's side able; to anytime enjoy some last minute travel. She will immediately sms, when we arranged something. Should be fly to Mallorca, too, I could meet, her. Dieter met Kitty one time as well, during that Disco evening, where he screwed up his ankle, and when I remember it right, it was even Kitty, who drove him back to his Hotel.

Karl-Heinz is reviewing the cold turkey-sandwich, that Marina is serving with some four puke bags. Nevertheless he is valuating the nice face and the bust size of the stewardess. This suckle bells, Karl-Heinz tells us, would be exactly the opposite of any chicken breast. Karl-Heinz tells us, where he comes from - from Gelsenkirchen. Karl-Heinz tells us, where his most favorite place is - in the football stadium. Karl-Heinz tells us, where his most favorite place after midnight is - under the bar. Because he can disinfect his wounds, life caused him with beer. Because he still has not found his dream wife. Why are people drinking, when their dreams do not come true? Then Karl-Heinz tells us, what he would love to do soon. Emigrate, to finally find his luck. *Goodbye Deutschland?* Why does he not stay in his Heimat? If he would be some one time really cleaned up and well adjusted, he would have the best chances to find a matching partner.

My father always sais, who isn't happy home, won't anywhere else either. Or differently expressed: *The grass on the other side is always greener.* That's for sure known, as well by my inner shrink. When someone is unhappy, the inner adjustment isn't right. You can explore much anew in foreign places. And one can be easily charmed and thrilled by new places and new people, but very often this enthusiasm does not last too long, its more like a straw fire. That, what my father will be eternally thrilled, is the savior of mankind, the God of life and the inner renewal. And because my father being that happy about it, he has to tell all other people about it constantly. Jesus does change people from the inside and provides them with a new personality, so that they can enlive eternal bliss and happiness. Yap. And who does not know the quest for the right partner; we girls always call him Mr. Right? My father always Sais, Mr. Right is always the one that was nailed to the cross some 2000 years ago. And one cannot do anything

but to fall smack in love with him in the first place. Man cannot put anything or one over God, as this would end up in serious worshipping of tin Gods. I think the one who looks for a partner to be happy, has the wrong approach. Exactly the other way round is right, one has to make the beloved partner happy and satisfied. The one, who does not love himself, can infect no one else with any love. And the one who ever asked himself the question, why more then the superrich people, that own so much money, that all the others are hot for, take their lives, the inner shrink in me can only give one answer, that this totally unhappy people have such an inner emptiness, they completely lack any right spirit.

Palma lies on the south coast and is the capital of Mallorca. Palma is an alive big city with many architectonic jewels, in the first place the dominating gothic cathedral *La Seu*. Here, when you can believe in all the rumors, they had *Hausverbot* (order to stay away from a house / building) for the Pope in the middle ages. The city center is the historic alfama, and many colorful pointy dots are beautiful old Jugendstil houses. Soon we see next the very carful main drag along the haven the great promenade to "bumble and fumble", to see and be seen, to eat and be eaten. And nightcats can amuse themselves here, as here they will find the most cafés, bars and restaurants.

May 5, 2009 - 8.05 a.m.

No one applauded, after us landing without any problem. Arriving in the park position, cell phones are witched out of all kinds of pockets and immediately activated. I am doing nothing but the very same. The display shows me a new sms, and is from my mobile service, that wants to inform me about the very well priced international phone rates.

We all onboard the plane. Karl-Heinz wishes us a beautiful holiday and vanishes into the next toilet. We all integrate into the hordes of tourist and move on to the luggage department. We do not have to wait too long. Waiting at the entrance of the entrance hall, already a lady from the travel agency Meckermann is waiting for us. The

woman looks like Stifler's mum and says: "You are really lucky, that you did not arrive yesterday, because all flights had to be redirected to Ibiza, due to this airport being closed down." The lady tells me the number of the bus, wishes nice holidays and is handing over some exemplary of the holiday mag *Mallorca aktuell* into my hands. Outside, Dieter collides with a young Englishman; he drops his can of *San Miguel* in shreck. The beer is splashing into some bubbling puddle. The Englishman is casting some angry looks at Dieter, exactly like my father, in the days back yonder, when I was showing him some fucked up math exam. "Sorry," Dieter excuses himself and hands him some 2 euro coin over fast, to calm him down and that he can buy himself immediately another *packed lunch*. A can of beer in the hand, the basics of every British tourist, alike the Winchester in the hands of any settler, heading westwards in the USA in those days back yonder.

The whether this morning is typically German, cool, and with a slight touch of rain. "Cold in Germany." Dieter states and we schlepp our luggage to the bus. Three girls are hanging out on the parking lot and question their cell phones. According to their facial expressions, the lil blond in her short jeans min just got an eviction from her boyfriend per sms or she could plain not get into any enthusiasm about the weather, because sunshine galore in her home country. The bus driver would like to know the name of our hotel, to place my suitcases and travel bag strategically well in the cargo bay.

We have to wait some half an hour, until we are all there, and the bus starts. No Karl-Heinz sightings anywhere. We have no clue, where his journey will lead him to. The transfer can take some whiles, depending on where the driver has to throw us out and in which holiday places und that happens.

Cala Ratjada lies in the northeast of Mallorca. The little village with the small miraculous haven is a well known holiday spot and goes with some five very extraordinary beaches. There, you can easily sleep off your hangover and suntan at the same time. Some tourist with allot of booze in their veins are hanging out till latest night. In Cala Ratjada it is successfully realized, to keep the place in its

originality. The attractive river promenade above the rocky coast is happily used by cyclists without respect, to have and keep all peaceful Promenades in fear and shreck. Every Saturday, the holidayist can enjoy the weekly market of Capdepera to have his wallet stolen by more then well trained pickpockets. Criminals, well, they are of course everywhere.

May 5, 2009 - 10.35 a.m.

We are there! So, this will be our little domicile with 92 percent recomendation. Ok, well, from the outside it charmingly expresses the character of a school youth hostel. But the sun is showing off with a smiling face and this can of course stay like that for the next days, I'd have nothing against that of course. When entering the Hotel, I am taking the flowers in, I found them in some flower carrier, and one seems to fertilize them here with cigarette butts. No wonder, some already gave up n decomposed. That means point withdrawals. The one who knows nothing about botanic, shall rather decorate the entrance area with some plastic ensembles of tropical flowers.

On the Internet, you find some portals, where you can rate hotels. To read hotel ratings is really funny, and the sentiments do vary. While the young people complain, that there would be not enough party in the nights, the older ones do emphasize how they enjoy the calm in the anlage in the evenings. For one, the coffee was first class, for the other only some brown slobbery pukeatracking something of a liquid. One can debate about the comfort in the rooms, of course. It depends, where one is coming from, how one is furnished at home and so on. Its makes definitely a big difference, whether you come from Guantanamo or Beverly Hills! The one, who arrives with high expectances, can be easily disappointed. The one who is modest and stays modest, without any big expectances, will not be disillusioned that fast. Already Einstein did know: *The horizon of some people does resemble a circle with the radius nil and that's what they call their point of view.*

The hotel management has a very demonstrative thick organ for the smelling, it goes with an excellent organ for the language: "Grande catastrophe! Grande catastrophe!" he is cursing around as the first reception. "Meckermann travels? Are you from Meckermann travels?" "Correct!" answers Dieter him with complete calm though already guessing that some kind of evil tidings is hanging like some sword of Damocles smack over our heads. "Kaput, kaput, kaput..." our entrance is lamenting on. What is kaput? I need an explanation.

Some blond is rushing into the hotel. She is completely breathless and is wearing a short, tight red skirt, together with some yellow blouse, that is opened that wide, that one can easily enjoy her whole black bra. "Who is that?" I am asking Dieter, but he seems to be that breathless, he stays quiet. Hopefully that is an explanation. "Hello," pants the breathless, "I have to catch my breath first." "Are you the travel guide?" I ask, after she seems to have caught up with her breath and relaxed a little. "Yes, my name is Sarah Sackmann. And I am the head of the travel guide department of Meckermann, responsible for the North of the island. You have booked with us?" "Yes, exactly," sais Dieter. Mrs. Sackmann is taking a close look onto her clipboard and wants to know more. "Then you obviously have to be Mr. Dobrowolski and company, is that right?" We both only nod shortly and stupidly look at each other and curiously wait for more information. *The unexpected is the enemy of the human, and one should be prepared.*

We are again questioned for some more. "Okay, you did exactly book what?" "One week Mallorca, three stars. All inclusive." I say and express myself straight and clearly. "Excuse me, it goes like this, this night all members of a string orchestra from Prague have six rooms..." "Siete!" interrupts the manager the travel guide unmistakable. "Ok, then seven. Seven rooms got totally divested and smashed up." "What? No rock musician? No drunken Englishmen?" Dieter is wondering and not only he. A bunch of musicians can never be underrated, no matter whether they try themselves with Mozart's little night music or blast away with heavy metal. Contingently this wild bunch of freaked out Tschech cellists manages to tear the place apart and thus deprives it of its originality.

"The orchestra departed this morning, though the renovation of the rooms will surely take two days." "Tres dias!" Again, our travel guide is corrected vociferous from the coati-mundi at the reception. "As this hotel is totally booked, the only alternative is to house you somewhere else. I will take care of everything." Sarah Sackmann steps next to Dieter and is giving him comfort, by rubbing his back with her right hand and addresses him with some "No panic, I am there. Now everything will be fine." Then she has her hand glide deeper and pats his booty. Hey, wait a sec. Fingers OFF this one, that's mine, that is MINE absolutely! As if she heard my thoughts, she takes her pranks off and comes to the conclusion, that she left her cell phone in her yellow Renault Twingo. Yes, cell phone, that's right. I am just taking a look, whether something went on inbetween. Two sms arrived. The first one from my mobile phone provider. That is advertizing his very well prices rates again, and the second one is from Kitty. *Hi sweet, flying to Mallorca tomorrow, did you arrive well?* I will answer her later; right now I do not feel like it. I need some beer. And then a shower.

May 5, 2009 - 11.10 a.m.

The transfer, organized from our travel guide arrived, a yellow Fiat Punto with a Spanish driver, that wear some little silver chain with a cross around his neck. He is very friendly and helps us, to board the luggage. Dieter takes the front seat and we are the only guests. "One time eighty-third, corner of Madison." My friend is joking and sais to me: "Three day for the renovation? Enterprise-Chefingeneur Scott from Star Trek would have gotten that straight in some three hours. Did you see that black bra from the Sackmann?" "Sure," I answer snapping, "that you immodestly understood that sexual invitation." "Hey, don't be that bitchy!" "Don't you ever think, I'd not noticed, how she was playing with your ass?" "She was surely very concerned about our personal wellbeing." *Well, rather YOUR well being ...*

I am angry and cannot enjoy the comfortable drive. And additionally to all else, the motor starts to stutter shortly after Porto Cristo, alike me, when I cannot come up with any adequate answer. The Spanish

driver stops the Punto to the very right of the road. Again, another *Grande catastrophe*? Dieter wants to know. The Spanish shakes his head, but isn't that sure himself. He decars and opens the front lid. "Boah, ey, could they not just shortly beam Scotty down, to find out what's wrong? He would find that out in some second." Dieter tried hard to joke, but his gag is not really getting through. And our driver takes his shirt off, not to dirten it. Surfacing now, a white, totally unerotic white undershirt, from this gushing out more then decorative black breast hairs. Due to the opened front lid the view onto the worker is blocked. After two minutes, the Spanish one reappears, he is wearing a dirty white undershirt, more then decorated with black oily splashes.

The front lid gets closed again and the driver tries to restart the motor. The control pedal seems to function, but the motor does not really want to jumpstart. Now the God-fearing Spanish sends a devout ejaculation to the heaven and tries his luck anew. Hallefrigginluja, the motor jumpstarts, now, who'd thought that?

Something not only my father found out, that humans only address God, when an emergency situation commenced. You can even see that in films by Alan Smithee. With the stupid question "*Why did God let that happen?*" one has the Almighty in some seconds on the dock. But this is where man belongs, because we are all drenched in sins, like the shirt now with motor oil, and thus no one may ask that question. God has to render no one any account that is what my father thought me, too. The one who asks himself desperately the question "Why did this one have to die?" asked the wrong question. The right one would be "Why am I still alive?" The normal condition of God is the elimination of sin, because God hates sin. The state of emergency of any God is, when for a change no catastrophe happens, when God due to his eternal mercifulness gives humans thus time, to convert themselves. The one who does not believe this, should just get familiar with the some first pages of the Holy Bible, there he can find everything.

We three send some devout ejaculation toward heaven. The tour continuous, my moods slowly gets better.

Porto Colom lies at the east coast of Mallorca and is named right after Christopher Columbus, who was supposed to be born here, but that is not true. I was always thinking Columbus to be Spanish, but he originated in Genoa, the town now belonging to Italy. This sailor of worlds once got ready to trail westwards, with the goal to reach India, but instead arrived actually in America. This is what I roughly know from my friend Kitty. When she gets ready to make it over to the gym Uncle Sam, then she only manages to make it to the ice café Italia. Discos are not yet know in Porto Colom, thus it is all rather calmed out here still, Interesting the Alfama and the haven. Here you can find all the countless little really good fish joints and restaurants next to all the little fisher huts and the little white chalked houses.

May 5, 2009 - 12.25 a.m.

We arrived! So that is now our accommodation with - no clue - how much percent recommendation. The hotel is lead by a Swiss and I just hope it will be as calm and relaxed as in the Swiss. We receive the keys for a room on the sixth floor, above would be only the Spa-Area. A cheap looking bracelet is to be used for the accreditation for free drinks till 10:30 p.m. Here the appearance more then fools.

Finally my beer. I leave Dieter and my luggage alone at the reception counter, hurry to the bar and do order. After I emptied my glass with two big greedy schlucks at the bar, someone does address me from the side. "Hey, what are you doing here?" I am looking a slight touch of irritated at the guy, looking more then freshly showered, while wearing some super cool sunglasses. Somehow familiar. Now, where do I know that dude from? "Hey, it's only me, Karl-Heinz." "Ah, Karl-Heinz, you. I did not recognize you first. You really more then optically improved!" Now off with the hair, and out with the caries, then he will be pretty acceptable. "Sure, I spent yesterday night in the Düsseldorf Altstadt, the red light district, in some more then smoky bar and drank plenty of beers, to cover time. That leaves its traces. The suitcase, I already gave it up the evening before, and thus I had no fresh rags handy, I really forgot that. Then I prepared myself some little *packed lunch*, and you don't frigid believe it, instead I only did

pack the glad wrap. Actually I only noticed when I arrived at the airport." My father was in Venice, some years ago and only back home, he realized that he had no film in his camera." "You should see some old photos of me, me and me. Back yonder, you will not believe it, I was the total Adonis, my athletic body being sculptured and carved into stone without ever end by French artists." "I think, man, you exaggerate a little, but I think, its funny, start to laugh and infect him with that. After this small interlude I am asked: "But what makes me wonder, is that you are actually here! I thought, you'd is in Cala Ratjada. And where at all is Dieter, your father?" "My father? Men in the andropause have a more then deep passion for us girls, who could be their daughter," I reveal to him. "He is my boyfriend!" "Now I think, you do exaggerate a little, but I think, its funny," Karl-Heinz sais, and I am not even sure at all, whether he believes a word.

May 5, 2009 - 2:00 p.m.

Is there anything more wonderful then a beneficial, refreshing shower? Sure, but when you are completely drenched in sweat and the rags are sticky and glued to your body in this real unpleasant way. Then you do not go for too much else, you only look forward to nothing but a shower. And only after the shower you will actually look forward to eat, especially when it turns out to be utterly delicious.

It is two, we are as stuffed as can and the the exploration of the hotel anlagen is now the next on the plain. We state, that all and everything is directly located next to the rocky coast. And we state, Karl-Heinz has his room directly next to us. We state, that the two legged blonde symphonic snipe Miss Sackmann, probably one of the hottest travel guides of the whole island, will arrive for personal consultations around 11 a.m. tomorrow at the hotel. And here we only find one and only one animator, and this one is call Toshiba. That one is Japanese. And speaks fluently Spanish, German, enlist and whaddoIknowall. It always depends on - which channel you switch on. On wednesday, his LCDs show us the Championsleage-Semifinal back play Chelsea against Barcelona, highly expected amongst all soccer fans.

Chelsea, that is not only the name of the daughter of Uncle Bill, but that is an English soccer club, that's a thing, I am really sure of. Probably, the daughter of the former us president was once begotten in this western part of London. Later attempts by Bill, to beget another child, completely failed due to the more then functioning preservatives, used by Hillary. And the more then functioning preservatives, used by the interns.

Soccer, yes, soccer, that was invented in England. What all else was ever invented on this island, well I do not exactly know, Maybe riding-school teachers? I know English fans. In the year 2006 the soccer world cup was held in Germany. The English sat in packs with naked upper parts of their bodies in the beer gardens and did nothing but hassle all staff and passerby's. They drank beer out of big mugs and for the fun of it; they mutually poured it allover their heads. That is something, they actually learned from German tourists in Mallorca. Instead of paying the bills, they rather smashed up the inventory, tables and chairs, and tried to fuck off, faster then any cops called trying to arrest the. They must have really learned that from Disaster Detlef.

Carraces do not that much interest me, I was already more then done with the taxi drive to the airport. Nowadays humans do amuse themselves in front of the TV screen to death. Allot of what is shown, I don't think to be funny any second. One thing I really absolutely do not go far at all, intelligent people, that try to be funny on TV, and really do nothing but present them idiot.

Not only have I seemed to be totally enthusiastic about this great hotelanlage. "Hey, magic mouse, I got some little idea. Shall we not ask the travel guide, whether we can just keep our room? The anlage here isn't anything but great, has a far better placement then the one in Ratjada. And this holiday horror Karl-Heinz is so amusing and entertaining. I was already scared; we would end up trying hard to enjoy some dark, depressive dump with the charming view onto some stinky backyard. And we have the ocean view here, that we would have to miss out in Cala Ratjada. In this flophouse, the first impression was not too good anyways and this coati mundi of a hotel

manager had definitely the charm of some old warden." "Yes!" I do completely agree. "That's the way I see it, too. It is not at all clear to me either why this dump was rated that high?" "Probably via manipulations. You can find all those PR-Agencies, that are specialized in rating dumps that positive, simply to attack holidayers and to escalated the top line. But the negative ratings are much more interesting for anyone, searching for real information about any hotel." "I never thought about that." I mumbled. "I really think it to be super here, magic mouse, and the food is great. Let's try to stay here?" "Yes!"

We leave the hotel to take some close looks at the particular scenery. But oops, who is that one, just coming across us, shortly before the haven? He is wearing his red shirt open, and right over his deep placed black Capri trousers, his muscolous upper part of the body is more then highly and well visual. *Hmmm - sexy!* His skin is slightly brown and on his left upper arm he has tattooed a black rose. *My panties melt...* "Look, he looks like Bruce Willis anno 1990," Dieter sais to me. "Indeed?" "Jo..." I shortly add and am not able to add any more. I am bamboozled. Dieter does not like this actor. He is jalousie, because in the end of the movie *Keine halbe Sachen* (Originaltitel: The Whole Nine Yards) Bruce Willis may deeply show his tongue into the throat of the receptionist and serial killer Jill, played by Amanda Peet. Dieter's most favorite actresses do all start with an A: Amanda Peet, Andie MacDowell, Anna Heche and the hottest bride for him eternally is Anne Hathaway. With me, by the way, it's the other way around, my surname ends with A. Whenever getting any glimpse of Anna Hathaway, the adiposed cholestirinic heart of Dieter starts to hammer wildly. He thinks, that is roughly alike, as if Osama Bin Laden prays his morning prayers to Allah in front of the gates of Mecca and someone would house the star banner in the Holy City. Nothing to be done against that in this very moment.

Bruce is passing by and I shortly turn around, to see, whether the Adonis, that could plain pass as the younger clone of Bruce Willis, enters our hotelanlage. No, he is not. He is marching straight onwards. The only thing, I would kill without any second thoughts instantly, would be a date with Bruce Willis. The real one of course.

May 5, 2009 - 7:30 p.m.

The restaurant is already open since some half an hour, but we are still in our room. I can still not really decide which rags I'd like to wear for dinner. Finally I found my dressing, that I can wear and show me off in the bar later, too. That's where we will be heading to. Auffie! Dieter and I do leave flight like the room and disclaim the option to take the elevator, instead, jumping bouncily the stairs downstairs. In the dining-hall, Karl-Heinz is waving at us and we take him up on his offer, to join his table and company.

The buffet is screaming for crapulence. Kitty would come more then totally to here costs here. ***Crapulence back - crapulence forth.*** Who cares, we appreciate the capital sin, and we are on holiday. Dieter is torn back and forth from the culinary joys and is talking big. "When we are back home, my honey pie, and then I will treat you with handmade home-style paella." An enormously ambitious project for someone, that most of the time foods himself via instantomarc meals, heated up with the help of some microwave. We have some chats with Karl-Heinz, whose tendency to exaggerations amuses us completely. After the extended meal, we decide to conquer the bar.

May 5, 2009 - 10.45 p.m.

Dieter wants to throw some rounds, costs nothing, as most of the drinks are for free anyways. "Hey Karl-Heinz, manage another beer?" Our new friend answers most of the time with Barack Obama's Parole "*Yes we can!*" Both men order choir style three little beer that promptly arrive freshly tongued their way to us. The whole lotta dozen of holidayers, conquering the bar along with us, is definitely finding themselves in different states of drunkenness, but seem to all derive from Germany. Beer number how much I garble down right now, I do not now, but it will be surely one of the last ones. To stay sober here, is more then difficult, because all others try nothing but to exactly permanently avoid that. Alcohol here seems to serve as some kind of a social lubricant.

An older guy dressed up in some white summer suit, a hat on the head and a woman at his side, approaches us. He is wearing a wide open buttoned Shorty that shows off a golden chain. The lady seems to be already pretty drunk. I guess her to be in her mid 30ies, some 20 years younger then her companion. She is wearing a short white skirt, along with some black top, danger of flight for her tits included. To not observe her tits, seems thus to be of a certain difficulty. Dieter and Karl-Heinz seem to appreciate.

"Already tried the Prosecco?" we are asked by the man. No, not all of them come from Germany; my hypersensitive little ear did just recognize some Austrian dialect. "Prosecco, I did stop to consummate that one, when I started with puberty," answers Karl-Heinz. My Dieter alike did recognize the dialect and gets curious. "You are from Austria, right?" "I am from Vienna, she from Tirol." "I am from Imsterberg ... hicks," prattles the lady from Tirol and sits down on some stool. "You are drunk and will go to sleep soon," orders the guy. "I am noooooooooooooooot drunk at all" prattles she on and makes a heavy pout. The content of her handbag, a potpourri from coins, honked paper towels, cosmetic and pencils, she plain all pours them all allover the counter and distorts her face in disbelief. "Where are the ... cigs ... arettes?" "I already pocketed them for you." The man in the white suit is fishing a pack out of his jacket and hands her a cig over. When lighting it for her, the cigarette falls out of the corner of her mouth, landing safely on her skirt. But before it is rolling down, it manages nevertheless to burn a circular hole into the fabric.

"Where does this Schwarzenegger come from?" asks Dieter. "He comes from the Steiermark, there, where Graz lies." "My body is a wonder of nature. While Arnold's body is nothing better if at all a wonder of anabolic." Karl-Heinz is joking. "Cómico!" the Austrian goes, who obviously does not go for someone making jokes about his fellow countryman. Karl-Heinz feels obviously challenged. "Comico? Ah, our man from Vienna can speak Spanish. The please tell me, what handcuffs are in Spanish?" "Handcuffs in Spanish? No idea." The Austrian goes, and shortly shakes his head. I think, Disaster Detlef could have answered this question easily. He was caught riding some scrumped Kawasaki, in Catalonia, dashing through the villages at the

Costa Brava. "Esposas." "Esposa means wife and esposas are thus of course the wife's," explains the Austrian. "Right as well," agrees Karl-Heinz, "It is like a game of little teapot, guessing homonominals." Again, we did learn something with our quizmaster Karl-Heinz. Man, this really turns out to be an educational vacation here, we should defiantly tax deduct that.

The Austrian orders two Proseccos, while his drunk female companion is more than enchanted, that Mallorca would be after Mykonos the most beautiful of all Italian islands, definitely! "Here in Spain a marriage is voted to be successful already, when it is not divorced. Divorces are the norm here." The Austrian explains. "This seems to be a peoples' sport. In Greece it's the tax fraud and in Spain the divorce." Karl-Heinz states amused. "The firry Spaniard and the firry Spanish lady are not made for any longer termed relationship. Nearly 3 of all 4 marriages are being divorced immediately again." The gentleman from Austria seems to know quite something about marriage, the cheerful grave of all love.

My father always made me it clear to me that many humans are not really aware that the institution marriage is nothing but an invention by God, of course, as one is speaking here about the holy alliance. When both partners have a close relationship with their creator, then this is cementing their pact and no one can destroy this marriage. Otherwise one has to face the real existing danger, that sin does break the relationship and is shattering the marriage, thus causing it to brake up sooner or later. The basic problem would be not exactly the age of the involved married couple, because nowadays so many marry young, but the ripening of the believe in God, who will sooner or later will probe this bondage.

"Do I hear here a big interest in divorce?" asks Karl-Heinz the Austrian. "Rather. I myself am divorced already two times. And I can remember my first marriage well. A bunch of people, that all wanted to get pissed drunk on my costs. I was handling that in some more intelligent way the next time, we were marrying secretly." "And the lady is the new candidate? All good things are three, as we all know." Karl-Heinz is hunting details, as he seems to be clearly interested in

the bride. "The one who lost two times that much money in some war of divorce, the one has defiantly lost all interest in any marriage," states the Austrian.

The barkeeper serves the two ordered Prospects and the Austrian brings out some toast. His girlfriend is fluctuating her glass heavily. She does not seem to notice, that a gush splashes onto her skirt. "So," the Austrian claims, after having finished his glass, "now we go to sleep." "I stay here and am no sheep!" She seems not to be blessed with any too fast powers of apprehension. But no wonder, with that load of high percentage happiness flooding in her veins.

The couple from Austria starts to depart. While leaving the bar, the women manages to bring out some kind of "I am not dr..." to then shortly after that send some part of the of her stomach contents after long. Again a short while afar that everything is cleaned up again by the staff. This man has a good chance now, to become staff of the month in this hotel.

"That mare was not too bad, or?" joys Karl-Heinz. "That decollate was not too bad" adds Dieter and "Bad was her condition." I misled add very serious and think additionally, that men in general are ready to tolerate much too much, when the view does compensate. And even when this includes ravines of dumbness, that one cannot at all dispose, this seems to be of no further handicap for the male cock.

"Oh man, was that dude loaded." Dieter takes another schlock and philosophies on. "I am not drunk. That sounded so more then believable than, as believable as any of the Stones swearing, that they never took any drugs in their lives. Man, she was not even able to stand straight." "With me, everything always stands as straight as should. By the clavus of my grandmother, everything always stands as straight as should," confesses Karl-Heinz. "I am only lacking a woman, to actually prove it." A blonde shrew, mid 40ies with thick glasses on her nose is joining in. "Men often brag with their potency, as if they could make half Tokyo collapse with their cocks, but completely fail in bed. A blowhard with some chicken cock is more or less like a fat portemonnaie, which is only full of small money, loads

of coins. One cannot buy much with it and it does not last. And then something else. To get a woman into bed, every man will turn politician, who wants to win an election and promises her everything. I think, this male crowns of creation are driven by some kind of brainless, pulsing motor, that I would not ever suck with my chubby lips one second." Could her be lesbian?

"As you happen to mention money ..." Karl-Heinz is sipping his glass, throws a glance at the blonde and adds "Does anyone know a good bank, where I can borrow some dough, to become debtfree?" "When money starts, friendship ends." Dieter feels to mention and Karl-Heinz keeps on jabbering. "But again, with the money it can start sometimes. Could you maybe lend me 5000 euro? This would be the beginning of a wonderful friendship!" asks Karl-Heinz Miss four glasses. She is spilling her *Vino tinto* in shrike all over her light blue top. "Great way to do it!" Karl-Heinz more then obviously amused. "For heaven's sake, it was only red vine and no water!" "Hey!" fizzles the natter, "got some more stupid remarks!?" "Hey, was only meant ironically," excuses Karl-Heinz himself with some grin on his face. "An ironic commentary is nothing but a smilingly recited insult," states the viper seriously. "But only for people that do not own any sense of humor," philosophized Dieter and is 100 percent sure, that this is so.

"Man, you are all nothing but pissed drunk, man," the dragon with the wet top rages. "Not you, but we are all pissed drunk." Karl-Heinz is correcting. Dieter sais: "WE are all ...! Yes, self-awareness is the first step for any betterment." "Luckily I will depart tomorrow!" hisses Lavisher's bride. "And where will we travel to?" asks Karl-Heinz. "New York? - Rio? - Tokyo?" "Screw you!" Better a glass in the hand, then a bottle in bed," she spits out sharp, throwing angry looks at Karl-Heinz. "Better a glass in the hand, then a bottle in the shelf, that's how the saying goes," conters Karl-Heinz. The offspring of Satan is taking off to her heels, but before collides with our friend, in such a manner, that the rest of her vine now colors Karl-Heinz's trousers smack red. This will surely not been of any intentional character, but the shrink in me knows, how hard unconsciousness does work. "Hoppy, got some other pastimes, party pooper?" Karl-Heinz bids her good-bye.

I am not risking one further beer. I tell shortly the phrase-mongers Bye-bye and leave the bar, direction elevator. When I press the button, I can still hear the whole mob boohooing at the counter "*Yes we can!*" This reminds me of the last night. After Dieter and I slept together in the evening for the first time, I rested my head, laying it down on his chest. He played with my long hair and right after he put his hand under my chin, to kiss me. And to ask me then: "Manage another round?" Without expecting any answer of mine, he proudly state "*Yes we can!*" And on he went, everything else but exiguous genital qualities, let me just say. This went on for several times this "*Yes we can!*" - "*Yes we can!*" - "*Yes we can!*" In the meantime, I was sure, that this question did not even relate to me at all, but was plain addressing his cock. His best piece seemed to a more then happening substitute for some turbo-phantastic-ultra-friggin sport scar, which he thus does not at all needs. When Dieter starts in bed with this more then complex and complicated knot like positions, I always wish. He would actually have one. In my thoughts, he then cruises with me in pure sunshine under cloudless skies over all landscapes and I take in deeply the whiff of freedom and adventure.

Push, I am dogbane tired. The distress of the days is wearing me out. The getting up early, the turbulences of the night before, the way too much alcohol. I slowly get undressed. On my bed, still some chaotic mount of tops, skirts and trousers, I threw them onto, before I found myself my all evening winner's outfit. I throw the rags into the shelf and me into my bed.

I can hear steps in the corridor. And voices. Dieter and Karl-Heinz seem to say good-bye to each other. Yes, exactly, the door opens and my darling lover is there, but he immediately vanishes into the toilet. Next room I can hear, how Karl-Heinz palters into his. Rather clairaudient, this all here, But for some south European standards still pretty normal, or? I can hear, how Karl-Heinz really has some heavy winds blowing, or was it my friend? I can hear how Karl-Heinz has his ultralow TV going. I just hope that Dieter does not suddenly come up with the idea, to start something up with me. I really need a good cap of beauty sleep. In case he would start to fumble, I would directly cancel his procure.

May 6, 2009 - 9:10 a.m.

No complaints about the breakfast, only Dieter is grumbling, that he does not like the coffee, it would be way too thin, as much as the walls in the hotel. Nevertheless, he drinks it inspires and his mood just appears to become a little better after the fifth one. Along the way, he is testing, whether he would be able to manage some seven eggs, supposedly good for the potencies. Supposed to save one from having blackouts while lust and love. No problem for me. Allegedly, the self burned liquor of my grandpa was supposed to have the same effect. Gramps was always sure, that his brand of moonshine would for do nothing else but increase each and any potencies, to sharpen the senses and to make sure of a healthy plumbing. My Grandma stated, only the last to be true, actually. Nevertheless, my Grandpa always tried some new tricks, till he had the optimized result. Better to test then to study and more fun to self make then to buy.

I am watching out for Karl-Heinz, but I cannot locate him anywhere. Some tables further onwards, a very thick and ugly woman squatted with her husband, as well not necessarily any erotic decoration, and along with their two kids. "And that you well behave during this holiday here!" she bosses her son around and the daughter alike that stirs some pound of sugar into her coffee.

Some half an hour later, Dieter and I leave well fed n stuffed and good mooted the dining hall, while the boy finally managed to rip out some bushels of his sister's hair. In return, she now tries to scratch out his eyeballs, just happily checking out the knives and forks around.

"Hey I know this one! Isn't it your bosom friend Kitty?" I am asked by my darling honey pie, while we are approaching the reception counter. Of course it is her. What a coincidence, that moppeling is just taking quarter in our hotel. Quietly we steer toward Kitty and I address her smack from the side. Kitty did not see me coming, as she is filling out the registration formulary. "Hi there..."

My best friend is shortly puzzled and then falls screaming with joy around my neck. "But, but, but," she stutters and cannot omit one clear

sentence at all. I tell the story, why we are here at all. Did not tell her before, as I plain forgot, to answer her SMS. "Imagine, I met a total cute guy from Berlin during the transfer here in the bus," she twitters, after having gotten herself together fast again. "A guy from Berlin? What is his name?" "Hey, I'd love to know that myself, I had no moment at all to even ask him that. But he is in advertisement. Oh, hi Didi." "Hi Kitty, you here and not in Bollywood?" Dieter flachsing.

We arrange a dinner' date with Kitty at 1 p.m... Around 2 p.m. her new acquaintance would show up, he was set up in some other hotel in the village, but he would come over to fetch her here. Feverish she was more then looking forward to that rendezvous. Good chance for Kitty to finally tell her single-life good-bye. Dieter once stated concerning those matters: "Either Kitty is going to find some stupid freak soon, which makes her three kids; otherwise you will see her sitting lonely on some park bench some 15 years later. Legs weed spread, skirt drawn up high, so that all can adore her liebestöter. Or, when all else fails, she can still go lesbian." The shrink in me is sure, that deep in Kitty sleeps some fragile, slim beauty, but she is keeping her away with the help of loads of chocolate. Of course in the first place she wants to fight the utter frustration about her lonely single life with this shitloads of chocolate. What a vicious circle and of course only some prince charming can save her out of that all.

May 6, 2009 - 9:45 a.m.

When it should be somehow possible, then we will plain stay in this hotel. Shall Dieter take care of all the other things. He is weeping for it, to gape into Sackmann's blouse anyway. Shall he clear all with her at 11 a.m.? I will just happily head off to the beach. Close to the reception, I will discuss everything with him. Ok, he stays, and will try to talk with the travleguide, whether we can stay here until our departure. He will find me at smack at the beach. Dieter is saying Bye-bye to me with some little kisses on my cheeks and runs to the outside. No idea, where he want to run to.

I will just stroll some more through the hotel. At the bar, lonely sits Karl-Heinz. He zilches a beer, seemingly to handle the late effects of the night before and to soothe them out. "Hey, Karl-Heinz, all ok? Did you already check out the offers of the alcohol department? How are you?" As an answer, I receive a well cultivated gulp and then he adds "Got some plain cultivated hangover!" That seems to be the starter's gun for some further alcoholic escapade. "Soso, a cultivated hangover, I was already guessing so. By the way, what actually are you doing for a living, Karl-Heinz?" "Waiting. Waiting for chances. Waiting for better times to come up." "Ok, means nothing, right?" "Yes, exactly!" "And how does one finance one's holidays that way?" "By making debts." Karl-Heinz is laughing and gets to the point. "Luckily I have a rich aunt, that on and off helps I out with some little financial injection. But the debts of course, they stay, but I rather am Mr. Spender." "Soso, that's the reason you wanna fuck off in the foreign? So... And what about going to work? Already ever tried?" "Well, going to work is not necessarily my cup of tea." Karl-Heinz confesses and orders another beer.

Idleness back - idleness forth. Man has to work, has to engage himself in some easeful way. To work means, to do something for someone else, everyone has some God-given capacity, knows my father, the only thing, he'd never do, will be indulged in any sweet idleness.

"For me life can only be understood as wickerwork of never-ending absurdities," cries Karl-Heinz. With a statement as such, my father would have stood up straight on some barstool and would have donated endlessly some happy scenic applause for such a counter philosophy in some completely smoky bar. I hurry to order some Coke. From the sad undertone in his voice, the shrink in me deduces instantly, that Karl-Heinz just wants to over cover his insecurities and annoyance with this kind of stupid gibberish. But still better then all the damn crank yards, that constantly have to take out their own unsatisfaction on others. Another reason to tratsch about the life of others, to have some better light casted on oneself.

"Whether or not ever cocaine was a serious ingredient of Coca Cola, will probably stay one of those ever unsolved riddles on this planet," states Karl-Heinz himself, a Karl-Heinz, suddenly a little incarnation of happiness again. "And the thoughts of a woman will always be of a deep mystery for Me," he confesses. "Little secrets are a kind of effective Aphrodisiacal, too. I am going to the beach soon. What's up with you? "I'll just drink some little more, I mean, doesn't cost anything, right? And then I might be going to the pool, weapon with some bath towel, and find me some last holidaying to challenge into some serious duel about the last sun chair as such, or something like that." I honor this ill rap with a grin, which I can plain not avoid wearing.

To challenge the so called intelligence of Karl-Heinz a little, I ask him about Bucharest. "Bucharest is the capital of Rumania. I know this accidentally." "Right, I nearly forgot," I add and fumble around in my hair. "Though school. Talk about geography, what I say. To read anything was never my cup of tea in general. The most intellectual artifact of any print matters was for a pretty long time the *Kicker* (soccer magi). Later I actually did add a dictionary, a Spanish dictionary. Talk about any learning, I am still able to know all the determined schemes of all Taekwondo-Do-Belt exams right away by heart."

The man dressed up as can, joins us at the bar. A more then captivating smell does find its entrance into my nose, a mix of a very expensive shampoo and exclusive fragrance. He seems to be as old as Dieter and wants to force us into some discussions. "Anyone of you knowing Seville? Anyone was there already?" Neither Karl-Heinz, nor me are able to answer that question. "It's really beautiful there, really. Seville is the capitol of Andalusia and the forth biggest town of Spain. "Well, exactly there, the Barber invented the hair-do" added Karl-Heinz dryly. The man plain ignores the remark and keeps on lecturing: "Seville is the home of Carmen, Don Giovanni and Don Juan. "And of Donald Duck," adds Karl-Heinz. "And what about Don Quixote, the knight of the sad countenance? Did he not come from Spain, too?" "Sure enough, but he came from Castilla-La Mancha. Yes. Don Quixote, the incarnation of an Antihero. In the end, finally he dies of

melancholia." "And I will die of a water lack," fears Karl-Heinz, taking a deep schluck of beer. "You really know something about this planet, right?" Karl-Heinz wants to know. "I was already in o so many countries allover the world," he ensured us, among others like eleven times in the USA." He proudly adds. "But this is only one country," corrects Karl-Heinz and asks him a question: "Have you been in New York? - Rio? - Tokyo? This would have been three countries." "In New York I have been already for the second time, I have once been at the Copacabana and of course I more then adored all the coffering ladies from Brazil." "Well, you can find hot women everywhere, or?" continues Karl-Heinz. "Once I knew one in our hood, she was some kind of black-haired, and man, she was so utterly hot, she would just plain put her finger into some pot and the water would boil up in a second, you know, like an immersion heater. But she was so damn naive. She married some kind of a blender. Could I fool some women, I'd is long married, but I am a more then miserable actor altogether, totally. When I was a kid, I was more then sure, that each and every black-haired woman was some kind of nymphomaniac she-devil. Took me some sixteen years, to find out, it is not that way. Well, something else, before I forget it. Luckily I made it out in time with some blue eye only, because I was able to avoid cleverly all fistfights and diverse projectiles." "Why, what did happen?" I got curious. "Well, in the middle of the night, the friend of mine came home. I really did not know anything about any of that, and of course he was as damn welcome as any controller in the tram."

"Already next month, I am going to Denmark. There, I will not make any holiday, but I want to have my eye problems taken care of in some private acupuncture praxis," the well dressed man tells me. "You drive to Denmark? That shows alot of phantasie. Next month I will drive to my personal quarry point and will have me bit by as much mosquitoes as can." After this rap, Karl-Heinz does order some moonshine, of course only with the intention that the beer in his belly does not feel that lonely.

"Are you alone here?" I ask the man, from whom I know neither name nor where he comes from. "I am married, and this for the second time, but I left this wife back home. My first wife died some seven years

ago, she was from the Philippines. After I had my tears dried, three days later I went on some quest for a new one." "Means you got on some plane and flew to Asia, to the islands," sais Karl-Heinz. "No, I had myself shown the new catalogue." A wife out of a catalogue? What kinda joke is this supposed to be?

The man proudly shows off his wristwatch. "Look, a real *Rolex*. No imitation from Turkey." "Look," sais Karl-Heinz and points onto his mouth. "Real teeth, no imitation. No gold teeth." The definitely isn't loosing his calm and keeps on jabbering. I am not at all any happy listener, it plain sucks. My inner deft of enthusiasm simply tells me to fuck off. I would love to chill out this beautiful morning at some undisturbed place, and thus I tell the two good-bye.

Ascend to my room, to pack all and everything for some serious sunbathing. A person, that buys his wedding partner, is more then suspect to me. My sister did tell me stories about Disaster Detlef's sister, and for him nearly everything was totally suspect, not only the brother, but even the cleaning rag. With this very rag, within some half an hour, the dishes were washed in the bathtub, the bathtub cleaned and then the cat's toilet, but chronologically seen in the converse sequence. And talk about pride, nothing but the crutch of the insecure.

May 6, 2009 - 10:00 a.m.

Wearing flip-flops, I dilly-dally in some long white cotton trousers and in some still pink flowery H&M-top from our hotel to the beach. For some short while, I am escorted by some bunch of tiny insects, that schwirr around my head, to the beach of Cala Marsal I need not more then some quarter of an hour. The bathing bay claims to have received its name from this hotel, which is only separated by some road from the beach. Just about as if the Metropolis Istanbul is straight named after this little joint with this arbitrary delicious döner kebab. Or like the celltrakt of some prison named smack after Disaster Detlef. For some convict, this has the same significance, as if some artist is honored with a star on the *Walk of Fame*.

To find some free little spot is not that hard, and it's early and its more then early season anyways, I get this big towel out of my beach bag and spread it. Then I take of my trousers and top and get comfy. Well, here I go, lying on my back in some yellow bikini and think about my future, well, with the result, that all always turns out different, then one thinks it to. Right, Mr. Columbus? Man thinks, God steers. These lil ditties should be well known. Why is that so? Men who love God, like my father, are more then sure, that God always has some better plan in the back, then the one you have, But again, it is a question of time, when this becomes clear to you. This can take some weeks, month, years, well, a whole life. Sometimes this will never be clear to you, well; the ways of the master are more then unfathomable. This is approximately like, well, if men would have to understand all and everything that goes on in the head of the girls, they'd never find any end.

On my right hand side, a guy lies on his belly and has some more then attractive Adonis body. His visage, I cannot recognize it at all. I am asking myself seriously, will this face hold up to what the body promises? His fat buddy seems to be the total opposite of him, at least from the figure. He lies there like some sort of stranded wale and additionally he looks bad, another of those horrifying mutants, of this species man.

On my left hand side, in some meters distance, two German girls take their bikini tops off. The one with the thick bells does wear some string tanga. When she has something uncomfortably stick between her teeth, she still can make use of her tanga, being as thin as some tooth silk. Topless isn't anything for me. Better some snowy white like tits, that will be tenderly massaged by some man, then this burned brown tits, that nobody cares about, and that will if only then be stared at by some "horny by necessity" buddies. Or by jalousie lady's eyes. ***Jealousy back - jealousy forth.*** I am very proud of my optimized bust size, as nature really meant it well with me. Though my breasts are surely still underlying gravity, too. My sister always sais, the older you get, the more you will actually feel that. *Time is poison for the beauty of a woman.*

The wale next to me sat up in the meantimes. Now he starts to smoke, is drawing with the despair of some crack junkie his cigarette and focuses hard on me. Probably he does hope that I would spend some little time of my holidays in his bed.

Only some very few had the pleasure of ever seeing my breasts naked. I should have surely never shown them to my last lover. Before, I had spirited after nearly six years from my boyfriend, with whom I was already together in my youth, because love did whither and I could not feel well any second with him. This all in total did end rather more then crass for me, that crass, that I was hardly able to breath at all. Okay, but let that be that. Much too fast and without thinking I did start up a new relationship. It was plain frigid love at first sight. That's my dream boy, into all eternity, that was exactly my feeling. But feeling can lie and love makes you blind, anyways. But when my eyes were suddenly popping open some four weeks later, what a damn frigid idiot I got fooled by, then all and everything was already over anyways. I separated from this guy as fast as can from this guy, who reduces women to their tits, ass and legs. Apart from that, he thought himself to be more then ultimo phantastico.

That is my dream boy in all and ever eternity, that was my feeling, but feelings can lie and betray and love makes blind, anyfrigginways. But some four weeks later, I got the eye-opener, what kind of a damn friggin idiot that was, that had fooled me, well, of course, it was all ever too late and all was already - well it actually had all already happened. I separated as fast as can, from this damn dude that reduced women's to theist tits, ass and legs.

Apart from that, he thought himself to be completely irresistible. An opinion, that he seem to own the exclusive rights for. But okay, let's leave it at that. This was all again the more then tough backfiring for my phantasies of any dream boy at all in the first place and I just booked it as some very painful, tough experience. Many men do actually cough up some kind of gentlemanlike behavior, when they are on woman hunt. But as soon as they got what they want, its like some mask dropping and they do not hide any longer. As soon as the little meow is purring in its cage, any mimicry for the hunter is completely

overdue. His real identity is now revealed clearly. Dieter on the other hand, is completely different, he understands, sensitive and more than passionate. This mix is really kind of extraordinary. Feelings do not lie, you ever so often you hear that in German Schlagern. Given the idea, feeling would not lie, my father always explained to me, he would have long time ago gone millionaire easy, with all his bets in the field of horseracing. One should definitely separate between some kind of inner absurdness and some feeling. A feeling is more or less vanishing as fast as it comes up. Additionally, says my father is a man, that cannot have he lead by his feelings, a man without principles. True love ever since is based on feelings.

Ah, yes, there was Tim, my first real boyfriend. Tim was the first boy that ever showed his tongue into my mouth. Well of course he would have loved to shove it into some other parts of my body, too, but I did not let him, in those days back yonder. I separated from him, when he started to make out with Caro; she was at those times my best friend and at the same time my worst rival ever. The day, that Caro for the first time met my Tim wild style, she lost three things in one go: her tongue piercing, her innocence and me being her girlfriend. But this is already some days ago and I was pretty blue-eying innocent then. A woman does lose her ability in a certain age to give broth to kids, but her naiveté, she will never completely lose. Caro is said to earn her full living today with fellatio, that's what they said.

The sun was burning onto my skin and it is time to cream myself. My belly button turned blast furnace and it will not take too long, till the piercing will turned fluid. I get kind of upright and grasp the sun milk and start right away. While I smear that shit all over me, I take some short look to my left. He comes straight up to me, but he does not see me. Bruce Willis, at least his approx twenty years younger version. This time he does not wear any black trousers, but additionally a t-shirt in black. He does not see me, because his eyes do suck themselves deep into the two topless meows. Now he is registration me inspire and focuses on me He smiles at me. He is coming my direction. My heart starts to beat like insane. "May I help you?" Oh holy shit. No Englishman? Well, he is defiantly lacking the can of beer in his hand. Where can he be of any help? Ah, ok, the art of

smearing the shit all over, sunblockerwise, was not hard to guess, what I was doing right now. *Mh-hm...* Why not? He can help me with some back rubs. When Dieter has this friggin travel guide fumble his ass, then well, I can have that guy easily grease me up, back wise. Why not?

"My name is Jack and I'm from Manchester. What's your name?" Yet another! Sadly, the global warming did still not lead to any subtropical climate on the British islands, so that the Englishman would be able to plain forget about any holidays in the Mediterranean. I peeps him my name and Jack in black wants more corner data of mine, "You are from Russia, isn't you?" "No I am German ... from Germany." I am mumbling. "Oh, nice German girl. Give me the sun blocker." He squats down next to me and I hand him the sun blocker over and he is blotting some onto my shoulders.

"Do you want to ride my cock tonight?" Hä? What is this supposed to mean? What the friggin hell shall I do tonight? *Ride my cock?* Cock? Was cock not this animal on the farm? My last English class has been timed out quite some while ago, I do need some coaching and thus I will actually ask him for the meaning. "Äh ... Jack. What is the meaning of to ride a cock?" I had not at all registered, that Karl-Heinz joined us and he overheard the conversation. "Who are you?" Jack wants to know. His s asking that rather unfriendly, as he feels totally disturbed in his undertakings buys Karl-Heinz's presence. "This is a friend of mine," I explain. "Yes, and if you want to ride a cock tonight, take a British bitch," Karl-Heinz warns him. Bitch - WE GERMANS have learned it from Lady Gaga. Bitch, yes, I understand that, but not the complete inherent sense. "Piss off, or I will kick your ass!" Jack threatens and starts to apply cream on me. "Hand offs that woman, or I am going to razor your tattoo away," threatens now Karl-Heinz additionally my private English instructor and shows him the finger of the right hand. The classic fuckyouone. Now we got the ball going. Jack is trying hard to grab the object of this obscene gesture, but he does not manage. After this totally failed attack, the Englishman gets up again and does swing around lightning like his balled fist, direction Karl-Heinz, but he manages last minute to avoid the hit.

Attack was always the best way of defense, clearly know to Karl-Heinz, and he is kicking the Jack more then violent into his private parts, man, if there the hydraulic did not got damaged and causes some lifelong sexual dysfunctions. Jack drops like some wet sack of potatoes and is voluting carpingly in the sand. The friend of the fat ugly wale next seems to have noticed nothing; he is comfortably lying around plain as some minutes before.

I am packing fast my bundle of seven things and talk sweet with Karl-Heinz, to leave the beach as fast as can direction Hotel Marsal. But Karl-Heinz cans nothing but do some humpeling. "Damn fuck, I think, I broke my foot," he meant and his face being distorted with pain. A doctor would be nay bad now. "Hey, man, its going to be ok. They should cal you some ambulance in the hotel." I try to soothe him out. "This damn friggin jerk of a nut job, he shall come across me again, man, I am gonna get it out on that one!" Karl-Heinz is having some more then mad rage fits, *vengefulness back - vengefulness forth*.

My father would probably say, hey c'mon, forget about it, this ever vengefulness and good mar god will take care of it and straighten it out. People being able to indulge in any kind of self-control, are strong personalities, as self-control is controlled power.

May 6, 2009 - 1:05 p.m.

"Dieter darling, then the ambulance came and one brought him to the clinic." I do not know any more either. "But Karl-Heinz made a mistake. He should have rather have his teeth knocked out, that he makes it to any dentist's," thinks Dieter and looks at me grinning. "Great, that you could handle all that that so uncomplicated with the Sackmann, that we can just stay here in the hotel." "Yes!" Dieter is happy. "I am happy about that myself, that all worked out that easy and well." Kitty is trapsing into the restaurant. Why do such chubby women like Kitty always have to wear leggings that they rather should not wear? That has nothing to do with any fashionable despair, but it is for me a kind of optical death penalty, the end of any erotic. My friend joins us and is warbling the refrain of the newest hit of Kelly

Clarkson. I report her Karl-Heinz matters. "I'm so sorry to hear that," says Kitty full of compassion. Short after 2 p.m. Kitty's date shows up, the guy from Berlin. One can already feel, how Kitty is dangling, to be alone with the guy. Both of them fuck off fast.

"I am going to bet, that Kitty has something going on tonight, She is that hot..." "Hey you are crazy!" I go at Dieter, "Kitty is a becoming girl. She is not that easy to get. You can't make her from today to tomorrow." "How many percent are you sure? C'mon. I am going to ask this Berlin guy tomorrow, whether he made her, I say yes. What's your bet? And how much?" Puzzled I look at my friend, such an extraordinary bet, we never had one like that. "35 euro!" "Agreed!"

May 6, 2009 - 7:10 p.m.

Kitty, Karl-Heinz, Dieter and I are munching. Kitty is looking forward to her second meeting with the one from Berlin around 8 p.m. Karl-Heinz is happy, that his foot is no longer hurting that badly. He was really lucky again, nothing would be broke, diagnosed the Balearic x-ray expert. Communication was easily possible, as this doctor passed his studies in Germany; the disadvantage was only, that he had to wait for some half semester for him, according to Karl-Heinz. Even insurance pays faster. They just had his little foot creamed with ointment in hospital and after that, well and thickly bandaged.

Shortly after eight, Dieter and I are on the way. We leave the two alone. Kitty's guy from Berlin has not yet shown up and thus my friend is a little worried. But to be worried means, to fear, that expectations will not be fulfilled. My inner shrink knows that well. Holding hands, I schemer with Dieter down to the haven. The temperature is still acceptable and from the ocean, a slight and tender breeze is breezing. We enjoy this wonderful evening, take some look at the waters and stroll through the old parts of town. We find some bench and spread there. Only a little tiny cloud is to be seen at the sky and I plantain, it's the veil of a miraculous little fairy. Around nine thirty we are on the way back to our hotel.

May 6, 2009 - 10:15 p.m.

Without any little detour to the bar, we take the elevator to our rooms. Just when Dieter was standing under the shower, a knock at the door. I open and a slightly alcoholized Karl-Heinz has some wish to express "Hey you two, just a question... would you... maybe, one spare condom or two? Or maybe as well some three or four?" I am a little bit perplexing for some moment. "Oh... no..." I am answering very gentle. "We cannot help you out with any." "Damn fuck!" Karl-Heinz is disappointed, but he wishes me a good night, before he vanishes humpeling into his room.

Shameless naked like Adam before the fall of mankind, Dieter returns from the bathroom. I shortly take some glance onto his very interesting body part, the one cannot offer at all. "With whom did you speak right now, magic mouse?" He seems to have understood something. "It was only Karl-Heinz" "Karl-Heinz? What did he want?" I think about whether I would tell him the true reason, but I skip that part for the time being. "Nothing." "What nothing? But its knocking late night at our door and the one wanted - nothing?" "Äh, well ähem, he wanted a condom." "A condom? You mean Karl-Heinz, this desperate jerk, wanted a condom, a preservative? Ha, what the hell is the matter? Did he pick up a bitch?" "How could I know? I did not notice anyone." "Just a moment, I think, maybe in my travel bag could be some pack." Again I am perplexed. "Since when do have condoms handy? You never told me ever?" Dieter is not giving any answer, and just goes quietly through his luggage.

"Voilà, I got it, the pack. One is still left over." "Why is there only one left? Where is all the rest gone? You owe me some explanation!" That I demand very acoustically dominant and watch him being very serious. "Hey stop it! Yes, relax, yes. I bought them last year during my summer holidays, when we have not even been together." Okay, I got to accept that. Well, maybe he made some blond Scandinavian backpacker to be willingly and had her laid on the beach. Okay - finite. The plantain of a woman is the best fertilizer for her jealousy. Still, he seems to be reasonable enough and is taking care of all protected intercourse, uses condoms. It will not have too much to do

with any real love, I think, additionally plain sex without any real love would be something like raw violence. I would not even have any of that with any One-Night-Stand. But a more than wild acquaintance of mine will. She is only talking about some hot and fabulous affair. For me, they are nothing but beasts, they treat men like trophies, much fun and entertainment in bed this never-get-enough's want to have, thus they never marry. This very acquaintance did actually sleep herself up in within some 48 hours from the toilet lady up the chef secretary.

"C'mon, gimme, I will hand it over to him. You can already jump into your ill bed for good." Dieter throws the package into my direction, and I throw a short glance onto it. 3 *LUBRICATED CONDOMS*. Wait a sec, did he not confess on his last birthday, he would have, in the year 2000, the year I had my first sex, his last one? I do not know, what you did last summer, but I would love to know, my friend.

I step out and knock at the door next door. "Hey Karl-Heinz. Man, open, ok? It's just me." The door opens. "Look, what I ..." A happy Kitty steers at me with her eyes wide open and tears the package out of my hand. Without exchanging one word, she is closing the door fast and I myself do not get my door locked. Back in my room, I get immediately asked by the Dieter, still lying in his bed, how Karl-Heinz would have reacted. "Äh ... yes." I stutter. "Karl-Heinz... Karl-Heinz was of course more than happy." I lie and shut the lights off fast to make sure he cannot see how I get red in my face.

Twenty minutes later, we try to sleep, the groaning starts. "Hey man, listen, Karl-Heinz really found someone, that has herself laid by him. "So what?" I am snarling, and turn my back towards my friend. I am not happy about Kitty getting into this bed story with Karl-Heinz that fast. For me, she was a hopeless romantic, and was talking about the deepest love and that takes time, and has to develop. But she is acting like a little slut. Sex is the beginning of the end of any romantic, any marriage the end of all sealift. Kitty's moaning gets louder and louder, it will even entertain the night porter on the first floor. "Galactic, she really takes off like Lucy." giggles Dieter and is more than curious. "With what kind of tussy does he do it?" "No idea, I did not see

anything." I lie and add yawning: "And you, you will not have you infected and stay nice, wily?"

Oh God, Kitty is really taking off like Lucy, and I can defiantly not hold up that that. She is sure enough not only a good souffléuse, but has all the qualities to be some synchronizer, best for all the new films by Josephine Mutzenbacher. Now ok, nevertheless the last I would have expected that she has herself laid but some guy, without even knowing his full name. I thought that to be as impossible, alike the times during the cold war any 6.0 from some soviet scoring judge for some US-American figure skater.

Salaciousness back, salaciousness forth. My father pointed out already today, that sexuality would be some more then genuine component of creation, and otherwise men would not even have the idea to reproduce. But that sex outside any marriage would be sin. I believe him, but I do not follow. No sex before any marriage, who can handle that? And plain trying convulsively to abolish the natural sexdrive, does not make any sense either, or? My father always said, only someone can have that, which has a deep connection with the creator, the one who gives him the power. When the relationship to someone like God is only that superficial as to maybe one of hundreds of *facebook* friends, that one has lately as some kind of average, then this will not work out either. Indian gurus do know about Ojas, a spiritual power, the fruit of virtue. The more a man has of this power internalized, the healthier he will be. Such gurus are full of God's spirit and become more and more like him. God is spiritual being and created man according to his elegy. The interest in any things like richness, fame or satisfaction of his lust vanishes for such gurus more and more. My father always said, that this is not to be understood for any from some dark worldly spirit influenced inhabitant of the earth. But the one who has no intense relationship with his creator, does not have to be at all surprised, when God does leave him unexpectedly. And when he allows one to suddenly be in need. My father does claim himself to be at the same time holy and a sinner. A contradiction in terms, but a plain clear-cut awareness. No man in this world is without sin, because everyone has his very own tricks, that's what I do know

for sure. One lies, cheats, deludes, manipulates, has all kinds of excuses. An excuse is nothing but a lie.

Dieter did once tell me about his very heavy traffic accident, where he completely schrotted his first car, For the car he had to pay 3000 Deutsch Mark back yonder. He was eighteen years old and his driving license he only had since some two weeks. In some easy cattin and funky mood, that was deeply characterized by all being wild and self overration, and was caused by some joint, he took some curve too fast and found himself overtuning. He was lying six weeks in hospital. Dieter meant that when you are seriously injured in some hospital, then you just go for one thing, and that is to feel well again. The loss of the car will not be of any importance alike the results from the last soccer game do loose all their importance additionally, they will not interested you any shit at all. What does really interest you, will be, that you jumped off death's shovel and that you get well again.

God bless, the two do not feel utterly sportivly challenged and they do not work their way through the Kama Sutra, the beggar's acrobatic stops finally and the condoms are just smack used up and they seem not to have had the idea with the plastic wrap yet. I just dive into deep sleep. Though I shortly awake in the middle of the nights, when the homecoming guests are that loud in the corridor, so that all really get it, especially the ones, already in deep sleep.

May 7, 2009 - 8:00 a.m.

Altogether Dieter and I did sleep more then well last night. To drive out the last bit of tiredness, we preferred to hop down the stairs down to the groundfloor. Instead of taking the left, direction breakfast buffet, we turn left and leave the hotel, because my darling did suggest some little spontaneous walk to the Oceanside. I join in, as I am not totally hungry yet, it is still way too early for any of that. Though Dieter did not have any schluck of coffee yet, he is already in the best moods. A real nice holiday really does create nothing but miracles.

No one at the beach. We deeply take the calm and loneliness in. It is wonderful, plain phantastic. That beautiful, it must actually been in the Garden of Eden. Sadly, this little piece here is no paradise any longer, since that brutal ass of an Englishman. I think, to at all be on any quest for the heaven on earth is something else, that will turn out to be a kind of illusion, and this with all this many evil people in the world and the ever so many crisis. And not only, that the real Bruce Willis turns out to be a total more then ultimate parcel of disgust, when you get as lucky as to really come to know him personally. But that's a kind of luck I can easily let go, it could do nothing else but plain kill my dreams.

Again, Dieter offers some kind of deal, that I can easily accept. We simply ask for the Hotel Marsal. Okay, there is some sign hinting hard, that the entrance is only for guests. But this hint is being ignored and we pass the big pool, then up the stairs, approaching the entrance. In front of the hotel a little French car stops. "Look," sais Dieter, "that is the car of our travelguide." "Sure enough, what you do not all know about her in the meantime" I grumble. My mood is changing drastically into the most positive moods, when the guy from Berlin jumps out of the yellow car, throwing lots of little kisses at the chauffeur to be his good-bye. Better said, *Choffeuse*, because behind the steering wheel, the two legged blonde nymphosnipe Sackmann - no doubt about that. "Man, you can be sure, that there was more then something going on between those two in the fist night," the clear-cut analysis of Dieter. "You can see how much she is caring about the wellbeing of her holidayers." "Yes, but apparently only about the wellbeing of the male ones," I do correct my honey pie. "The guy from Berlin will surely have had Kitty stood up; I am rather sure about that. I think, your best girl friend was surely not amused." En contraire, if he would know, what was going on there ...

In the foreign hotel, we take some looks and find out, that the Miss Sackmann was here yesterday around 11:30 a.m. and that yesterday was Wednesday. "Well, I think, she met this Berlin guy during her appointment and she obviously immediately annexed him." I assume. "Well, then our little Kitty will have probably spent the night alone, and I would have sworn, that she will be fishing this guy and just gets

him convinced in some minutes. Thus you won the bet, my magic mouse." "Which bet?" I murmur and pretend, as if I would have forgotten. "Our 35 euro bet. Well, with your reputable Kitty - nothing went on this night. Thus you are completely right." "Right...," the only thing I get out at all and feel some very fat frog in my throat.

I love cats. Kitty loves cats. I do not think well about any One-Night-Stands, and Kitty does not think well about any either. Did she now constantly lie to me? Women have their secrets, but they will be all exposed one day, my father used to say. In the internet, more and more is being published, who is not familiar with the *Wikileaks*? That I accidentally dropped my cell phone into the toilet, no one knows that yet. This is still more than embarrassing and I rather keep it for myself.

I always thought that Kitty was a reputable girl. Ok, well, even reputable girls want to have their fun from time to time. With the boys. Well, I am nothing but some reputable girl myself. Has that been now just a plain accident for my friend, or did love strike Kitty like some lightning? Shall I accept the money won from Dieter or shall I not? Kitty will surely not confess this night with Karl-Heinz to my friend, but Karl-Heinz will surely shoot the bull about it with his buddies, and then everyone knows. The latest tonight at the bar. And in case there will be more happening between the two, when the heart will get involved, then it will be just a question of time, when all will be public. The latest this evening at the bar, they will be turteling like some two ill doves...

"Here, the 35 euro." Dam shit, what the hell am I doing? How the hell do I get out there? "Ääääääh ... Yes ...Yes ... Yes ... Know something my darl? We will just forget this stupid bet." "What? Plain forget?" "Yap. Plain forget. We plain forget the bet and keep the notes. Just plain sack them back again, ok? But you have to answer one question, ok?" Dieter is depocketing the dough. "Okay, go ahead, I am curious." "Ok my darling. What happened with the two lacking condoms? I would really love to know." Dieter starts to laugh. "No really, of all things... oh man... ok, ok, you really want to know, right? I mean sooner or later I'd told you anyways... I humped Kitty. "What???????"

You humped Kitty???" "Sure!" "And when was that again? Hey, we agreed about only one question. Didn't we?" "C'mon now, tell!!!" I rudely address him and threaten him with my right fist. "Ok, ok, relaxes. I am going to tellya. That was in the middle of the night, when she drove me from the Disco to the hotel, when I had my foot injured, you remember? Last year in Osnabrück, you remember?" Kitty plays the wild slut of some nurse with a faible for guys with some foot injuries. Now the bet is completly clear to me. Dieter know it more then well, that you would get Kitty easily into the box, when one plain wants it hard enough. "Wait a second, these condoms were not planned for Kitty, and they were planned for me. You wanted to get me laid the first time we met and inspite of that, you did it with my best friend." Well, it always turns out different, then you think, and I said so! "It's not necessarily my fault, but Kitty's. She abused the situation coldblooded. And to prove, that I am no fag, we had wild and animalic sex." Okay, I better keep that closed. During a theater rehearsal I once mentioned, that the writer, for whom I made the illustrations, must be gay, as he did not ever try to have a go at me.

May 7, 2009 - 9:15 a.m.

Again in total concord. After this little hassle, my better half and me share some table and are having our breakfast. A bouncy Kitty enters the hallway proudly and a more then funky mooted Karl-Heinz stumbles along, too. I greet them with some "Hey you beauties - did you sleep well? Pretty hot, tonight, wasn't it?" The two shortly throw some sparkling smiles at me and head straight to plunder the buffet, while Dieter does not even understand any of my allusions and keeps on wondering about any nightly heats. "But, it was not that hot tonight???"

"Oh yes, Karl-Heinz," I ask him, "what was it again, what this Englishman wanted to do with me tonight? Something like *ride my cock*, or am I wrong with that now?" "I can tell, what he wanted to do with you, but I am not. Normally I would have not knows either, but due to my strong and lasting consummation of English pornographic literature from the internet, call me an expert now." Well ok, this guy

now at least confesses, that he is plain watching porn's. Ruthless, without any merci and without any respect for casualties. Yes, again, I gotta agree with my father, that a clear, straight and honest answer, a clear yes or no, is better, then any beating about the bush. Better a man, that is honest with himself, then someone who alltime pretends. Concerning Karl-Heinz consummation of porn's, Kitty will surely find out in bed, whether this has some other benefitting effects.

Even a blind would see that there is something in the bushes between Kitty and Karl-Heinz. Their behavior cannot deny that both are more then heavily crushing. This is noticed by Dieter, too, and after the new couple retreated again, he sais to me: "Hi magic mouse, did you notice something going on between them, too?" "There was quite something going on last night." Dieter starts to laugh. "Now, that was our pummeling Kitty that took off yesterday night like Lucy." "Exactly my honey pie, this Berlin guy stood her up and Karl-Heinz did comfort her immediately. Hard." "And with each glass of alcohol the two came closer and closer." "Guess, yap, that's what was going on." "Hey, wait a moment you sly old fox, then I won my bet!" Dieter is happy. "What bet again? Did we not agree to forget that?"

May 7, 2009 - 10:20 a.m.

According to Weatherman it is supposed to stay beautiful for the whole rest of the week. Without our freshly fallen in loves, Dieter and I take the bus to Porto Cristo. More then worth seeing there, and highly recommendable the *Cuevas del Dra*, the "caves of the dragons". They are the oldest and biggest stalactite caves in Mallorca and are named after one fabulous dragon, that is supposed to have had taken care of some treasure there. In Germany, we have more then gazillions of such dragons, of woman, that guard their treasure of man, that he is not going to the corner bar, or get amused visiting some sport event. A man, that always does, what a woman wants, will become eventually totally uninteresting, belief me. In the afternoon, we take the bus back and enjoy the rest of the day and the marvelous whether just makes that pretty easy.

May 8, 2009

The Weatherman seems to be right, the day begins with loads of sun and nearly no clouds. Alike our freshly fallen in loves, we undertake a hike heading to the ruins of the *Castillo de Santeria*, that finds itself on some 440 yards high ascertainment. For the way to, we need about three hours, but that worth the sweat, as we have a more than phantastic way all over the east of the island from here.

May 9, 2009

The Weatherman doesn't lie apparently, at least not in Spain. A wonderful day is coming up, again. Something like that is hardly known in Germany. What we do know, is rain. To make us a little more comfortable, we rent for some two days a Seat Ibiza Diesel. With this rented car, Dieter and I head first to Cala D'or. This nice little village belongs to the few spots on this island that is still fast in British hands. Here, next to the domestic Spaniard, the German tourist belongs to the threatened species, too. The travel agency Meckermann should start up some Blitzkrieg here and should drag with utter dumping prices some Germans into this nice village, then it will be only a question of time, when we will overtake the commando in Cala D'or. From this village onwards it is not that very far to the dreamlike beaches of the Cala Mondragó.

The little fisher village Cala Figuera lies some few miles south of the Cala Mondragó and belongs to one of the most pittoresk villages of the island. It lies along some fjord like bay, deeply raging into the land, with a bunch of cute fisher boats and sailing boats anchoring there.

We hold on further direction south and take some longer break at the beautiful beach of Cala Santanyí. The bay deeply cutting into the land is framed by forested rocks. On the beaches right hand side, we clamber up the stairs and find the place, from where one can adore the bizarre rocky gateway *Es Pontas*.

Close to Colonia St. Jordi the shore resembles some kind of dunny landscape, more than known to me from the northsea. We are driving till Cala Pi and then turn around and rather drive back, no one goes for an visit of the nightlife district El Arenal, an early bastion of mass tourism. Here Germans party every day 24 hours and celebrate the *Oktoberfest*.

May 10, 2009

This very day Kitty and Karl-Heinz finally make it out of the feathers again, aka they manage to leave their bed, then the passion of unshared attention some when does actually loose some when some of its attraction. To talk them into some little island cruise isn't that difficult any longer either, as the program of the *Mr. Toshiba*, car racing Formula 1 from Barcelona, isn't of any convincing alternative for the freshly assembled dream couple. Karl-Heinz took his band aids off in the meantimes, too. He can pretty well walk again, which is not connected to his brand-new dynamic sportswear, but that his foot is finally somewhat better. But Kitty seems to have to get to any upright position first. No wonder, when one is camping out on some mattress for some 24 hours first.

We make us on the way around midday, whilst beautiful weather is blasting, taking the car and head to Sa Coma, to stroll around some there in the Punta de n'Amer. The Punta de n'Amer is a national park, located between the little villages Cala Millor and Sa Coma. Today, there is the total building ban. In the middle of that areal they had built an old watchtower, back yonder, the *Castell de sa Punta*. In front of this castell, the *Bar es Castell* can easily be found with its wonderful beer garden, where one can deeply enjoy and take the view in - all over the whole coastline straight till Cala Millor. The sun, the ocean and the castell, all like some illustration of some fairytale. In this very fairy tale, the couple lives happily ever after. Yes, the romantic love, the eternal love. Is this now only a lie, an illusion, a modern myth? Does it really only exist in songs, books or films? Is this, what you can watch on the silk screen, only some illusion, brought out by some highly qualified trade unionists, under the direction of Alan Smithee?

We take some little brake in the beer garden, enjoy the joy of sweet nothing, to then happily drive to Cala Ratjada. Here you have the opportunity to book some ships tour in the haven. One can take one boat along the coast, or one can book some fishing tour. With some luck, you can see dolphins that are apparently not threatened by extinction. En contraire to any understanding, sensitive and passionate men. My father, by the way, was that angry, that so much money worldwide is invested in the saving of animals, inspite of some billion of humans worldwide suffer from starvation. Accidentally I detected a man that is buying wife's up with some woman, not familiar to me along his side. After some short erotic interlude, may the suspect declared winner shortly shove his tongue a little into the ear of his accompany. His philipinian wife sits probably at home in front of the babble box and watches some soap, where someone betrays his wife. *Betrayers do correct the luck*; this was already known by Casanova. And to be able to buy up everything, does not make any happy either.

From Cala Ratjada westwards up to the big bay of Alcúdia. We take some little longer break in Ca'n Picafort. This place in former years a little fisher nest and today some holiday location, including all and everything, a holidayer's heart can crave for. Numberless Cafés and Restaurants lined up on the promenade. A dog strolling around freely pisses on some sun chair and is finalizing this with some schnuffeling happily the result. Then he turns into my personal pain in the ass at the beach, as he keeps on plain barking at me, this impudent thing of a dog and thus keeps me activated. Luckily is fucks off after some while again

Via Manacor, we drive back direction Porto Colom and then shortly after Felantix, when the direction sign to *Sant Salvador* nearly jumps into our eyes, Dieter turns the car right into the small lane and after some millions of curves we actually do reach the cloister. From here, you can enjoy and even better view allowed the island, better then the one from the ruins of the *Castell de Santueri*, where I found myself traipsing with Dieter two days ago. We could have obviously saved us that stress. Totally.

May 11, 2009

After breakfast, we jam them the rental car back and enjoy the seventh day, thus the last day before flying back. Departure day does not count as any holiday day, because it just means stress. We go to bed early, as we already have to be ready already around six for the transfer to the airport. Then off direction homebound and the daily grind has you happily back in its claws.

May 12, 2009 - 11:55 a.m.

Safely, our Boeing landed in Düsseldorf. Karl-Heinz stays a week longer and can keep on entertaining himself with kitty, who will have to say *So long* to Mallorca tomorrow. How their story will continue, time will show. Physical passion is not to be the basis for a sane relationship, but their relationship just started out right away and it is a flux, a process. Thus "everything is possible NOTHING HAPPENS" (not the shoes...) even up to any offspring, to some of this constantly bragging and plarring little germ catapulting thangs. The compassion cans soon volatize. Let's wait and see. No doubt about a warm hot female body is for a man more then just some gain in life-quality, that Karl-Heinz drastically did reduce his joke-cracking's and has Kitty have the yattering parts.

A relationship is a chance. Maybe Karl-Heinz will finally manage through Kitty's influence to get something going job wise. And to consummate and comforting alcohol would not be necessarily necessary with an intact relationship. Alcohol is good for shit anyways, apart from leading onto the dependency and into the self-destruction. The one, who learns out of mistakes, betters himself. The one, who always shows the guilt onto the others, will surely hardly ever evolve. My father always said, man without guilt cannot evolve at all.

A movie or books, where the main characters will finally marry in the end, are thought by many to be a story with a happy end. A movie is finished, but the life goes on. After the marriage now, we can have all

the real problems start, mostly. Crisis will come and will challenge the marriage. Important is, how one is handling any of such a crisis. Life crisis are at the same time chances for life. The shrink in me knows that love creates trust, but fears do create distrust. Crisis will inevitably come and will challenge the marriage, am I not right, Prince Charles? But he has learned with his wife now, there will hardly be any danger, that the riding school teacher will be too interested.

An all-inclusive holiday in Mallorca seems to equal nearly a life in paradise. But of course all idyllic spots like that will be haunted sooner or later alike by crisis, catastrophes and criminality, and for many this would be so very disillusioning. But isn't the ideal world nothing but some illusion? My father says, yes. And I am sure, that he will be right, when he claims that we live in a fallen world. For more information about that, please consult the last pages of the Holy Bible and the newscast on TV.

Often a second chance is mentioned, talking new life and new beginning. Quite some do actually are given a second chance, but one has only one life, normally. God gave us humanoids a second chance, when he nailed his son to the cross, thus to pay with his blood for all our sins. The holiday exposed us to be sinners, and sin is the separation from God. But thanks to the belief in Jesus Christ we will be reunited with God. The one who is doing buses and the other way round, the one who accepts Jesus Christ as his saviors, will be saved, no matter, what all evil he executed in his past. Thus there will ever be a chance for each and every criminal, prostitute and riding school teachers. God forgives the ones, that wants to be forgiven.

Epilogue

Düsseldorf Airport Terminal, outside

I place myself in the back. "What's your name soldier? George Lucas? *May the Force be with you!*" Dieter is asking our taxi driver, because we on the airplane we actually did bet again, who pays the cab back home. I was dizzling, that the last name would start with one of the letters between A and K. "Detlef Kaiser," the answer, the driver, who has a widely buttoned open shirt that shows off some fragile chain with a little cross. "Won!" I am happy, and additionally mention to the driver: "The only Detlef, I ever heard of, was Disaster Detlef. Hopefully your driving style is not that catastrophic." "Disaster Detlef?" says the driver, who en contraire to our Turkish Michael Schumacher shows a really chill and relaxed driving style. "Yes, exactly. Disaster Detlef," I say. "I see!" says the driver and starts to laugh.

Wait a sec, why does he now starts to laugh? I start to get a slight touch of idea. "Hey man, by any chance, could it be that YOU are Disaster Detlef? THE Disaster Detlef?" I want to know, burning curiosity my second name. "Yap. Exactly." I am baffled. "Hey you were together with my big sister Sandra. " With Sandra? Sandra Bullock?" He shortly turns around to me and grins at me. "No, with Sandra Schulz." "Sandra Schulz? No idea!" he makes me understand. "Man, you spent more time in your life behind the bars than in school." "Absolutely correct." Again, he starts to smile. Oh man, he seems to have overcome his dark past with humor. "And now you drive cabs? An honest job?" "Inner changes. Crime sucks." "What happened? Who did change you that radically positive?" I keep on asking him and at the moment I think of my father and can already imagine what the answer will be.