



ELVIRA FRANKENHEIM

Seven Days Spain

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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 Czech cellists did actually devastate the hotel rooms in the peaceful little village and that meant a lot 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 ...

Belief in God is mercy.

Preface

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

Austria, the land of hills and valleys. Way back when, you paid with the *Alpen-dollar*, called the schilling. But sadly, the euro took this last piece of national pride away from the Austrian population, when a tribe speaking a slight touch of weird German substituted the schilling with the euro. Born in this country, was the terminator, the destructor full of megalomania, 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; the shrink in me knows this.

Referring to the terminator, I am not thinking of Arnold Schwarzenegger, but Adolf Hitler. Schwarzenegger did only conquer the cinematic silver screens and now his job as a governor. But he also declares his state a disaster area, as it constantly starts to burn. He probably staged all the fires himself, as to not lose 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. We are also happy that Arnold fucked off to the States. It is different with the Austrian women though. They are more than favored in Germany. Especially women like the Josephine Mutzenbacher, a daughter of joy from Vienna, and the empress Sissy - all is available on DVD. Men do actually prefer Josephine, while women do watch some more Sissy. Sissy's real first name is Elisabeth and strictly speaking she was German, because she was born in Munich. The German town Munich is well-known around the world, because of the international meetings of alcoholics which taking place in the *Hofbräuhaus* or during the *Oktoberfest*.

The German himself, yes, he isn't interested in any further war. The one who lost two times in some war, then one has defiantly lost all interest in any war. Nevertheless, after the downfall of the *Third Reich*, we managed to conquer another spot on the map without any military invasion, somewhere where everything is typically German meanwhile and you don't have to search long for any *Weißbier*, *Schweinshaxe* or *Sauerkraut*. You get it at every street corner. This little spot is located in the Mediterranean and is called Majorca. Hitler would have been better to invest in the tourist branches, instead of the industrial military complex, in order to realize his dream of the *Großdeutschen Reich*. Via the means of mass tourism, the Spanish were 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 citizens should now decide themselves, whether Majorca should be added as a German territory or not. Somewhat like in Hawaii.

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 as the pseudonym Alan Smithee for a director that doesn't want to have his real name connected to his work.

And please do not expect anything like Goethe or Schiller from my work. Expect everything, but please no high stage! Because I identify myself more in the direction of Charles Bukowski and *Hank* who was, according to common knowledge, born in a German town on the left river bank of the Rhine. I myself live in a small town along the Rhine, where triumphant 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 editor. She whited had the best lines out. But I do agree with Miss Editor on one point: when she states: *satiric texts are of very serious matters*. Agreed.

Have you ever read the Bible? And did you internalize its text? That is another very serious matter. As you have only two options, where finally to end - heaven or hell. Reading that isn't in accordance with the Holy Writings which are fairly unhealthy for people. Believe me. To divide between the important and unimportant, that is 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 for 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

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

Jesus Christ, he's obsessed with the devil. Speeding through a built-up area at 55 miles an hour. Luckily I have my personal ID along, I accidentally found it in my handbag, and ten seconds ago I wanted to scream "Turn around!" to the new Michael Schumacher. Our taxi driver, born in Anatolia, who does smell more than intentionally like after shave by Ataturk, you know, the one with the garlic fragrance. Great! Dieter is sitting in the front seat and naps a bit. It's close to four o'clock in the morning. At this time, no nightingale or larch is twittering, only some of the girls will. I'm speaking of twittering while they have sex with their lovers or with their lawful husbands. *When you're married then there will be less bonking but more and more quarreling*, a serious warning from my older sister.

Yes, my sister. She took care of me, after our mother died due to the aftermath of an evil disease, this all came totally out of the blue for us. I was eight in those days back yonder and she was fourteen. It was an utter shock for all of us; my father was suffering especially hard. For him, after this crisis, he lost all sense in life. He drank in one month more booze than Bukowski did in his whole life and that's why he 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: cigarettes, alcohol, drugs, gambling, and sodomy. This milieu had an effect on my sister. When I was finally developing breasts and slowly turned into a woman, my sister seriously warned me to take up smoking, to drink alcohol and to have contact with any lads; all things that she was more than infamous for in her teenage years.

Concerning guys, my sister was together with that little gangster dude, who everyone called Disaster Detlef, being a luminosity in matters of catastrophes. All acts, carefully planned, ended in total disasters. The Detlef's thesaurus wasn't too big, containing approximately 50 basic words, roughly a third being slang for the cohabitation. Furthermore, his sentences simply consisted of two words, for example: *a beer* in the bar, *two rolls* at the baker's or *three hamburgers* at McDonald's.

Being broke all the times, he always said *next week* to the landlord, *hands up* at the neighborhood store and *not guilty* in front of the judge. Disaster Detlef, though I've never met him personally, his stories were more than well known and famous. Already in those times, he was a living legend, his grammar as patchy as his denture.

Yes, my sister ... Now my boyfriend is taking care of me. We're both having a holiday, to share a week full of togetherness, because we were never any luckier than spending a weekend together. Additionally, we had a lot of fun in bed last night, I need seven days to recover. Dieter is a great lover. Since the day he ripped off my slip on his birthday, about three months ago, I thought, this will be the fastest coitus of my life. But no, I was disabused. Already the foreplay was 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 fifty). Though I hadn't collected too many experiences with men in his age range, yet. Dieter already had the first grey hairs that potentiate the character. My father always quotes the lines: *The true character of man is only shown, when he'll be tested.*

The cabdriver asks me, whether I'd like to listen to music from his home country. Without thinking I say, yes. The tootling is horrible, and additionally he sings, at least he tries hard, this pain in the ass. My darling shows himself to be 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 doner kebab in the entertainment area *Düsseldorfer Altstadt*. He stole that from American films. Of course in a movie you always get the best hamburgers in town. This slogan is even known in a sleepy tiny one-horse-town, usually on the Texan-Mexican border. The stranger, entering the restaurant, always hunts a prisoner, an alien or investigates any environmental scandal; or he's the prisoner on the run.

Our chauffeur changes to the left spur because he's starting a maneuver to pass. I surely won't go for any snack at his brother-in-law's; I prefer sushi and curry dishes. Who can judge where the best

place to dine is? Always making me smile, while watching *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* With the emcee Günther Jauch is the following question: "How sure are you?" Hey, either I'm sure or not. Nothing in between. Right? Like there isn't anything such as a little bit pregnant, right? When all four answers seems Greek to someone, and he goes for one, then he would have to be 25 percent sure. I don't know how they all always come to the 50, 60, 70 percent, really no idea. Well, mathematics, in contrast to go shopping and drawing Japanese Manga, was never really my cup of tea. Life is already complicated enough and with binomial formulas it only gets even more complicated, isn't it? Everyone knows more and more, but the problems on earth remain. Global warming, for example, or the unrelenting overcrowding that decreases resources for every human day by day.

We arrived at the terminal. Dieter may pay the cabdriver. Eight years ago, my father flew from Germany to Venice with one of those cheap flights. The thirteen miles to town by cab were more expensive than the flight 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'll buy something hot with that cashed saved, funky! If I were rich, first I would buy a little house with a garden in the greens and fruit trees, I want cherries. And then ...? Girls just wanna have everything. *Greed back - greed forth.* But who's not daydreaming about that?

Dieter doesn't give a shit, how much I spend on apparel and he appreciates my funky taste. When I was younger, my father was always grumbling when I spent all my money on rags. He didn't take any stock in my taste. And the people should develop a consciousness of God and not for fashion and he constantly warned me against avidity. My father became Christian, after having overcome the crisis after my mother's death. And the belief in Jesus Christ changed him completely. He could reestablish himself in his profession and is now a very successful businessman. He doesn't spend a dime on alcohol; instead he's finances projects for needy people. He loves to help others.

Yes, my father is Christian, and according to his personal views, in many churches there is nothing but religious hypocrisy. You can find for example, people, that read the word of God, listen to it, preach it, but never follow it and thus can't draw anything out of it. Why does a Christian lament? A real Christian enjoys his life, no matter where he happens to find himself. Such people are full of joy and happiness and that's the sign that the living God Jesus Christ lives in them, my father always says. For God it's more important what believers are doing outside the church than inside. Such as the carnival reveler. During the season they are all funny on command, but over the rest of the year they can be rather uncomfortable people.

With the Turkish fragrance our driver will surely not attract any women, but maybe this is exactly the deal. After jumping out of the car, we go to the check-in counter. The baggage check-in can take some while. "Hopefully they won't show *Mr. Bean at the dentist's* on the plane again," my darling tells me, when queuing at the counter of AIRBERLIN. With this airline, Dieter traveled more than one time to Majorca. The fact that I have had no rendezvous with my dentist in ages comes to my mind. I should see him after the holidays. He's smart, my doctor, and looks so gorgeous, that I appreciate it every time he teach me how to use dental floss.

Talking about Dieter. He is in many respects the complete opposite of me. When I get all dolled up, I'm so hot, that someone who wants to become a novice in a cloister, would reconsider this decision - hard! Now, well, we girls love to get all dolled up for the men, don't we? And we girls love to be the center of the action, don't we? We girls love it, when everything evolves around us.

Concerning the eyes again, Dieter is a dead duck, he won't win any prizes taking part in any beauty contest. And the ones, going for a tight-lipped and grouchy guy, they should see my darling early morning before his third cup of coffee! Well, *The Beauty and the Beast* was always an all-time classic. Dieter says, 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 much more energetic than

me. 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 by the river Rhine, between Cologne and Düsseldorf. Here in the mid nineties someone lost a young little crocodile at a quarry point, causing some headlines nationwide. We've known each other for five years. He was looking via the web for an illustrating artist, and found me. Coincidence? Fate? God's will? God has everything, my father educated 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 skit booklets. To permute his ideas graphically, was total fun and gave me affirmation, as Dieter was very content with my work. We complemented each other from the first moment and that never stopped. Speaking of crazy. A perky 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, don't you think? Apart from some ticks, I consider myself to be rather ordinary.

Last year in July, Dieter had to take care of some things in Osnabrück and we used that chance, finally to take meet. 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. His self-confidence made me feel secure; I felt completely home in his presence. We respected each other. And before I forget it. Later, we went into a disco, meeting friends of mine. Dieter danced hard to blasting punk on the dance floor, but twisted his ankle. A friend of mine was polite enough to drive him to his hotel. Mid October, we met for the second time, again, he came to Osnabrück. But we only had time to drink something together. The third meeting, his birthday, at his place, finally we had the time to deepen our relationship. At this time I had been single for two years. We found out, that we really more than matched well under the equator.

The queue in front of the passenger check in isn't too long, Dieter drops his hand luggage off in a plastic bowl to have it x-rayed. All, what I can assume to be anything close to metal, I put it into my designer handbag. The little wristwatch, the chain, and the *Goldene Blatt* (a German yellow press mag / Goldene = golden). I drop this pocketbook into the plastic bowl and push it onto the conveyor. With both hands, Dieter is shielding his ears and walks through the gate of the detectors. An acoustic signal doesn't sound. I follow him and hope that the detectors won't react to my belly button piercing, that I forgot. Luckily it didn't. I'm happy and Dieter hugs me. After a smack on my cheek, he takes his arms away. I'm free again and just fetch *Emporio Armani* from being x-rayed.

A sheikh loudens the whole departure lounge with his cell phone talk. He'll surely fly to 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's laying into his father, 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 to his parents, when the woman gives him a hard time. Or he can marry some more. Competition keeps the marriage alive.

Within the cell phone terror in the departure lounge we're looking for some quiet spot. I unpack my magazines, while Dieter takes care of the coffee. When he returns with the two mugs, he's wondering. "Since when are you reading the *Goldene Blatt*?" *I bought it, because there is an article about Bruce Willis inside, that's why.* "I inherited them from my grandma!" I joke. My lover is curious. "You don't have any better excuse?" "Well, ok, to be honest. I just bought it, because ... they have written something about Lady Gaga ... uh ... Lady Di." I'm 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'll be soon writing an article about the escapades of prominent riding instructor in royal riding schools," my beloved author says and grins. The one who knows the story around Lady Di also knows, how disillusioning this all must have become for the reader of the Yellow Journalism. 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're my magic mouse, my one and only" out of my seat. How respectful, how contagious. Yawning I walk holding hands with him to the boarding gate. Ten minutes later, I'm sitting in the airplane, 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 friend sits someone with long black and scruffy hair. This small guy is wearing a black T-shirt and a blue jeans and I'd think him to be somewhat around the beginning of 30. Dieter turns around to me and whispers in my ear: "Woah, this raggie-taggle freak smells totally like Bucharest toilet, central railway 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, right?

Now it actually does start to smell a little strange. Dieter is being addressed by his neighbor, who surely didn't have any rendezvous in the last three days neither with his shower nor with his razor. "Now, where do you want to fly?" 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 empire of caries. Dieter looks at me dumbfounded. Without waiting for any verbal reaction from our side, he asks a question, faster than any politician can lie. "Shall I tell you some joke?" and the guy and starts right away. "I heard it in Italy. Watch out, there's a preacher and a ferocious bus driver, that was well known for his wild driving style. Both are standing after their death in front of heaven's door. *Peter the denier* says to the preacher: "I'm very sorry, but you can't enter, but Enzo may!" The preacher is mad with rage and asks for the reason. "Well, dear preacher, in your mass, everyone was

nothing but sleeping, but on the bus, when Enzo was driving, everyone was praying as hard as possible!" I had to grin; this stinker seems to be really fun. "By the way, I'm Karl-Heinz." The intermission clown is introducing himself. In exchange, we tell him our names.

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, to whom I refer?" "Who was that again?" I want to know and have really no clue. "A former porn producer, and she worked as an actress, too," Dieter answers. "Hey super, you're right!" Karl-Heinz states with enthusiasm and jokes on: "When this queen of hardcore would be on board, she would surely say: the inflatable dolls are under the seats. Please just blow them up after leaving the airplane. As for the sake of stimulation, we'll show you an erotic film out of our program. In case of potential problems, we'll serve some drinks with Viagra. Of course you'll have time to buy the new after-shave designed by Lindsay Lohan." "Since when do women need after-shave?" Dieter wants to know and I'm curious about Karl-Heinz's answer. "After all intimate shave, of course." "Ah, this is a good one," interrupts Dieter and starts to grin. "Karl-Heinz, which village will you fuck shit up in Majorca?" "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 the time so self-assured, as if nothing could ever happen. Just assuming, a completely freaked out guy with some hand grenade in his fingers and a Koran under his arm would enter this style the cockpit, then I would be utterly curious, whether we would have some safe landing anywhere.

May 5, 2009 - 6.30 a.m.

We're already airborne for a half of an hour when the captain says "On the right hand side you can clearly see Paris." I see nothing but a fluffy blanket of clouds; you can't even see any pike of the Eiffel Tower. For a million euros, the question of the height of the tower would be a little bit too easy. The exact weigh though, would be of a little more difficult nature. Speaking of weight. Kitty is my best and a slight touch of overweight friend, that favors to eat between the meals. She is vamping up all her favorite dishes with chocolate sauce. My oh my, and can she talk without end. The little fatty blabbermouth is originally named Michaela Kittner. She was given this pet name due to her family name. We have known each other for roughly three years, because of the theater group. Kitty isn't only standing on stage, but sometimes she's prompting too. She had her 24th birthday some three days ago and is now, thanks to a more than generous monetary donation from her mother's side, able to enjoy anytime some last minute travel. She'll send a SMS, when she has arranged something. Should she fly to Majorca, 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 tells us, where he comes from - from Gelsenkirchen. Karl-Heinz tells us, where his favorite place is - in the soccer stadium. Karl-Heinz tells us, where his favorite place after midnight is - under the bar. Because he can disinfect his wounds with beer that life caused him. Because he still hasn't found his dream wife. Why are people drinking, when their dreams don't come true? Then Karl-Heinz tells us, what he'd love to do soon. Emigrate, to finally find his luck. *Goodbye Deutschland?* Why doesn't he stay in his homeland? If he would be really cleaned up and well adjusted, he would have the best chances to find a matching partner.

My father always says, who isn't happy at home, won't anywhere else either. Or differently expressed: *The grass on the other side is not greener.* Also my inner shrink knows that. When someone is unhappy, the inner attitude 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 doesn't last too long, it's more like a straw fire. That, what my father will be eternally thrilled about, is the savior of mankind, the God of life and the resurrection. And because my father is 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 get a happy life and an eternal joy. Yap. And who doesn't know the quest for the right partner; we girls always call him Mr. Right? My father always says, Mr. Right is always the one that was nailed to the cross some 2000 years ago. And one can't do anything but to fall smack in love with him in the first place. Man can't put anything or one over God, as this would end up in serious worshipping of false 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 doesn't love himself, can infect no one else with any love. And the one who ever asked himself the question, why many super rich people that have so much money that all the others are hot for, take their lives, the inner shrink in me can only give one answer, that these 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 Majorca. Palma is a lovely big city with many architecture jewels, in the first place, the dominating Gothic cathedral *La Seu*. Here, when you believe in all the rumors, in the middle ages the pope got order to stay away from this building. The city center is the historic old town and many colorful pointy dots are the beautiful old Jugendstil houses. Just beside the main drag along the harbor there's the awesome promenade. And night owls can amuse themselves here, as here they'll find the most cafes, bars and restaurants.

May 5, 2009 - 8.05 a.m.

No one applauded after we landed without any problem. Arriving in the park position, cell phones are out of all kinds of pockets and immediately switched-on. I do nothing but the very same. The display shows me a new SMS, and is from my carrier that wants to inform me about the very well priced international telephone charges.

After leaving the plane, Karl-Heinz wishes us a beautiful holiday and vanishes into the next toilet. We all integrate into the horde of tourists and move on to the baggage claim area. We don't have to wait too long. At the exit of the hall a lady from the travel business Meckermann is already waiting for us. The woman looks like Stifler's mum and says: "You're really lucky, that you didn't arrive yesterday, because thundestorms caused many flights to be redirected to Ibiza, due to this airport being closed down." The lady tells us the number of the transfer bus, wishes nice holidays and is handing over some exemplary of the holiday mag *Mallorca aktuell* into my hands. Outside the terminal, Dieter collides with a young Englishman who drops his can of *San Miguel* in shock. 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 exams. "Sorry," Dieter excuses himself and hands him two euro coins over fast, to calm him down and so he can buy himself immediately another *packed lunch*. On this island a can of beer in the hand belongs to the basic configuration of every British tourist, alike the Winchester of any settler, heading westwards in the USA in those days back yonder.

The weather 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 stop. Near to our bus, three girls questioning their cell phones. According to their facial expressions, the little blond in her short jeans has just got broken up with via SMS. Or she could plainly 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

complete. Then the bus starts and our adventure begins. No Karl-Heinz sightings anywhere. We have no clue, where his journey will lead him.

Cala Ratjada lies in the northeast of Majorca. 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 take a bath in the sun at the same time. Some tourists with a lot of booze in their veins are hanging out till late night. In Cala Ratjada it was successfully realized that they should keep the place in its original. The attractive river promenade above the rocky coast is happily used by cyclists without respect, to have and keep all peacefully pedestrians in fear. Every Saturday, the vacationers can enjoy the weekly market of Capdepera and to have his wallet stolen from more than well trained pickpockets. Criminals, well, they are everywhere of course.

May 5, 2009 - 10.35 a.m.

We're there! So, this will be our little domicile with 92 percent recommendation. 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'm taking the flowers in, I found them in some flower pot, and one seems to fertilize them here with cigarette butts. No wonder, some flowers are already withered. That means deduction of points. The one who knows nothing about botany, shall rather decorate the entrance area with some ensembles of tropical plastic plants.

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 wouldn't be enough party in the nights, the older ones do emphasize how they enjoy the calm in the complex in the evenings. For one, the coffee was first class, for the other dishwater. One can dispute 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 expectations, can be easily disappointed. The one who is modest and stays modest, without any big expectations, won't be disillusioned that fast. 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 manager has a very demonstrative thick organ for the smelling, it goes with an excellent organ for the language: "Grande catastrophe! Grande catastrophe!" he's cursing around as the first reception. "Meckermann Reisen? Are you from Meckermann Reisen?" "Correct!" answers Dieter him with complete calm though already guessing that some kind of evil tidings are hanging like some sword of Damocles smack over our heads. "Kaput, kaput, kaput ...," our entrance is lamenting on. What the hell is kaput? I need an explanation.

Some blond is rushing into the hotel. She's completely breathless and is wearing a short, tight red skirt, together with some yellow blouse, that's opened that wide, that one can easily enjoy her whole black bra. "Who's that?" I'm asking Dieter, but the lady has taken his breath away, I suppose. He stays quiet. I hope that now there will be an explanation. "Hello," pants the dame, "I have to catch my breath first." "Are you our tour 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'm the head of the tour guide department of Meckermann, responsible for the North of the island. You have booked with us?" "Yes, exactly," says Dieter. Mrs. Sackmann is taking a closer 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 we curiously wait for more information. *The unexpected is the enemy of the human, and one should be prepared.*

We are again questioned some more. "Okay, you did exactly book what?" "One week Majorca, 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 roo..." "Siete!" interrupts the manager the tour 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 Czech 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 tour guide is corrected vociferous from the coati-mundi at the reception. "As this hotel is fully booked, the only alternative is to house you somewhere else. I'll 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'm there. Now everything will be fine." Then she lets 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. I'm just taking a look, whether something went on in between. One SMS has arrived, it's from Kitty. *Hi sweet, flying to Majorca tomorrow, did you arrive well?* I'll answer her later; right now I don't feel like it. I need some beer. And a shower.

May 5, 2009 - 11.10 a.m.

The transfer, organized from our tour guide arrived, a yellow *Fiat Punto* with a Spanish driver, that wears some silver chain with a cross around his neck. He's very friendly and helps us, to load the luggage. Dieter takes the front seat and we're the only passengers. "One time eighty-third, corner of Madison." My friend is joking and wonders: "Three days for the renovation? Enterprise chief engineer 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 well-being." *Well, rather YOUR well-being ...*

I'm angry and can't enjoy the comfortable drive. And additionally to all else, the motor starts to stutter shortly after Porto Cristo, like me when I can't 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 gets out of the car and opens the front lid. "Woah, couldn't they just shortly beam Scotty down, to find out what's wrong? He would fix that in some seconds." Dieter tries hard to joke, but his gag isn't really getting through. And our driver takes his shirt off, not to dirty it. Surfacing now, a white, totally un-erotic white undershirt, from this gushing out more than decorative black breast hairs. Due to the opened front lid the view onto the driver is blocked. After two minutes, the Spanish one reappears, he's wearing a dirty white undershirt, more than decorated with black oily splashes.

The front lid gets closed again and the driver tries to restart the motor. The starter seems to function, but the motor doesn't really want to jump-start. Now the God-fearing Spanish sends a devout ejaculation to the heaven and tries his luck anew. Hallefrigginluja, the motor starts running, now, who would have thought that?

Something that not only my father found out- that humans only address God when an emergency situation happens. 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 a 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's what my father thought me, too. The one who asks himself 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 time, to convert themselves. The one who doesn't believe this, should just get familiar with the some first pages of the Holy Bible, there he can find everything.

Also Dieter and me send some devout ejaculation toward heaven. The tour goes on, my mood slowly gets better.

Porto Colom lies on the east coast of Majorca and is named after Christopher Columbus, who was supposed to be born here, but that isn't true. I was always thinking Columbus to be Spanish, but he originated in Genoa, the town now belonging to Italy. This globetrotter once got ready to trail westwards, with the goal to reach India, but instead arrived in America. This is what I roughly know from my friend Kitty. When she gets ready making it over to the *Gym Uncle Sam*, then she only manages to make it to the *Ice Cream Parlor Italia*. Discos aren't yet know in Porto Colom, thus it's all rather calm here still. The old town and the haven are interesting. 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 - 12:20 a.m.

We arrived! So that's 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 Switzerland. We receive the keys for a room on the sixth floor, above would be only the Spa-Area. A cheap looking plastic bracelet is to be used for the accreditation for free drinks till 11 p.m. Beauty is only skin-deep. Ugliness is only skin-deep, too, because this bracelet is of value.

Finally my beer. I leave Dieter and our luggage alone at the reception counter, trot to the bar, and order. After I emptied my glass with two hearty drafts at the bar, someone addresses me from the side. "Hey, what are you doing here?" I'm looking a slight touch of irritated at the guy, looking more than 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." "Yes, Karl-Heinz, it's you. I

didn't recognize you at first. You're really more than optically improved!" Now off with the hair, and out with the caries, then he'll be pretty acceptable. "Sure, I spent yesterday night in the amusement center of *Düsseldorf* in a smoky bar and drank plenty of beers, to pass the time. That leaves its traces. The suitcase, I already checked in 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 plastic wrap. Actually I only noticed when I arrived at the airport." "My father was in Venice, some years ago and only once back home, he realized that he hadn't any roll of film in his camera." "Speaking of photos. You should see some old photos of me, me and me. Back yonder, you won't 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 it's funny." I start to laugh and infect him with that. After this small interlude I'm asked: "But what makes me wonder, is that you're actually here! I thought, you'd be in Cala Ratjada. And where at all is Dieter, your father?" "My father? Men in the menopause have more than a deep passion for us girls, who could be their daughter," I reveal to him. "He's my boyfriend!" "Get out of here? Now I think, you do exaggerate a little, but I think it's funny," Karl-Heinz says, and I'm not even sure at all, whether he believes a word.

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

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

It's two, we're as stuffed as we can be and the exploration of the hotel complex is now the next on the plan. We assert that all and everything is directly located next to the rocky coast. We learn Karl-Heinz has his room directly next to us. And we find out that the silly cow Mrs.

Sackmann, probably one of the hottest tourist guides on the whole island, will arrive for personal consultations around 11 a.m. tomorrow at the hotel. And here there's only one animator, and this one is called Toshiba. That one is Japanese and he speaks fluent Spanish, German, English and what do I know all. It always depends on which channel you switch on. On Wednesday, his LCDs show us the Champions League-Semifinal match Chelsea against Barcelona, highly expected amongst all soccer fans. On Sunday there's Formula One.

Chelsea, that isn't only the name of the daughter of uncle Bill, but that's an English soccer club, that's a thing, I'm really sure of. Probably, the daughter of the former U.S. president was once begotten in this western district of London. Later attempts by Bill, to beget another child, completely failed due to the more than functioning contraceptives, used by Hillary. And the more than functioning contraceptives used by his interns.

Soccer, yes, soccer, that was invented in England. What all else was ever invented on this island? Well I don't exactly know. Maybe riding instructor? I know the English. In the year 2006 the soccer world championship was in Germany. The English supporters sat in prides 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 all over their heads. That's something, they actually learned from German tourists in Majorca. Instead of paying the bills, they rather smashed up the inventory, tables and chairs, and try to fuck off, faster than any cops called trying to arrest them. They must have really learned that from Disaster Detlef.

Car races don't interest me much, I was already more than done with the taxi drive to the airport. Nowadays humans do amuse themselves in front of the TV screen to death. A lot of what is shown, I don't think to be funny. One thing I really absolutely don't go for at all, intelligent people, that try to be funny on TV, and really does nothing but present them as idiots.

Not only have I seemed to be totally enthusiastic about this great hotel complex. "Hey, magic mouse, I've got a little idea. Shall we ask the tour guide, whether we can just keep our room? The complex here isn't anything but great, has a far better place than the one in Ratjada. And this chuff 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 wasn't too good anyway and this coati mundi of a hotel manager had definitely the charm of some old warden." "Yes, it sounds good to me. It isn't at all clear to me either why this dump in Cala Ratjada 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 holiday makers and to escalate the top line. But the negative ratings are much more interesting for anyone, searching for real information about any hotel." "I've never thought about that," I mumbled. "I really think it to be super here, mighty 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. And suddenly, ooops! Who's that brilliant guy? He's wearing his red shirt open, and right over his deep placed black Capri trousers, his buff upper part of the body is more than highly visible. *Woooooow - sexy!* His skin is slightly brown and on his left upper arm he has tattooed a black rose. *My panties melt ...* "Ey, he looks like Bruce Willis in the year of 1990," Dieter says to me. "Indeed, hard to believe." "Yes..." I shortly add and I'm not able to add any more. I'm bamboozled. Dieter doesn't like this actor. He's jealous, because in the end of the movie *The Whole Nine Yards* Bruce Willis may deeply shove his tongue into the throat of the dental assistant and contract killer Jill, played by Amanda Peet. Dieter's favorite actresses do all start with an A: Amanda Peet, Andie MacDowell, Anna Heche and the hottest actress for him is eternally Anne Hathaway. With me, by the way, it's the other way around, my forename ends with A. Whenever getting any glimpse of Anna Hathaway, the adipose cholesterol heart of Dieter starts to hammer wildly. He thinks, that's roughly alike, as if Osama Bin Laden does his morning prayer to Allah in front of the

gates of Mecca and someone would fly the star-spangled banner in the Holy City. Nothing to be done against that at this very moment.

The guy is passing by and I shortly turn around, to see, whether the handsome guy that could plain pass as the younger clone of Bruce Willis, enters our hotel. No, he isn't. He's marching straight onwards. The only thing, I'd kill without batting an eye, would be a date with Bruce Willis. The real one of course.

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

The dinning-hall is already open for 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 dress, that I can wear and show myself off in the bar later, too. That'd where we'll be heading to.

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 rapulence. ***Gluttony back - Gluttony forth.*** Who cares, we appreciate this capital sin, and we are on holiday. Dieter is torn back and forth from the culinary joys and is talking big. "When we're back home, my honey pie, then I'll treat you with handmade home-style paella." An enormously ambitious project for someone that most of the time feeds himself via instant 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 - 9.45 p.m.

"It's my turn to shout," Dieter gags. Because most of the drinks are for free, anyway. "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 beers that promptly arrive freshly tongued. About a dozen vacationers, conquering the bar along with us, are definitely finding themselves in different states of

drunkenness, but seem to all come from Germany. Beer number how much I gobble down right now, I don't know, but it will be surely one of the last ones. To stay sober here, is more than difficult, because all others try nothing but to exactly permanently avoid that. Alcohol here seems to serve as some kind of a social lubricant.

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

"Good evening. Has anybody already tried the Prosecco?" we're asked by the man. No, not all of them come from Germany; my hypersensitive little ears have just recognized 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're from Austria, right?" "I'm from Vienna, she's from Tirol." "I'm from ... hic ... Imsterberg ... hic ...," prattles the lady and sits down on some bar stool. "You're drunk and we going to sleep soon," orders the guy. "I'm nooooooooooot drunk ... hic ... at all," prattles she on and makes a heavy pout. The contents of her handbag, a potpourri from coins, honked paper towels, cosmetic and pencils, she pours them all over the counter and distorts her face in disbelief. "Where are ... hic ... the cig ... hic ... cigarettes?" "I've already pocketed them for you." The man in the white suit is fishing a pack out of his jacket and hands her a butt over. When lighting it for her, the cigarette falls out of the corner of her mouth, landing safely on her skirt. But before it's rolling down, it manages nevertheless to burn a circular hole in the fabric.

"Where does this Schwarzenegger come from?" asks Dieter. "He comes from the Steiermark, there, where Graz lies," explains the man from the land of hills and vallies. Karl-Heinz can't keep calm. "My body is a wonder of nature. While Arnie's body is nothing better if at

all a wonder of anabolic." "Cómico!" The Austrian goes, who obviously doesn't go for someone making jokes about his fellow countryman. Karl-Heinz feels obviously challenged. "Cómico? Hey, the Viennese can speak Spanish. Then 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. Once he was caught riding some stolen Kawasaki in Catalonia, dashing through the villages at the Costa Brava. "Esposas." "Esposa means wife and esposas are thus of course the wives," explains the Austrian. "Right as well," agrees Karl-Heinz. "It's like a game of little teapot, guessing homo nominals. Look, a nun with a bad habit doesn't wear anything under her habit." Again, we did learn something with our emcee Karl-Heinz. Man, this really turns out to be an educational vacation here, we should defiantly claim this voyage against tax liability.

The Austrian orders two Proseccos, while his drunk female companion is more than enchanted, that Majorca would be after Cyprus the most beautiful of all Italian islands, definitely! Then he begins to explain. "Here in Spain a marriage is voted to be successful already, when it isn't divorced. Divorces are the norm here." Karl-Heinz states amused and means. "This seems to be a national sport. In Greece it's the tax fraud and in Spain the divorce." The man continues. "The fiery Spaniard and the fiery Spanish lady aren't made for any longer termed relationship. Nearly three of all four 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 aren't 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 break up sooner or later. The basic problem wouldn't be 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 put this bondage to the test.

"Do I hear here a big interest in divorce?" Karl-Heinz asks 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 at my cost. I was handling that in some more intelligent way the next time, we were married secretly." "And the lady is the new candidate? All good things come in threes, as we all know." Karl-Heinz is hunting for details, as he seems to be clearly interested in the drunken wife. "She's my girlfriend, of course. But the one who lost two times that much money in some war of divorce, then one has defiantly lost all interest in any marriage," states the Austrian.

The barkeeper serves the two ordered Proseccos and the Austrian brings out some toast. His beloved is fluctuating her glass heavily. She doesn't 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 I'm .. hic ... no sheep!" She doesn't seem 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 woman manages to bring out some kind of "I'm not dru..." to then shortly after that send some part of her stomach contents out. 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 chick wasn't too bad, hmm?" asks Karl-Heinz. "That cleavage wasn't too bad," adds Dieter. "Bad was her condition." I misled add very seriously and think additionally, that men in general are ready to tolerate much too much, when the view compensates. And even when this includes ravines of dumbness, that one can't at all dispose, this seems to be of no further handicap for the male cock.

"Oh man, was that lady loaded." Dieter takes another draft and philosophies on. "I'm not drunk. That sounded so more than believable than, as believable as any of the Rolling Stones swearing, that they never took any drugs in their lives. Man, she wasn't even able to stand straight." "With me, everything always stands as straight as it should. Believe me, I swear to high heaven, everything always stands as straight as it should," confesses Karl-Heinz. "I'm only lacking a woman, to actually prove it."

A blonde woman, mid forties with thick glasses on her nose is joining in. She seems to be a little bit uncongenial and starts preaching. "Watch out, here I come. Men often brag with their potency, as if they could make half Tokyo collapse with their cock, but completely fail in bed. A blowhard with some flabby dick is more or less like a fat wallet, which is only full of small money, loads of coins. One can't buy much with it and it doesn't 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 wouldn't ever suck with my chubby lips foe one second." Could she be a lesbian?

"As you happen to mention money ..." Karl-Heinz is sipping his glass, throws a glance at the blonde and continues: "Does anyone know a good bank, where I can borrow some dough, to become debt free? Could anybody lend me 5000 euro? This would be the beginning of a wonderful friendship!" says Karl-Heinz. Then he turns to the blonde. "What's your name?" "Why do you want to know?" "Because I've got a riddle for you." "Oskay, Rosemarie." "Hi, my name is Polanski and where is your baby? Listen, if you guess my real surname, you'll get a kiss from me." "Ick-ick-ick! Maybe ... motherfucker?" "Not really, but you've won anyway, I bend the rules. Come close to me, my dear." In shock the blonde is spilling her *Vino Tinto* all over her light blue top. "Great way to do it!" Karl-Heinz more than obviously amused. "For heaven's sake, it was only red vine and no water!" "Hey!" beefs the shrew, "got some more stupid remarks!?" "Hey, it 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 blonde dragon seriously. "But only for people that don't have any sense of humor," philosophized Dieter and he's 100 percent sure that's right.

"Fellow, you're all nothing but pissed drunk, man," the lady with the wet top rages. "Not you, but we're all pissed drunk." Karl-Heinz is correcting. Dieter adjusts: "Yeah, WE are all ...! Self-awareness is the first step for any betterment." "Luckily I'm going to depart tomorrow!" hisses Lucifer's bride. "And where'll we travel to?" asks Karl-Heinz. "New York? - Rio? - Tokyo?" "Screw you! Better a glass in the hand, than a twerp like you in bed!" she spits out sharp, throwing angry looks at Karl-Heinz. Then the offspring of Satan is taken 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. She didn't do it on purpose, but the shrink in me knows, how the subconscious does work. "Whoops, any other hobbies, party pooper?" Karl-Heinz wants to know. "Buffon!" "Adios, my snake in the grass. Hey, wait a sec! May I be your bugger?"

I'm not risking one further beer. I tell shortly the phrase-mongers *Bye-bye* and leave the bar, towards 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!*" Meanwhile, I was sure, that this question didn't even relate to me at all, but was plainly addressing his cock. His best piece seemed to a more than a happening substitute for some turbo-fantastic-ultra-friggin sports car, which he doesn't need at all.

Push, I'm dog-tired. The distress of the day is wearing me out. The getting up early, the eddy night before, the way too much alcohol. I slowly get undressed. On my bed, still some chaotic amount of tops,

skirts and trousers, I threw them onto, before I found myself this evening's winning 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. The next room I can hear, how Karl-Heinz palters into his. Rather clairaudient, this here. But for some south European standards still pretty normal. I can hear, how Karl-Heinz passes gas or was it my friend? I can hear how Karl-Heinz has his TV going. I just hope that Dieter doesn't suddenly come up with the idea, to start something up with me. I really need sleep. In case he would start to fumble, I would directly cancel his procuration.

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

No complaints about the breakfast, only Dieter is grumbling, the coffee taste awful. Nevertheless, he drinks and it inspires and his mood just appears to become a little better after the third one. Along the way, he's testing, whether he would be able to manage some seven eggs, supposedly good for the potency. Supposed to save one from having blackouts while lust and love. It's alright with me. Allegedly, the self-burned liquor of my grandpa was supposed to have the same effect. Gramps was always sure, that his self-distilled licorice schnapps would do nothing else but increase each and any potency, to sharpen the senses and to make sure of a healthy action of the bowels. My granny 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 than to study and more fun to self make than to buy.

I'm watching out for Karl-Heinz, but I can't 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 will behave during this holiday here!" she bosses her son around and the daughter alike then stirs some pound of sugar into her coffee.

Some half an hour later, Dieter and I leave well-fed and in a good temper 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'm asked by my darling honey pie, while we are approaching the reception counter. Of course it is her. What a coincidence, that plump being is just taking quarters in our hotel. Quietly we steer toward Kitty and I address her smack from the side. Kitty can't see me coming, as she is filling out the registration form. "Howdy ..."

My best friend is shortly puzzled and then falls screaming with joy around my neck. "But, but, but ...," she stutters and can't omit one clear sentence at all. I tell the story, why we're here at all. I didn't tell her before, as I plain forgot, to answer her SMS. "Imagine, I met a totally cute guy from Berlin during the transfer here on the bus," she twitters, after having gotten herself together fast again. "A guy from Berlin? What's his name?" "I'd love to know that myself." "What? You don't know his name?" "I thought he would ask for my name first, but he didn't. He's in the advertisement." Just like Germans. When you meet somebody for the first time, you ask for the profession and then for the name. However Karl-Heinz breaks ranks. Now Kitty notices Dieter. "Oh, hi Didi." "Hi Kitty, you're here and not in Bollywood?".

We arrange a dinner date with Kitty at one p.m. Around two 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. Kitty is looking forward to that rendezvous and is beside herself with joy. Good chance for Kitty finally to 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 passion killer. 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 shit loads 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 takes care of all the other things. He wants to gape again into Mrs. 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 discuss everything with him. Ok, he stays, and he is going to talk to the tour guide, 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 wants to run to.

I just stroll some more through the hotel. At the bar I find Karl-Heinz drinking beer and he looks terrible, like Donald Duck on bird flu. "Hi Karl-Heinz. How are you? Did you already check out the offers of the alcohol department? Again fit as a fiddle?" As an answer, firstly I receive a well cultivated gulp and then he says: "Fit only for a knacker's yard. Got some plain nice hangover!" That seems to be the starting shot for some further alcoholic escapade. "I see, a nice 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 but then gets to the point. "Luckily I have a rich aunt, that on and off helps me out with some little financial injection. But the debts of course, they stay, but I'm rather Mr. Spender." "So that's the reason you wanna fuck off in the foreign?" "Not really, I'd like to pay my debts." "And what about going to work? Already ever tried?" "Well, going to work isn't necessarily my hobby-horse."

Sloth back - sloth forth. Man has to work, has to do something. 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.

"But I'm still on the search to find the right job. I'm still on the search to find my place in this world." Karl-Heinz orders another beer. "Sometimes for me life can only be understood as wickerwork of never-ending absurdities," cries Karl-Heinz. With a statement as such, during his life crisis my father would have stood up straight on some bar stool and would have donated an endless happy scenic applause for such a counter philosopher 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 than all the damn crank yards, that constantly have to take out their own inner discontent on others. Another reason to gossip about the life of others, to have some better light cast 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. "A few secrets are a kind of effective aphrodisiacal, too. I'm 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, armed with some bath towel, and find me to challenge holiday-maker 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't plainly 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 a soccer mag. Later I actually did add a dictionary, a Spanish dictionary. Talk about any learning, I'm still able to know all the determined schemes of all Taekwon-Do belt exams right away by heart."

A man dressed up as can, joins us at the bar. A more than captivating smell finds 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. "Does anyone know Seville? Have you ever been to Seville?" Neither Karl-Heinz, nor me are able to answer that question. "It's really beautiful there, really. Seville is the capital of Andalusia and the fourth 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 wants to know: "And what about Don Quixote, the knight of the sad countenance? Didn't he come from Spain, too?" "Sure enough, but strictly speaking he came from Castilla-La Mancha. However the author wrote his novel in Seville - in jail. 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 hearty draft of beer and pose a question. "You really know something about this planet, right?" "I've already been to so many countries all over the world," the man ensured us. "Among others like eleven times in the USA," he proudly adds. "But this is only one country," corrects Karl-Heinz and puts a new question. "Have you ever been to New York? - Rio? - Tokyo? This would have been three countries." "I've been to New York for the second time, I have once been at the Copacabana and of course I more than adored all the coffee-skinned ladies from Brazil." "Well, you can find hot women everywhere, hmm?" continues Karl-Heinz and starts telling a story.

"Once I knew one in our town, 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 dazzler. Could I fool some women, I'd have been already

married, but I'm a more than a miserable actor. When I was a kid, I was more than sure, that each and every black-haired woman was some kind of nymphomaniac scorcher. It took me sixteen years to find out that's right. Listen, this amouros tete-a-tete wasn't unperilous, that was a close shav." "Why - what did happen?" I get prying. "Well, in the middle of the night, the lover of the black-haired came home. I really didn't know anything about him, and of course he was as damn welcome as any controller in the tram. He wanted to come to blows, luckily I could escape."

Now it's again the turn of the well dressed man. "Already next month, I'm going to Denmark. There, I won't spend any holiday, but I want to have my eye problems taken care of in some private acupuncture praxis." "You go to Denmark? That shows a lot of fantasie. Next month I'm going to my personal quarry pond and will have me bit by as much mosquitoes as can." After this rap, Karl-Heinz orders a slug, of course only with the intention that the beer in his belly doesn't feel that lonely.

"Are you alone here?" I ask the man, from whom I know neither name nor where he comes from. "I'm 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." "You did get on some plane and flew to Asia, to the islands?" asks Karl-Heinz. "No, I had myself shown the new catalogue." A wife out of a catalogue? What kinds of jokes is this supposed to be?

The man proudly shows off his wristwatch. "Look, a real *Rolex*. No imitation from Turkey." "Look," says Karl-Heinz and points onto his mouth. "Real teeth, no imitation. No gold teeth." The definitely isn't losing his calm and keeps on jabbering. ***Pride back - pride forth.*** Pride is nothing but the crutch of the insecure.

I'm not at all any happy listener, it plain sucks. My inner deft of enthusiasm simply tells me to fuck off. I'd 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 a bride, is more than suspect to me. Alike Disaster Detlef's sister. My sister told me stories about her. She had a very suspect cleaning practice. With a cleaning rag the dishes were washed, the bathtub and the cat litter pan were cleaned, but chronologically seen in the converse sequence.

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 a short while, I'm escorted by a bunch of tiny insects that whirr around my head. I don't need more than a quarter of an hour to get to the bayou of Cala Marsal. The 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 has been straight named after this little joint with this arbitrary delicious doner kebab. Or like a prison wing named 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 isn't that hard, and it's early and its more than early season anyway. I get this big towel out of my beach bag and spread it. Then I take off 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 things never turn out the way you expect. Right, Mr. Columbus? Man proposes, God disposes. These pieces of wisdom should be well known. Why is that so? Men who love God, like my father, are more than sure that God always has some better plan in the back, then the one you expect. But again, it is a question of time, when this becomes clear to you. This can take some weeks, months, years, or, well, a whole life. Sometimes this will never be clear to you, well; the ways of the master are more than unfathomable. This is nearly 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 I observe two boys. One of them lies on his belly and has a more than an attractive body. His face, I can't recognize it at all. I'm asking myself seriously, will this face look like what the body promises? His fat friend seems to be the total opposite of him. He lies there like some sort of stranded whale and additionally he looks bad, another of those horrifying mutants of this species man.

On my left hand side, in some distance, two German girls take their bikini tops off. I discover above the backside of one girl a tattoo like the antlers of an elk. The other with the thick bells wears some G-string. When she has something between her teeth, she still can make use of her thong, being as thin as some dental floss. Topless isn't anything for me. Better some snow-white tits, that will be tenderly massaged by some man, than this burned brown tits, that nobody cares about that are only an object for horny men's eyes or envious lady's eyes. ***Envy back - envy forth.*** I'm very proud of my optimized bust size, as nature, sorry God, really meant it well with me. Though my breasts are surely still underlying gravity, too. My sister always says: *Time is poison for the beauty of a woman.*

Meanwhile the whale with the ugly mug sat up. Now he starts to smoke, is drawn with the despair of some crack junkie his cigarette and focuses hard on me. Probably he hopes that I would spend a little time of my holidays in his bed.

Only some very few had the pleasure of ever seeing my breasts naked. I should have never shown them to my last lover. After a broken relationship I immediately started up a new one but without thinking. It was plain frigid love at first sight. That's my dream boy, into all eternity, that was exactly my emotion. But feelings often lie and love is blind, anyway. 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 anyway. As fast as I could, I broke away from this guy, who reduces women to their tits, ass and legs. Apart from that, he thought himself to be completely irresistible. An opinion that he seems to own the exclusive rights for.

Many men do actually cough up some kind of gentleman like behavior, when they are on a women hunt. But as soon as they got what they want, it's like some mask dropping and they don't 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, is sensitive and more than passionate. This mix is really kind of extraordinary. *Feelings don't lie* that's the contents of many German pop songs. Given the idea, feelings wouldn't lie, my father always explained to me, he would have long been a millionaire, with all his bets in horse racing. One should definitely separate between some kind of inner sureness and some feeling. A feeling is more or less vanishing as fast as it comes up. True love isn't based on any emotions. My father knows, someone who obeys his feelings, is someone without any principles.

Oh yes, there was Tim, my first real boyfriend. Tim was the first boy that ever popped his tongue into my mouth. Well of course he would have loved to pop something else into some other parts of my body, too, but I didn't let him, in those days back yonder. I broke away from him, when he started to make out with Caro; at those times she was 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 friend. But this is already quite a while ago and I was pretty starry-eyed and innocent then. A woman does lose her ability in a certain age to give birth to kids, but her naiveté, she'll never completely lose. By the way, today Caro earns her full living with fellatio. Let's drop that subject.

The sun was burning onto my skin and it is time to cream myself. My belly button turned blast furnace and it won't take too long, till the piercing will turned fluid. I straighten up and grasp the sunscreen 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 doesn't see me. Bruce Willis, at least his twenty years younger version. This time he doesn't wear any black trousers, but a T-shirt in black. He doesn't see

me, because his eyes suck themselves deep into the two topless gals. Now he spots me and focuses on me. He smiles at me. He's coming my direction. My heart starts to beat hart.

"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? Ok, the art of smearing the shit all over, applying suntan lotion, wasn't hard to guess, what I'm doing right now. *Mh-hm...* Why not? He can help me with some back rubs. When Dieter has this friggin' tour 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 still hasn't lead to any subtropical climate on the British islands, so that the Englishman would be able to plain forget about any holidays at the Mediterranean. I tell him my name and Jack in black wants more basic data. "You're from Russia, aren't you?" "No, I'm *deutsch* ... from Germany." I'm mumbling. "Oh, beautiful German girl. Give me the sunscreen." He squats down next to me and I hand him the bottle over and he is blotting some onto my shoulders.

"Do you wanna ride my cock tonight?" Eh? What is this supposed to mean? What the friggin hell shall I do tonight? *Ride my cock?* Cock? I think a cock was one animal on Old MacDonald's farm. This English nursery rhyme is well known in Germany. My last English class has been quite some while ago, I do need some coaching and thus I will actually ask him for the meaning. "Eh ... Jack? What is the meaning of to ride a cock?" I hadn't registered at all, that Karl-Heinz joined us and he overheard the conversation. "Who are you?" Jack wants to know. He asks that rather unfriendly, as he feels totally disturbed in his undertakings buys Karl-Heinz' 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, yes I understand. I learned this word from Lady Gaga and the older Germans like Dieter learned it from Frank Zappa. Bitch, yes, I understand that, but not the complete inherent sense. "Piss off, or I'm

gonna kick your ass!" Jack threatens and starts to apply lotion on me. "Hand offs that girl, or I'm going to rub your tattoo away," threatens Karl-Heinz and flips him the bird. Now we got the ball going. Jack is trying hard to grab the object of this obscene gesture, but he doesn't manage. After this totally failed attack, the Englishman gets up again and does swing his balled fist, towards Karl-Heinz, but he manages to avoid the hit. Attack was always the best way of defense, clearly known to Karl-Heinz, and he is kicking Jack more than violent in his private parts, man, if there the hydraulics didn't get damaged and causes some lifelong sexual dysfunction. Jack drops in the sand. The friend of the fat ugly whale next seems to have noticed nothing; he is comfortably lying around plain just as before.

I'm packing fast my bundle of things and talk sweet with Karl-Heinz, to leave the beach as fast as can direction Hotel Marsal. But Karl-Heinz is only able to hobble. "Damn fuck, my foot is killing me," he caws and his face is distorted with pain. "Hey, man, it's going to be ok. They should call you a ambulance in the hotel." I try to soothe him out. "This damn friggin wanker of a nut job, if he shall come across me again, man, I'm gonna get it out on that one!" Karl-Heinz is having some more than mad rage fits. *Wrath back - wrath 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, because self-composure is controlled power.

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

"Dieter darling, then the ambulance came and one brought him to the clinic. I don't know any more." I've told the story and Dieter means: "But Karl-Heinz made a mistake. He should have rather had his teeth knocked out, that way he makes it to any dentist's." This saying makes me a smile and I change the topic. "Great, that you could handle all things so uncomplicated with Mrs. Sackmann, that we can just stay here in the hotel. I'm happy." "I'm happy about that myself, that all worked out that easily and well."

Kitty is lumbering into the restaurant. Why do such chubby women like Kitty always have to wear leggings that they rather shouldn't wear? That has nothing to do with any fashionable despair, but it is for me a kind of visual 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 to her the Karl-Heinz matters. "I'm so sorry to hear that," says Kitty full of compassion. Shortly after two 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'm going to bet that Kitty has something going on tonight. She is such hot ..." "Hey you're crazy!" I go at Dieter, "Kitty is a nice girl. She isn't a wild girl." "How many percent are you sure? C'mon. I'm going to ask this Berliner tomorrow, whether he scored with her, I say yes. What's your bet? And how much?" Such an extraordinary bet, we've never had one like that. "35 euro!" "Agreed!"

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

Karl-Heinz lives! He's back and we are eating together. Karl-Heinz, Dieter, Kitty and my humble self. Meanwhile Kitty met Karl-Heinz in person. She is all of dither, because there is her second date with the one from Berlin around eight p.m. Karl-Heinz is happy, that his foot is no longer hurting that badly. He was really lucky again, nothing was broken, 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 an insurance company pays faster. They just had his little foot creamed with ointment in hospital and after that, well and thickly bandaged. Karl-Heinz is already again disposed and starts joking. "On the beach I saw a girl with a tattoo like an antlers above the backside. Hey peeps, if you want to know the taste of blowjob done by an elk, you've to take this chick in doggy-style."

Shortly after eight, Dieter and I are on the way. We leave the two alone. Kitty's guy hasn't yet shown up and thus my friend is a little worried. But to be worried means, to fear that expectations won't 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 blowing. 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 out there. Only a little tiny cloud is to be seen in the sky and I plantain, it's the veil of a miraculous little fairy. Around ten we're 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 crooked Karl-Heinz has some request. "Hey you, just a question ... Have you ... Have you got a condom? Or two? Or maybe as well some three or four?" I'm a little bit perplexing for some moment. "Oh... no..." I'm answering very gentle. "We can't help you out with any." "Damn fuck!" Karl-Heinz is disappointed, but he wishes me a good night, before he vanishes hoobling into his room. Hopefully he won't get the fixed idea with the plastic wrap.

Shamelessly naked like Adam before the fall of mankind, Dieter returns from the bathroom. I shortly take a glance onto his very interesting body part which I can't exhibit. "With whom did you speak right now, magic mouse?" It seems he has picked something up. "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?" "Er, well ..., he wanted a condom." "A condom? You mean Karl-Heinz, this desperate jerk, wanted a condom, a preservative? Hey, what's the hell the matter? Did he pick up a bitch?" "How could I know? I didn't notice anyone." "Just a moment, I think, maybe in my travel bag could be a pack." Again I'm perplexed. "Since when do you have condoms? You've

never told me about that!" Dieter isn't giving any answer, and just goes quietly through his luggage.

"Voilà, I've got it, the pack. One is still left over." "Why is there only one left? Where's all the rest gone? You owe me some explanation!" That I demand very loudly and watch him being very serious. "Hey, stop it! Yes, relax, please. I bought them last year during my summer holidays, when we weren't even been together." Okay, I got to accept that. Well, maybe he got laid some blond Scandinavian backpacker on the beach during his last holidays. Okay, enough already.

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 won't 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 wouldn't 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.

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

I step out and knock at the door next door. "Hey Karl-Heinz. Man, open, pleas? 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 don't 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. "Er ... yes," I stutter. "Karl-Heinz ... Karl-Heinz ... He was of course more than happy." I lie and shut the lights off fast to make sure he can't see how I get red in my face.

Twenty minutes later, we try to sleep, the groaning begins. "Hey man, listen, Karl-Heinz really found a bird." "So what?" I'm snarling, and turn my back towards my friend. I'm not happy about Kitty getting into bed 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 the sexual life. Kitty's moaning gets louder and louder, it will even entertain the night porter on the ground floor. "Galactic, it's all happening there," giggles Dieter and is more than curious. "With what kind of a bitch does he do it?" "No idea, I didn't see anything."

Oh God, unmistakable Kitty has a ball and I can defiantly not hold up that. She is sure enough not only a good prompter, but has all the qualities to be some synchronizer, best for all the new films about Josephine Mutzenbacher. Now ok, nevertheless the last I'd have expected that she has sex with some guy, without even knowing his full name. I thought that to be as impossible, alike the times during the cold war any six point zero from some Soviet scoring judge for some US-American figure skater.

Lust back, lust forth. My father pointed out already today, that sexuality would be more than a genuine component of creation, and otherwise men wouldn't even have the idea to reproduce. But that sex outside any marriage would be a sin. I believe him, but I don't follow. No sex before any marriage, who can handle that? And plain trying convulsively to abolish the natural sex drive, doesn't make any sense either, or? My father always said, only someone can have that, which has a deep connection with his creator. This is the one who gives him the power to avoid any sexual appetite. 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 won't 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 a 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 isn't 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, doesn't have to be at all surprised, when God leaves him unexpectedly. And when he allows one to suddenly be in need. My father does claim himself to be at the same time a saint 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 subterfuge. A subterfuge is nothing but a lie.

Dieter did once tell me about his very heavy traffic accident, where he total his first car. For this BMW he paid 3000 Deutsch Mark back yonder. He was 18 years old and his driving license he only had for two weeks. In some funky mood, that was deeply characterized by all being wild and an overestimation of his capabilities, and was caused by some joint, he took some curve too fast. He was lying six weeks in hospital. Dieter meant that when you're seriously injured in some hospital, then you just go for one thing, and that's to feel well again. The loss of the car won't be of any importance alike the results from the last soccer game do lose all their importance additionally, they won't 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 don't feel utterly sportively challenged and they don't work their way through the *Kama Sutra*, the beggar's acrobatic stops finally and the condoms are just smack used up. 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 well last night. To drive out the last bit of the tiredness, we preferred to hop down the stairs down to the ground floor instead of taking the elevator. We don't go towards the breakfast buffet, instead we left the hotel, because my darling has suggested some little spontaneous walk to the beach. I join in, as I'm not totally hungry yet, it's still way too early for any of that. Though Dieter didn't take a sip of coffee yet, he's already in a good mood. A real nice holiday really does create nothing but miracles.

No one is at the beach. We deeply take the calm and loneliness in. It's wonderful, plain fantastic. This place could be a part of the Garden of Eden. Sadly, this little location here is no paradise any longer, since that brutal asshole of an Englishman. Again, Dieter offers some kind of deal, that I can easily accept. We simply go to the complex of the *Hotel Marsal*. We discover a side entrance. Okay, the admittance is only allowed for guests. But this is being ignored. First we pass the big pool, then up the stairs, approaching the booking hall with the main entrance. In front of the hotel a little French car stops. "Look," says Dieter, "that's the car of our tour guide." "Sure enough, you do know all about her," 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 as his good-bye. Better said, *Chauffeuse*, because behind the steering wheel there is our blonde nymphomaniac Mrs. Sackmann - no doubt about that. "Man, you can be sure, that there was more than something going on between those two in the last night," the clear-cut analysis of Dieter. "You can see how much she is caring about the well-being of her vacationers." "Yes, but apparently only about the well-being of the male ones," I correct my honey pie. "Yesterday this guy from Berlin had another appointment, a better one than with Kitty; I'm rather sure about that. I think, your best friend wasn't amused." As if! If he would know, what was going on there ...

In the foreign hotel, we take a look around and find out, that the Mrs. Sackmann was here yesterday around 11:30 a.m. and that yesterday was Wednesday. "Well, I think, she met this Berliner during her

consultation-hour and she obviously immediately annexed him." I assume. "Well, then our little Kitty will have probably spent the night alone, and I'd 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're 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 don't think well about any one-night-stands, and Kitty doesn't 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. On the internet, more and more is being published, who is not familiar with *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'm nothing but some reputable girl myself. Was 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 won't surely confess this night with Karl-Heinz to Dieter, but Karl-Heinz will surely shoot the bull about it with his buddies, and then everyone knows. At the latest, tonight at the bar. And if there will be more happening between the both, when the heart will get involved, then it will be just a question of time, when all will be public. At the latest at the bar this evening, when they will be whispering sweet nothings.

"Here, the 35 euro." Dam shit, what the hell am I doing? How the hell do I get out there? "Eeeeeer ... Yes ... Yes ... Yes ... Do you know something my darl? We'll just forget this stupid bet." "What? Plain forget?" "Yap. Plain forget. We plain forget the bet and keep the notes. Just plain take them back again, ok? But you have to answer one question, ok?" Dieter is fetching the dough. "Okay, go ahead, I'm curious." "Ok my darling. What happened with the two lacking

condoms? I'd really love to know." Dieter starts to laugh. "No really, of all things ... Oh man ... Alright, alright. You really want to know? I mean sooner or later I'd tell you this anyway. I ... I bonked Kitty. " "What??? You bonked Kitty???" "Sure!" "And when was that again???" "Hey, we agreed about only one question, didn't we?" "C'mon now, tell me!!!" I rudely address him and threaten him with my right fist. "Okay, okay, relax. I'm 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."

Kitty plays the wild slut of some nurse and seems to have a weakness for guys with some foot injuries. Now the bet is completely clear to me. Dieter did know it more than well, that you'd get Kitty easily in bed, when one plain wants it hard enough. "Wait a sec, these condoms weren't planned for Kitty, and they were planned for me. You wanted to have sex with me the first time we met and in spite of that, you did it with my best friend." Well, things never turn out the way you expect. "Sorry, but it was Kitty who abused the situation. And to test, that I'm no fag, we had wild and animalistic sex." Okay, I remain closed. During a rehearsal I once mentioned that the writer, for whom I made the illustrations, must be gay, because he hasn't hit on me yet.

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

After our little hassle, Dieter and I share a table and are having our breakfast. A bouncy Kitty enters the dining room and a Karl-Heinz in good spirits hobbles along, too. I greet them with some "Hey, you two beauties - did you sleep well? Pretty hot, tonight, wasn't it Kitty?" The two shortly throw some sparkling smiles at me and head to plunder the buffet, while Dieter doesn't even understand any of my allusions and keeps on wondering about any nightly hotness. "But, it wasn't 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 *To ride my cock*, or am I wrong with that now?" "I can tell, what he wanted to do with you, but I won't. Normally I wouldn't understand this either, but

due to my strong and lasting consummation of porn on American websites, call me an expert now." Well ok, this guy now at least confesses, that he is plain watching pornos. Ruthless, without any mercy 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 than any beating about the bush. Better a man, that is honest with himself than someone who constantly pretends. Concerning Karl-Heinz consummation of pornos, Kitty will surely find out in bed, whether this has some other benefiting effects.

Even a blind person would see that there's something cooking between Kitty and Karl-Heinz. Their behavior can't deny that both are more than heavily crushing. This is noticed by Dieter, too, and after the new couple retreated again, he says 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 chuppy Kitty yesterday night groaning!?" "Exactly my honey pie, because of this Berlin guy missed the date, Karl-Heinz did comfort Kitty immediately." "And with each glass of alcohol the two came closer and closer ..." "Guess, yep, that's what was going on!" "Hey, wait a moment you sly old fox, then I won my bet!" "What bet again? Didn't we agree to forget that?"

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

According to weatherman it will be bright and sunny for the next days. Without the dream couple Dieter and I take the bus to Porto Cristo. More than worth seeing there, and highly recommendable the *Cuevas del Drach*, the "Caves of the dragons". They are the oldest and biggest stalactite caves in Majorca and are named after one fabulous dragon, that is supposed to take care of some treasure there. In Germany, we have a gazillion of such dragons, of women, that guard their treasure from man so that he's not going to the corner bar, or get amused visiting some sporting event. A man, that always does, what a woman wants, will become eventually totally uninteresting, believe 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 a lot of sun and nearly no clouds. Again without Karl-Heinz and Kitty, we make a walking-tour heading to the ruins of the *Castillo de Santeria*, that finds itself on some 440 yards high ascertainment. For the way there, we need about three hours, but that is worth the trouble, as we have a more than fantastic view 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 a Seat Ibiza Diesel. With this rental car, Dieter and I head first to Cala D'or. This beautiful little village belongs to the few spots on this island that is still in British hands. Here, next to the domestic Spaniard, the German tourist belongs to the threatened species, too. The travel business Meckermann should start up some blitzkrieg here and should drag with utter dumping prices some Germans into this village, then it will be only a question of time, when we'll take command in Cala D'or. From this village onwards it isn't that very far to the dreamlike beaches of the Cala Mondragó.

The little fisher village Cala Figuera lies a few miles south of the Cala Mondragó and belongs to one of the most picturesque 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 go further direction south and take a 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 admire the bizarre perforated rock *Es Pontas*.

Close to Colonia St. Jordi the shore resembles some kind of dunny landscape, more than known to me from the North Sea. We're driving till Cala Pi and then turn around and drive back, we don't want to visit the amusement center of El Arenal, an early bastion of mass tourism. Here the Germans have a party 24 hours a day. It's a mad house like the *Oktoberfest*. And here they mutually poured beer all over their heads.

May 10, 2009

This very day Kitty and Karl-Heinz finally manage to leave their bed. To talk them into some little island cruise isn't difficult, as the program of *Mr. Toshiba* isn't a real alternative. Karl-Heinz has taken his bandage off. He is able to walk free of pain again. Kitty has to get to a upright position first. No surprise, when one is camping out on some mattress for some 24 hours first.

We're on the way around midday, it's again a beautiful day. We go 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 villages Cala Millor and Sa Coma. Today, there is the total building ban. In the middle of that area 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 book of fairytales. 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 a short break in the beer garden and enjoy the sweet idleness. Then we drive to Cala Ratjada. In the haven you have the opportunity to buy tickets for some trips with a boat. With some luck, you can see dolphins that are apparently not threatened by extinction. In opposite

to any understanding, sensitive and passionate men. My father, by the way, was that angry, that so much money is invested in the saving of animals, in spite of a billion of humans suffer from starvation.

We see our proud man with a chick. After some short erotic interlude, may the suspect declared winner shortly shove his tongue a little into the ear of his company. His Philippine 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, doesn't make any happy either.

From Cala Ratjada westwards up to the big bay of Alcúdia. We take a little longer break in Ca'n Picafort. This place in former years was a little fishing village and today some holiday location, including all and everything, a tourist's heart can crave for. Numberless cafes and Restaurants lined up on the promenade.

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 to the small lane and after a million curves we actually do reach the cloister. From here, you can enjoy and even better view allowed the island, better than 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 give the rental car back and enjoy the seventh day, thus the last day before flying back. Departure day doesn't count as any holiday day, because it just means stress. We go to bed early, because we have to be ready around six in the morning 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.

Our Boeing landed safely in Düsseldorf. Karl-Heinz stays another week long and can keep on entertaining himself with Kitty who will have to say *So long* to Majorca tomorrow. How their story will continue, time will tell. Physical passion isn't 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 even up to offspring. Let's wait and see. No doubt about a warm hot female body is for a man more than just some gain in life-quality. Karl-Heinz did drastically reduce his joke-cracking's because Kitty is continually yattering.

A relationship is a chance. Maybe Karl-Heinz will finally manage through Kitty's influence to get something going job wise. What about drinking? Alcohol is good for shit anyway, apart from leading onto the dependency and into the self-destruction. The one, who learns out of mistakes, will become mature. The one, who always shifts the blame on others, doesn't mature.

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. Crises will come and will challenge the marriage. What is important is, how one is handling any of such a crisis. Life crises 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. What about Prince Charles? Did he learn from mistakes? I think yes, he married again, but his new wife isn't as pretty as Diana and for this reason there isn't any danger that a riding instructor will be too interested in his wife.

An all-inclusive holiday in Majorca 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'm 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 of new life and new beginning. God gave us humans 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 expiations, the one who accepts Jesus Christ as his savior, will be saved, no matter, what all evil he did in his past. Thus there will ever be a chance for each criminal, prostitute and riding instructor.

Epilogue

Düsseldorf Airport Terminal, outside

I place myself in the back. "What's your name soldier?" Dieter is asking our taxi driver, because we on the airplane we actually did bet again, who pays the cab back home. I was dibbling that the last name would start with one of the letters between A and K. "Detlef Kaiser" is the reply. The driver who has a widely buttoned open shirt that shows off some fragile chain with a little cross. "Won!" I'm happy, and additionally mention to the driver: "The only Detlef, I've ever heard of, was Disaster Detlef. Hopefully your driving style isn't that disastrous." "Disaster Detlef?" the driver is astonished, who quite contrary 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 start 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. "Quite right!" I'm baffled. "Hey, you're a former friend of my big sister Sandra." "Which 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're driving cabs? Isn't it an honest job?" "Of course." "What happened?" "Inner changes. Crime sucks." "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.