



*Elvira Frankenheim*

# Seven Days Spain

**Seven Days Spain - Elvira Frankenheim**

Original Title: Eine Woche Spanien

E-Book Version 8 - January 2013

Translated into English by: Sibyll Kalf + Steffi 2010

Homepage of the publisher: [www.schnickschnackblues.de](http://www.schnickschnackblues.de)

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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 pond, 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

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