

About the Dutiful Contract Killer

I could have put this book in the humor category, because some of the passages are amusing. And moreover, the story about the hitman is followed by texts from my jolly e-book *Nice Surprises*, but the funny German course is only available in the original version. I apologize for every mistake that sneaked into the American when translating. We are just a small German publisher and do not have the financial means to paying professional translators.

Stefan Hoffmann

Who hesitates, thinks

Who I am?

I'm living somewhere in a lost corner of Germany near a big city with a high crime rate—alone in a small apartment on the top floor of a rented house. I don't want to live in this room forever. There are much nicer apartments and places where I would like to live. That's my dream—together with a hot chick, of course. My parents gave me the name Frank 33 years ago. The people in my house know me as Mr. Müller; at least that's what it says on my doorbell and letterbox. My neighbor, an old woman with a cheeky dog, calls me *The Man with the Hat*. I also wear my hat when the weather is nice, but I always take it off when the going gets tough. When practicing my trade, I go by the name Mr. Winter. I adopted this name about two years ago after I discovered that you can make a lot of money by shooting people with determination. Nobody in my line of work should have the idea of deducting a firearm from their taxes as a working tool.

Friday, September 9, 2011

It's just after 10 p.m., and I enter the night bar. The owner of this boîte is called Will, a black man who grew up in the USA. We met when he moved to Germany with his parents. He was thirteen at the time, and his penchant for girls and grifting quickly became apparent. Will was occasionally arrested, but he always got off lightly. Will, or *Wild Willy*, as we used to call him, had never been in prison for long. I had never been behind bars, but I had spent twelve years in the military.

I had signed up at a young age to serve my country in this way. In the army, you learn to shoot; in the army, you learn to kill. I knew guys for whom the military was like a prison right from the start. For me, everything only became a cage at the end, from which I wanted to break out completely legally. Shortly before my 13th year of service, I resigned verbally.

You can rely on my word. The bureaucracy demanded something in writing. That drove me into a rage; I thought they weren't taking me seriously. I shouted, »I quit! If you can rely on a word, then it's from me!« Or it's from God. But I don't know if God even exists. But shit, there's no doubt that I exist. The only question is, for how long?

I sit down at the bar, leave my hat on, order a double bourbon with ice, and ask for Will. Carmen, the waitress, with her manifold charms, picks up the phone. Five minutes later, I shake hands

with my old buddy.

»Hi Frank«, he greets me. He deliberately adds an American touch to my name. Apart from that, he now speaks better German than most bald Neo-Nazis. He bombards me with the news.

»The pretty thing is in the headlines. Her body was found. The local TV reported it.«

»Sorry Will, I only watch sports and action movies on TV.« And erotica on DVD when needed.

»It was big in the paper!«

»Newspaper? I don't read them.«

»And on the internet, Frank.«

»Internet? Sellers cash in; but don't deliver the goods, they don't fulfill the contract—unbelievable! This Internet is full of lies and deceit, a digital illusory world. I don't spend another second on it. Disinformation, fake news, everywhere. I swear, I will never have an email account for all eternity. Someone could offer me millions to neutralize this damn network, but it would be impossible for me to do such a job. I turn down jobs I'm not up to. I only take on assignments that I—«

Will interrupts me. »I know about your sense of duty. We've known each other for 20 years. You and your loyalty, Frank. Really commendable.«

Commendable. On the Internet, you get a fist with a thumbs up for this. If this hand extends its index finger, it takes on a completely different meaning.

»Thanks Will. Save your words; I don't even want to know the press wrote. In any case, the cops haven't caught the murderer yet.«

»Did you expect anything else from the cops? They weren't allowed to reveal much, apart from a few key details about the victim. Claudia Steinmann, 25 years old and single. Black hair, white skin.«

»Beautiful fairytale bride. Too bad I didn't have time to get to know her better. A woman like that should be married on the spot.«

»Go ahead and get married! That would be just right for you, Frank. Saves you the financial investment for erotic hours and the money for the pizza cab. Competence in the kitchen and in bed—that's what matters to guys. Joking aside, back to the press. As I said, I can't tell you anything big anyway, just the usual.«

»Isn't it always the same? No further details for now. It's being investigated in all directions—blah, blah, blah. What about the dough? 13,333 agreed, and I would like the money now.«

Will pushes my fee over to me. It's well protected from prying eyes.

»Here, Frank. I don't want to owe you a penny.«

I immediately notice that there are also some coins in this envelope to keep the bills company. I wonder whether the coins add up to 33 or 34 cents.

»Would you like the envelope back immediately? Should I go to the toilet to empty it just to be on the safe side?«

»No, Frank, I don't want the envelope back this time. Last time, I was just a little short of office supplies.«

The envelope finds a place inside my outerwear. I'll take my time to count it at home, but so far, everything has always been right with Will.

»All right. Thanks, Will.«

»Frank, check back next Friday. I have something in prospect. It's about your thing; it's about murder.«

»Well, hopefully not someone who wants to get rid of *Wild Willy*«, I joke.

My partner has to laugh.

»Your humor is even blacker than my skin color, Frank.«

»The stark contrast to that is the snow-white cocaine you're peddling here. Now look here, old chap!« I grin at him.

»Yes, when friends become enemies. Come on, Frank, what about a fresh drink? I'll buy you one.«

»I'd never say no to a free drink.«

»A definite no to getting rid of me too? Keep your hands off! My old friend would shoot himself in the foot. Do you know the guy Fatzo?«

I say no.

»Someone made sure that his fixer could no longer say a peep. Orders stopped coming in. So Fatzo fell into debt and is now living on the street. Frank, seriously. You wouldn't want to get rid of your best job broker, would you?«

I take off my hat and have an idea.

»If Carmen comes out of it, why not?«

»Carmen?! You'll never get her. Over my dead body!«

»That's what we're talking about right now.«

»Frank, I'll tell you something. You won't be happy with Carmen. I know beasts like that. They want to bathe in wealth. And if you interfere, they'll throw you out of the tub.«

Will's loud whistle makes the cute barmaid approach. I give Carmen a quick wink. A pussy like that at home and watching erotic videos would have been superfluous.

Friday, September 16, 2011

It's just after 10 p.m., and I enter the night bar. The owner of this boîte is called Will, and he's already been expecting me.

»Franky, old boy. Nice to see you.«

We sit down at a quiet table, and Carmen brings me my usual drink. Will leans over to me and gets started.

»Listen. The guy's called Bumerang. I don't know, he'll be around 60. Anyway, he must be at the top of a big company. Pays a five-figure sum.«

»I won't kill anyone for less money. For peanuts, the most I'd do is shoot my neighbor's dog; the barking of that mutt really gets on my nerves. Let's get to the point. Who exactly should believe in it?«

»Mr. Bumerang himself will tell you that. You have an audience with him tomorrow at three. He lives on the outskirts of the city. Listen, this time the payment won't go through me. Be careful; please have some of it paid out directly in cash, and you'll give me my share later. Tomorrow at three. It's not too far from here, not at the end of the world. Is that all right?«

I sip from my glass. It's all right.

Saturday, September 17, 2011

The sunny day is approaching three o'clock in the afternoon. The feudal villa lies abandoned at

the end of a narrow street. The large nameplate looks freshly polished and could just as easily be new. I press the bell button and wait in front of the front door, sweating slightly. I had to drive almost 30 miles and walk the last 500 yards, not wanting to park the car in the immediate vicinity. The door opens, and I look into the eyes of a pretty face. She must be a few years younger than me.

»Are you Mr. Winter?« she asks, and after my quick full-body scan, I am impressed by the chick in a miniskirt. Her face looks somehow familiar. Who is this hottie? Bumerang's secretary? Bumerang's cleaner? Bumerang's wife? Or all in one? It's well known that old geezers like to marry young things. Unbelievable, but true!

»Are you Mr. Winter?« I have to listen to the question a second time; because the bride captivates my imagination. Finally, I nod wordlessly and enter the house after a request. We traipse through a sumptuously decorated corridor to the terrace. A man in his mid-fifties is standing there. I begin the talk.

»How are you doing, Mr. Bumerang? Winter is my name.«
We shake hands.

»Bernhard Bumerang. Hello, Mr. Winter. You have been recommended to me as extremely reliable. And as someone who promptly gets the pers—, gets the job done. Let's get straight to the point. My wife Kiki was murdered recently. Have you heard anything about it?«

»My condolences.« Recently murdered? Is that a trap?
I'm thinking about a question.

»Did it happen around here? I wouldn't be surprised.«

»You could say that. The perpetrator hasn't been caught yet.«

»Well, there are regular murders and crime in a big city and its vicinity, so it's easy to lose track—seems to be a kind of popular sport here. Kiki Bumerang? Wasn't that right? No, I never heard of it.«

The lovely bride in the breathtaking outfit interrupts our chatter and asks me if I would like a drink. I gratefully decline. How silly of me; a drink would have suited me. I usually never say no. The girl makes a mess of me. She leaves us alone.

»That was my daughter Christine, by the way.«

The mare is Bumerang's daughter—adorable! If that's his daughter, then my fears are over.

Bernhard Bumerang begins to present his case.

»My wife was murdered. I can guess who is behind it. You have been recommended to me, and I would like you to find and eliminate this person immediat—«

»I see. That's my job«, I interrupt and make him an offer.

»Here's my current price list. One troublemaker is 22,000, two troublemakers are 40,000, three troublemakers are 50,000.«

»No, 18,000 euros for a service. I'm counting on you.«

Eighteen are not bad, a third of which goes to Will. The last job of this little Italian with his hectic gestures brought 2,000 more, but you shouldn't complain, because the competition from Eastern Europe is fierce.

»You can count on me, Mr. Bumerang. You can count on me, without question. Eighteen is fine, but then please, half right away. In cash!«

My new business partner excuses himself briefly, only to hand me a wad of bills five minutes later. I counted them and came up with 18,000.

»That's the whole amount«, I say in astonishment.

»Because I trust you. So, Mr. Winter, listen carefully. The subject of the contract is the elimination of my wife's murderer.«

»Okay«, I say.

I don't hesitate for long and we shake hands; the contract is sealed. One man, one word. I don't do resignations. This deal is completely unbureaucratic—without any receipt, without any signed documents. I like it.

Bernhard Bumerang directs me into the living room.

»I'll show you a picture of my wife.«

He takes a framed photo from the shelf and holds it in front of me.

»This is your wife, Kiki?« I take off my hat and scratch my head. Why do such young things marry such old geezers? She could be his daughter.

»Exactly, that's Kiki. We tied the knot three weeks ago. My first wife died of cancer years ago.«

»Kiki is a rare name«, I say.

»Kiki was her pet name; only I called her that. We got married in Las Vegas. The change of civil status was not immediately communicated to the municipality.«

That explains a lot. I look at the picture of Claudia Steinmann as if I've never seen her before.

»Black hair, white skin. Mmmh, who could have killed her?« I ask him hypocritically.

»I assume her ex-boyfriend did it. He was still in a relationship with her two months ago.«

»But you quickly married your Kiki.«

»We've known each other for a while.«

»I see. Who is this ex-boyfriend?«

»A hot-blooded, morbidly jealous southern Italian.«

That's right, it goes through my head. But he only kidnapped Claudia Kiki, and I shot her. With a pistol. In the forest. The little mafioso had probably not found the right opportunity to cast the fairytale bride in concrete in the hectic rush. He was probably terrified of murdering his former girlfriend. I don't know who was involved in the kidnapping. In any case, someone from an environment of people who know how to solve such problems discreetly. That's how I got this job. That's how I became Kiki's murderer. It was worth 20,000 to the Italian. It's strange; that's not pocket money. Did he have a sponsor? I shouldn't care.

»It must have been this Italian«, says Mr. Bumerang, »who blackmailed me. As soon as we got back from the States, he kidnapped my newlywed wife, and I received a letter. He demanded a huge ransom. You know, no police and all that. I paid, but Kiki was still...«

Now I know how the Italian was able to pay for my job. Cashes up; but doesn't deliver the goods. He didn't fulfill his contract—those are the right people for me!

»I see. And the police?«

»I only informed the police about the matter when my wife didn't turn up after I handed over the ransom. The investigators are desperately searching for this ex-boyfriend, so far without success.«

»Did you expect anything else from the police? So I'll take care of this Italian«, I say with relief, putting my hat back on and asking for the target's personal details.

»In a moment. Just a moment«, I'm told.

Bernie is making it really exciting. Hopefully, there won't be any new surprises.

»Mr. Winter, first find out if the Italian really did it. If he did it, kill him. If he claims that someone else is involved and has my wife on his conscience, then grab the Eye-tie by the balls and pull his noodle until he spits out the name of the murderer. You can then ditch him at will, but that's not what I paid you for. You see, I didn't pay you for this pleasure. I paid you to kill my wife's murderer.«

»Okay«, I groan, take my hat off again, and summarize: »The subject of the contract is the elimination of Claudia Kiki Bumerang's murderer. Right?«

»You were paying attention. You see, we understand each other, Mr. Winter.«

»So this Italian ex-boyfriend is still on the loose.«

»That's right, Mr. Winter. The police suspect he's gone abroad. I've been playing detective on my own initiative, and I'm sure he's gone into hiding in the Pastatown district. Unfortunately, I can't provide a photo or any further information. Have a nice day, Mr. Winter. Christine will now accompany you to the front door.«

A good day is good. He calls for his daughter. What a shame that I won't have time to spend more time with her.

It's just after 10 p.m., and I enter the night bar dejected. The owner of this boîte is called Will, and I owe everything to him. We sit at a table.

»You don't look well, Frank. Have you had any problems? How's business? Did you take Bumerang's order and fulfill it?«

»Accepted yes. Not fulfilled yet, Will, but tonight.«

»What did he offer you?«

»Eighteen. He paid all the sum. But it's still a shitjob, Will. It really is a fucking shitjob this time. I'm still going to have to do it.«

»Respect Frank, you've never failed at a job as long as you and I work together. You can be counted on. People can count on your word. Who would know that better than me? Come on, I'll buy you a drink.«

Will whistles for the cute barmaid, who briskly brings over a double bourbon. But the free drink and Carmen's hot body don't exactly help to improve my mood.

Sunday, September 18, 2011

It's approaching three o'clock in the morning—actually, time to go to bed. To go to bed with a hot chick. It would had been a pure waste of time tracking down the Italian to give him a thrashing. I wasn't paid for that. He won't be easy to catch anyway. I'd only seen him once at the handover of the kidnapped bride, and we were both wearing identical sunglasses. Instead, I've spent the last few hours in various clubs, enjoying the sight of beautiful women one last time.

Now I am driving alone to the spot where I killed the pretty Claudia with a determined shot. A dark parking lot is the end of my journey. I put my hat on the passenger seat, got out and walked deep into the forest. I am proud that I am taking this step. Soon, I will be no more. Will I encounter God? I don't know. But in a few minutes, I'll be lying dead on the ground. Certainly not because I no longer have any desire to live, no, but because I have decided to do my job.

Because you can rely on me. The gun I used to kill Bernhard Bumerang's Kiki will send me to eternity too. Maybe a dog owner will find my body? Someone will find me one day, and someone else will dig a pit for me. Then I will no longer live upstairs, but somewhere downstairs, buried in some cemetery.

The Power of Money

Who I am?

I'm living in a great villa somewhere in the sunny south, far away from the big cities with high crime rates. A short time later, after Frank had shot himself, I flew back across the Atlantic to my home country. Before I'd even bothered with the plane ticket, I'd already received lucrative offers to take over my nightclub. Frank wasn't wrong, there were competitors in the drug business, and I was a thorn in their side. It was quite likely that he would have blown my brains out if there was a big financial incentive. Who can resist the power of money? Some people can never get enough. I've learned from life and had enough. I felt it was high time to put an end to crooked deals and sell the bar.

I didn't meet her by chance in a bar, I bumped into her on purpose when she was standing in front of the window of a jewelry store in the afternoon. The sparkle in her eyes outshone the glitter of the bling on the other side of the thick window. I talked to her. That same day, she was in my arms and spitting it all out. She didn't have any great expectations in bed. She had great claims to her father's inheritance, whose deceased wife had given birth to two girls.

Christine Steinmann inherited the entire fortune of her father, who died shortly before Christmas. Hans-Dieter Steinmann's days were numbered when I lay in bed with his eldest daughter for the first time. Sis must die; she breathed into me that night, cold as ice. Greed for money was her motive, she just couldn't get enough.

For the police, Frank was a former soldier who had a desire to kill. They also considered him to be a failed existence, a mentally ill person with no social contacts who wore a stupid hat in all weathers. In the end, the lone nut took his own life. But the police were not quite satisfied with that.

The day after the discovery of Frank's body was announced, Fatzo handed the police an envelope that he had allegedly found in a litter bin while collecting bottles. The envelope had Frank's fingerprints on it, and inside was a printed sheet of paper and a necklace. The paper was a blackmail letter, and the necklace belonged to the murder victim. The police now assumed that a blackmail operation had been planned but not carried out. In the end, they were satisfied with this, and the case was filed. After all, the cops have other things to do.

There was no blackmail, just an abduction. The Italian ex-boyfriend never existed. Everything was perfectly staged. The nameplate on the villa was replaced in good time. Shortly before Frank's visit, the seriously ill father Steinmann was lightly sedated in his bed at midday.

The insolvent Fatzo still owed me something, so he had to pretend to be the landlord, Bernhard

Bumerang. Christine Steinmann, my business partner, played other roles. She had a home game at the premiere as Bumerang's daughter. Emilio, a Colombian drug courier, had long since made his appearance as a greedy Italian ex-boyfriend. People I hoped Frank wouldn't have known.

My daring plan worked. This theatrical performance under my direction would probably have been blown away if he had done a little research on the Internet, but Frank didn't think much of it and didn't even own a cell phone. Frank's opinion on this was clear: men stare at their fucking cell phones on the street instead of enjoying the wonderful women you get to see there. What idiots who miss out on that and instead waste every spare minute being fed fake news online! He never hesitated, so he had never had time to think about anything. And I was 100 percent sure that Frank would fulfill every order.

Christine Steinmann paid me well. Since I've been back in America, my policy has been: no more hiring contract killers, no more drug deals, no more nights with strange women. No, nothing like that at all. I'm now leading a decent life with a former employee who I've since married. Not in Las Vegas, but we tied the knot in some small chapel somewhere in the States.

The Purchased Paradise

Who I am?

I'm staying somewhere in a room in a dream hotel on an Edenic beach. It was no financial feat to pay this taciturn Bulgarian. For a change, he was now the victim himself. Well, that's just life. He didn't get off lightly by me. He'd always been a bad dog; he had so many skeletons in his closet that you could hardly count.

His unscrupulousness was the basis for his fortune. That's how it started: I was looking for work, and he was looking for fun. We both found what we were looking for. I gave him my body, and he gave me a job in his bar. That's how it ended: He took me as his wife; a killer took his life. And I thought he knew his way around beasts who wanted to bathe in wealth. Why did he marry one of them? How stupid of him!

I took his money and got myself a new identity, I'm unknown to the tax authorities. My parents gave me the name Carmen 30 years ago. When someone whistles for the waitress in the bar, I no longer feel addressed. I lead a varied life. With my looks, I have no problem meeting attractive men in bars.

Almost everyone obeys my whistle and follows me to the hotel room, where they really get their money's worth when they are allowed to have fun with me. Yes, I lead a relaxed life and have the men under control. I know that won't last forever. One day, my game of hide-and-seek will come to an abrupt end, and everything will be exposed. Then I will be expelled from paradise and spend the rest of my life in a cell with fat iron bars; somewhere in a lost corner of this world.

The End

Nice Surprises

The main characters in the following stories are all German. It is not easy to translate texts from German into English. Translation programs fail when they try to translate texts word for word. But there is a little help in this book.

German Phrases translated literally 1

»Da wird der Hund in der Pfanne verrückt!«

When you say this, you indicate that you are very surprised and amazed by something.

Translated literally: The dog in the pan goes crazy.

Linda goes to Bollywood

A silly cow called Linda
Is unmissable in a hurry.
She wants to get to India
Because she is holy in this country.

German Phrases translated literally 2

The dog in the pan goes crazy. = Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle.

Here's a new one: »Ich bin blau.«

If you've had too much beer, you will be...?

Translated literally: I am blue.

Fantastic Opportunities

Slightly exhausted but in a great mood, single Christian strolls past the swimming pool outside in the bright sunshine and passes a table where two smart-looking girls are chatting—one is blonde, the other has black hair. *How can I get close to them?* thinks Christian. Just at that moment, he picks up a strange phrase: »Not worth a red cent!«

Christian feels addressed, sees an opportunity, and attacks.

»Hey, are you two talking about me?«

The girls look at him in amazement and giggle briefly as a duet.

»No, we're not talking about you.«

The one with the dark hair has clarified the misunderstanding, and she puts a magazine aside.

»About the beach. The beach here, all stupid pebbles—you can forget about it«, the blonde gets annoyed and plays with her ponytail. Christian estimates her to be in her late twenties, barely older than him.

The Black-haired will be in her mid-twenties, he guesses. He notices a tattoo of an eagle on her upper left arm.

»There are great sandy beaches on Rhodes, but more in the south«, Christian announces.

»Really? The guy seems to have a clue. Why don't you sit down for a minute?« the blonde asks him, therefore beginning the introduction. »Her name is Jessica, and I am Isabel.«

»Hello, Jessica«, Christian greets the black-haired girl. »And you go by the name Isabel, if I can believe your words.«

»You can take my word for anything, my boy«, claims blonde Isabel in a cheerful voice.

»Absolutely anything!«

Full of expectation, Christian sits down with the two angels and tells them his name.

»The weather doesn't look too good for tomorrow«, says Isabel a little gloomily.

»But you both look very good, and that will also be the case tomorrow«, enthuses Christian.

»What a charming way to start the conversation« Isabel thanks him and makes a suggestion.

»Always this stupid topic of the weather. Let's enjoy this wonderful afternoon by the pool and eat kalimera again in the evening.«

»Kalimera?«, wonders Christian. »Are you talking about squid, calamari?«

»That's what I meant.« Isabel gives him the puppy dog eyes.

Christian has to smile and promptly believes that she thinks souvlaki is a traditional dance in Crete. And she orders a glass of sirtaki with dinner.

»So let's enjoy this wonderful afternoon«, says Isabel again, »before thunder and lightning force us into a card game marathon tomorrow. Let's have a little chat about extraordinary people. Let's start with you, Christian.«

»About me? Well, as I said, I am Christian, and my hay fever disappeared in Greece. Especially, I am allergic to grass pollen.«

»You've lost your hay fever? And now you're looking for it on Rhodes?«, Isabel jokes.

»Good luck«, she says. »You'll find grasshoppers on this island. And butterflies.«

»I've already found two«, says Christian, who grins.

»But you haven't netted them yet. Believe me, I'm not that easy to catch. Excuse me, peeps, I'll leave you alone for now«, says Jessica, and she apologizes. »I need to put on some suntan lotion and take a look in the mirror.«

»Well, then you go«, says Isabel. »See you soon and be good, Jessie. Don't do stupid things!«

So Jessica makes her way to the hotel room with her high-quality leopard print handbag. Christian enjoys her flawless physique for a few seconds and would like to know if she has had any other tattoos. The women's magazine remains on the table. Christian has a suspicion: Jessica belongs to the category of girls who think cellulite is more dangerous than the sting of a scorpion.

Christian and Isabel are now sitting alone at the table and looking at each other.

»One butterfly has already flown away, and we're among ourselves. Christian, what do you do for a living?«

»Me? Surveying technician.«

»So Chrisy is a surveyor. I'm allowed to say Chrisy, aren't I?«

»Nice ladies always. I don't have anything against it. It's okay for me.«

»My colleague gets upset every time I tease him by the nickname«, explains Isabel.

»Oh, really, his name is Christian too?«
»Nonsense. No, his name is Michael. I always annoy him with Mick.«
»Where do you work?« Christian wants to know.
»At the hospital, I'm a nurse.«
»Where exactly?«
»In Hannover.«
»And this Michael is a colleague of yours?«
»Yes, that's right! Imagine that he has never had a woman—incredible! And you? Where are you from?«

Christian briefly wastes a few words on his small community in the Black Forest. He'd rather find out about the girls now, and he gets started.

»Is Jessica your friend?«
»More like a vacation acquaintance. We met yesterday here at the hotel. She lives in Freiburg. Is that far from you?«
»Uh, about 50 kilometers«, answers Christian.
»Well, you're from the south, and I'm from the north. By the way, you're tanned«, Isabel notes.
»Have you been on vacation for a while? This is the first time I've seen you.«
»I just arrived at the hotel two hours ago«, reveals Christian. »However, I've been traveling in Greece since the beginning of May, hopping from island to island.«
»That would be almost three weeks? That's cool. Where have you been so far?«
»Wow, at least six islands. On Patmos too. A slight earthquake woke me up at night.«

»Patmos? Isn't that also cream cheese?«
»No! Patros would be a sheep's cheese.«
»All right. Let me summarize the news«, says Isabel. »You're freshly stranded on Rhodes this morning, and our sweet Jessica is, as she told me earlier, in love freshly. Her last boyfriends must have all been complete idiots, but the current one would be marvelous in every way—a beauty of a guy.«

Christian wonders: *How long will it be before Jessica labels her current boyfriend a complete idiot, too? Or is Jessica naive enough to believe that the magic of romance and first-class sex could be an integral part of a long-term relationship?*

After a brief pause for thought, Christian has to quench his thirst for knowledge again, and he continues his research.

»Is Jessica's magnificent specimen here too?«
»No, he's at home; he has to work. He also has to go to Philadelphia, USA, for a few days next week on business.«
»What about you, Isabel? Are you in a happy relationship?«
»You're not curious at all«, she says, moving her head back briefly and thrusting her chest forward.
»I'm not curious, I just like asking questions«, Christian replies cheekily. »So, are you in a relationship?«
»No«, is her answer. »On the contrary, I ended my last relationship six months ago. I don't want to be called a stupid cow by any guy anymore.«
»What was the chuff's name?«

»I called him John. His real name was Johannes; that was too long for me.«

»You like abbreviations, I can tell. If you're longing for a new boyfriend, what about your colleague Mick?«

Isabel starts laughing hard. »You are a comedian. Michael with his antiquated views? No, thank you! That's someone you can forget about completely. There's nothing special about him. Besides, he's too old for me.«

Christian makes a comparison: *The level of enthusiasm that Isabel shows for Michael is the same as I would show for a root canal treatment at the dentist.*

»At 42, Michael still hasn't had a wife«, continues Isabel. »And he'll never find one, that bore.«

»Why are you so sure about that?« asks Christian. »Why shouldn't he find a suitable woman one day? Anything is possible in life.«

»Anything is possible in life? Yes, of course! And Michael will turn out to be a bold womanizer and macho one day«, fantasizes Isabel.

»Do you like macho men?«

»Why? Are you one?« Isabel shoots back, nervously fiddling with her ponytail.

»No«, Christian assures her. »Are you disappointed now?«

»Ha!« When a woman makes such a short remark, it leaves room for many interpretations.

Christian takes a short pee break. Back from the toilet, he tries to get more information from Isabel. *Hopefully she will not turn out to be a Jezebel*, hopes Christian. Jessica has not reappeared yet.

»Are there any bikes for hire around here? Because I'm planning a little bike ride.«

»Yes, there are.« Isabel explains, »You go right out of the hotel to the main road. Then go down it; it's an avenue that leads to the center. There you'll find stores where you can hire scooters and bikes.«

»What about you? Not in the mood for a bike ride?«

»Oh, stop cycling and similar sporting activities«, whines Isabel. »They're not for me. There are more comfortable things. Horseback riding would be cool. Or scooters. Besides, I'm riding back home in two days.«

»You're riding home in two days? Probably on a white horse? You won't get across the sea on that.«

»Mine is a Pegasus, it has wings and is excellent at flying.«

»Pegasus«, corrects Christian. »By all means! The direct route across the Mediterranean is a shortcut. It's no longer a secret that you love shortcuts.«

»Pegasus exactly«, she corrects herself.

»Cycling is great«, says Christian, and you can see his enthusiasm. »It releases happiness hormones and lifts your spirits. Two years ago, I cycled through the Netherlands with a friend. We saw and experienced a lot, it was great. Poland must also be exciting for cycling, I'd like to go there one day. Do you know Masuria?«

»So Christian, listen«, moans Isabel. »I'm not going to spend my vacation in this country. Ever since I was sexually harassed by a Pole, I swore to myself that I wouldn't. I'm aware that not every Pole is a bad finger, but somehow I can't get rid of the prejudice. No, definitely never Poland.«

»My friend Daniel was there last year and came back absolutely thrilled. And he had a lot of positive experiences with the people there«, says Christian.

»It's a different story with you guys. What guy gets hit on except by a gay man or a drunk woman who's had a vat of vodka?«

Drinking was a good keyword. They both get some well-chilled alcoholic drinks at the pool bar and sit down at the table again. A few minutes later, the other girl returns.

»Hey!« Isabel says happily. »Who's that approaching with cream on the tip of her nose? Is it our Jessica? Her birthday is in exactly two weeks.«

»Here I am again«, Jessica speaks in dulcet tones, takes a seat, and rubs her nose a little with her index finger.

Isabel announces the news. »Listen, my little dove, our friend Christian may not have sunscreen on his nose, but he comes from—guess what—the Black Forest. In his opinion, anything is possible. Anything is possible.«

»Really?«, Jessica marvels. »Anything is possible for Christian? Perhaps in his boundless imagination. He's from the Black Forest, too? Look, Christian, if anything is possible, then it would be the icing on the cake if we met there.«

Over the next two days, Christian shows great interest in Isabel. Jessica looks dazzling and has a much better figure, but Christian thinks she is conceited. What's more, some things of the woman seem artificial. Christian has his thoughts on this: *Her black hair is pseudo; the monthly cost of maintaining her fingernails is probably astronomically high; and by zodiac sign, she is a Gemini. Jessica and me? No, out of the question! None of this fits. She chases along country roads in a sporty beamer, and I chug through the countryside in a Korean rattletrap.*

When Isabel leaves, she gives Christian her email address. One day later, Jessica also says goodbye. Christian refrains from exchanging contact details with her. Jessica tells him that she is actually from Offenburg and has only moved to Freiburg to work as an educator. Christian already knew from Isabel that she was an educator. *Jessica needs someone to bring her up herself*, he thinks as he takes farewell of her.

Christian spends his last evenings on Rhodes in the company of crystal wheat beer or red wine, depending on his mood, and in the morning with a hangover and a longing for a sincere girl. A girl named Laetitia from France crossed his path during this time. She came from Normandy, and her intentions were obvious. She hardly knew any words in German, but for a hussy, she knew the three most important ones for bed: good, deeper, and continue. This made Christian prick up his ears—he had no appetite for a fleeting adventure. So he turned the French girl down. Christian's wish remained: *I need someone for a firm and honest relationship.*

Four months have passed. Still-single Christian goes to the historic cathedral in Freiburg. He prays to God. *Please give me someone for a firm and honest relationship.*

There's a market on the cathedral square. The potato farmer from *Forchheim am Kaiserstuhl* is selling delicious homemade chips. Just as he is about to place an order at the trolley, Christian spots Jessica. He almost did not recognize her; her hair was now brown. He calls her name and rushes towards her.

»Hey, who's coming?« Jessica greets him. Her face is without make-up, a completely new site for Christian.

He likes her much better without cosmetics.

»Hi Jessica. It's nice to see you again. How are you?«

»Great. Just think, I've become sporty. I sold my sportster for the sake of the environment, and now I cycle a lot. Don't you?«

Is Jessica on drugs or on an eco-trip?

»Of course, my hobby«, he replies.

»Hey«, Jessica shoots off, »weren't my words of prophecy right? We'll meet up sometime. Life is full of surprises, don't you think?«

That's right. When did she stop painting her fingernails?

Jessica tells him that she's broken up with the guy she started dating in the spring and has been single ever since. She runs a hand over her hair during this confession. The complete idiot is now dating a chick from Pennsylvania.

Christian is dying to know if she's still in contact with Isabel because she hasn't answered any of his emails for a long time. Jessica replies in the affirmative and tells him that the butterfly recently spent her vacation in Poland. Isabel was enthusiastic about Poland, cycling, and Michael, her colleague. She went on this trip with him, and they are now a couple.

»She thought all that was great?« wonders Christian. »Cycling? Poland? And all with that Michael guy too? Didn't she think he was awful?« asks Christian, suddenly not understanding the world anymore.

»Why? You wouldn't have thought so, would you? Anything is possible, my dear. You said that yourself, didn't you? Those were your own words!«

»That's right«, replies Christian. »You're absolutely right.« *Why seek far afield when the good is close by?*

And Christian suddenly realizes what a fool he has been to believe the words of a woman. He feels like a complete idiot for falling for that deceitful Isabel. Wait a minute, he thinks: *complete idiot?* But surely complete idiots have a good chance of ending up with Jessica?

German Phrases translated literally 3

I am blue. = I am blotto.

Here's a new one: »Ich glaub', mein Schwein pfeift!«

This expression is used to show that you are surprised. But not in a positive sense—you're a bit annoyed about it.

Translated literally: I think my pig is whistling!

The Woman of One's Dreams

Who is this beautiful woman?

Who is she? Does anyone know her?

She cleans the apartment and does the laundry.

Cooking and ironing are her hobbies.

Yes, she does the housework with ease.

Wow, it's hard to believe.

Furthermore, she hardly owns any jewelry or shoes.
No way, she does not disturb the man's peace
While he's watching sports.
This masterpiece does not cause any trouble.

All it takes is a little wave from the man,
And she'll nimbly fetch cold beer from the cellar for him.
It could hardly be quicker.

Smoking is not her cup of tea.
Of course, she is good in bed.
Who is this woman? Who is she?
Unfortunately, she's just a product of the male imagination.

German phrases translated literally 4

I think my pig is whistling! = I think I'm going off the rocker.

Here's a new one: »Es sieht aus wie Kraut und Rüben!«

It is said to express that somewhere is very messy and chaotic.

Translated literally: It looks like cabbage and turnips!

Jenny in Love

The story begins in a very ordinary way. Jenny, in love, gets dressed up in front of the mirror. Today is her day; she has a feeling. She's about to head into the city center, where Florian Schroeder is giving an autograph session. Who does not know Florian? He looks stunning, has charisma, and was the absolute star of a TV casting show. Jenny has been hearing Florian's current album for days. Jenny is head over heels in love with this guy. Soon she will look Florian in the eye and admit her feelings. They will become a couple. Never single again, she says to herself. Yes, today is her day.

The enamored Jenny leaves the apartment. Tim, a neighbor, meets her in the stairwell. He has tried countless times to ask her out for dinner, but Jenny does not think he's pretty enough, even though he's quite nice.

»Hello, where are you going?« Tim asks her.

»To the music store for an autograph session with Florian Schroeder«, replies the enamored Jenny.

»That's right, it's the spring festival with Sunday shopping today. But the event will soon be over«, says Tim, and he makes her another offer. »Maybe you'd have time to go out for a tasty pizza with me afterward? Do you fancy it? Just ring my doorbell at eight.«

»Don't bother Tim«, she shrugs, »you'd better find someone else to do it.«

The sky is overcast, and dark clouds are threatening precipitation as the enamored Jenny gets into

her bright red car. She drives towards the city and parks her vehicle in a public parking lot. On the way to the music store, it starts to rain heavily. Bravo, she forgot her umbrella. Soaking wet, she enters the music store. But there wasn't much going on here, which is strange.

»Where is the autograph session?« Jenny wants to know from the sales clerk.

»It ended ten minutes ago. I'm afraid you're too late.«

Jenny is perplexed. »Why too late? It's only 5 p.m.«, she says.

»No«, the sales clerk corrects, »it's after six, and we close at half past six. Hello, it's summertime again today.«

»Ho yes, summertime, crap«, sighs Jenny. That's what happens when you don't get out of bed all day, don't listen to the radio, and instead let Florian's CDs play non-stop. You forgot to change the clock. Central European summertime begins on the last Sunday in March at 2:00 a.m. CET, when the clocks are moved forward by one hour from 2:00 a.m. to 3:00 a.m.

Things always turn out differently than you think. Disappointed, Jenny makes her way back to her vehicle. But what was that? When she goes to unlock her car, she discovers a nasty dent on the rear fender. Some idiot must have driven into the side of her car and made off. The devil, who caused the accident, did not leave a note with his address. She does not want to end up having to pay for the damage herself. Tomorrow, she will go to the police and report it. She is furious to no end. No, today is anything but her day. First the downpour, then the missed autograph session, and, to top it all off, this cowardly hit-and-run.

Once home, the disappointed Jenny immediately takes off her wet clothes, jumps into the shower, and goes to bed. But she is not able to fall asleep, her thoughts cannot rest. She looks at the clock; it's a quarter past seven. No, wrong; she turns the clock forward an hour; it's now a quarter past eight. This day cannot end like this. She thinks to herself and gets an idea. Didn't Tim suggest a date at eight? She quickly jumps out of bed, gets dressed in smart clothes, and knocks on her neighbor's door.

Tim opens the door and is surprised. »Oh, hi, what's up?«

»Well«, Jenny begins, »weren't you going to invite me for dinner?«

»Sorry, Jennifer, not anymore. I took your advice and found someone else. I have to hurry so I'm not late. Maybe another time.«

»Why is this happening to me of all people?« moans the sorely disappointed Jenny as she sits alone in her apartment again. »Everything's going wrong today!« Half an hour later, she wants to go back to bed in frustration when the bell suddenly rings. She goes to the apartment door and opens it.

An extremely attractive young man rushes up the stairs and says to her, »It's about the red *Volkswagen*, that bright red one. A resident was sure it was yours. I had a bit of a crash in the city earlier. I was confused and just drove on. Sorry. I was just on my way to the police and wanted to report it, but I just happened to see the car parked there. Is that yours?«

»The bright red *VW Golf*? Yes, that's mine«, replies the surprised Jenny, and she invites this absolute dream boy into her apartment.

And if they haven't died, they still love each other today.

German phrases translated literally 5

It looks like cabbage and turnips. = Topsy-turvy

Here's a new one: »Das Leben ist kein Ponyhof.«

You say it when something is difficult.

Translated literally: Life isn't a pony farm.

The Ball Pen Refill

Once upon a time, there was a ballpoint pen refill
Whose slender body had never seen the light.
When it was old and empty, it was pulled out.
The item enjoyed the bright sun for the first time.
Unfortunately, it died immediately afterward,
Slightly bent in a dark, smelly dumpster.

German phrases translated literally 6

Life isn't a pony farm. = Life ain't easily.

Here's a new one: »Die Person ist grün hinter den Ohren.«

This is to say that you think someone is young and inexperienced.

Translated literally: The person is green behind the ears.

Hello You

Hello you,
The stars by day, you cannot see them,
I am invisible to you too.
Since your birth, I have looked after you.
At every hour, by day and by night.

I know your heart, and I know your laughter,
I saw you do silly things sometimes.
And all the tears that were shed on your face,
I did not overlook them.

Hello,
Do you even know who I am?
I am the truth, and I am the saving justice.
I served my father all my life,
Until I was tied to a wooden cross.
All those who love me will not be lost.

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

