

## The Underground Man

Her blue eyes were a reflecting mirror of innocence. She was loved by all around her. Blond, long straight hair made her look like an angel. As she never consumed energy drinks, no wings grew under her shoulders to make her fly, yet without marketing lies her character was embraced by everyone she met. All her senses were touching anything she came to see, touch and feel around herself; her mind was eager to understand life as it is and her brain constantly tried to uncover the truth of life leaving no carpet untouched and turned around. Being slim with sparkling clean skin, carefully cut brown eyebrows, shining white teeth and slightly over the average size of girls tall, boys were blushing when their hearts were beating wild once they approached her to wish her well. Unlike her class-mates opening their legs for lust at early age, she had set her mind on growing as a person before engaging in relationships with the opposite sex. They knew her character and resisted from asking her out for a date. Walking constantly upright carrying herself as a natural born queen, her popularity was outstanding to none. School friends knew and respected her need for privacy, for much time to spend alone by herself. As her mind was open to all walks of life, the unexpected, the mysterious, the good and bad sides of it, she was for many like a fortune teller, the center of attraction.

Speaking with a crystal clear voice, she was sharing her conclusions and insights of and into life with anyone interested to learn from her. At her teenage age she was far ahead of the crowd learning from older mentors to improve on her status in life to understand all secrets life before her had to unrevealed. Not a single moment existed for her not to learn and understand, be it the good things she did, or the mistakes she uncovered having done; all were important learning curves for her not to be regretted or wanting to be missed ever.

Still remembering the 830th Hamburg Harbor Birthday Party 2019 were she looked at all the people enjoying themselves around Landungsbrücken, Anna passed by the bunker from World War II located between her family's apartment in Alte Wöhr 19, first floor, left and the school she attended to in Fraenkelstraße. On top of the bunker was a playground built with an extensive sand box, two metal swings and a basketball pitch. Few weeks before, in the cold darkness of a Sunday evening, a teenage boy got killed by a young man riding a heavy motorbike alongside his peers drinking and partying that fatal night on the playground. She happened to know that man from school, once a student a few years ahead of her. It was a knife crime not often heard of in the neighborhood.

„Dangerous....Do not entre!“ was Anna reading on the yellow plaque tacked to the bunker. The steps leading to the rusty heavy metal door sealing the entrance to the bunker, were fenced off. Plants from the playground grew into the open space of the staircase that was covered with brown, dry leaves from last fall.

Anna had passed the bunker each morning to school for years having asked herself on her way back home always, what might lay behind the brown reddish appearing door with its impressive door handle. Often she took time to stare onto the door shut behind a gruesome past of a country supposed to rule the waves of life by poets and thinkers, not stupid people with deadly ideology. Before her eyes, looking through the metal fence between the here and now and the past over there on the other side of time, she saw the black and white propaganda films of Joseph Goebbels and the reports of the US Army liberating Bergen-Belsen Concentration Camp in the heart of the Lüneburger Heide located between Hamburg and Hannover, flashing through her mind. Goose bumps covered her chest and arms when she

tried to reach out to the past never to come back again, and her fingers pointed through the fence towards the closed door.

„Dangerous...Do not trespass! “was she reading loud ignoring the heavy truck behind her that broke down in a second. Her conscious was not aware of the many planes over her head making noise while descending towards Hamburg Airport. Born into Barmbek, a blue color district of Germany`s second largest city, the most beautiful of all as she kept insisting, was located south to the Airport, West from where she was standing, while East Ohlsdorf Cemetery, the world`s largest, was impressing locals and tourists alike designed more like a Park than a final resting place.

„Dangerous....Dangerous, “was it echoing in her soul; her heart was beating fast.  
„Dangerous....dangerous...do not enter, “was she reading again and again about to faint. Her heartbeat was pumping blood into her brain like a waterfall. Anna felt her knees would fail her at any minute feeling like jelly pudding with vanilla sauce.

Anna was feeling the blood of the young murdered man few meters away from her having given his short lived life back to TIME, the cries of people in bushes and on the battle fields of the saddest time in European history flowing over her from head to toes. She could feel the warm temperature of newly lost blood in all her senses, could see eyes of people in pain on the cliff hedge to pass on. Voices, languages, familiar and unknown to her hit her mind like pounding Fufu for Sunday dish. The hammering sound was shaking her bones. She took her head into both hands to take control of her thinking again. With wide opened eyes was she starring, asking of the `Why? ` in life, at the rusty door before her. The thought appeared before her soul, what if the answer to her many questions, the secrets of the truth in life, the source of our conscious life, would be alive behind this brown reddish old door.

Anna stumbled, fell from side to side trying desperately to hold onto something to keep her upright and thinking well.

„Something is wrong with you? “asked Helmut Schmidt, her History teacher passing by on his way to the train station Alte Wöhr. „You need help? “ He was shocked and concerned to see his best student in class lost all by herself shaking.

Anna turned to him. Her eyes down to the grey concrete under her feet. Opening and closing her eyes, Anna tried to push aside all her fears to see the now again and forced herself to answer: „Do not worry...I am okay. It is just that...my period is coming up with these days` heavy pains. “

Helmut Schmidt smiled with caring looks: “I am always happy not to be born a woman! “ He tried to restrain his laughter having cracked his popular joke again and again. „Walk home slowly and rest, “did he advise her and walked off.

She turned to her family place, looked up to the skies, directed her eyes to the right seeing in the distance the Stadtpark, her favorite City Park, allowed her mind to rest on the wooden benches near the jaguar carved in light sandstone, took a deep breath to feel the size of her chest that carried all the breath she had for a long marathon in life to ran, looked again up to heaven, closed her eyes in silent prayer letting people passing her wondering about the unfamiliar behavior of a young school-girl as she knew who she was, no need to care what others might think of her.

Anna knew she was born by her parents but she was herself regardless anyone's wish for her life that was not her own. She had set her mind on overcoming the intellectual shortcomings of her parents, a cook and a waitress, to understand life as it is in all its dimensions regardless the cost to discover its hidden revelations and the truth it had in store for her own specific life making an important impact that one day would give her her stone in history.

Back to her senses, she crossed the road. Before opening the entrance door, Anna Pham greeted her. They knew each other from a private tuition school in Hamburg-Bramfeld. Anna Pham was born in Vietnam, had moved to Hamburg with her parents few years back. She had black glasses, a gracious smile, and funny character and like her an open mind for whatever crossed their way. Jelly beans, but basically all kinds of candies, were her passion.

In her night gown was Anna standing between the brown -orange colored curtains of her room. It was the largest in the apartment. She stared over the street to see the entrance to the bunker. Minute after minute of silence passed by without her eyes moving for a second. Anna did not know consciously what she was doing at the window. Cold blood on a hot forehead tortured her mind. She closed her eyes, tried to make sense of it all. An ocean of emptiness filled her heart, conquered her soul, and captured her senses. Like a dead person feeling nothing was it inside her, minute after minute. The moon was stood at its highest point. Stars were hiding behind clouds of a rainy night. Seconds later the heavens opened and it was pouring rain heavily. Anna tried to touch the rain drops running down the double glazing. She took a deep breath. Then she took another deep breath tenderly touching the glass of the window closing the curtains behind her. All of a sudden, the street lights got turned off. Anna looks closer. She was not sure but something made her believe an unknown man had just left the bunker and vanished into the night. Her heart was beating wild. She felt the blood vessels around her neck getting swollen, paining her. Anna felt like someone strangling her to press life out of her senses. She fainted.

„Why did you marry my father? “

„He was available! “

„Did you love him? “

„Love him?...No, not really“.

„When you did not really loved him, why did you deliver three children for him? “

„I already told you...he was available! “

„Just because of that? “

„Yes...that simple“.

„Could you not have waited for Mister Right to come along your way? “

„I felt lonely and wanted anyone possible to enter my life! I did not want to wait“.

„But you could have waited and your life would have been so much better...so much better“.

„You are telling me...me such things? We are not Christians, no one in our whole wide family is. Now it is you, a strong Atheist with all your intellectual capacity that want to preach me how I should live, what to expect from life instead of letting time pass by without shaping a great future for myself?“

„I am just wondering! “

„It is not good to think too much, my daughter. Let me tell you the simple truth of life. You grow up, go to school, eat, drink, sleep and laugh and cry. You learn a job, open your legs, get fun and children, get a divorce, try not to lose your job, do what your bosses are telling you, desire to get a good early pension, rest, enjoy the moment and then die...simply as that“.

„That is what life is all about? To open my legs, get pregnant and die? “

„Exactly...thinking, changing, acting and making too much noise here on earth is not good for anyone!“

„I want to change the world! “

„Oh please, Anna, do not make me laugh or call you stupid. This is not for you. Remind yourself of where you come from. Look at your parents, your two sisters, the place here you were born into“.

„Yes, I do“.

„So, you see your level. There is nothing in it to make you a mover, to advance you in life in any way. No one of our family has ever exceeded in life above our present level ever“.

„But I know...it is possible“.

„For others possibly...but not for you. “

„I refuse to believe in other people's happiness when I have to sacrifice myself to extinction, rather believe in my own mind to be directed to come out as a great person to make my own way and mark in this world. I was born to live for myself and my destiny, not to live a life like others that have to live their own life. “

„What is that you are talking about? Are you out of your mind or on some kind of drugs“, entered Irena, Anna's one year older sister, the kitchen. She sat down at the kitchen table before her rice with stuffed paprika in tomato sauce and green jelly pudding with vanilla sauce for desert both bought home by her mother Monika Willers from work in a private bank.

„When are you coming home tonight? “Asked Monika Willers her oldest child that was ready to leave for dancing. In a big and heavy metal pot on the gas powered stove was she washing their dirty clothes, no money for a washing machine. Boiled hot water and stirring of underpants, bras and socks was her only choice to bring out clean clothing's for the family; hard work, but no choice.

Irena turned her back to her mother as usual and replied grumbling: „I do not know. When I will be home, I will be home! “

„As long as you still put your feet under my table“, walked Monika Willers around the table to face Irena. She stared with disgust at the girl that she had lost as daughter long ago, „you do as I say! Is that clear? “

Irena did not mind her mother, left the desert untouched and walked out of the apartment in anger and hate.

Anna looked at her plate. She felt sad. Her thoughts darkened. Tears filled her voice. Doubts clouded her mind. From the courtyard behind her wind pushed between the windows against her neck. How much she hated this moments of the day, felt dirty and useless, at the same time relaxed to know when people at her mother's work place would have finished all food cooked, at nights the family would have had nothing to eat. Like a heavy stone in her heart these moments would stay with her all her life wondering about justice and unfairness in this world always.

Monika Willers had a long wooden spoon in her hand lifting it up: „I am not a well-educated person but...“, she turned her weary eyes to Anna and smiled behind her ears, „when you want...“. She paused, got up, walked over to the stove, used her spoon to stir the bubbling washing and continued. „ All I want for my daughters is only to have a better life than I had and...still have. “ Tears run down her cheek. She tried to hide them from Anna.

„So, do you think, there can be something better for me out there? “asked Anna finishing her rice and paprika.

„I am confused! “ Monika Willers admitted. „I wish....but I also know....as I have seen so much in my life. “

„So, what about....believing? “

The mother turned around focusing on her daughter with head down: “To believe? Oh, my God! To believe and not to see...how often did I go through these vicious circles? I believe...and then things go their own way. “

Anna left her mother, closed the door behind her. She shut the curtains, turned off the lights. Her child room was her fortress. The world around her faded away, was unreal. Her mind was sharp. Nervousness filled her soul, moved her body to grab her exercise book, pen and small side lamp to shine onto the paper. Hidden in the protective darkness of the moment, word after word touched down on the paper forced by an endless stream of ideas, emotions and pictures. Giving herself up to an inner force, she was not able to name the story progressing minute by minute. While words poured out of her mind, she was not aware about what she was doing; she did what the inner force asked her to mind to see and her hands to write them down, the words and ideas so unknown to herself. After five pages written, she would always stop and take a rest being physically exhausted but mentally freed...the inner pressure was released. At the age of twelve she had written her first book, a book about the ` in us.

She paused for a moment, looked up starring at the wall paper, a mix of Pop Art flowers on dark green background and proclaimed to herself: „One thing in like is certain, the center of my life, I do not want

to die being as stupid as my parents are. Money? That is not important to me as one day I surely die...and then what...what to do with all the money acquired? No way, I need to know all there is to learn...understand the world, us humans and come up with powerful concepts to change the world and make it a better place for us. “

Anna turned around thinking she had heard a voice, deep and crystal clear. She tried to see the person that had spoken, Anna was unable to fix her eyes to anything other than her desk, white shining in the darkness.

„As we are alive, we can change our and other people’s life. Life is in our mind supported by our body and heartbeat to let the world see what is in us. Most certainly things can always be questioned and improved, but first we must take time to understand life and the humans that act on their breath taking experience for acting among each other for good, for better or for worse.“

„If you want to try,“ passed Paul Moorege a joint over to her, „ you can take one!“

„What is it...Cannabis? “ did Irena ask starring at the cigarette like joint. „I never had one. Looks interesting. “

Marlene, her best friend, few years older than her, was raising her voice against the hammering loud beats of DJ Fred at Big Apple, a disco located at the feet of the underground U3 train line near Dehnhaid station, pushing their guest to greater and greater emotional heights, and said: „ You do not need to take it, if you do not want. Nobody ever can force you onto this path. “

Irena laughed out loud hysterically: „ What nonsense are you saying? When I do not like it....so what? I can always stop it! “

Marlene took her friend into her arms to whisper into her ears: „ When you want something better for your life and really move to greater heights....than this is not the way to do it. There are other things in life to give you happiness...true and honest happiness. “

Irena pushed Marlene away from her shouting into the concerned face of the teenage girl she had been playing with in the sand box of their kindergarten corner Alte Wöhr and Rübenkamp: „ If you are my truly best friend, you do not talk to me like that., but support me in all the fun in life I want.“ Irena put her hands around the joint that was lit for her, inhaled and confessed: „ All want in life is having fun. What else is life worth living for if not for fun? My poor mother, if she would know what I really do, she would beat me up very well. She is a stupid woman that does not understand how to use men and a good joint to get someone’s climax. Working hard only makes sense to pay for fun. After all, life is too short to take it heavy and serious too much. I never want to die without party, party, party to see the good sides of life. “

Marlene saw her finishing the joint asking for more. Beer and Whiskey glasses filled up stood on the couch table before them...in their numbers. The boys around her felt their balls getting swollen, was Irena an attractive young girl, green blue eyes, straight blond long hair, tender lips, make-up well painted, looking like a model to be in future, nice tempting smile, easy going person. They had their condoms in their jeans ready to be used at any time.

„Life is not all about that“, enjoyed Marlene a cold Lager. „It is about....giving life a meaning. “

„A meaning? ...Do not be silly, Marlene...please spare me from this nonsense“, emptied Irena her glass of Whiskey in one go. „If life has a meaning than it is fun, fun, fun...and nothing but fun. So please, Marlene, leave me alone with your deep thoughts that I do not understand anyway...and let me go. “Irena allowed Paul Moorege to give her a tongue kiss touching her between her legs and walked off with him hiding in the dark smoke cloud of Big Apply.

Greta, leading a gang of three girls sticking together always to cause trouble forcing their will on others, sat down next to Anna. It was the mean break at Fraenkelstraße School they all had attended since Primary Classes. Anna felt uneasy besides Greta, an overweight girl, dark brown hair, small forehead, pressed lips, short neck making her look like a flat football played with in endless matches. Her fingers were short, her clothes over the fashion top compensating her weakness in appearance. As usual, Greta was chewing a punk gum, blew it up to provoke Anna that sat quietly on a wooden bench facing the door to the School`s Gym before which a young teacher kept watch over the students activities.

“What is wrong with you?” questioned Greta starring endlessly at Anna.

Anna did not move waiting for the next move of her opponent.

“So, are you so stupid, you fool...not to answer me? I have asked you a question and I deserve an answer!” got Greta angry putting herself in a fighting position; her hands into her hips ready for a good punch.

Anna kept quiet. She did not move an inch.

Barbara, tall, skinny, metal bracelet around her teeth, silver ear rings with black pearls, the last in class on the best achievers list, stepped forward: “When someone is asking you a question...answer! Do you hear me well?”

Anna did not move.

In the secret corner hidden from the eyes of the teachers close to Rübenkamp, four boys were smoking their cigarettes watching out not to be caught. Primary school pupils were jumping over elastic ribbons or kicked the ball from corner to corner. The sun was shining bright after days of rain. This year certainly hot temperatures would drag people in their numbers to the public swimming pool in Stadtpark.

“So, are you mad...stupid girl?” Can´t you hear what people are telling you?” moved Rita closer to Anna ready to slap her into her face. “You know, you are a pretender always ready to please any teacher by doing your homework always. Do you think we do not know what you are up to when you want to answer all the questions of any teacher, raising your hands all the time? Do you not know you are want to be seen by them as the good and clever girl to make it in life? Do not think,” was she warning Anna pinching her right ear, “we have no eye on you and check you out very well.”

Anna was not moved.

Erika added: "We know you are not a fine girl as you always pretend to be. For a fact we know that your father is not in a hospital but in prison."

Anna looked up, but only for a second, acting on her instincts.

"Yes, you are the daughter of a man that even had escaped from prison and was caught again. We know it all! This shame sticks on you forever like ugly slime. What our parents achieve in life makes a name for ourselves, on good or bad terms!"

Anna looked down to the asphalt beneath her feet keeping restraint, well composed.

"Fool....stupid bitch," did Greta say while being called by the school bell to return back to their class room.

"Mother," asked Anna quietly when she had returned home from work the very same day, "is it true, my father is not in hospital in Großhansdorf as you are telling us, but actually in prison?"

"You are too young to understand, Anna," turned Monika Willers her back to her daughter. "One day, when the time is right, I will explain it all to you. For now we visit him in a hospital in Großhansdorf being treated for Tuberculosis as you well know."

Anna kept quiet. Her eyes rested on the woman once having given life to her. Endless minutes passed unspoken. Monika Willers unpacked her shopping. For a glimpse of a second both eyes met. Anna asked herself, why did her mother felt ashamed, unsecure and irritated. Why did she try to hide her feelings fearfully.

Anna walked into her room, sat down on her favorite chair feeling empty. An ocean of questions filled her soul, splashed over to her heart and made her paralyzed.

"I feel pity for you and your future children", declared Günter Erden looking around his pupils. While they were chatting or playing under their tables, all of a sudden collective silence filled the room on the second floor near the staircase above the Teachers Room.

Günter Erden kept quiet. The pupils looked at each other feeling something utterly was going wrong. They had never seen their history teacher that serious starring at them. A fallen needle could have been heard with a cracking loud bang falling to the class-room floor. Hearts were beating nervously. The air was lifted up in nervous tension.

"What does that mean, Mister Erden?" dared Anna to raise her hands and voice. When no one came forward to ask a question and give an opinion, it was always her to show up and make a point. She was never afraid of making a possible mistake, but always ready to hear what was possible to know. Anna`s eyes went over to her younger sister Alexa born one year after her, the last child she was thinking her mother had ever given birth to , unaware of the real truth. Alexa was a quiet girl, always following her teacher`s instructions to complete all her homework. It was not in her character to have big dreams, an energetic and forceful drive to fight her way through the obstacles life puts in someone`s way. Liked by



many she was easy going, her intellectual capacity limited by her mind not to expect much from life; just to make it from start to finish in an orderly fashion accepted by most in society. Raising an individual voice to change the world and make life better constantly, was not on her agenda. Even to have her own family, being married and raising kids, was not part of her life. Alexa being a Virgo by star signs; like Anna her intellect suppressed her feelings analyzing society more than feeling for it. She had been the first in the family having worn glasses, the rest, all of them, followed later in due course. Her straight short chestnuts colored natural hairstyle was identifying her easily from far.

“Wars of the past killed many Million people, even famine disasters we watch on TV all the time”, answered Günter Eden sitting on the hedge of his brown, massive desk with the class book opened for the day’s entries. Turning around, he walked to the blackboard, wrote down a few numbers and explained: “While wars and famine after years of suffering end and pain cause can heal during time of peace and food supplied again enough, future will be a long, long lasting episode of suffering for you...with no end in sight. What is ongoing and unfolding can already today be imagined. But today’s Politicians in all societies closer their eyes, have no understanding of the drama coming or are simply in power for a short time anyway, that a problem of historic dimension is pushed aside while current discomfort fills the airwaves and moves people.”

Anna felt deep in her heart a heavy stone. It was in her nature to start imagining before her very own eyes a wonderful world to live in, a world to give her peace, a pleasant way forward. Being blessed to write novels, she would always hide herself in her room undisturbed from the rest of the family and create a world to her desire. Reality was for Anna never the obvious, but the possibility, the interpretation of what should be and the way to uncover the paths and means to achieve just that. To Anna, the world was never stagnant, constantly on the move year after year. And each moment gave her the chance to reinvent a world to be a better place as she saw it and felt it.

“Anna...what is wrong with you?” addressed Günter Erden his best and eager student.

Anna shock her head to come back to the here and now.

“It is no good to dream yourself away”, laughed Günter Erden approaching her while the rest of the class followed any of his gestures, “to put your head in the sand like an ostrich or look above to the heavens instead of facing the reality of our times now...and our certain dooming future ahead that is the only answer we need and deserve...otherwise things will get worse than it should be! When someone clearly sees a problem coming and can put it into words, his hands in the wounds of times to come, can express it to others to act and get up, to pump all blood into your vessels to feel the heart beat to your neck...for God heaven sack, do your job....get it done...before history will call you a stupid fool and insult you very well.”

Anna sensed what Günter Erden wanted to share with them, while Alexa and the rest of her class were innocent in their mind looking at each other with questions in their eyes.

“The powers of today”, moved Günter Erden around the room looking into the eyes of each student wanting to plant his vision into each and every one of them, “are the underdogs of tomorrow. While the developed world predominantly USA, China, EU, India, Japan and Russia walk the talk of politics and economies they do not understand...this time is up. Empires came and fall...but not from hour to hour. It is always a process lasting generations after generations. One thing is for certain, in all gone Empires were clear signs embedded of their final downfall. No matter how military, economically or politically

strong these Empires were...they are gone for good and alive only in the Book of History. If I would have stood before Julius Caesar to tell him the Roman Empire few hundred years down time would disappear leaving only Italians living in a country called Italy left behind, he would have beheaded me on the spot. So, look around...the Roman Empire does no more exist!"

Günter Erden stopped for a moment standing still. Anna and Alexa thought the same sitting across from each other. Birds were to be heard singing the same old melodies learnt from their parents being part of their very own DNA passing the songs on to any coming future generation without any change.

"We can..." did Günter Erden end the silence and started to walk again among his pupils, "change our destiny...change our reality with our minds. No one of us is ever bounded and limited by his past or present to think and act on his conviction to change life for himself and the society around him. It is up to us to accept our shortcoming or to raise up to the occasion and come out in the end as time heroes of humanity and mankind."

Silence filled the air. The numbers on the black board were speaking a clear message to the students and their future children and grandchildren. Latest in sixty years from today Africa's population would be twice of today's powerhouses that think they are superior to the African continent taking advantage of the wicked minds that are haunting African leaders and their societies alike. Climate change will boost food production cost and empty soil will die out state budgets facing an overwhelmingly increased population causing migration, civil unrest, wars, fighting for the last drained natural resources to see Xenophobia causing destruction like never seen before. The White Man does not have to move a single finger to cause destruction, Africans themselves can do this much better.

Anna's heart was squeezed, took her breath to think clear. Moments of confusion passed before she was able to ask: „When the time has come for Ghana to lead Africa that will be the new power house of the world and be its ruler as you say, how to manage the process?"

Günter Erden turned to her answering with low and slow voice: "History cannot be stopped, only delayed for which reason it is a bad idea of us in the developed world to treat Africa in a wicked fashion. On the other hand Africans themselves as for now are not able to manage their own countries well and lead them in an orderly manner to their destiny from which all of us in the developed world eventually are going to benefit from. When I am sick, I mandate the best doctor I know to heal me. And I do not care about color, race or believes but only for my strength. Why in football coaches, managers and players in private clubs and national teams chose people only by their performance while in politics all these aspects matter. We are beyond national economic and political isolation setting political and economic standards we want to see enforced all around the world. Yet in politics, especially former colonies on the African continent, the same practices should not apply even the blacks cry for it accepting African countries were mostly unprepared for their independence and have messed up their historic chance completely. If this would not have drastic negative effects on White People we better stay away and let them do their job. But reality is, when it affects us more and more in a harmful way, we have to step in and solve the problems on the ground, before the problem hits us in our own societies back home....not as Colonial Masters, but as servants to the black nations. Ghanaians would love to stay in their own beautiful country if only the living conditions would favor them. No one of them likes snow or cold weather too much. So it is the job of the White Man to make his black fellows feel comfortable in their own countries and establish a long lasting productive relationship on all levels of society with them."

The students applauded. Günter Erden looked around and smiled victoriously.

It was not allowed by the local Minister for Education to set off that Friday morning worshipping the young girl Greta from Scandinavia. Severe punishment was supposed to be the answer for all students not to be in class but on Rathausplatz, the place before Hamburg Town Hall. Thousands of young boys and girls gave interviews to the media in front of their Mayor's Office. They did not care about the order given. To stop polluting the environment and save the planet from the devastating consequences of climate change was on their agenda; their main concern for their future.

Students revolts of the sixties, peace movement of the seventies, fighting for a greener planet in the eighties followed by a generation only interested in selfish acts were again woken up by a little girl used by adults to be the face of a new start to save the world from disappearing as a place worth living in, on and for. The scenery was comparable to the peaceful happening their parents and grandparents had celebrated years back in their own time. Greta, a girl never noticeable in the streets by her features, was lifted up to be seen as a potential candidate for the next Peace Nobel Prize not yet even years on the campaign trail to better our lives.

"Is this really the answer to our future?" asked Anna that had refused to participate in the first place. Having given it a thorough thought, in the end she came along. She wanted to understand her generation better, get to know what others of her age from many walks of life were thinking of times to come. Anna wanted to hear and see first-hand, what these teenagers had on their mind really; she wanted to dig deep down.

Fred from a school located south of Hamburg, asked her: "What do you mean?"

Anna stood among a group of ten people, most of them holding self-painted banners demanding more efforts of the generation in power to stop negative effects on climate change.

"There are many problems in this world," started Anna to explain, "wars, famine, modern day slavery, economic unbalance, fairness in trade, migration and many more. So, I wonder..." was she disturbed by Irena's incoming call. Her sister wanted to let her know in the evening to tell her mother she would sleep over at a friend's house and come back late Saturday afternoon. Irena laughed at Anna hearing she would fight for a better life while facing the difficulty possibly to get punished for her absence from school by the School Authority. "I mean," turned Anna again her attention to Fred and Louisa that looked at her with doubting face, "from all our problems, which one is the most important one? I mean, is it not better to focus time, energy and creativity on the most important issues before tackling the second most important problem...and so on?"

Louisa looked at Fred, smiled, felt the voice of hundreds of pupils behind them shouting their demands towards the politicians in power and answered: „What could possibly be more important for us than to stop climate change?"

"Overpopulation?"

“What do you mean by that?” was Fred wondering.

“Africa will be overpopulated easily in our generation. This will also have serious consequences for our climate more than we can imagine now. Civil wars, famine, fighting between Blacks and Whites, developed world against underdeveloped world and so on...all that is not in the focus of our generation, yet I can see this must be our number one problem and priority of action and thinking to find a solution for. The process to stop it is difficult, so we must manage it well to hope the effects will not be too bad on all of us.”

Fred and Louisa looked at each other being pushed by a crowd of aggressive students passing by to head for the stage Greta was supposed to address the protesters at any minute.

“I only want to understand, why people not take to the streets and demand measures to fight overpopulation, at least demand effective steps from governments to manage the upcoming disaster before the problem hits them; before the problem is here to stay,” asked Anna with a crystal clear voice.

Fred laughed at her: “How do you want these many people here around us to understand what you are talking about?”

Louisa added half way looking towards the stage: “Do you think we have the nerves to fight for something that we cannot change? Climate change....there we can make an impact, a mark. But when in Africa the people have too much sex and refuse to use condoms...” was she lifting up her shoulders before smiling with wide open eyes, “after all they have to produce a lot of children as their pillar of their social system and security in their olden days.”

Anna was left alone. The crowd had run to Greta to listen to a young girl with no life experiences. Saddened looked Anna up to the Town Hall tower and further to the skies.

“Will they ever learn?” were the bells of the nearby Katharinen Church ringing in her mind.

It was a hot summer morning, few people attended church on German society. Anna had been baptized as a small child by her mother’s will. She herself never had contact with God relaying on her intellectual capacity rationalizing life to make sense of the obvious, of what she was aware off by her very own eyes. Being much of her time secluded all by herself avoiding intentionally to collect friendship. Anna wanted to see what the outside world was doing and how it resonated in her inner self. What her age mate took for granted, she questioned it down to the relevant bottom of the matter.

Passing Hartzloh Saint Gabriel Church, she walked slowly towards Barmbek Hospital enclosed by a long, high red brick wall. Three days a week the small road leading to Stadtpark was closed off for an open market offering fresh fruits, vegetables and her favorite cake, as sand cake with double layers of pastry and a heavy white cream as center. They called it Bärenatzen looking like bear paws, a delight coated in sugar.

Looking left and right very carefully, Anna crossed the busy road leading to her right to City North. The Open Air Festival area hosting up to 3000 people was located to her left. She directed her way straight towards the small pond with water lilies, plants and water birds.

Next to a small cabin built to give shelter in times of rain, used also as a meeting point for nature lovers, was an old wooden bench for her to rest and enjoy a quiet time. She watched love couples passing by enjoying each other's company, old folks having a good time after a harsh winter. Children annoyed their parents, dogs were chasing wild ducks and faced fierce fights with impressive swans. The lawn around was cut the day before perfuming the air with fresh smell of good, easy living.

She was not aware of him approaching the bench. Out of the blue he was standing right before her and asked for permission to share the place with her. Anna moved to the side to give him space. He introduced himself as Walter Enden. A tall man with black glasses, long, sharp nose, one blue eye having a light brown spot, the only physical inheritance of his short mother that had black hair, was constantly overweight, had a round face unlike his oval shaped one that gave him a good look in his matured life. His voice was of a friendly, quiet manner that certainly had gone through a lot in life sharpening his mind.

Anna felt his heavy, burdened heart beating next to her. He looked around wanting to distract his mind. Unexpectedly did he turn to Anna describing life as a difficult challenge filled with harm done and unfairness prevailing.

"As you are still a young lady", said Walter Enden with a smiling face, his eyes wide open. "make sure only to deliver your own children with a man you honestly love and not want to use him for your own selfish agenda. No man and no child deserves to be put into a situation of pain, tears, disorientation, shame and disgrace."

Anna was puzzled not understanding a single word the man in his late forties was sharing with her. She looked at him asking for a deeper explanation of his statement.

Walter Enden took a deep breath and continued: "In this world globally interest groups fight nationally or internationally a cross-border for ending AIDS, famine, for gay rights, the environment, diabetes, autism, the right to be disconnected from life supporting machines in our dark times, abortion rights and what have you not."

Anna turned herself to him. In his eyes tears were about to leave and run out.

"But one issue affecting directly and indirectly more than thirty Million Germans during their life-time of a cuckoo child, is still a hidden private matter! Shame on all societies!"

Anna mentioned: "I do not quite understand!"

"The bible is asking humans should not engage in adultery...even when Adam ate from the forbidden fruit, he had cheated on the word commanded to him. The only reason God allows divorce is when adultery is in the marriage occurs. All societies for generation passed have opened a door for women no longer agreeing with their husband's life-style and belief for a better future, to divorce him. They can get away from their husbands before starting a new life with a new partner and make babies with him. No one is forced to cheat on anyone, no woman, no man...simple as that. When on top of cheating the wife

presents a child to the husband pretending it is his own son, tragedy sets in lasting a life time for all parties involved. Such women want to enjoy the security of the marriage while checking out the new relationship on the expenses of their married spouses." Tears run down his lips:" To have hold a child as his own in his arms, having felt it during bonding time in hospital on someone`s naked chest minutes later...after the child was born...a man with feelings and dignity can never forget...these feelings never go away, also not by the child`s mother commanding words. These ladies do knowingly and willingly endless harm to the legal and biological fathers, the child itself, the families around them and finally to themselves. No one is a winner in this evil act to deliver a cuckoo`s child. Yet it can be prevented so easily....women just do not deliver in your marriage a child from another man...simple as that. Feminist Media and organizations should call their fellow ladies to order. What has torched for thousands of years, loner than AIDS or gay-rights issues, is still not out there, has no public voice but dealt with only by people involved in their private corners. The laws are against a solution to heal wounds and bring justice to them. In Germany here the legal father can ask the biological father for financial compensation for all his expenses spent on a wrong child, yet has no right to force the woman to disclose the identity of the biological father. How should he then pursue his right for financial compensation?" Walter Enden broke down in tears. He bend over to his knees, starred at his sneakers with inner hate and helplessness. How much would he have loved to call his ex-son his son!

"In our divorce laws such ladies do not get punished. They basically get away with their evil acts unpunished leaving a bloody battle field behind. I call on all people around the world to join hands together in unity and end these acts of cruelty, to support each other globally and make laws work that bring justice and healing to people that deserve to be comforted."

Anna took a deep breath. She looked around seeing couples with their children walking and playing. What she was unable to see were the wounds inside caused by others intentionally, ignorantly or out of stupidity. She felt strongly the suggestion of Walter Enden should and must be supported by all people feeling a compassionate heart beat in their chest and sensible mind.

It was midnight; Sunday was just about to move into Monday. No car to be seen or heard. Trains had stopped for their service. In the kitchen the sound of the fridge cooling the food was silently making quite noise monotonously along. Birds had gone to sleep. Monika Willers slept on her convertible double bed in the living room. Irena and Alexa were dreaming the night away in their double stacked bed across her room. The family used Anna`s room for receptions. A white dinner table with white chairs that had blue lined seats, was the center of her room. Along the wall facing her bed stood three shelves filled with books, all hers collected over time. Her sisters never cared for books, their room had none to show but was filled with radio, cassettes and CDs. Their wardrobes were bigger than her own, filled up completely.

Anna was not able to sleep. Restless moving from side to side in her far to short bed, she tried to force herself to sleep. During the past few days nervousness had filled her heart, made her unable to think well and clear. She did not know the cause of her wild thoughts and dreams. It seemed the whole world and its problems, the fears, hopes, dreams, times, failures would come down on her crashing her soul to take away anything she was used to know; anything that gave her guidance and stability in life; a path of orientation to know which way to choose while moving forward. Headache set in. Quietly went she over

to the bathroom, swallowed tablets of Paracetamol and went back to bed. Waiting for her relieve from pain, her heart was still beating hard against her ribs. Anna thought it would be unfair not to have control over herself, her body and soul, to command silence and peace into them. She was always angry when her body did what it was not supposed to do. In these moments Anna felt to be two or more persons sharing the same body.

She got up, walked over to the window, looked out. No sound of anything to be heard. Black dark night sliced into pieces by the street lights. Even traffic lights were turned off to save energy.

“Endless silence out there”, went it through her mind. Anna smiled and said to herself whispering: “Someone in action. There is always action on earth...and be it in the dreams the many people out there are dreaming. How loud it might be in their dreams, I ask myself. Maybe shouting, screaming and violent actions are there in these thousands of dreams”. Her eyes rested on the bunker on the other side of the road. “Life never stands completely still...is always there; but not always in our senses to hear and understand”, was Anna telling herself. “We humans are forced to live, never asked to be alive or not. In the end, life is not in our hands, only the outcome be it success or failure....or suicide....or death!”

She dressed up, closed the apartment door behind her quietly, crossed the road and looked at the bunker. Anna touched the cold metal of the fence sealing off the entrance. The cold touched her heart deeply. She opened her soul, took a deep breath, closed her eyes, took a second even deeper breath and said: “Hallo, it is me...Anna.”

Endless moments passed, silence everywhere. Peace filled her spirit, her body was warm. As she was about to turn and go back home, Anna thought to hear a voice whispering carefully composed: „It is me.”

Nervously looked Anna around and saw....nobody appearing.

She closed her eyes again thinking she was in a living dream.

“It is me,” was she opening her eyes again looking at the rusty heavy door of the bunker. Before she finally left the scene was she hearing for a last time: “It is me?”

Anna looked around once more, but only black light to be seen cut into pieces by the street lights.

The train was on time leaving Altona Station. Anna was happy to have acquired one of the few cheap tickets to take her to Sylt, the island in the North Sea facing Denmark, her favorite place to be for the weekend during summer season. There hours ride along farms with cows, horses, raps plats and wheat made her mind forget about problems back home.

Irena had caused her mother sleepless nights again. Monika Willers was anxious about her daughter to get pregnant as teenage girl. She asked herself what on earth would possible become out of her oldest daughter. Anything in life was of worry to Monika Willers. Something new to her was dangerous, not a chance to see how life could change around and open happiness. Her blood pressure was high of all her negative thoughts about life’s matters. Where others saw an open door, she saw fear that needed to prove itself as not evil by time. Anna had to cope with this behavior in her blood a life time making her mind always be aware of the inheritance she carried in her family blood.

Westerland was insight, Hindenburg Damm passed and well behind her. She rented a bike near the station, pushed it through the city center a pedestrian street only, left and right with expensive shops towards the beach. Westerland was the capital city of the Island home to rich people. The street was straight that opened up the sight finally to see the endless North Sea far to the horizon. She looked into the Tourist Information, than she got onto her bike heading south observing and smelling the North Sea. To her right people were walking arm in arm towards her. Sun tents in their faces to make them people that enjoyed the closeness to the water, beach and special grass giving them stability in their lives.

In the distance naked men, women and children played volleyball on the beach that was sealed off from the rest of the all dressed up folks. Nobody on the island had any problem with nude people bathing and laughing in public while breasts, round and flat were hanging on various shaped bodies, dicks and balls moving wild up and down when men were running after thrown volleyballs besides the playground.

Anna rode along to stop at a quit spot, locked her bike around a metal lamp post, walked barefoot onto the sand to get closer to the water. She dropped her bath towel and basket with her lunch and candies covering the money purse with a cloth, stood in the warm water to see container ships on the horizon. Anna stood still wanting to hear the ocean to talk to her. She pushed all thoughts aside to empty her mind for something new. Then, something hit her legs gently. Anna looked down. A white bottle with something inside that looked like paper had come to her. Anna picked the bottle, looked at it with eyes full of questions.

Anna sat down in the sand, opened the bottle, took the paper out, unfolded it, saw a man`s handwritten words and started to read `I am so happy about our Day of Independence. Here our liberation finally has come. The British gave us today a joyful day for which many blood was shad when souls were lost. Oppression has come to an end and Democracy is insight. Ghana soon will be a Republic. We have come a long way. Ashanti Empire covering many parts of West-Africa once, is now heading to glory. Remembering this day in the time Asantehene was betrayed by his own Nanas hiding the much needed gold on his land from him he had needed to pay for his expenses for the Golden Stool to support power, all it was no more. When the Whites came to buy slaves, Otumfo saw his chance to capture his own fellow men, brought them to the shores of the Gulf of Guinea where the White Man had waited patiently for their living goods to be used on the cotton fields in Alabama and Georgia. No White Man went to the Hinterland to capture the Black Man. The dirty job was done by us Blacks alone as the White Man was scared to go inside the country fearing to be beheaded by the wild Black Man. Then they had done their part to make Millions, still now, unequal on the American continent. But as today our new President has declared the Black Man is capable to manage his own affairs. I believe him, so do many with me on this glorious day. Yes, I believe with all my heart it is now our time that has come to us; not only to be independent, but to rule the world. Mankind started here with us in Africa. Adam even means the Black Man. Civilization and culture is based on us. While the White Man was blessed by religion that is a system in itself to learn and improve itself and humans carrying it from level to level, we are left behind with our witchcraft, our JuJu. Witchcraft is nothing but an experience passed on from generation to generation without improvement, no level to climb, we the mandated true rulers of the world were overtaken in all walks of life by the White Man. But on this special day, March 6th 1957, God has decided the time has come to bring back the world ruler ship to us. The spirit of the White Man knows



this. Whites' harsh or friendly faces tries all he can to mess us up. He does not want us to succeed in life, only to survive and cause no problems to him. People with wisdom and understanding can see behind the trending words and actions from good and bad people and uncover the real motivation of helpers with knowledge and money. The White Man never had problems to use us for his agenda. As much as his spirit fights against the inevitable, the must come, to be ruled by the Black Man, he does not understand God's will, nor history. History can never be stopped, only be delayed. What finally is supposed to happen, will happen. It is better for Whites to accept their place in real destiny of the world and make peace with it in their hearts. I am a proud Ghanaian and have trust on this special day that the time for Africa to rule has come. We all here are going to write history once more. `

Anna looked up to the horizon. The water was calm, no waves to be seen. Noise of children playing was around her. She directed her eyes to heaven. The sky was clear, no sign of any cloud. Taking a deep breath, she dropped the paper, sand covered it.

Behind hugh green plants it was possible to get a glance of the brick building built before end of World War Two. A long driveway up covered by a giant tree was the two story building finally visible to authorized persons only. Looking like a public school, the place in fact was an orphanage, a facility in Hamburg-Neugraben used also by parents unable to take care of their children for few weeks. Billy Moe, famous black musician, had his three children under the care of the mostly young, attractive female caretakers. As orphanage home rule the children had to clean the dishes in exchange for sweets. Each week ending the most eager child helping to run the place was rewarded with extra-large treat of sweets. Yet not all kids had developed the desire to be that special child. Anna, as a sweet mouth never able to be in opposition to treat herself with anything containing sugar, was an obvious exception and on the forefront to help in any way possible. During the day she, Irena and Alexa attended a nearby school. They knew it would not last for long and Monika Willers would come again to take them home to Alte Wöhr, the place of childhood, the place to be and grow up.

„You are here only for a few week before I take you back“, had Monika Willers told her daughters the day she had left them behind.

Alexa had gotten angry and cried: „ You are not my mother. You are not my mother! “

It had not been the first time Alexa had shouted her anger into her mother's face. On several occasions did she make Monika Willers understand she was convinced not to be her child? As long as her mother would live, she constantly would hold her conviction close in her heart; eventually seven years before her unexpected death to stop any contact with her only showing up to organize the funeral along Irena.

Monika Willers had broken down in tears. Life had been hard and unfair to her a life-time. For years her children had been under strict supervision of the Social Security Authority that wanted to ensure the welfare of the three girls. Their father did not care for them at all. Monika Willers had been still a young woman and everyday forced to feed her children all alone. To meet ends means had been a struggle from months to months. Her own family had abandoned her, friends no were to be found. As a divorced woman in time of strict correct marriage by law and tradition, had been a heavy burden to her. No man

with good character would have ever looked at her. As young woman she had longed to rest her head in the arms of a caring, strong man to assist her on the way forward.

„When I have delivered your sister“, Monika Willers had looked at them ready to walk through the big glass door with impressive wooden door frames, „ I will rush to you and we all will be together as a great, happy family again. “

„You are not my mother“, had Alexa said a last time before turning her back on her hiding under the staircase that was leading to the upper floor on which the children had their bedrooms.

Anna had looked over to Alexa with sadness. She had never liked nor understood her sister's behavior towards the woman whose blood run in her body. No mother is perfect, even she had problems with her, but this was no reason for her to her mother not as her mother. Irena meanwhile had not shown too much interest in the farewell ceremony of Monika Willers. She had started to walk around the huge complex checking out the people.

„Anna...you take good care of yourself and your sisters, please“, had Monika Willers kissed her good-bye and had walked off.

A man the children had only called Uncle Peter, good looking, light red hair, a car calling his own, had made her pregnant. One of Monika Willers friends had arranged a meeting between both of them. He had not mind a woman in her condition, had even shown interest to entertain the children.

„In one weeks' time or so“, explained Miss Wohlfart Anna at dinner table, „ your mother will come to pick you up again. She called and said today, she loves you all and is missing you. She is okay, she told me. “

It had been nearly two months that Anna, Irena and Alexa had seen their pregnant mother leaving them in the orphanage behind. Long expected did Monika Willers enter the orphanage with a smile on her face. She had missed their daughters a lot feeling guilty not having given them a better life.

Alexa kept quiet when she saw her mother collecting all her clothing's. Irena ignored her tender kisses.

Anna asked: „Where is the baby? “

Monika Willers had thought for a long time how best to explain to them. She answered with shame in her voice: „The girl...was...born...dead. “

She paused to observe her daughters reactions. Irena did not mind the news, took it just like any of life's events.

Alexa shouted out loud: „I do not trust you...you lie to us! “ She folded her arms in anger and walked to the dining hall.

Anna took her mother's hand to comfort her and said with warm voice: „ It is okay...life is sometimes like that. I am not unhappy...because, why should I? As what cannot be changed must be accepted. “

Monika Willers was too busy to take good care of all emotions of the small family. She finished the paper work with the orphanage and walked out of the home back to Alte Wöhr.

„I never believe what you said“, stated Alexa categorically at dinner table. „I will never believe you on this! Never! She run to her bed to hide her anger.

„The old folks here around have told me, Barmbek used to be a blue color area with people working her das carpenters, electricians, plumbers and alike. Voting was for left wing parties mostly. The people enjoyed a close neighborhood, were friendly with each other while sharing mainly the same life expectations. Ortman & Herbst in Alte Wöhr produced machinery for the tobacco industry. The small park between Alte Wöhr and Fraenkelstraße was designed and constructed by someone called Karl Heerde. Fuhlsbüttler Straße was crowned at Barmbek Station with Hertie, their local department store while towards Ohlsdorf Station undertakers were going about their work.“

Anna had given him permission to sit next to her on the plastic bench overseeing to her immediate right Planetarium, a former water tower converted into an observation to watch and teach the stars and planets around the earth. To her left the public swimming pool with lake to canoeing on was filled with people to jump into cold water on that sunny day, hot Saturday afternoon.

The black man had introduced himself as Joe from Kumasi in the heart of Ghana. He was very well mannered appearing to her like any gentlemen would do. A break between writing her new book was what had directed her to come to Stadtpark. Exercising helped her to clear her mind, get new ideas and peruse with fresh idea her stories.

Joe was dressed decently, clean, latest fashion. She had the impression to sit next to a well-educated man with high hopes and expectations about a better life. His voice was deep and his tone well placed on each word spoken. Before he allowed a word to leave his mouth, he had well thought about each word to make the world hear.

„But now...look around you in Barmbek...so much has changed in the past...for years. Turkish people came to be good neighbors but stayed more by themselves. Then, look at all the Blacks around. Schools are filled with second generation of African Migrants. In most classes you find one or two of them; some behave more German than a white born German. They have no intentions to go back to Africa...even their experiences in life is what we in Africa need so much. They mostly have built houses in Africa to retire there or go for holidays. But to return for good....no, no, that is not what they want. “

Anna looked at him trying hard to follow his ideas. She watched a Turkish family having a grill party with friends, their kids playing football on the central lawn of the city park.

„So many of them come from Ghana, just like me, “continued Joe sharing his insights with Anna, „ but I can tell you, we in our country have no civil war, nobody gets prosecuted because of his political believes...even gays we allow to go about their own business regardless the fact anal sex is not allowed by law...that is how peaceful we are. So, “did he turn to Anna with grim, dark face, „ how come, all these Ghanaians are here in our country? “

Anna kept quiet for few seconds thinking of the right answer: „They need money? “

„Even they have more than you, all that gold, bauxite, cocoa beans, gas and oil! “

She looked at him not knowing what to say. Loud cheers around her, music from ghetto blasters and singing of drunken young men disturbing her flow of thinking.

„Take me for example. I share a room with someone from Togo. That man recently was a witness at Jungfernstieg where a man from Nigeria stabbed his former girl-friend to death having lost few hours before the custody over the child both had together. This would have meant for him to return back to Africa. My room-mate was the new boy-friend of that woman. He was with her when she was killed in cold blood, so the police wanted to question him as a witness. He was hiding in our room. Than the police turned up and I had to escape through the window and start sleeping on the streets. “

„Why? “

„I came to German illegally, have no papers. A connection man brought me here and it was costing me ten thousand Euros. I work illegally on the legal papers of someone else...in a restaurant. My salary goes to him. He takes his share before he gives me my part of my salary. He keeps all the social benefits for pension and unemployment cover...even health insurance. For me...nothing. I have no health insurance when I am sick...I cannot become sick at all...no money to see any doctor. When people from home call me I advise them to stay where they are, start something small and grow over time. That is much, much better than the life I live here. I feel like I am in prison even I walk around. My spirit is blocked...I need to work like a machine never resting and I can be attacked at any time by anybody. I am not safe...not free. People in the streets see me but do not know my story. I am trapped. When I go back, still I have to pay my heavy debts...and I know in Ghana to find a job to pay all that money back...how possible? I am trapped. I am worse off than before. People in Africa do not realize how difficult it is to make it in the White Man`s society. “He looked nervously around and continued: „I have to be invisible...but I am a human being with feelings, hopes and dreams. All I can say...I am betrayed...we are betrayed. “

Anna asked him to explain what he meant by saying `betrayed` more precise.

„We should look at the White Man only to learn from him very well, observe his strategy, avoid his failures and built our future on his weaknesses. When we Africans have a straight, honest and clear mind free from family issues and bondage, it is us to turn the weakness into our destiny...in glory.“

„Big words“, was Anna not quiet understanding the truth behind the words spoken.

„MY advice to all my people is not to copy White People but to be better than them and only to come here with real papers...otherwise to hustle back home and make it by time.“

Joe saw two police officers in uniform on patrol. With eagle eyes they overlooked the crowd before them, scanning intensively all faces, movements and behaviors that could give them an indication for intervention. Nervously was Joe wishing Anna a blessed day and took off in the opposite direction.

They were all excited. Criminal Court at Sievekingsplatz in the heart of Hamburg, an old sandstone building dating back over hundred years ago, made them feel insecure. The quiet atmosphere of staff members, judges, lawyers, police officers bringing and taking prisoners before court, were all making the students feel small. Even their teacher, Hans-Georg Friese had prepared them for the rules of German court system in advance. To stand in the corridors of justice with real people and sentencing procedures, was not they could have even imagined. The dull smell of freshly waxed grey tiled floors gave the impression to walk on sacred soil. Generation after generation of defendants had walked down the endless corridors to hear their cases and to know their judgments.

They were sitting in a small court room. Anna had to sit next to Erika and Rita on an old, light brown simple shaped bench, one close to each other. Not for a little moment did anyone of the students dare to make a joke or misbehave. Their minds were disciplined and focused. Tension filled the air. Anna's eyes were watching any movement of the state prosecutor and lawyer across on the other side. She looked up to the yellowish long, straight designed Neon lamps seen often on the ceilings in government buildings. The door got pushed open. Handcraft a man in his late forties entered the court room. Behind him grim looking police officers were watching over him. The solitaire chair at the small, square shaped table below the bench of the judge was the place for him to be judged. Minutes later Threw the door in the wall facing Anna's class an old judge, short, grey hair close to boldness, round face, serious looks, entered the scene asking all in the room to take their seats again. The prosecutor read out the court indictment. The defendant convicted to jail in the past was alleged to have stolen electric items from his last employer by climbing through the glass top of the company building. Cigarette remains were found at the scene of the kind the defendant preferred to smoke. A forensic expert was questioned to give evidence but was unable to link the crime scene to the defendant. Lawyer and prosecutor pleaded for not guilty judgment due to lack of evidence. The judge went back to his office.

„The case is clear. The case will be dismissed and the poor man will walk out that door as a free man“, lectured Hans-Georg Friese his class. They all looked up to him for the right explanation.

Lawyer and prosecutor alike looked into their pile of papers before them ignoring the young onlookers. Anna was sneezing; Alexa looked around being not very interested in the whole proceedings. Rita and Erika were giggling and gossiping about the short trousers of the lawyer and old shoes of the prosecutor. They tried to hide their comments behind their hands put before their mouths.

„The court finds the defendant guilty and send him to prison for a period of two years! “read the judge out five minutes after he had left the room and come back. His job was done, he left again while the defendant was executed back to prison.

Anna was stund, opened her eyes wide and asked: „No evidence and he got years behind bars? How is that possible? “

Hans-Georg Friese was surprised himself: „A typical case that will go into appeal trail and revised on a higher level finally...I guess! “

„Until then...“, tried Anna to clear her mind and understand what just had happened, „the man will be in prison for months without a proof that he did what people allege...and the judge walks for free?“

„Many people that sit in prison are there not because of a crime, but because of judges or juries say so...and all these people walk for free. Only later the society pays a financial compensation for the time imprisoned wrongly“, was Hans-Georg Friese trying to explain.

„But...but that has nothing...absolutely nothing to do with justice. A judge cannot do as he pleases and when he makes a mistake, just walks away for free while well all ordinary people when making a mistake, feel the punishment for it.“

„Judges must be independent to do their job well. “

„Independent does not mean, Sir that they can take the law into their own hands and judge accordingly to how they see the law“, got Anna angry more and more. „Pilots undergo check-ups always, doctors when done harm have to pay money personally and each employee is constantly monitored...of their work. But a judge, once in his position...how to remove him as a judge? No, Sir, I do not accept that. Surely there must be a way to check the quality of a judge and at the same time make him an independent one. “

„Anna, you talk like an old, wise woman. I wonder, were it comes from...as certainly your family does not think that far and matured. “Hans-Georg Friese looked at Alexa on their way out.

„It only takes one person to change the world“, looked Anna up to the man she had taken as her father even he had never known. Her desire for a father by her side to explain life`s issues was deeply rooted in all her life time, but never fulfilled. Over the years she had began to understand her needs and situation, to gain positive momentum from her special life given to see the world with eyes she was privileged to see. It were these sad feelings to give her a power for impact that is needed to see, hear, overcome, invent and act on conviction to promote fight for an improved, better life for many unable to fight the same way. Her pains became her heroes, a driving force to make her stand up and more forward. Life without pain, no scares left behind, is a life on the ocean`s surface being the tool to be used for uncertainty, left to chances, not for a great plan to see the other side of history.

Irena and her siblings sat around the kitchen table. She was tense not knowing how her mother would take the information, her period had stopped some time ago being aged sixteen only. Nervously was she waiting for the right moment to come fearing it would potentially come as a devastating news to her mother.

From the fridge Monika Willers brought out vanilla pudding prepared the day before topped up with chocolate sauce from work. During the past week Monika Willers had felt rheumatism in both lower arms inherited from her mother. All family members had it in their blood, but only the female side was effected by pain. She had thought to ask her boss, a very friendly chef highly decorated in their industry to stop serving the bank owners in their private dinner rooms on the fifth floor of the bank in Ferdinand Straße close to Lake Alster, home of a Jewish family that had to sell the bank by force to the Nazis but after the war run the management again. She enjoyed her time working in the kitchen of the old, impressive building facing Thalia Theater.

Monika Willers felt spontaneously, that day would be a significant moment in her life remembering herself so much. While Alexa went to her bedroom and Anna tried to fix her bike after dinner, Irena was alone with her mother at the kitchen table.

„My period has stopped“, was it coming out like a hurricane from Irena’s mouth while her mother had started to do the dishes.

With great surprise in her eyes did Monika Willers looked at Irena understanding right away the meaning of what she had said.

„We must see a doctor right away“, commented Monika Willers with no hesitation or doubt in her voice.

Few days later it was confirmed, Irena was pregnant. Her mother wanted to ask her about the boy that had made her pregnant. Thousands of thoughts and ideas rushed through her mind confronting her with the `WHY` all that questions. Instinctively she knew if she would do that holding the unbelievable mistake her daughter had made against Irena, she surely would have lost her and caused more harm to a difficult situation than finding a way forward. She kept quiet thinking and thinking of what next to do. Irena was not in love with that boy that had made her pregnant, was only foolish enough to have had unprotected sex at such an early age ignoring the consequences of her lust. When she did something action came before thinking, that is how she always was. Irena was a lifelong a woman not able and willing to imagine a long distance future. For her the here and now was what mattered to her most, not times far away that could have given her a better life. Complex considerations of her being in relation to life’s circumstances and improvements, were never on her mind. The obvious of today and not the possibilities of tomorrow were always on her mind. She would never be willing to see a project lasting a decade or more of preparation through until the end, something that in between could have possibly brought disgrace and shame to her. Little did she know her own daughter one day been born would follow in her mother’s footsteps. That girl would get pregnant as a teenager from an Afghan man running a restaurant at Mundsburger Brücke not intending to establish a family with him delivering a baby girl, ending school with the least school qualification possible in Germany, just like her mother, to get married later in life to a simple minded man of her own level making a working match of their own.

While Irena was in Hauptschule class, a low standard school form of her time, Alexa and Anna had moved on to the next level, a middle school, named Realschule.

Irena had felt pain in her body for days not knowing the exact cause of the problem. Few days later it was certain, she had lost the unborn child due to a hormone defect.

Monika Willers knew instinctively to shout on Irena would not help again the situation. She calmed herself down with repeating words spoken in her mind. All she could do is to hope she would keep her legs closed and move on in life to improve in school. Night after night was Monika Willers lying in bed sleepless thinking and worrying, asking herself why it was her having to endure so many problems in life, such hard times and all by herself. Others were not punished that much, were happily married with children progressing in life. She used to speak out her fears to the universe, occasionally call on the name of God but as she saw no immediate affect her belief faded away. Patience and trust to carry for long time ion her spirit was never for her. Irena from all her three children, had inherited this weakness the most while Alexa had built on her character to follow instructions given by letter and Anna helped herself by writing to reflect on her blood inheritance to move from level to level. She stepped out from

her comfort zone constantly ignoring others saying what she should do or leave but developed a more and more sharp and robust sense of and for herself and her individual needs. She had come to understand at very early age in life that life to live is not for others, only for oneself. Parents can guide a child, friends comfort someone but their decision making process ends at the door of another person's destiny.

The bags were nearly packed, time to leave for summer vacations. Hot air blew through parks and streets. All weather predictions had forecasted the hottest time for years. People started to complain, sleeping at nights uncovered in their beds became the norm. Water was rationed for plants and using for swimming pools. Everybody had climate change on their mind and lips. Political parties all across Europe gained momentum demanding a rapid change in attitude. Avoiding the use of plastics was the talk of the day everywhere.

Anna had received the recommendation of her school to move on to higher education and peruse an A-level status. For years she had wanted to become a Kindergartener only. As often as she could she would help out in her old Kindergarten to assist entertaining younger once trusting it would give her credit later to enter her beloved profession. She was confused and sad, but only for a moment, that no Kindergarten she contacted would have give her the chance for training. As time was running out ending Realschule, she panicked and applied for Manager training in various fields. One Human Resources Manager at Kühne & Nagel GmbH, a logistics company, located at Baumwall in Hamburg at River Elbe looked at her, listen to her and advice Anna to move on in life and go to High-School. Anna herself had never thought about it as no one in her family had ever done that, it was not common. For her such an idea seemed to be impossible for a girl of her background. She was not thinking it was a way of life open to herself but only to intelligent people of higher class.

The year before she had become the Deputy Students Union President of her school representing more than six hundred students. The work of the President was left to her as the one that had been elected, a much beloved boy chewing gums all the time, very good looking, handsome and smart, popular with many girls, had left the work for her knowing himself not to be qualified for the position elected into.. Smiling, telling jokes, flirting with the girls that was all on his mind. Fighting problems and attending to details, was far from him.

„All I can say, Anna“, had Monika Willers been advising her daughter with the voice of confidence, „if you want to accept the school's recommendation given to you in this letter before you you must know I cannot help you as my education is low. I do not understand anything of what you need to know. You would have to fight your battles all by yourself. All I can gladly do for you is to back you in my own way, to encourage you on your way, give you a place to stay, food and we see what else will be possible.“

Anna had looked at her mother at the kitchen table that decisive Sunday morning, and had responded: „I will go for it, see how far I can get and do all that is possible not to give up...but fight my way through.“



“My support is what you will always have”, was Monika Willers shaking Anna`s hands.

Irena had entered the kitchen, got some food from the fridge. Before leaving home, had turned around and told her mother: “Do not wait tonight for me. My friends and I are going out for a party. We need to have fun after all our hard work...and it will be late.”

She had turned around for her mother to see the pocket of Irena`s jeans was filled with a pack of cigarettes. Form the money she had earned being an apprentice in the famous fur designer company Dieter Zoern to become a fur coat dress designer, she spend most part of her small income on cigarettes knowing about her father`s health problems, two open lungs, TBC and amputated leg. It would never stop her from smoking.

Anna had gladly accepted her mother`s handshake. Now it was time to get ready for Fanoe in Denmark, a place for holidays like times before.

After packing Anna came to the playground on top of the bunker to reflect on the years in her old school behind her before it was time to visit High School in City Nord. Anna was breathing slowly but not regularly as she should have. She did not know why, but felt to kneel down on the ground and look up to the shining sun. Anna was all by herself alone. She kept her mind open and vigilant. From down below she felt as if someone would stretch out his hands through the thick concrete of the bunker to touch and hold her legs. It felt to her someone seems to ensure she would not slip and fall, only possibly to shake along the way, but never to fall to be scattered into pieces. Anna felt protected, not be limited by these hands around her feet. She looked down to her sneakers but did not see anybody`s hands around her legs. Her mind started to ask the `Why` question only for a second. Her spirit made her silent.

“Sure, many people receive social benefit Hartz IV claiming it is not enough to offer a decent life , having to work before on low wages or being war widows with small pension. So Hartz IV is needed to be topped up and to pay all their bills. Some of these people portrayed on TV collect bottles or clean toilets to have that needed extra income. But for me..”, stopped Joe watching over a couple on the lawn hugging and kissing each other feeling his wife and two children in his heart. From the little money he had for himself, he send used shoes and clothes to Ghana so his wife could support herself and feed the children; like so many Africans that support each months their families back home, that was in his blood. He knew some turned off their phones when their own income for the months unexpectedly was not enough, so the family could not bother them too much.

“In Africa, when you have no money or land to feed yourself rom, all you simply do is to die...that is dead simple. In your society you go and ask the government to support you. Which government in Africa is there to take care of someone in need? We have no social system to protect our people. But people have to take the initiative to protect themselves. No wonder, we produce so many children and put into their blood the conviction to have many children on their own. To ask us using condoms helping young girls to get less pregnant but early age is not working to reduce the problem of overpopulation and children production as it does not create any financial support to the families otherwise. For us it is also normal to give children to siblings or others that want a child in the house to help out”, continued Joe

and explained Africa's reality, setting it against White Man's campaigns to reduce the poverty in their African countries.

Few weeks after summer holidays on a late Saturday afternoon, Anna had met Joe sitting in Stadtpark close to Landhaus Walter that had a Jazz Concert going while their guests were eating and drinking in the restaurant or backyard gardens.

"While people here complain about the money they get from government, any African would be happy to know each month's money would be in his hands....to share even with others. When you are trained to live on unsecure little money in Africa, what is on the table here in Germany is like a paradise to you. Very unfortunate is only shortly after arrival of our people in this society is, that they become clever and find out the weaknesses of your system. Ladies like to produce child after child to live well on social welfare, your child support. Some of them are so clever even to build their own homes back home from that support and when there, enjoy a good time, or when on pension, are the kings in their African communities. To them I have suggested again and again they all should come to Ghana and live a life in dignity as their small pension give them a good life. And Ghana is safe like no other country in Africa, so no need to run away...except for money!"

For Anna all these concerns were still far from her own reality but it was interesting to hear about his life.

Anna had invited Joe for a discussion in her new class. On sixth floor of the yellowish painted school in City Nord, few minutes away from Rübenkamp Station. The teachers had organized a discussion session for the older classes in the huge assembly hall that had the capacity to accommodate up to one thousand students, half of the students that attended the school on various levels and from of education.

Anna was a bit tired. Her bike that she used each morning to ride from home to school in under ten minutes, had a serious fault. For that reason she had to walk all on foot to school. Her work last night had been unusually hard. To make it possible for her to attend classes and pay for books and personal extras, Anna had started to clean at Shell Oil Company Headquarters of Germany in City Nord. After homework done, she would go out every evening to clean twenty offices to come home three hours later, eat, rest and attend to bed. She was not angry or jealous to watch other students from her class having champagne parties during break on the car park among expensive cars given by their parents. One student sitting opposite Anna in the class room was the son of a concrete mix selling company. He was lazy knowing and telling ever body openly he would not have to work hard at school, as the time would come to take over his father's company, that simple. Anna was somehow glad about her status convinced to endure hard times that would certainly teach her to be better in life and overtake that lazy boy one day by far. Inventors used to be poor people mostly pushed by their life's circumstances on day, one day surely to greatness. All her life Anna would never be jealous of anybody, only asking herself what she could do to achieve her own stone in life.

“Look around prisons in your own society, there conditions are good to have an acceptable life...while freedom is taken away from offenders. When you come to Africa, Ghana like my own country, you will face the complete opposite. Not only freedom of movement is taken away from these people, but their conditions in prison is crying out loud to heaven for change. They lay in prison cells like sardines on the naked floor, side by side sweating. Sickness caused by overcrowded cells, lack of food and proper medical care are the contributors to inhuman behavior of prison officers, authorities and politicians. Presidents of Africa argue lack of funds cause these conditions. That is not true. Africa is a rich continent managed poorly for the benefit of black elites to enjoy good life and Whites enjoying the bad mind of our leaders knowing it helps them to stay above the Black Man. I predict this underlining conflict kept restrained and silenced in public as not seen to be political correct, will emerge again in near future and erupt like a volcano coming out even worse than before. Why is it that human rights organizations and international Media Scene does not campaign that the devastating situation in our prisons will be dealt with as crimes against humanity, as that is what it is. UNO inaction in 1994 to prevent genocide in Rwanda triggered by the former Colonial master Belgium for them to continue their influence over the country shows in the prison cases the same attitude, do something when it does not harm the organization too much but, look out for interventions that can give a good press as good press gives money to the UNO to feed their staff members with good salary and benefits. Prisoners only chop money while serving their sentences. As a matter of fact, when you have lots of money and are convicted, you can walk away from prison for free...no freedom taken away from you. When you are a murderer in prison, your life will end fast, no question asked. What we Blacks do to our own people is inhuman in all aspects. It is not the White Man that does that, it is only in our own societies and more so outside with the so called `good people` that raise a loud voice for anything, but not for people`s conditions in African prisons. Normally, based on minimum human expectations, all governments of Africa should be taken to the ICC in Den Haag and judged...but as long as even the White Man keeps his mouth shut, the inhuman practices in our countries will continue. Moral standards...is a matter of money...money is the basis of power and power is driven by interest. There you can see what and what not is most likely to change in this world”, lectured Joe before two hundred students that had come to hear more about a part of the world thousands of miles away from their own reality.

Joe paused, took water and once chocolate coated biscuit before continuing: “Take another issue we have been facing and you think here it will help us...while in fact it does not.” He paused again to see the reaction of the students. The old Principal appeared at the back and took his seat. “Before I forget, let me briefly mention a system you have here called `Tafeln` to collect food that is still good but Supermarkets can no longer sell and give to the needy. Such a system in Africa would never be possible.”

Joe looked around to see eyes wide open and massive questions facing him. “Let me now come to the issue of AID money and help of the `Good People` that invade our societies as organizations or individuals. Considering that AID support generates for many companies in the developed world high profits, while producing products and rendering services given by professionals and volunteers alike a monthly income and sense of life and meaning to their existence. They ignore willingly that the real problems are not touched and solved by their activities. As time passes by more rapidly and African

problems, mainly overpopulation, increases daily, the disaster is fast approaching. When world famous philanthropists donate Millions of Dollars into healing people, they ignore the fact more healthy people produce more children and all live a longer life reducing the sources available only for a limited number of people fast. Such people do not demand for African Nations to set up a good working national social system that could potentially reduce the numbers of new Africans arriving on earth. As long as children are needed as the African social system, the numbers will explode overproportioned to safeguard a minimum living condition for the elderly. As African societies as young societies, to build a social system that works for the elderly and needy should not be a problem to implement, unlike the running of such a system in an old age society like Germany.”

“Why do you say all that?” interrupted Peter while standing. “I hear you want the people in Africa to die...or what? When we do not feed them and clothes them, send medication and doctors...the surely will die in their numbers.”

“For how long do you believe is your own society willing to on helping like that? It cannot be for ever and ever...an end must be in sight...in clear sight! ...Will they one day wake up and open their eyes, say to us Blacks that we have no reason to complain about our situation as we are independent and can manage our own affairs? Will they not compare us to Asian countries far ahead of our living standards that had the same conditions like us, no natural resources in abundance like us, yet...look where is Singapore , where is Taiwan...South-Korea and Malaysia...today?...And when your people wake up and thy will see behind all the lies of their own leaders and political elite demanding an immediate end to waste precious tax payers money for a situation not moving forward that is supposed to end in better living conditions...unprepared as they are these AID depending countries will fall into the already opened trap and sink for good. We must end this dependency at the right time...and this come has come. We must safe as much people as possible on a longtime scale and not for short-term intervention.”

“The world is never black and white as your outrages scenario is suggesting”, raised Peter again his voice.

“This world is all about Black and White...my friend”, replied Joe getting up from his seat. He walked towards Peter smiling bright.

“How come?” provoked Peter the man from Ghana that was dressed in typical African Wax print made by GTP New Style, labeled `Made in Ghana`.

Joe stood beside Peter shaking his hands while looking firmly into his eyes smiling constantly. Silence filled the assembly hall. Tension was in the air. All eyes rested on Joe, the one of the teachers, of the students. Taking a deep breath, Joe continued: “Adam means `The Black Man` Jesus Christ was neve white. The human race was born in Africa opening up for the world to be inherited by men. As we Blacks modeled our immediate environment based on witchcraft, Whites were blessed by religion. Witchcraft is an experience passed on from generation to generation without the wisdom of improvement; religion is a system to better life of humans, a constant learning curve. It is for that reason, Blacks never colonized any Nation, but for Whites to set sail discovering unknown territory and to take dominion over us as our Colonial Masters or now on political and economic grounds. If Africa as united front would use the coming sixty to eighty years that the continent still can benefit financially from its natural resources and transform their societies and economies like their Asian counterparts, being by that time twice the combined population of today’s superpowers, all white countries will be pushed against the wall and fall

under the Rulership of the Black Man. No White Man wants such a situation to occur for which reason does everything possible with grim or friendly faces to keep Africans afloat but to ensure Africans will never walk on water. Learn to discover the intentions of the White Man`s spirit behind majestic words of humanity spoken and you will realize what seems so outrages today, a reflection of madness, in fact will manifest itself in a few generations to come. And, let me add, as in every development there is a leader to initiate and guide a process. Ghana will be the country to lead Africa. When Africa rules the world again so that a circle is finally closed, Ghana ultimately will be the World Ruler.”

Peter got up to face Joe eye to eye: “You seem to be out of your mind, Sir. Africa is the trouble maker number one in this world. Their leaders are not correct and as elected by their people this reflects these peoples` mind” Peter paused for a moment felling instinctively that Joe had grabbed his hands again not letting him go and continued with clear voice:” So, how on earth, Sir, can you jump to such a hilarious conclusion that you one day will be king over me?”

Joe looked him in the eyes with a calm heart and responded: „People are thinking to walk on the moon would be impossible. But with God nothing is impossible. History can be delayed, for sure, but never be stopped. Most people see...and assume...their visible reality is the truth of life as most of them fear the unknown and unseen. But let me advice you, life is not in our hands and history is shaped and shaken on a path long set before us unfolding to our very own eyes at times we walk on earth to play our role in our set and given time. We can only see what our eyes let us see which does not imply that beyond our eyes nothing more exists and waits for us to show itself at the right time set for it.”

Peter felt warmth in his hart and peace of mind; anger, confusion and rejection faded away.

“You should not mind your family at all”, proclaimed Tina, drank her hot chocolate and looked out into the night. Where it was busy during the day, only few people were left to go about their work:” You were born by a family, but you were not born for them. Your life is not to please anybody or to stand in solidarity with your own blood. No, never! Blood is only thicker than water in a physical way, never in a spiritual sense. All you were born for is your destiny. Some people find their family being part of a great journey in support. But for most of us, family causes us harm more than good. Most of us are better advice to separate themselves from early age from their blood family and look for people, for helpers from level to level only, outside their family bondage. Make yourself aware, do not wish friends for life as especially friends will limit you to progress higher and higher. On each level old friends want you to comfort them, while you yourself have to associate yourself with people before you that can lift you up to the next level”, lectured Tina while enjoying a filter free cigarette.

Anna looked at her, a woman shaped by life from head to toe, from inside out formed by tears and laughter. It was showing in her face, she was only few years older than herself with two small boys that her husband took care off for her to attend to her cleaning job at Shell Oil Company Germany Headquarters. Both were on fifteen minutes break, sitting in the small room next to the lifts, provided for the workers. A machine for free drinks was the enjoyment for the cleaners at nights.

“A relative of mine once wrote to me he feels ashamed of me that I am his auntie. When I read this message, I was laughing my head off. That boy took Cannabis once in my present at my mothers’ apartment in Mümmelmansberg. It seems the drug had somehow damaged his senses for clear thinking. Do I care about my stupid family, all losers? Of course not, what for? I have separated myself years back from them all and follow my own instincts not allowing any evil mind of them to bring me down ever.”

Anna took another second plastic cup of hot chocolate, promising herself she would take tea with lemon the following night and said: “ I have noticed someone`s enemies constantly watch over us and follow our activities very closely. I for myself have to say, I never do that as I have no interest to follow any evil person. Why should I as long as my conscious and heart are clear and at peace. I have no reason to do so. But for such enemies it exposes their wickedness, their evil mind. Only when people tell me lies of a certain person has been put out in public, I would step in and stop that evil person as what the person is, simply evil...and tell the truth.”

“That is how I always want to see you, Anna. I am very proud of you”, smiled Tina and took Anna into her arms. “Never allow the evil once to be victorious. Even if it should take years that you have to live in shame and disgrace, remember always, in the end the truth will always come out and your victory will be sweet lasting beyond your enemies death and their generations to come.”

“Only a matured person can live such a life”, commented Anna laughing. “Life is not for babies scared of others to take love away from them and stop feeding the hungry once.”

“Well spoken, Anna! You learn fast at your young age”, threw Tina the plastic cup into the waste bin while still sitting on the comfortable couch provided. She looked onto her watch, five minutes more before her Hoover would fly again from office to office before she could be back home to see her kids sleeping peacefully.

Anna shared with Tina: “My sister Irena moved yesterday on her eighteenth birthday into an apartment near Hellbrockstraße together with a friend. She couldn’t get along with our mother well. Always fights between them. Irena has a behavior that is not matching with mine also. I do not hate her, I never did, and I simply have no interest in her to be effected and getting my mind poisoned...no way. She should do whatever she thinks is best for her...and I go my own way. What she did is to shorten her training by one year to start as a worker so she can pay for her new apartment instead of accepting that at home things are difficult for her but have patience and endure for better days to come. My mother will bring her food always that is what she said.”

Tina got up as it was time to end the break and get back to work: “Such characters that need to see the results of their labour today and not in far distance time can never think far. Big jobs and great success in life needs a marathon breath and mind, the willingness to educate oneself in the shadow, to accept shame and disgrace, to believe of what cannot be seen now in the real world...one day, one day surely will come to pass and will be forever...even for the children and their children.”

“Amen”, responded Anna to direct her way to the West Wing.

It was a quiet Sunday morning, public holiday. Anna had just come out of a confusing dream. Her heart had beaten not always normal for the past few days. Peace and emptiness filled her while her steps were taking her to open the curtains. Then lay down on her chest facing the grey carpet. She hold her thoughts that wanted to push their way up to the thinking area of her mind. She was not aware of what she was doing, did what she felt she had to do. Eyes closed was she waiting for whatever was supposed to happen.

Monika Willers and Alexa were sleeping peacefully in their own beds. A warm voice spoke to her while she kept away any upcoming pictures and inner voices.

A white hand was stretched out to her and put on her head while she was hearing a voice telling her: „You are blessed!”

It lasted only for a few seconds that she was feeling the mighty hand on her, powerful yet light; not in any way a burden, but a lifting up. In the night before she had strange dreams. One dream had been about a man telling her that true greatness in life is only in loneliness, in separation among others. While most people run to meet many and enjoy a big crowd around them, getting compliments and rewards endlessly, yet true greatness needs sacrifices and loneliness, is never in any way glamorous. Jesus Christ himself was a man all alone among many. Leaders of true greatness only are great when they isolate themselves from the many being among them to lead the crowd. Independence of mind is always corrupted by loud voices, bad and friendly once, bringing greatness down to its knees. That is the main reason so many potentials are lost, so many people will not make it to greatness as they find it hard to stand alone; to be associated honestly today with others while tomorrow have to move on and leave old friends behind. Emotional and spiritual attachment to people comfort any human but blocks greatness and fulfillment of someone`s destiny; when it becomes human love affair instead of service to time on earth, life is small.

In her dream before waking up Anna had seen a matured man and his Persian wife alongside their three children. He had been reported to the Police in London for rape allegation by his wife. The man had to spend time in prison while his case had been processed. The wife`s action had destroyed the man`s used shoes business and it had taken him two good years to recover from the harm caused. It had been the woman that had made certain his business would collapse. His love for his children were endlessly. After two year he had been able again to work and open up a new way forward. It all had happened as the wife had cheated on her husband and she had wanted to her husband to bear the cost for her wrong doings, for her sins. In the end the charges had been dropped and the man had walked away uncharged but emotionally harmed.

Another dream she was able to remember was of a young woman in Kumasi, center of Ghana. It was a most beautiful woman running in Bantamaa her own provision shop in a container. In the mornings starting at six, the young lady would open her shop, welcome the first customers of the day. The only help she had was from her mother that would come for a few hours during the day to assist while she would go to the central market and buy what was needed for selling. Late at night around eleven o`clock when all people went to sleep, she would close her shop and walk home. Six days she would do this, only on Sundays after church she would open half a day. One day a neighbours had acquired her visa for France but was short of money to pay her ticket to Marseille in full. Out of her good heart, the young woman had given the needed money, the lady left for Marseille. Shortly after she had landed in France, the Lady that was helped, asked her friends back in Kumasi to talk around the provision shop telling all

potential and stable customers the shop owner is an evil woman and they should better stay away from her. It did not take long, the young lady was out of business and devastated, confused in all she was. She was not able to understand the evilness in people, especially in Blacks as she was later hearing more and more such stories of jealousy and bringing down people someone before had done good. It should not take long, and she would meet a White Man that took her to his country.

Anna felt her heart stopping and coming back seconds later again. She took a deep breath to make it work again. Concerns were burning themselves deep onto her forehead. Her eyes instinctively looked into the grey clouds of a quiet morning while her family was still asleep.

The phone was ringing, Anna was all alone in the house. Monika Willers was at work as usual. Alexa had moved out to her boy-friends Sourterrain apartment in Winterhude.

“I need to talk to you”, was she hearing her father’s voice on the other end of the line. “You know I am very sick and about to die?”

Anna kept quiet. For years he had promised from time to time to provide for her much needed things. Whenever he had felt emotions for his children, he would appear to them out of the blue. Using excuses after excuses not to pay child support, she had started to take him to court in the name of the rest of the family representing all of them in public. She had hated him for all the hardship he had caused the family. He had touched Irena in a wrong way for which she would eventually go to his funeral only for the reason to convince herself that the devil had finally died. Monika Willers would go for the same reason among her ex-husband’s siblings to see him buried in the grave alongside his parents with no name on it of his own. Who did not know of his ending would never find his resting place.

For years Anna had prepared herself for that moment she knew would come to her eventually on day. Again and again had conflicting ideas crossed her mind. Hate had been the driving force behind her energy to overcome all obstacles she faced at Hamburg University. Her first year was too difficult. Like many others she had to use the service of the Psychology Department of the University to manage problems facing a life situation from school to a place with no clear structure and interest of authorities or class-mates in any one. She had realized early on everyone ready for hard work and interest in a subject can pass University. Intelligence was not needed and family could not determine failure or success in an academic career. It all depended on someone’s determination only, that was the conclusion from observation.

When her mother had told her in quiet moments she would smile like her father, it had hurt her in all she was. These moments had told her much of him was in her blood and only hard, consistent work would make it possible to overcome the evil parts planted in her. Years after years she had prepared her mind for the day her father would contact her and not others. Anna it fell on her to answer her father. To forgive others as we all are not perfect, is a good concept, she was sure about that. Knowing from her old bible classes at school she understood that sinners should be forgiven seven times seventy seven Anna had studied life intensively and made it her belief that three forms of forgiveness of sins exist.



People foolishly sinning against their neighbours indeed should be forgiven always hoping the numbers would be kept to a minimum of sins. The second category of sins are the once that are intended to destroy a person and are willingly and intentionally targeted. To forgive such persons is by asking them to leave your life and wish them outside your own hemisphere all the best not holding any crutches against them or to take revenge so to set yourself free from anger and live in peace with yourself. The third category of people are the once that want to end your life, to kill you with lies, wrong allegations and betrayal. Such people mostly do this out of jealousy and personal insecurity. These people someone has to kill before they kill the innocent; no mercy at all needed! This is a fight of good against evil and no blood needs to be spared. Christianity is all about victory of the better over the wicked once to make life better and to honour human creation.”

“It is okay...no need to meet”, gave Anna her father the answer. She felt peace in her heart, no regrets. The time she had realized by hating him she hated herself being his blood, she had forgiven him and achieved to move on with her life with a clear mind. Whatever he had done or not done, it was okay for her. The past could not be changed anyway, so any explanation of why and how things had happened would not change her future at all. Not what was inside her from family blood, her past, had any right to determine her future and life results. Anna had set her mind beyond family history and bondage; her free, strong will, her determination was what was supposed to make her achieve greatness in life. Anna knew so very well, she was born through humans, raised by them, influenced by them but only alive for her own cause to reach her far destiny in far future. She hung up, closed her eyes, saw endless darkness inside her mind.

Anna said confidently: „It is well!”

“I need your help!”

“What is it all about?”

“I want you to come and do me a favour.”

“What kind of favour?”

“It is about my future!”

“And you need me for that?”

“Yes, only you can help me. So, please come on Sunday to me and I will explain the situation to you.”

“Do I need to prepare anything beforehand?”

“No, all that you need is what you already have. Otherwise I would not have asked you for your help.”

“In that case...as you are my sister, I will come over.”

Cake and coffee stood on the glass table, brown textile couch standing around. From the pub below voices pushed their way up as few drunken men played cards. Music from the juke box had stopped. Some guest were sitting outside along Friedrich-Ebert Damm, a busy noisy street not suitable for small children. The rent was affordable for Irena, her husband and newly born baby girl. Irena had married the man from Itzehoe, tall, handsome, a simple character with no ambition in life to reach anywhere but a passion to be with his friends rather than to be a father figure to his children.

“So, here is my plan”, started Irena to explain. “I want a Boutique”, she paused and waited for her sister’s reaction. “In fact, I want a chain of Boutiques all over the country.”

Anna was not surprised as it was the time to open sun studios or fashion shops by many. Irena had worked as a fashion model for her former boson the catwalk and in studios, so it did not come to her as a surprise at all that Irena had opted for a Boutique.

“And...how can I help you?” asked Anna holding he sister’s daughter in her arms. She loved the baby girl dreaming of her own soon.

Irena said coming closer to her sister: “But you are such a clever girl. You know what is needed for that. I have no idea for a name of the shop, do not know anything about book-keeping, legal issues, logistics, marketing and all that stuff.”

“But I am at University not for business studies”, mentioned Anna being puzzled.

“You are so clever, when you want to help me....I am sure you can come up with a good plan!”

Anna kept quiet, looked onto the baby, smiled, heard loud cheers from the pub below, someone must have won, and decided: “Ok, as you are my sister, I will see what I can do. But”, did Anna quickly add, “I cannot promise anything.”

Irena was sure: “As long as you seriously try, you will end up with a good plan!”

Anna read the WhatsApp message she had received during the night from Joe: “The situation in Ghana is seriously going down. Everyone in the country knows the truth, but outsiders only know what selected media outlets allow them to hear. The economy is in very bad shape, people kill people too much. All parties are the same. No matter what you believe in, any Politician is promising anything and fails. Loud voices making does not help Ghana, only positive results do. We must get away from the mentality to follow only one party or to die when that one is not in power. A good friend of mine, a movie director

that had made the movie `Kukesi`, told me just now, arm robbers came to his house, took him everything, tried to poison him and if life is not more cruel, his wife left him with their two children. When a man is in serious trouble and his wife leaves him, you know, that woman is useless or she had allowed the devil to use her or both. Many fake believers open their heart to the devil. When the devil has used the human, he turns away and leave the person empty ready for his downfall. God is never like that. He is faithful all the time, just be patient and wait on him. What I simply do not understand, why God made us Blacks like that, having a poor and wicked mind? I know we are black because of the sun protection. We have big noses, flat noses, but for that I do not know the reason why. As all human brains are the same kind of computer with chemical roads, the difference in us Blacks compared to Whites are too different on all levels of education and intellectual achievements. The world most famous Philosophers and Composers of classical music and plays are all Whites. Today used inventions of products and services were all very mostly born by a white mind. Yes, it is so very true family problems is it that God gave us Blacks the mentality of poverty and the Whites a better mind for him to dominate us...but why? When I find that out...the Whites better run far...I am telling you! Blessed day!"

"Let me see it", forced Irena to see the long expected paper.

It had taken Anna six good months to come up with her first ever business plan as it was her goal to become a Professor for Political Sciences, one of the few females in that position, it had taken her so long missing routine. It took very intensive thinking and research to come up with a good suggestion for her sister. She used publically available information for her plan. From logistics, to marketing and human resources aspects, all were touched and presented.

Irena was happy, her heart jumping to see the proposed name, logo and outline of the shop design saying: „You really have done a great job, sister. I knew it! I simply knew that you would come up with a great concept that will make me rich and famous. From now on I know I will always be in good and professional hands."

Anna took slice of cake, homemade, cut it into smaller pieces and enjoyed it. The little baby girl was sleeping peacefully on the couch in the round corner. As usual the man of the house was below in the pub playing cards. He did not cheat on his wife with ladies, but with time spend away from the young family.

While Anna looked at the baby girl, Irena proclaimed:" You know so well that I do not understand so many things about business. Even writing in a correct way in German language is a problem to me. Patience and strategic thinking are not brothers and sisters to me but..." was Irena posing before her being proud of herself. "I have found a place, a school in Amsinckstraße. I went there to get more information. For free I can go to school three times a week for two years. Then I will know all I need to rune my own shop...any than one more and another one...so I will be rich and famous one day. What do you think?"

Anna answered swallowing down the piece of cake in her mouth: "It is all your own life! I have nothing to say but to wish you all the best."

“And the good thing is”, jumped Irena like a JoJo puppet around the living room, all painted in dark green, decorated with heavy, dark brown furniture and stereo equipment state of the art, “for my baby I have got someone to look after while I am at school.”

“Great...so you are all set and done for a great journey ahead“, was Anna about to go back home as she wanted to continue her new novel.

“Yes, my dear sister, I am ready for a great future“, jumped Irena a last time before her forcing Anna to take a last piece of cake before letting her go.

Irena looked at Anna from the side while keeping quiet. Anna did not notice her sister had changed from one second to the other. No more jumping, jumping but carefully observing any movement Anna would do.

Anna looked at her and smiled innocently. Irena smiled back. Mysterious silence had captured the room like a bed sheet covering a matrices. Anna was, as usual, always away in her mind in other places. Her eyes did not make her see what was in her sister`s mind.

“She is so clever but in a way naïve trusting too many people that are not correct. She thinks at the bottom of everyone sleeps an angel that needs to be woke up. How stupid people like her are. She will never understand the evil, the devil can walk right next to her to have a chance to mess her up very well. Anna is trusting me being her sister...useless. All I know is when one day Anna will wake up and have an interest in money also, her own business that can take her far, she will be victorious and I will face my face in the mirror asking and begging to know which of us is the best in the country. If I am not clever and smart enough, that moment facing my own face, time is up and I will be put to shame and disgrace for all times...even beyond my own death. So, I must do I can to mess her up with my nice smile and tender words. She is not supposed to wake up by any means. I will always have her in my hands and curse her with misfortune. She will never make it in life!“ spoke Irena to herself while seeing Anna off. When the door was closed behind Anna, she said loud to herself:“ The plan is sealed...let the show begin!“

A lifelong Anna would think about this moment and constantly ask herself why Irena had not used her momentum and enrolled in the school chosen as no one outside her own mind could have prevented her form a great life in riches and fame.

“Nobody in this or other countries care about our problems, we as Heterosexuals“, explained Fritz to Anna while watching a guy parade marching through Lange Reihe towards Hansa Platz, passing Hauptbahnhof to end at Hamburg Rathaus to show their faces to the Politicians. „Here these people make loud noise and appear always on TV and other media outlets, while our issues are not voiced in the same way. We tend to keep it for ourselves as I have never seen anyone to come out and

demonstrate to others that they are Heteros with a problem...or Heteros at all. I have no interest to know and who is homosexual and who is transgender. This is a private issue only for a person to know, not for the public to hear. Sexual orientation is only for the individual to proclaim to him- or herself."

Anna watched the demonstration holding banners with their demands into the wind kissing each other to let the world know only love matters not society's conventions, tradition, believes or anything standing in their way to personal freedom and liberation. Love, they said, is for every individual regardless of their born sex or operated sexuality, and society has to accept them for who they are and what they stand for

"Homophobia is coming again against us", was Anna able to hear from one of the many megaphones. "Brothers and sisters, we must show ourselves in the open...in big numbers to make our voices be heard loud and clear. We had to hide ourselves for far too long in our homes Now that we can marry not matter our sex, marriage for all, we must use and protect our rights."

The wind started to freshen up and blew among the demonstrators. Leaves and paper thrown to the ground were lifted up and taken away. It got harder by the minute to understand their spoken words. Clouds appeared on the grey sky ready to blast storm out.

Anna saw Joe coming from Steindamm to cross over to Lake Alster. He was supposed to meet up with friends at the small kiosk once a public toilet. They greeted each other and decided to walk together for a short while.

"Where I come from..." explained Joe seeing a couple, woman and woman kissing each other. "I feel disgusted! All in me is rebelling against such acts." He turned his eyes to the bright side of Hotel Atlantic to rest his mind. Joe continued to say: "In Africa we have laws against such people. They can be jailed for long. Anal sex is in my country forbidden by law. Here in your country when you speak your mind against same-sex marriages, people and Media Houses alike, will hate you. In this aspect freedom of speech is violated. These people are riding the waves and push any objections against the wall to crash. In so many countries this is not accepted by the majority of the population. Our opinion from Africa is seen as political not correct. Here Heteros do not seem to play a significant role anymore, just going about their own private business. Even here the language gets changed and brutalized in three different forms, for men, ladies and neutral people scaring Politicians and Authorities alike to say something potentially wrong and offensive. For us Africans it is very clear, Homosexuality does not belong to our culture, was imported as an illness by our Colonial Masters. When you, unfortunately, allow them to rule the waves, that it is your issue. But as long as we in Africa rule over ourselves, oh God have mercy on us...this will never happen in Africa! No visa given."

Anna knew to speak out in public someone's mind loud and clear, could easily provoke fears anger from a minority that had successfully fought for the same rights like Heteros to get married. She turned to Fritz asking him: "Please, tell me, what it is all about Homosexuality? I mean they were born from a man and a woman, both Heteros. Than their children turned into Homosexuals. Where does it come from...is it in the genes, our DNA?"

Fritz answered with a big smile on his face: "If it would be in the DNA, at least you would see in a family tree that at one stage such DNA information would have been passed on, probably jumping over a generation to few generations down the tree to make a baby that is also gay. But how would this be possible as only a man with a woman in unity, meaning sex, can make a baby and artificial insemination

is a new thing. So, it is most likely a guy orientated child does not carry DNA information of Homosexuality. Two men cannot make a baby, two women cannot make a baby, only go for sperm donors and so on.”

“Very complicated”, pressed Anna the yellow bottom at the traffic light to cross the road taking them to the small green stretch leading all around the Lake. The sky cleared and grey clouds faded away towards the west of Hamburg.

Fritz bought ice-cream from a van parking by the road side.

While chewing Anna mentioned: “Alexander the Great was married, yet had a boy-friend and he did not hide the relationship. Even in the olden days of the Roman Empire sex with anyone was available with no opposition voiced.”

“You mean, history is repeating itself but in a different form?” laughed Fritz enjoying his favorite strawberry ice-cream waffle wrapped topped with dark chocolate. “History is a funny thing, you know! Nothing new on earth in its core of the issue, only the gimmicks at the outskirts change. Basically we as humans have not reached far as humans, only as creatures that know how to work. Oh yes”, looked Fritz onto the moon that was hardly visible in the bright sunlight, “commercial flights take us soon as normal folks to space, a roller coaster into air...but otherwise what have we humans really learnt?”

“Not much”, finished Joe his ice-cream suggesting to his friends to share a seat on the bench under the tree. “We’re still the same Homo Sapiens as thousands of years ago, liars, cheaters, murderers, caring parents, lazy or hard working, leaders or sheep’s. And when you look down to the bottom of it all, taking away the visible to understand our cultural basis on society level we will discover... it is all about Black and Whites...which side to dominate the world...and not about anything else keeping our minds occupied for centuries.”

Fritz looked at his friend puzzled: „What nonsense are you talking about?”

“On a personal level it is clear that all humans on different levels are sinners like in the beginning and have learnt only small, but on society level...look around history. I mean not years or hundreds of years but thousands of years and compare the trends, than it becomes clear, the world had started with us Blacks, gone to the Whites and now falls back to us Blacks. Of course not overnight but it will surely happen with the next few generations. Most people do not understand and see, only few wise people know what I am talking about.”

“Joe, my good...my dearest friend, corrected Fritz himself, “as much as I love and respect you, what you are stating is not true and certainly will not happen.”

“The blind can see without eye sight and know when they keep their mind open for the message what will happen,” replied Joe giving Fritz a high five. The friends Joe wanted to meet up with still had not turned up but had given him a text message to be late for short time.

Anna wanted to end her point and asked her two friends:” In the bible there is no story about any same sex relationship but between man and woman only to multiply and be fruitful. So my question is still unanswered as to how does it come that we see all these many people in same-ex marriages and

relationships. Is it pure sex attraction or a relationship that is on the same level like between a woman and a man?"

"It is a Colonial Master sickness...I am telling you", repeated Hoes his African conviction.

"I think it is not quite that easy", relaxed Fritz his friends mind, "whether you see it on a religious level or on a secular level; surely the Bible and Quran do not state such same-sex marriages as relationships. And to think it is part of our DNA passed on from generation to generation will also not stand the test of arguments. Scientifically, I think, my opinion...it will scientifically never be proven where this attitude of some generates from. Even to do research thousands of years back into this issue closely to determine whether Homosexuality is society or biologically related will be impossible to undertake. So all we as a society today can do is to realize that people want to be in a same-sex legal relationship, and it must be seen whether or not the same legal rights of man and woman relationship can be granted to them...as the majority is not always right and rights are not at any given historic time the same. Moral conventions change as generations change and laws change accordingly to people's expectations as life moves along."

Joe laughed his head off: "They should never move to Africa that is for sure. We will not grant them any visa."

Fritz and Anna echoed Joe's strong words laughing and holding their bellies paining them.

"No visa given", said Anna while leaving her friends behind to rush home and continue writing her novel.

"Do you know why I have invited you?"

"No...not exactly."

"When I saw the two of you standing by the road side I said to myself, certainly these are two young German girls."

"That is nice...oh."

"And then I said to my husband why not stop the car and give them a ride?"

"That was very kind of you!"

"So, my husband followed my advice and we asked you for your destination that you wanted to go to."

"Yes, that is true."

"And then we brought you to the place you wanted to visit."

"We felt very, very honoured as to catch a bus would have taken us a very, very long time. They do not operate so often and have lots of stops in between."

"Yes, yes, that is true."

"And as student`s money is always what we must carefully consider before spending."

"Very true, my dear friend. Also we once were young and money was always in the pockets of other people, but not ours."

"We are all born naked...."

"And some people also die naked."

"That is an interesting perspective on the course of life."

"It is simply the truth of life."

"Yes, very much so."

"Ok...and before we were seeing you off to enter Haifa and tour around, it came to my mind to invite you for a weekend at our house here outside of Netanya in our small farming community."

"It looks very interesting here...and so peaceful."

"Peaceful?...Maybe at the moment...no...tension is always I the air. At any time we can be attacked and our life will be again upside down. Here in this region of the world no one can ever feel safe. Our country is simply too small, has not much to offer. Many parts of our land are desert or rocky formations. To grow food is a daily hustle. These days we are lucky to make some income with our brains. But without the help from outside...oh God, we would have serious problems."

"In the streets I see most Ambulances are donations from Americans."

"Very true so as these many Jews in high positions have great influence on the American politics and are great supporters to us here in Israel."

"We are volunteers from Kibbutz Ein Ziwan in the occupied Golan Heights where we pick mostly apples for export markets or produce plastic shoes against the rains around the world."

"Everything brings money to us."

"The atmosphere in the Kibbutz is never of joy but constant look out for danger."

"No wonder that is life in this region...that is always like that", said Rosemary that had survived Bergen-Belsen Concentration Camp as a small girl and had come with her parents to Israel to stay. There she got married and four children and pain constantly hunting her heart.



She addressed Anna directly: "Because I knew you both were born after the last world war you could possibly not have done anything wrong during the Third Reich against us Jews...I was able to invite you as I still feel Germany in my soul. But anyone born during Hitler's time...not that person...I could never invite to my house."

Anna kept restrained for a few minutes only before it busted out of her: "For my parents I can say, they are innocent people, simple minded people with no evil heart. I know of them that much."

Rosemary answered her: "Possibly...most possibly...but for me I cannot face people of that time. At the same time I enjoy so much the conversation of you young Germans...as deep down in me...I am a German still, fell German, think German...but there is this deep down rooted hate, fear and anxiety of my own childhood which is not leaving me. What the Holocaust had done to us Jews can never be forgotten."

"It is always in the memory of life", tried Annegret to comfort her.

The husband of Rosemary, a born Russian Jew, served on the veranda dinner with fruits from their own orchard behind their house. He was a quiet, emotionless tall man with rough hands showing the time spent on his farm land.

Annegret thanked for the delicious meal while stretching out her hands towards the Kiwi offered: "I also wonder whether peace like we thankfully have it in Europe, will ever come to this place."

"The blame game that started the problem, the fighting's, the rocket launching, the killings, the land occupation, the question who has the right for this place and monument there is only to see peace for a short period of time...but we are too small as a country for all interests in the region to live peacefully together in harmony or at least side by side," stressed Rosemary out looking nervously into the dark night. Burning mosquito cowls kept all flying insects away from them.

A humble, slim man with glasses appeared besides the veranda. Rosemary knew right away, it was Paul, a tall neighbour that had a farm for oranges and a small cotton field. He wore glasses like all in his family. Paul was well educated, a person to like. His eyes were blue, his hair medium brown, nose long making him a twin to his father and grandfather.

The neighbour greeted Annegret and Anna politely asking where they stayed and what exactly they would do in Israel. Anna told him both would be students with small budget but big portion of interest to see the world around and understand its issues much better by facing situations people find themselves in. To work in a Kibbutz was the best option for them to spend time away from home for long and escape daily routine back home and to be right in the middle of history.

Paul smiled remembering his own youth how long life seemed to be, how possibilities seemed endless, how changes needed to be accomplished overnight and yet, how reality was catching up with him over time. Positive energy on its way gets shaped and put into its place. Sharp hedged revolutionized ideas were having lost its teeth, the grip to hold on for a breakthrough for the present generation. Life, that had become clear to him, is never a concept someone is able to plan for from stepstone to stepstone, from cradle to grave, rather the twist and turns are the real stepstones to move forward and higher.

Annegret served red wine for all and put salt crackers on the table bought to share with their hosts. She challenged Paul to share his part of his own life-story that had all it takes of a horror story with a blessed end.

Paul took a nip of wine and started to remember: "I was in my early forties, not married. I had tried all possible to find a woman to be my wife...nothing happened. Then I decided to go down on my knees and pray to God...each morning for six months. I prayed to him either to give me my wife finally as I knew my heart's desire or to strengthen me to accept that I should live my life as a Bachelor forever. After six months God got me in touch with a woman in Nairobi, Kenya. First I was not so sure about that contact and shocked as that woman was half my age...so what to do with such a relationship? But when I calmed my nerves down it came to me this might have been a sign from God, as God works in mystical ways. So she and I started to call and write emails to each other over a period of another six months. Friends were warning me she certainly would only be a gold digger while others congratulated me to have fun with a young, certainty innocent girl from hot Africa. The conflicting voices in my heart were so loud, I at one time decided to put the contact on hold to clear my mind. It was around Christmas when I went to church, I am a Christian you must know and not Jewish, to let God decide whether I should say yes or no to that woman. At church the Pastor prayed about life that this is not in our hands and a little boy came to me. I took this as the needed sign to call my ex-wife and agreed to marry her. Six months later I was in Nairobi. We both stayed at Hotel Marble Arch, room 216. Her two uncles of the same age actually like my ex-wife, had planned to rob me of all my possessions on my arrival. As they did not know the exact time of my arrival, their plan was impossible to be executed. A lawyer supposed to arrange our marriage ripped us off. I met my ex-wife's mother in a village called Miwani in Nyanza Province. A humble simple person. Her husband, a Math's teacher, a drunkener, had lost his job at school sharing with his wife the mud hat. Five of the six children were still alive. The mother, Philister is her name, was a strong Christian woman. She never abandoned her drunken husband. To feed the family she labored on her own small land behind the house and worked for other people on their land. A great woman, but not clever in a business sense. Her husband must have certainly taken money away from her for his addiction. But she did not do anything bad against him ever. Two months after I had left Kenya my ex-wife came here to Israel. Money was always short but few months down the line we were able to set up our own humble company. While she was in housekeeping of a big hotel, I took care of the company to get clients and contracts in. There was no car, no computer, no fax machine, no landline phone, all we had was the determination to make it and my debts to be paid back. Each day I would go for nearly an hour to the nearest internet café checking emails and handling our offers in any weather conditions as money for transport was not there for me. Over time we managed to stop government dependency and stand on our own small feet. The ownership of the company was in the name of my ex-wife completely as we wanted to safe on social contribution. We had agreed once the company would make profit enough to share the company shares equally as each of us would contribute to the company's success whatever possible in someone's capacity. As she had always said that she had to stop school education back in Africa at age sixteen and work as a housemaid for a former Bank Manager retired to support her family, to make it possible for her to attend school again and get her degree. In Nairobi all she had was a place to sleep on a bench in her cousin's room, a room that was very small, with no inside toilet, no kitchen. She used the phone of a kiosk that had belonged to one of her friends that I would call and we would have chatted. She was very, very poor and had nothing on her own, a homeless woman in her early twenties. But as for me her financial status did not matter, I truly loved her, a woman given by God to me. So she attended school in evening classes, working in the hotel during the day. Based on age and culture we had our normal marriage problems. Then time came she pressed me on the issue of getting pregnant and a baby. I was not able to make her pregnant and refused to see medical help arguing she should better achieve her A-level and go to University as her teachers had offered her to help her in any

way she had wanted. I saw no need to rush into medical treatment outlining to her having a baby at her young age would make it impossible or much harder to pursue an academic career but to allow whatever would happen to happen.

From the small money we had we supported her family back in Miwani to even establish a kiosk for her mother saving over months from eating less food, but Philister had scattered the money to other people instead of opening up a great future for herself.

One day came, my ex-wife stood before me with a pregnancy test in her hands showing positive signs. Her pregnancy was easy but I stood by her side happy to see my ex-son finally. For quite some time before delivery phone calls came in to our new place we had moved to in the West of the city with a person constant hanging up on me when I was answering the call. We had used one room of our apartment as our company office. At that time I was not able to track down that disturbing person.

The time came the boy was born and I felt so happy holding him in my arms. Her was such a great little boy; soon to be diagnosed as an Autist. Around six months after my ex-son was born, I came back from church. My ex-wife had stopped attending church long time before making me wonder. I sat down on our Chesterfield couch and she confessed her love affair. By that time I had already a feeling something in our marriage was not right. She had stayed away from home for too long for all the unbelievable reasons I could have ever imagined. Therefore I told her that her confession would not surprise me at all, something she herself was surprised about. I ordered a DNA testing and the result showed I was not the father of the boy once hold in my arms. I forgave her for having cheated on me right on the spot, not out of love, only to set myself free. Later she would mention to me that she still would have some feelings for me as feelings would never go away so fast and that she would be certain also I would still have feelings for her. I was always wondering about that statement. For myself I can say the moment I had forgiven her total emptiness had captured all that I was, no love and no hate for here was in me. All that I felt and thought off was the big question, why I had to live a lie for five good years, as that was what my marriage was in those days...a big fat lie. I tried to save our marriage as I loved my ex-son so much, not because of her, but she was not willing to go down in this direction in any way.

One day, I still remember so clearly, she sat on bed telling herself that she is the devil. I had looked at her confused and had rejected any such proclamation. At that time I did not understand, she was absolutely right, she was and is the devil, period.

The apartment below ours was empty and I had the key to it, so I slept there while my ex-wife slept in our apartment both of us had rented and signed for equally.

The big drama appeared as on early morning I was in the office, a call came in and someone hang up again. As I had checked all our telephone bills and had seen for the past months, even before my ex-son was born, the same number on the phone display had appeared. The number was dialed for hours during the nights while I had been asleep. After a long, busy day I confronted my ex-wife with the number. She got angry shouting on me that I should not call her friends and that shown number would not be the one of her boy-friend. I left the bedroom, prepared my food in the kitchen. Ten minutes later, she stood behind me and confessed that I had shown her her boy-friends number. From that moment I felt danger for my life coming. She went wild. She took the phone and threw it down the staircase, it broke into pieces. Then she stormed into the office and took things down, even in the kitchen she went crazy. Noodles all over the floor, broken cups and other things. She was no more herself, only living anger and aggression. That evil woman could have easily taken a knife and killed me in that bizarre

moments. Her son was confused and scared, her cried constantly hearing her mother shouting and shouting over me. She got her belonging together shouting with no pause while I tried to be safe in the hall way. Finally her boy-friend and father of my ex-son turned up with a silver station wagon. even it was dark and I peacefully walked towards that strange man that had cause my so much pain to say he could call my ex-wife with no problem as between her and me everything is clear but that I hate calls not being answered, he walked away from me instead. I managed to memories the number plate and few days later was able to hold a letter in my hand stating the name of the car owner. It was a business car from a Software developing company in the north of our city. She always had tried to hide his identity from me, and there the information fell down into my hands. not that I had ever wanted to harm that man in retaliation, but I needed his identity to take him to court and get back the money I had paid all those past months for my ex-son, his son. It was also easy by the phone number than to find out his private residence. While my ex-wife was still busy hiding his identity, I knew it all and laughed at her from inside when she defended him that I would never get my part of the money my lawyer had said I am entitled to get by law.

While she was staying with her boy-friend I had to run the company. After closing hours I would go to bed, hide myself and cry each night for one week straight. During office hours I pretended to be a happy man. She turned up one week after her moving out from home unaffected by what had happened ready to fight me again. My ex-wife was and is cold as ice, very professional in what she had wanted to achieve in evilness. Her only motive to marry me was to get a child from anyone that came along her life, marry him, get pregnant, divorce him again and stay with a residence permit in our country all on her own rights via a child made with a White Man, a citizen of our country. No matter the cost and pain to cause towards others, not only me, but also my mother and others, she did not care as long as she got what she wanted. Any foolish man, any correct man would have been the right for her to engage in. I got to understand over time, even she is small and looks very innocent, in fact she is a very dangerous person because of that, a woman that is providing a poisonous trap, once fallen into it, you are done. That is what she does with all people till today.

The legal proceedings began and month later I was no longer the legal father of my ex-son and the biological father accepted his status. As the ex-son of mine needed medical attention nearly on a daily basis, she would only come afternoons to work in our office and answer calls or emails. One night the biological father of my ex-son turned up at my place and threatened me at the gate never to touch his son again. He was out of his mind and a good friend had told me later he would be on pills and run around our city as a mad person.

In any while she was working in the office, I took care of my ex-son and played with him anyway as he had wanted it. In those days I checked my ex-wife's mobile phone that she left constantly unattended in the living-room. I was able to read text messages from a Psychologist that we had met before exchanging quiet some interesting love messages making m being convinced of a deeper relationship between them both. Few weeks before that that man, working in a Youth Correction Facility, had been in our apartment with his girl-friend from Namibia to invite us to their upcoming wedding. He had been divorced as he had cheated on his former wife and that woman had cheated on him before going different ways. I was very puzzled about all this mess but today I am not at all surprised knowing what that evil woman, my ex-wife, can do to people. Her spirit is very strong...I am a witness to that.

In any case, it was time for me to secure my own interest and start a life in happiness, a new life all over again. As a first step I asked for my fifty percent share of the company but she refused. I know a court fight would end the company fast as only two of us handled the company management. I prayed to God

each day several times to give me strength. Whatever I lost in those days I told God to see it as my seed, my investment into a glorious future. For God to know one day, one day would be pay back day. That kept me alive and going. While she was living together with her boy-friend I knew she was cheating on him also...still legally be married to me! The evidence I had before my very own eyes came six weeks before I left the country to start a new life and get away from all the mess I had found myself in. As usual she had run out from office in a haste to catch the train back to her sleeping place. In the haste she had forgotten to close down her Facebook account. So I saw her conversation with a man named Jack Otieno exchanging with him dreams both had wanted to have sex with each other. I was laughing my head off like never before in my life seeing their dreams in black and white before me. All her sins and evidence of her evilness she was always bringing right to my doorstep...God is great! For me it was important to get out of the disaster I found myself in. Fortunately enough the plan came up I should leave for Kenya to see our business services there succeed and make money so our company would move on. I saw the chance of my life to reinvent myself. A company for Kenya was registered with an investor's help.. While I was working in the office from morning to late afternoon, my Ex came after lunch that gave me the chance to build my own future behind her back. She only saw a naïve man that would eventually go to Africa, bring back home money that she wanted to spend on her sinful life. I was assigned by her to be her working slave, the useful idiot. I still take pride in my successful strategy. In n way was I willing to let her know my real intentions but used my stupid, naïve face to please her. Behind that mask I was able to plan for a future away from her and lead a glorious life; no more Judas close to me! Always when she appeared in the office, I was tense making sure she would not discover my plan...and I am still today amazed how much I succeeded wi9th that. The time came to leave closer and closer. But a problem in Mombasa port occurred so we had to establish in only two weeks' time a new company in Ghana by a friend and partner of mine. So I ended up in Accra in the end. This moment I saw as my chance finally to get my fair share as agreed of the company, my own brain child. Not hesitating I demanded my rights otherwise I would stay in the country. She retaliated offering me only thirty percent claiming she needed twenty percent to protect her son's interest. I thought to myself that that twenty percent of course has to be from her half of the company and not mine. A long legal fight would not have brought me out of my mess and she used that momentum to blackmail me once again. So, I agreed and told God that this is another see into my future and that the time would come one day for him to pay me back a thousand fold. To lose a battle is not a shame or disgrace but clever decision seeing the bigger picture in life and overtime win the war...when you can see and believe.

So, I left one day for Accra, never ever saw my ex-wife again...God is great as he has set me free! Prophets and Pastors counselling me by saying I should never meet her again all by myself as she has the intention to kill me. In fact one instance occurred in Accra that could have been seen as a killing attempt by her easily arranged via a Kenyan friend she had in Accra that knew about my apartment. My Prophets and Pastors also opened up my eyes for all that ever had happened in my life from people and blessed me prophesying a great future. Till today when I step out from home I am not free. I am always alerted that somehow my ex-wife could hide somewhere and end my life finally...there is that constant feeling and warning in me. Between her and me it is all about who dies first. She thinks for now she is safe...but she is again, like many times before, mistaken. The fight will never be over only when either she is dead or I am dead; while I pray each day I will be the surviving part in this battle. Along with my eldest sister it was her to have pushed my mother into her early grave. Together we had invested into Government Bonds at the Government Bank. My mother had given me the authority to work on her money and bank account and use her not needed funds to support our company in times of financial shortage as long as her own money would always be safe and available in shortest possible time when needed. I used the Government Bonds as guarantee for my mother's money and my ex-wife had agreed to that concept. The money used entirely went to the company that my ex-wife was owning fully. Bank statement of my transactions were a constant transparent witness to be seen by everyone. In two files I had place them

in the open in my mother's one room apartment in the home for elderly in Mümmelmannsberg. Even the balance sheets of the company would reflect very openly the decisions was taking. While I was in Accra, my ex-wife wrote an email to me telling me if I would ever have the interest to come back I could no longer stay in the old apartment for which both of us had signed the rent contract equally as over the weekend she would entertain her new boy-friend there...of course illegal decision and very wicked! But anyway she has violated the laws of our country so often, she does not longer care. Even the time she was evicted by force from the apartment having refused to pay rent, she stole all my furniture knowing only half of it was for her and the rest was supposed to be handed over to a very good friend of mine to keep for me until my return. She even illegally handed over all my documents to my eldest sister...but braking our laws is a routine habit to her anyway, so no wonder. She even had not shame to declare the money invested in Government Bonds were hers and mine, while that guarantee was supposed to be paid for to my mother as the company was brought down to its knee by my Ex that is simply unable to run any kind of business at all and was dissolved by her...again illegally. This lie in the end pushed my mother into her early grave ...and my Ex did not care. Two people became victims of her evilness, her very own son punished with Autism and my beloved mother. Years later my mother appeared in my dream saying she at first was very angry about me but now understands that I had never done her wrong but had become to understand I was an innocent victim of two evil women each wanting my downfall as a cover-up of all wrong doings in their lives and their shortfalls. She declared to have forgiven me and that her spirit has set me free, the real evil people are now clearly in her focus. As for me I am truly blessed knowing God spared me in his mighty wisdom to have a child with my ex-wife as it would have meant always legal battles over the boy until my life would one day end. I have come to realize, God wanted that woman to be in my life as a bridge to move to Africa, once that was done, he took her away from me again...a Judas...very dramatic actually. But God knew my mind that I never ever had wanted to set foot on African soil...and look what had come out of it and will still emerge over time! By force he allowed the devil to use my Ex, come to me for her evil agenda by opening up her heart for the bad work of the man from underneath the world in fire. Once the devil had accomplished his mission he dumped her, left her alone empty, devastated and poor behind; a woman that would never see well in her life again. This was the same like with Jesus Christ, I thought in those days and gained comfort in the bible. We need to go in our life with Judas to bed to see what God can do...so you better appreciate such situations in your life! As for me I can declare to have received an angel by my side now that most certainly I would have never met and a ready declared great future ahead of me proclaimed by many Men of God, Prophets and Pastors. On that note deep in my heart I am so, so thankful to God for all that he has prepared me for to create a great future. It pays off to walk on the right side of life and know God. Today I am more myself and live life in all its glory...while my ex-wife is an empty shell with a life not worth living. All that is left for me to do is to pray for her early death as long as long as her spirit still tries to end my life...it is either her or me...and it will be me as God in the end is always the winner! These battles will be the victory in the war."

Anna looked down, took a long deep breath and took time to understand his story. Looking him into his eyes with lots of questions, she took another deep breath. Lifting up the glass of wine, she looked at the fermented grape juice full of flavors with a deep red color. Anna prayed silently over the wine like Jesus Christ once did and said:" It is well!"

It was break time, early morning. As each day for the past few weeks Anna sat down next to Joshua and enjoyed her ice-cream. Both were surrounded by open small containers full of fresh picked apples ready for loading onto trucks to be exported around the world. It was very quiet up in the Golan Heights, a stretch of land occupied by Israel. Canadian UN Peacekeepers turned up every now and then patrolling the area ensuring not to fall into the many wide and deep trenches used by tanks to maneuver safely

from mountain to mountain. Before reaching the plantation the bus carrying all volunteers assigned to pick apples had to pass a check-point mounted by Canadians before a chain was lowered to make the bus pass.

As she was the tallest woman of all Anna had been chosen by Joshua to assist him. It was an easy job that gave her space to think about life's matters and how her boss for short time what he had gone through in his life. This morning she had taken a letter with her from Monika Willers that she had read the day before. In it her mother referred to her new relationship with a man named Walter. Her longtime friend Anke had introduced the divorced man of five children working for the court at Sievekingsplatz to her. She seemed to be okay with him having plans to leave Alte Wöhr and move to the East of Hamburg very soon into a ground floor apartment in Rahewinkel. She was okay with the fact he was an alcoholic and had a serious history behind him but it seemed that his life would be under his control again.

For her it always remained an open question why her mother had dumped an Iranian Historian, even his cultural behavior was sometimes hard for her to understand, but for all other boy-friends that were brought to her, that man at least was well educated and financially stable. Anna was constantly wondering that her mother never came to her senses and decided to take a long, a very long, time out to reconsider her attitude towards relationships with men, rather jumping again and again into the same format of destruction, of love affairs bound to fail and leave another scare on her memory. She swore to herself never to engage in such relationships and was most certain, divorce would never hit her.

While reading the words of her mother all over again that she had expressed in very simple ways and terms Anna was thinking about life in general. What about someone not able to play to blame game for its destiny on anyone or any circumstances someone finds himself in; rather realizing the need and possibility to be the master of someone's own destiny. She had heard stories of very successful people of all walks of life that had started off in very poor conditions to be victorious at the later end of their lives. Anna was wondering as we are all humans whether such biographies are the privilege of a very few once or possible and open to all of us. If it would be a privilege what are the criteria's set to achieve greatness for a particular person? What was in and about that new born baby to end well in life hearing in the maternity ward the crying of all other new born babies that do not end up well, some even in despair and behind bars.

"Come on...sweety...you always think too much!" woke Joshua her up knowing her mind was not with him. He offered her very sweet peppermint tea freshly brewed. "Life is not to think off...life is to live it!" He smiled and took Anna into his arms.

It was a quiet, peaceful Friday evening by the pool side. Shabbat was celebrated by the Kibbutz members, all members had retired to their houses. Kibbutz Ein Ziwan was a modern community, not like at the beginning when Theodor Hertzl had come up with his concept of Zionism claiming the Holy Land

all for the Jews exclusively. Kibbutz as a life-style was a socialist idea as much as a form to take dominion over the chosen land. In Ginegar, the second oldest Kibbutz in the country on route from Afula to Haifa at the bottom of the city of Nazareth it had been the original tradition for parents to see their children after work only for a few hours otherwise knowing their life would be in the hands of caretakers in large homes. The areal was under fenced with bunkers. Sixty years down the line the original idea had changed, no longer accepted by young parents, parents the Kibbutz movement had depended on.

The water of the common swimming pool was still, medium warm as temperatures in the mountains at that time of the year were high. During day light after work, from two o'clock going, places around the pool were occupied by Kibbutz members and volunteers alike. As heat took their toll on everyone, work mostly started in the early morning hours before sun rise. Few work was done all day round on the farm and in the factory. TV was not needed up there in the mountains as so many opportunities arose to meet people and have serious, long and intensive conversations with foreigners from all across the globe or to explore the area around. But at nights most people avoided the pool area not feeling at ease. No one could ever be certain not to face unwanted intruders, be it animals or humans with bad minds.

Anna was never afraid of such considerations. Detlef from Dortmund was of the same character. Both would often meet and chat along. This side of their personality made them stand out among their peers. In many other aspects of all they were they were very different. She exposed to ships and water, Detlef to coal mines and steel production. Their family background also differed. He was raised by loving parents, especially his father would set much spare time aside to educate and entertain his son, while she was raised by a busy single working mother.

"So, than you came up with the crazy idea...the craziest idea I have ever come across", laughed Anna hiding under the light blanket to keep flying insects away, "to pack your bags, get on your bile and ride...all the way to here."

"That is how it was", knotted Detlef while looking over to the dining hall of the Kibbutz were the last lights were turned off. "I had finished middle school, got my bike ready, a cassette recorder in my bags and a bit of pocket money for a few weeks."

"So, you wanted to get away from home?"

"Oh no, not as you might think."

What do you want me to think?"

Detlef laughed and looked her into the eyes: "I wanted to find freedom...I thought when I leave all my past behind, all that I was so accustomed to, the daily routine of schooling, my family matters, my friends, my ideas that were so much a part of me...this trip, away, away would make me find eventually my own freedom, my personal freedom."

"You mean..." tried Anna to sort out her conflicting thoughts, "you mean freedom is out there somewhere?"

"Yes, as my brain is telling me where there is a captivity, a bondage of body, soul and mind...logically freedom must also exist...as everything in life comes in pairs, in opposites. Do you not agree?"



“Opposites are twins of the same kind that is for sure. In white the extreme human thinking and acting is simply not possible. Only in between darkness and light is where we can see the colours of the rainbow.”

“You are young but... . I have to compliment you for being bright...a slice of wisdom has touched your tongue.”

“Do you want to refer to the chocolate cake I was having for dinner tonight?”

“You make me laugh young girl of a special breed!” enjoyed Detlef the discussion with Anna more and more. “You truly enjoy life as I can hear!”

“Oh yeah”, turned Anna to him seeing moon light shining onto his face. “Enjoying life is not by taking to alcohol or cocaine and whatever drug there is available. Enjoying life is rather by correct mindset. Wasting precious life time sitting endless hours around barbeque fires with beer and whiskey exchanging words and idea all of the same sort over and over again that have no meaning...how stupid that is...not for me! As I always keep saying out loud again and again, in life it does not matter where you come from as long as you have set your mind on achieving greatness. Over time you are going to make it. When statistics talk about people from education distant groups, parents not much interested or exposed to higher education then it does not mean these children cannot make it in life and finish University. It all lies in a person itself to take responsibility of its own future and move on in life. Hard work is included as of course it will be harder for such people...but not impossible but in reach, especially these days with all the offers for further education available for small money and in easy reach. Background is not a sentence to stay stupid and ignorant. In fact, as I see it, such a fighting and struggling life helps us to stay vigilant and come out really great and victoriously above all the people that have stood above us before.”

“Amen”, applauded Detlef sitting upright. As the night got cooler and more lights turned off in the Kibbutz, he as well covered himself with a light blanket from his room that he shared with a young fellow from Bern in Switzerland.

“Amen and Amen”, repeated Detlef with affection towards his Hamburg friend. His mind went back to three days ago when their hosts had searched all the rooms of the foreign volunteers looking for missing blankets. In his room they had found a small smoke granate and alarm had been raised. His Swiss friend had found the granate in one of the tank ditches and decided to take it back to his country as a souvenir. He had been certain the granate had no longer been active. While he Israelis had been on high alert, he had downplayed their concerns and anger by portraying himself as an innocent and naïve young fellow with absolutely no bad and wrong intentions. He had been asked to leave the Kibbutz and was due to depart the next day.

“Life is too short to see all in this world...and can be even cut off by others easily when not vigilant about what is going on here...and close to you”, remembered Detlef seeing his roommate still before his eyes throwing the functioning smoke granate all around the room like a tennis ball. “Is it by grace or by our own mind or a combination of it that someone makes it to old age over time? That is what I ask myself very often!”

“When someone tries to pressure you to smoke or drink alcohol or take to drugs...it is always someone’s own decision to give in the pressure or not...and nobody else’s`. For me no one is able to take away my

sense that makes me the master of myself...and instead takes over part of myself. Whenever this should happen I will fight to take my place in life, a place that I deserve”, mentioned Anna hiding herself well under the protective blanket. “Far too many people listen to other people’s advice and instructions that are only intended to keep such people in line on their own level. As when someone decides to step out and up the ranks of life, they feel abundant and betrayed, ashamed not having taken a bold move by themselves to make it. Jealousy kills so many people...thousands of them each year. It therefore takes a great mind to move on and on and on...” .

“On and on”, stepped Detlef in. He looked at his wrist watch realizing midnight was not far. His mind and body were still fresh. Even in a few hours’ time they would have to get up again and pick apples once more. Their hosts had asked few volunteers to go out for work outside their regular working schedule as an extra order had come in.

“To reach at the top needs loneliness”, mentioned Detlef out of the blue.

“That is what I often hear”, agreed Anna looking at her two hands. „It is not so much as to move on in life by using our hands and body. Only pour mind can open doors.”

Detlef did not respond, left his thoughts swimming on the pool water. His eyes followed the tiny little waves the wind caused rushing over the pool.

“Yes, sure...these are the term and conditions that apply to make it in life”, woke Detlef out from his thoughts.

Silence set in. Both rested their minds. The time moved past midnight, yet they did not feel sleepy. Thinking about life at its core how it shapes people and how people move in times of their lives to hear and there, to down and up, to self-determination, to termination by other, to create or be created, was nothing to exhaust but to refresh a mind willing to search and search for the truth in life.

“When I set off to ride my bike through month, places and endless surprising encounters with so different people, do you know what I found?” broke Detlef the silence following the flow of little waves on the pool water.

“Please tell me. I would like to know.”

“We humans are not only basically the same but we also basically all want the same from life. Some wish for a bit of extra, the icing on the cake, yet deep in their hearts even they know at much matured age that only little things for ourselves really matter. The bigger things are only the corner stones for a bigger history.”

“It is nice that you say so, Detlef”, was bringing Anna her reclining sun chair closer to her friend so different from her own walks of life.

“We all want to be ourselves basically but in the end do not know how to achieve it. The vast majority of us can reach freedom from physical and mental as well as spiritual bondage. From childhood onwards we are trained to please people, to be loved and respected by people we care about, should care about or have to care about, be it in our homes, at work places or in the society. By that we basically miss the point. Life, our very personal individual life is all about us to truly and honestly fulfill our mission for

which we were born. We breathe air, take space on earth and in time, consume endless resources to make us move around and...it can never be this all is just to please ourselves by having fun or oppressing others, but to do something that can be seen of great value and is an increase of where we have set off in life to make it well from start to finish. It takes constant thinking, not constant smoking or drinking, to reveal life's matters and the contribution in us to set our stone at the right place. Some people are very fortunate to discover their meaning of their lives at early age, other need much, much longer to find out, possibly by the end of their life-time even, of their greatness. In any case what is very much needed is that we stop the blame game who is responsible for what in our life went wrong but learn to take responsibility for whatever happens over time with and in us. Free will that we humans have to decide for right or left, for right and wrong, lies in our brains, the capacity to decide and move on in which direction ever."

Anna interrupted him:" You mean independence of thinking is crucial? And mandated!"

Detlef answered: "Most certainly...for sure. Human life without independence in thinking is bringing mankind in the mess we are in right now!"

Anna needed clarification: "How? What exactly do you mean?"

"Our time is determined by people, our elite and especially our politicians, to do things anyhow. Each month a new problem from somewhere in the world pops up and we must face it with short-term answers. Look around the world today...it is simply a big, big mess. Countries try to survive, others use their historic power given for few generations to stay afloat and be meaningful and creative. Look further down the world's runway and you get most disappointed as all we currently do is to live on the surface of life away from our roots. As Germans for example we used to be called 'The country of Poets and Thinkers'. Look around in Germany today and cry over our country very well. People and there stupid, meaningless life style gets surfaced on and on in the media. People applaud such creatures to make them Millionaires that have no sense, not life style to learn from, wasting space and air to breathe. The moment serious problems, again only a handful not wise people emerge to voice their concerns and take the lead before shortly after submerging again into history book on page shame and disgrace. We all around the world have set our lives away from the real basic issues of human life and development. We fly to the moon and mars, operate at the open heart...but leave no space in us for the basics of our own lives. We seem to be too busy with our own lives and the fast pace the world as a whole is moving around and around. In times past from time to time big concepts saw the light of the day, concepts to shake mankind in a good or bad way, a guiding line for generations to work on and for. But today we live anyhow, from one problem to the next. Democracies that dominate our countries come up with short lived solutions valid as long as strong politicians are in power before countries are left alone to people with no sense at all surviving in high places only by the momentum created before the cushion their time in office. That is very concerning...that we no longer are guided by a big, a giant concept of humanity that will benefit generations to come and work as a framework in which we can manage the daily problems we are faced with."

"You mean, as we lack such a new concept of humanity we are left to the chance and basically live anyhow?" asked Anna thinking and thinking.

"Our problems of today are homemade", replied Detlef with a wise look, "and can only move humanity to its next level when we come to understand and accept, chasing after problems on a monthly basis with our short styled mind will not benefit us. Especially us Germans gifted with the potential capacity to

think and think well, unfortunately have lost the momentum to think well for our new future. And other countries are also not able to provide humanity with a great new concept that we need urgently.”

“You do not see anyone...anywhere?” asked Anna being most concerned.

“I believe in God and as a believer I know God is always preparing in the darkness people that will emerge one set time eventually and lead all of us. It is only for God to know of such persons for now!” answered Detlef holding Anna’s hands to keep her warm and comfortable. Both played under the stars saying nothing at all. It was quiet all around. The wind had stopped blowing. Trees around reflected their shapes on the water’s surface.

“I came here all for the only reason to look for freedom. Freedom is the necessary tool we all need and deserve to think for ourselves, decide for ourselves and our own life. I wanted to see, hear and feel around and inside me where to find that thing we and I could possibly call freedom. Without being touched by others physically, emotionally and spiritually no human can ever exist. We are shaped and shaken by others, so it is the vital question yet to be answered, as many parts of us are from other people in us how as thinking and matured adults it is possible to find and live absolutely freedom we honestly and truly need to live our own purest identity? As we need to leave all behind that destructs us from being our true self and not a reflection of any other person around us...I mean, can this ever be possible and if so, if only part of it...what does it take to get as close to our absolute freedom as even possible?”

Anna closed her eyes surprising any disturbing thoughts in her mind. She emptied her soul to be ready to receive the unknown. Detlef looked at her. He gave her space and time to be all by herself. Only few hours left before the sun would rise again to give light onto people’s lives.

Out of nowhere saw Anna Hamburg Harbor. Walking around the port her inner eyes rested on a spot in the Harbor located aside the hustle and bustle of daily work to offload containers after containers. Anna saw Detlef standing facing a giant poster three hundred meters in front of him stacked to one of the cocoa beans storage facilities. She saw that an old couple walking their little white dog observed the scene. Detlef did not for a second turn away his eyes from the poster showing a young beautiful lady topless standing on a beach like in paradise. Her right arm was leaning on a table. On that table was a silver plat with raw bloody red meet, a glass of wine, red as well and a jar with red wine. All of a sudden Detlef started to run towards the poster. Then he broke down...dead... before the brick wall. His head had hit the bikini slip between the lady’s legs, had the form of the size of a new born baby. Anna grasped for a deep breath.

“Nnewi know!”

“What do you know?” sked Detlef with wide opened eyes.

“In our mother’s womb we humans are completely depending on our mother, another person than us, When we leave our mother’s womb we see the wide open space of the world and time, see how the corners of are left behind us. But again we are touched by midwives, nurses, relatives and doctors putting all their marks on our soul and mind. Only blitz seconds in our mind allow us to see absolute freedom...but in fact we cannot see it as our understanding of life has not yet matured...so our eyes to know are not yet there...and so we cannot see what actually was for heavenly blitz seconds before us. As adults we cannot go back into our mother’s womb, physically impossible, but also our mind has been

corrupted, by that we know of life. Innocence is no longer part of us when we begin to understand life. Absolute freedom cannot be understood only be seen. In other words we humans are mandate to find the truth about our existence, once we are near the truth, we destroy it.”

“Tragic!” commented Detlef.

Anna paused for a few seconds before responding:” I do not think so, as this unsolved mystery in our lives makes us struggle to bring out the best in us. If we would truly be complete and knowledgeable about our lives, we could sit down and rest.”

Fish Market in Hamburg was always for early birds only. Starting at half past five each Sunday, the old tradition attracted locals and tourists alike. During warm seasons all vendors as far as Holland would turn up and sell fish, fruits, vegetables and cakes, coffee, souvenirs, shirts, bee wax, sweets and plants all along the banks of River Elbe, an artificial arm of the original Elbe created to overcome the blockage of the waterways by the Danish occupants of Schleswig and Holstein avoiding having to pay custom duties by the traders to the Danish King. The center of the Fish Market was a brick and glass building once used as an auction house for fresh fish, now hosting an entertainment facility with restaurants. Bands played music for free and people got up to dance to popular songs. Sitting on long wooden benches and tables, all had a good time always.

Locals knew the best bargain to make was at half past nine in the morning when a voice recorded years back loud sound over the areal through loudspeakers announcing the end of trading time asking the traders to pack their bags and leave while wishing the visitors a blessed Sunday and hoping to see them next Sunday again. Tourists not knowing the rules and regulations of the place constantly made the traders happy by buying at the wrong time at a much higher price than the locals would go home with. The electric atmosphere of Hamburg Fish Market was making tourists from Germany and foreign countries unaware that the food items offered were seen as cheap and a great bargain, were in fact left overs that could no longer be sold to supermarkets around.

“Darling, look over there, the big cruise liner seems to be here for repair in that dock over there”, pointed a blond young lady from around Stuttgart coming to her husband.

“Oh yes, that is very interesting”, did the husband respond eating his banana. “Hamburg is really an interesting place to visit.”

Anna stood next to the couple and kept her mouth shut. She was waiting for the right moment to strike and buy the fruits and vegetable she had checked out few minutes before. Not everything that was on her list would she finally buy as some offers were too bad.

Looking over her left shoulder she could see the old submarine ready for visitors to have a look inside. An old fisherman smoking his pipe stood next to the couple. He smiled when hearing them discussing

the ship yard situation. Turning around he greeted them. Dieter was his name that is how he introduced himself. The couple started to be interested to hear what the old Hamburger had to tell them. Some decades ago in the eighties of last century Hamburg had faced a dramatic change of its economy. Adolf Hitler had made Hamburg Port great Harbor to build ships to go to war and for commercial purposes. The time came South-Korea entered the world stage and offered commercial vessels too cheap to compete with. Thousands of workers got laid off. While Dieter enjoyed the smoke of his pipe with concerned looks was he wondering that South-Korea, Singapore, Taiwan and Malaysia having had the same conditions like Africa after the last war but not so much blessed with natural resources was still far behind these countries...far behind. Countries that with thinking, thinking, discipline and hard work had established an economy in competition to the once in Europe. He expressed his worries the time would come societies like his would one day no longer willing to support Africa with money or loans and that the mood would shift against the Black Man and the atmosphere would be poisoned.

“What to do?” asked the man from around Stuttgart area.

“When it is clear to a mind with sense that a certain development cannot be stopped, it is always an act of wisdom to change someone’s mind and find the optimum new attitude towards the new way.”

“We do not quite understand what you are referring to”, said the blond woman and finished her ice-cream, “but we guess what you are saying makes sense...somehow.”

They wished each other a joyful and blessed Sunday.

Pastor Sven Lundius from Saint Gabriel Church at Hartzlohpatz reminded his congregation of yesterday’s party of the local community on a sunny Sunday morning, Trinitatis. He had shaved his grey hair to bring it back to form, nice and presentable before the small crowd gathered, mostly old folks with walking aid.

“Let me today give you evidence that my favorite Psalm, Psalm 37 is real in our days. I use the story of one of our members here and his evil sister that you might already have heard off by now. To protect her identity still, let me only call her `The Sister` for short, a woman that had dedicated her life into the hands of the devil very early in her life. Later she would go for rituals seeing fortune tellers and laying cards herself. Her character was dedicated to enjoying the best parts of life and wish for an easy life in general with fun in all corners. She had wished to be rich and famous. It had never come to her mind to set off to a higher level as she was on dedication and hard work in close collaboration with endurance and patience not interested. As we no longer live in the Garden of Eden no milk and honey comes to our open mouth all by itself. She has a brother one year younger than herself, very creative, hardworking and intelligent, always focused on higher levels set before him, from level to level. She had discovered from early age what her brother one day would be capable to achieve. The brother was in his late thirties when she asked him in a phone conversation to take his own life, to commit suicide, as he would be a burden to the entire family. The brother had been shocked hearing evil words from his own sister’s mouth feeling and being completely innocent of any wrong doings. Asking her back by what she had meant really, The Sister said how it would happen she would not know, only that it should happen. Both never had anything in common only their mother to care for stood between them.

The time came, The Sister finally got her chance to destroy her brother and shatter his name, scatter it all over the place...at least, that is what she hoped for to accomplish. The brother left the country for Africa as a way out of his failed marriage, once married to a Judas. Being far away The Sister started to take control over her mother's mind and told her lies about her son. The Sister extended her destruction campaign to business partners and friends of the brother.

Half a year before the brother had left for Africa he had refused to continue managing his mother's finances as she had not listen to his advice when she had opted for a TV chair but had asked the evil daughter to handle her wish. To the son still she had always complained the daughter would only visit her once or twice a year if she had felt like doing so and needed a destination for her motorbike to take it out for a ride. As The Sister had total control of her mother's finances and was in possession of the bank card to the account her mother had owned, The Sister had paid for all her mother's expenses out of that bank account knowing the situation of the status of mother's money very well. For that her brother had left all bank statements behind for anyone interested to see right in front of his mother in her one room apartment in the home for old people in Mümmelmannsberg. The mother had suffered from a light form of Parkinson and Dementia, was very fragile and anxious to death always. The brother had worked on the bank account before without the need to consult The Sister in anyway as no need was given.

The time came after six months The Sister had total control over her mother's finances, the mother would ask the brother to take control again over her finances, only eight weeks before he was due to depart for Africa. After she had promised to him no longer to make a decision behind his back, he had agreed to continue his work. The moment he had got hold of the bank card again, he was shocked. His own sister had allowed the home of his mother to take money away from her bank account without any good and legal reasons. Right away had the brother instructed the bank to return the money, so they had done? The home even had wanted to take him to court over it but in the end nothing ever happened.

The moment the brother was in Africa The Sister systematically started the long planned attack on her brother. All of a sudden she claimed her brother had stolen money from his mother's bank account known by bank statements found in her mother's apartment that this was never the case, simply fabricated. She refused intentionally to accept that indeed the money was as a guarantee invested as trustees by him and his ex-wife in a bank account that the two had set up years before in both names. Government Bonds would have made it possible to be transformed into cash at the shortest possible time with interest to secure the cash flow of their mother's finances. The Sister was holding all evidence speaking against her own allegations blasted out against her brother in her own hands. She knew that his opportunity was one in a life time chance to separate the son from the mother knowing about the potential risk when doing so, the mother would be scared to death and pass on. She joined hands with her brother's ex-wife never known before to attack the brother from different angles together.

Relatives had much speculated as to why the brother would not show up at his mother's funeral and had seen it as a clear sign to admit to all charges hold against him. The truth of the matter is completely the opposite. As he sees these two evil women as the murderers of his late mother facing them at the funeral would have meant for him to have beaten them bloody into hospital. The other relatives in attendance would have called the police, he would have been arrested and dealt with accordingly. He wanted to avoid this bloody scene not honoring his mother left behind.

The Sister spread false news about her own brother around, that he had entered Africa with a sixty instead of factual ninety day visa, that he was seen in Levante House in Hamburg City Center by a reliable source among Africans the weekend his mother had passed on while in fact he had moved from one Hotel to another, that he had certainly never gotten an offer in London over USD four Million for his projects Der Deutsche Michel Corp. while in fact he had always told the truth, an investment into his project ideas , that one month after his mother's death he would be hiding under cover in Germany while in fact it had taken several years that God had protected him from the evil persons chasing after him in Africa, that three arrests warrant would make it difficult for the brother to return, while indeed the day he returned no problems were seen at Hamburg Airport and he never ever got arrested or faced any problems his sister had mentioned and hold against him, simply bluffs to scare him off. She was never able to present any evidence for her claims. But she was holding all documents stolen from him while he was away in her hands. Even when she was asked to hand all documents to a friend of the brother, she rather had called off the agreed meeting. Officially she proclaimed to keep all his documents hostage to blackmail him until her mother's money was returned, while by the documents she kept in her possession she very well knew about the innocence of the brother that needed a second signature of his ex-wife, her collaborator to destroy the brother. Instead of helping her brother to uncover the truth of the money invested in Government Bonds safely under the name of two now divorced people, she laughed about the naivety of her brother not foreseeing that his former wife is an evil Judas that had the intention to cover up her sins and pain caused to so many people and put the blame on her ex-husband for all of it.

The Sister has claimed the brother had not paid his part of the funeral costs for the burial of their mother. He is quite rightly arguing the money was always in Germany in Government Bonds and if she would have wanted, could have been in her hands at any time. She never filed a court case against her brother knowing she has no case to succeed in court. The Sister she at one point had been willing to release the documents stolen from him finally but never presented any evidence to that effect. In any case she had the phone number of the brother's friend that had been mandated to welcome the documents and keep for the brother with him, the one she once had called off not to come to the old apartment he and his Ex had occupied together. Even if she would have lost his phone number, she and the Ex knew the friend had three restaurants on Reeperbahn in Hamburg and could have contacted the friend there at any time. As this was never her intention and the truth of her mind she instead destroyed all illegally acquired documents, her brother's University Certificates, his Patents Certificate, thirteen book manuscripts out of which twelve novels and one text book supposed to get published in due course, a work of twenty five years shredded in a few moments, photos, private and business letters...the whole lot a person of his age would have. Looking at the whole picture it becomes obvious, she wanted to destroy her brother's life, erase, eradicate him from this earth once and for all so that the shame and disgrace she had brought to herself would never appear in the mirror when asking the mirror, who the best child of their mother would be. She herself deep in her heart, knew, her life was a complete failure, not worth living for...abused only by own decisions. By German law inheritance is not only cash, jewelry, property but also documents, paperwork of any kind left behind. The Sister destroyed the bank statements of her mother's bank account the brother had left behind to make it impossible or harder to prove his innocence as the comparison of these statements with the balance sheets of his ex-wife's company would have clearly unveiled the truth as he had always claimed.

The real intentions of The Sister finally came to light when her husband, a very stupid, less educated and wicked man wrote to the brother an email in a copy to his wife and step-son, the family wishes him to die in Africa. The Sister's evil work was only directed to achieve just that, to kill her brother and put all



her same and disgrace on him, let us be clear about it. His Prophets and Pastors in Africa told him never to meet his sister again alone as her intentions would be to kill him once she would get a hold of him. The brother told me he will fight until she dies, that the issue between both is not who is winning, but who dies first.

On his return, years later, his wife in an email stretched out her hand offering to settle all differences in a professional way in court proceedings with no hate. The Sister's response was to send a CID Criminal Report for defamation out against her brother claiming he had written about her to be a drug addict. He had never done that only mentioned of he would give her one Million Euros, she would spend it on a house, cars, furniture and holidays, while he would buy a company and over time from the profit buy all he dreamt of. She never wanted peace. The daughter of the Sister contacted the uncle via Facebook messenger first insulting him for what he was standing for, then asking for a meeting to solve the matter. He agreed and gave her his contact details...but she never contacted him again.

This short story, a story of so many in this world in one form or the other, shows so clear and obvious that Psalm 37 is true, that the wicked strong people in this world trying to kill the innocent once, his Saints...God's Saints, will be protected by him until their victory is certain, a victory to stay and forever. In their darkest of days, God will not abandon his Saints, but protect them and feed them and guide them through the valley for darkness. The wicked, dangerous people instead will be no more heard and seen off, will disappear, their voices silenced. Where is The Sister's loud voice now, the stupid husband asking for the death of a man he personally saw only for three seconds in all his life, and the children of The Sister insulting the brother very well...all are in hiding, nowhere to be seen, their voices silenced by the truth shown. That evil witch is no more making any noise defeated by God...Amen."

Early morning on Easter Monday at the beach of Wittenbergen in the West of Hamburg. River Elbe floating along. Quietness all around. Life seemed to have come to a standstill taking a deep breath before the masses would maneuver their cars again around on the small car park and back and forth. Morning mist had disappeared, the sun was about to take center stage once more.

Anna standing below the Light House painted in red and white looked towards Blankenese and over to Airbus Industries in Finkenwerder in the far distance. The sand beneath her feet was refreshing cold. She carried her sandals in her left hand. Unable to sleep for long had she taken the first train of the day to reach at her short-holidays making place. Whenever she had felt the need to clear her mind and forget about the sights and sounds of her noisy mind, Wittenbergen was the place to come to. For hours was she able to sit on the sand and look over to the other side of the river watching ships carrying their cargo from one place to the next. She focused her mind on the quiet side of life, the daily routine, so stable, so comforting, and so well known. Not like her heart pushing her to the limit to see and understand, to analyse and speak out her mind, no ideas that needed urgent implementation, no need to expose stupid people in power, no need to shake ignorant citizen that would not see the future coming.

The day before discussion about tax increase for wealthy people were hitting like cancer the airwaves. She had asked herself how someone becomes rich. She had come to the conclusion it is by being self-employed, by having an idea for a product or service and offer it to people that would have an interest in such things. The profit made would make someone rich, above others...and not by complaining about others that have made it in life. It came to her that ideas are the results of a thinking process and thinking in any society was for free and unrestricted, especially in the world of people that complain about inequality in income and status. Anna further had discovered the day before to get access to ideas is open for anyone that can think and think well in the right direction. With hard work, positioning someone's self with carrying a magnet of the idea thought off, money will locate a person one day as money is floating around the world that needs an idea. Rich people never create great projects, have no inventive idea. While poor people out of need to survive and will a good life wanted, pull all their energy together and think and work hard. The life of such people might be hard, but when understood and seen right, is a source of greatness and riches. It is not a matter of luck, it is a matter of constant hard work in oneself to make it over time...and believe in the success. Some people pray for success, once it knocks on the door, they are scared and close the door again. No one gets born to be rich or a hero, it is a process that makes someone rich and a hero. Many people are talented but lazy and ignorant, failing in their mandate. God gives all of us the tools needed to make it in life and fulfill our role on earth made for.

"Isn't it a shame?" was Anna hearing a deep voice from behind. "Look at that! Shameful!"

Anna had not realized an old man in shorts had come closer to her from the camping site half way on route from Wittenbergen to Blankenese. He spend the summer season in his small caravan over the weekends. His wife was still asleep. As an early bird when the first sun light would appear he was all awake and ready for the day. Sleeping long hours was not for him. Unlike his wife he would go to bed early when nothing of life matters would find his interest anymore.

She turned around to look at the tall man, very athletic, still in good shape. The stranger had a friendly facial expression, his glasses looked a bit old fashioned. Quite obvious it was shaving was not part of his daily routine. His hairy face was an exciting contrast to his light brown skin and blue eyes sharp as a knife that got sharpened each day.

They greeted each other and walked together along the river feeling the water around their feet.

Stephan stopped and looked around: "Last night they came here to the beach in their numbers and enjoyed a great night with beer, steaks and party, party. Now look at all these, all the garbage left behind! Here plastic bottles, there aluminum grills, cheap to get at any shop...or there under the tree plastic knives and forks. These are the same people during the day to go out on demonstration to save the planet...but when it comes to their own private backyard, they are ignorant towards common sense."

"Human mind is nor correct mind!" said Anna laughing. She stepped out of the water to avoid a bigger junk of yellow foam and spill of oil to hit her legs.

"When I was young", Stephen remembered with a smile of wisdom on his oval face, "we set out against nuclear power plants. Instead to use buses to reach the plants, we all came by our old, old cars that polluted the air like nothing else. We wanted a greener world for our future and unborn children. Even

in Bavaria people cried for their forests destroyed by acid rain and had come to the conclusion life is not about more and more, but better and better...I mean a better quality of life."

"What are you telling me means, we have not really learnt?" asked Anna standing still.

"We are in fact standing still", responded Stephan and looked round. "Anything new in this world?"

Anna answered by spinning around several times to take a very good and close look of her environment: "When I take all the facades, all the shining, shining glimmer away and see behind the curtains...there is nothing new on earth."

They had not seen each other for a very long time. Joe had been busy collecting used items to send to Ghana for his wife to sell and feed herself and the children, while overtime on his side was supposed to be the corner stone to return in one year back to Ghana to start a small, humble business in Kumasi to make it buy over time. He no longer had the mindset of an African man. With his sharp mind Joe had observed the way the Whites had created a good life for themselves. While he had to keep low profile it did not stop him to go out and study anything around him that could potentially help him for his bright future. Avoiding close contacts to Blacks not allowing them to corrupt his mind and keep JuJu attitude away from him, he enjoyed so much the company of most Germans.

Joe told Anna and opened his eyes: "It is so sad, so sad that so many of our ladies come here to make babies after babies and enjoy government support. All I can tell you, in Ghana is no civil war everyone can speak out his mind anyhow against anyone. Torcher lie in so many other countries for opponents is not there where I came from. And yet, most Blacks here are from Ghana. Look at all the Hair Saloons and Afro Shops, the majority is owned by Ghanaians. As we like to travel a lot as people, not like Togolese or Ivorian's, we manage it somehow to come here and enjoy a good life while we in fact are very much needed back home to manage our own affairs." Joe paused for a moment, sat down on the lawns and continued: "Each year three Billions of US Dollars are sent back to Ghana from people in the Diaspora to help their people back home. I do not think anything even close to it comes to Germany from Germans migrating to foreign countries; after all each year around one hundred fifty thousands of them. They rather keep their money for themselves."

His shoes were open, so he fixed them again looking around to be on the watch out mode for any situation that could be harmful to him: „These 419 fraudsters stealing money from the White Man by pretending someone of their family had died in Africa leaving a fortune behind, argue they have a moral right to steal money from them for what they had done to them as Colonial Masters way back then. Utter nonsense and rubbish that is. These are simple criminals that our police needs to go after and arrest. I am always amazed how stupid some Whites are to believe these criminals such false phantasies."

"Greediness", mentioned Anna enjoying the light wind breeze on a hot Sunday afternoon. "Most people want to be rich and work only small for it."

“A friend of mine told me she had financed an album launch for her brother in Ghana by taking a loan. Instead him to pay her back with interest she had to pay the bank by herself. All he did was to insult her and call her a witch. Another one had managed to bring her sister over to Germany, paid five thousand Euros for her fibroid operation as she had no health insurance to cover her...and in the end put blame and shame on the sister to bring her down. The family of the two sisters even had asked the one first having married a man in Frankfurt, a German in the airline business to take all the money away from the white husband and dump him afterwards. Oh Ghana, oh Ghana....When the truth of our mind can speak for itself loud and clear in public for all to know...we would be punished as a people very well. The kind of noise the air would carry around the world would be louder and more painful than any outfall of an atomic bomb. Wherever our mind goes, empty land is left behind. What we do so bad and wrong to ourselves as a people, no white Nation can ever achieve. The Black Man has a serious problem.”

“We Whites do not understand all that but feel pity for you having misused you all those past and present generations”, said Anna asking the Ice-Cream Seller to come to her.

“Why is it that Whites discovered the Blacks before Blacks even could have the idea to colonize Europeans? I mean, at one stage in history both races did not know of each other, the playing field was open for the brightest mind. Inventions cannot be stopped as thinking cannot be stopped. So why did we in Africa not think like Whites or even better to take them as slaves?” asked Joe looking intently around. “I only know, Whites always make the same mistake. They do not understand Blacks but come to them with white mentality and so always to wrong conclusions and solutions. Only when you think like us with white expertise and heart, you can effectively be of help to us.”

Anna provoked him by asking: “Is this ever possible? Or will it never happen?”

“Only strong and with a stable heart willingly to walk between two opposing mentalities can achieve that”, kept Joe calm finishing his ice-cream. This time round he had opted for bright green mint flavor never tasted before.

“So, you mean... .”

“Yes, that is what I mean”, interrupted Joe his friend and got up ready to walk home. “Only a lonely ranger fearless of criticism from any side but trusting his God given assignment can accomplish such a mission.”

“To understand Blacks?”

“Exactly that!” He walked off.

While waiting for her final results and University Degree Certificate having all her papers to relocate to Oxford in England on her desk, Anna had joined a group of Christians volunteering in heavy security

prison Fuhlsbüttel close to Hamburg Airport, an old brick building housing serious offenders from round neighboring states. Every two weeks six volunteers from outside would meet with up to ten inmates. The leader of the inmates was an Austrian man, huge in structure, tattoos all over his arms. Sentenced to fifteen years in prison for having tried to kill a prostitute that had worked for him in his bath tap, he had settled down in his new environment fast and used all possible tricks to make his life most comfortable. Guards did not see one of the volunteers arrived with two shirts but left the meeting with only one on her body.

An old man had broken into kiosk after kiosk stealing good worth nothing imprisoned for life. His face showed he had ended his prison sentence long before he would actually pass on. His shy nature was puzzling Anna to imagine him violating the law.

“Please Anna”, said Charley sitting next to her, “I need an address coming weekend to get out from here for a few hours. These walls drive me crazy. So I beg of you to visit my mother and ask her to give you a letter that I need to have a few moments away from all the shit in here.”

Anna and Charley had become very friendly with each other the arm robber that had gone into two banks before being caught by the police. He was not a typical criminal mind as Anna thought. For her he was only stupid, a bit naïve to have done what he had done wrong.

“I will never give my son such a letter”, stood Charley’s mother in the door frame of her apartment.

Anna had rung the bell, saw an elderly woman with stone cold face before her ready to jump on her. “My son has done so much wrong to us, cause all of us in the family so much pain...”, was the mother between anger, hate and tears saying, “that I never want to see him again.” She closed the door behind her.

Anna looked down. Was she not the one that had delivered the son, loved him, nourished him, was breast feeding him close to her heart and educated him...and now she hated him so much, her own son, had turned her back on him?

The reason for her to volunteer in prison was to look for her father, to understand how normal, law abiding people, innocent people, turn into sinners ending up behind bars. What does it take to go down that path as genes will never be the answer. For weeks she thought and thought. In prison she would not find the answer was her final conclusion; so Anna left the group again after few months.

“You have looked for me in all these years, haven’t you?” Anna looked around. No one to be seen.

“Here am I.”

Anna turned round and round. no one to be seen.

“I am always here when you want to talk to me.”

Anna stood still, string out her mind. She closed her eyes, opened it again.

“I have never been away. I am always at your service.”

Anna took her head into her hands. Her eyes did not see anyone around her. She moved from left to right to look behind bushes. No one was there.

“Come to me with all your questions.”

Anna tried hard to bring her nerves down. Her heart was beating fast.

“I will comfort you. I will answer you. I will make you understand. I will never leave you alone whenever you call me.”

Anna stood before the bunker in a pitch dark night, no man to be seen walking in the streets. It was two hours after midnight. The only sign of life was the change from green to yellow and red of the traffic light. The school in front of her painted a bazar shadow on the pavement lighted by the glimmering moon light. It was fresh, a bit chilly, but not too much. Anna was wearing t-shirt and jeans, all light clothes, with silver slippers on her feet.

“What can I ask of you?” asked Anna looking and looking but not seeing, not finding.

“Anything you want”, was Anna hearing.

“Anything...that is everything.”

“Everything that is anything and anything that is everything. I know it all.”

“But...how can you know it all? I cannot see you!”

Anna was hearing: “When someone wants to know and call on me, I will answer!”

“But I cannot see you”, insisted Anna to know. How can you answer me?”

“We are talking, right?” was Anna hearing.

“Am I mad?” asked Anna.

“You are human and I am the answer. So call on me and I will answer you.” The voice speaking to her was tender, deep and comforting.

“I talk to you and you respond. Yes, that is true...but how can I trust you when I cannot see you? Am I going crazy?” wanted Anna to understand looking around searching everywhere. She did not leave a single bush or stone untouched.

“I have always been by your side.”

Anna stood before the iron fence blocking the entrance to the bunker. She was feeling the cold of the metal through her hands floating into her heart. It seemed that through the closed door sealing the bunker something unknown would touch her from head to toe. She felt very clearly, an invisible force had reached out to her; a mystery had her whole being in its hands. The cold of the night caught up with her. Goose bumps appeared all over her body. Anna started to shiver. Out from nowhere, from one second to the next was Anna standing in the middle of heavy fog. The wet fog covered her like a coat in winter time. She stretched out her arms feeling her hands were out of reach of the fog in clear and warm air. A man's face appeared before her, than the rest of him. Anna stretched out both arms to grab the man and hold tied to him. Her arms did not feel any solid body.

"Can you see me? Can you hear me?"

Anna pulled all her courage and strength together letting him know: „I hear you, I see you...but...but I cannot touch you!"

"To hear and believe is all that matters. To feel me is for the weak hearted only."

"I am confused."

"I know you as I have called you always by your name...Anna."

"How do you know me?" was Anna feeling how the fog slowly faded away into the unknown.

"I have known you even before you were born and I know all of you that are here!" disappeared the figure into the darkness.

Anna heard the banging of a heavy metal door. Instinctively looked Anna over her right shoulder convinced to have seen someone closing the rusty door of the bunker. A truck passed by. She looked around. The streets were empty again.

"Oh no, the only country in this world ever refusing me a visa was India. They said they can help themselves and support their own people well. An UK charity had wanted me to be part of their team of volunteers there, but then the denial came and I was very much surprised. In any case I know donating to India is not needed for me and as they can live without me, no problem, I also can make it in life without them. The world is full of wonderful countries I am going to visit", referred Anna to a recent decision that had made her come to London in the end. She had put all her hopes and energy into that project in India, all her mind, but life pushed her to sit on an old, grey couch in the office of the Simon Community in Camden Town, a poor neighborhood close to the City of London. In the streets she met people that seemed to have lost hope, disconnected from the rest of society.

The Simon Community was housed in a simple Town House with three floors. The ground floor was the meeting point for volunteers and the men to be taken care of. The center of attraction in the living room next to the entrance was a huge TV flat screen. What used to be a light brown carpet fluffy wool woven, had been trampled down by thousands of feet, spilled over by alcohol and food. From the corner leading to the kitchen in the back of the house smell of human pee was clearly in any visitor's nose. In the tiny little kitchen each night sandwiches got prepared for the reach out walks the following day early in the mornings. A small team would go out behind shiny hotels and find their clientele coming out from dark corners.

"The book I am writing on is against the Green party", laughed Anna enjoying her tea with milk while the helper crew had ended their meeting to discuss the work for the following day and share each other's story of the day. Most times of the day everyone would work on his own therefore the evenings were very much needed for all of them to recover emotionally. The office door was locked for security reason. From outside gusty human pee and a mix of alcohol was constantly in the air. Only in the small office the smell was less intense. Young ambitious and enthusiastic men and women from mostly England had come to the place to find meaning and direction in their and of their lives. To help others was only a catalyst to establish themselves in life. No one of the volunteers had ever undergone any professional training to be qualified for the job performed.

"But they do a good job and we must surely protect our environment. Our planet must be protected from us humans misusing it", challenged Eva her German counterpart. Eva was from Norway, had red hair, natural one, and her own style of gloss over her finger nails. Tiny little brown spots covered her face. "I see how ice is melting always in our region...that is not normal."

"The Green Party started off in Germany with a big bang, not only promising to fight against destruction of our world, but as a party to be so much different from all others", stated Anna to explain accepting the offer from Paulina of another cup of tea, a student from Cambridge, UK's most beautiful city and most certainly the best in the world.

"Petra Kelly, the founder of the Green Party and her boy-friend, General Bastian that later fist killed her and then himself, had declared never to use the shuttle service of the German Parliament, the Bundestag, to the Langen Eugen, the Office building for all Parliamentarians in Bonn , never to fly but to use the train, to keep strict mandate and party functions separate and so on. Madam Claudia Roth had cried seriously and complained...so mandate and party function was in one hand. Only for short time they used bikes and trains, now their behavior is like any other party. Sneakers to wear to be sworn into office as Minister is out of fashion now for them. Even Rudolph Bahro had proclaimed once when the forest in Bavaria dies to seek support from people traditionally voting for the same old Bavarian party only. In the Green Party the discussion was there before mandating themselves in such a legal form to remain a movement and not a party. The end of long debates was to form a party to be more effective and more into Parliaments and later Governments. What they did not consider was the fact in a Democracy when you enter a Parliament, that step corrupts your mind. To avoid after four years to become irrelevant and lose seats, you have to start making compromises as old voters might abandoned you and as Bahro had realized and propagated for, you as a political force need to win over a clientele that had never been in your focus before. The established parties in the early days of the new movement in Parliament soon had changed their strategy also and embraced green politics to a certain extend as expected from voters."



“So, what is your conclusion after all your analyzing of the facts?” wanted Peter to know, the head of the group putting back the black file for the book keeping onto the white wooden shelf between the windows facing the street below.

“The Green Party from all parties, especially compared to the established parties, had betrayed their original clientele even faster than any party before them”, replied Anna while it was time for them to get up and make a last round in the house.

Martin would leave the place to stay at another house thee had rented last year to streets away.

It was not hard for Anna to get up at three o`clock in the morning. Her sleep was short, only four hours on a thin matrices on the floor of the office locked heavily for security reason as usual. The smell of the pee that hang over the house was not so intense next to the desk as the windows stayed open all night long. Papers all over the place was not of her concern but the seriousness of cases the people had to deal with were. Before they all had the chance the day before to enter their beds, not common for them. One of the drunkener had set outside on a metal bar underneath the staircase to the cellar was obviously not mindful off. He had smoked, shouted, lamented and taken to more red cheap wine that his balance had shifted to the wrong side to make him fall before the cellar`s door. People had rushed to him, no serious injuries had been visible. Nevertheless an ambulance had rushed to him to take him to the nearest hospital. Anna thought of the big, fat man that had been given the chance to come back after rehabilitation to stop his alcoholism, a man feared to get a heart attack or stroke at any time of no change of behavior would turn his life around. While she helped Inga to put sandwiches, tea, cigarettes, used well looked after clothes and shoes into their little van waiting outside ready to set off into the night, Anna thought of home in Hamburg.

Anna saw traffic lights, streetlights and neon-lights selling all sorts of things. London few hours before most people got up to be busy, pushing and pulling business, hammering and welding for e brighter future looked more like a ghost town, so unreal. Where during day light legs and heads would rush from place to place, there was really the time in the darkness of the city to hear the silence of life and explore the place to its core. For Anna she knew London is too big to make it call a nice city. For tourists to visit the place was certainly okay, but to live there, even to work in such a crowded city would be nothing she would ever consider for long. The driver knew so well where to go and park. Behind Dorchester Hotel the car stopped. No one was to be seen. The volunteers offloaded their tea and sandwiches, placed them nicely in the trunk as all of a sudden an army of hungry people fell over them.

Slowly, very, very slowly came one person after the other out of the darkness. Anna did not see the places they came from, where they had put their sleeping bags on the grey concrete of the pavements, nor where they kept their belongings. They took the paper tea cups like treasures into their hands to feel the warmth of the tea and smell of the aroma of carefully brewed tea bags brought at Tesco the other day. In their dark, brown faces, dirty and unshaved, eyes of human touch jumped on to the volunteers and entered Anna`s heart forever. She tried to keep her mind quiet to listen to the moment, to be present right where she was needed most. Giving out cigarettes and tobacco was reminding her of her late father, all against in life she was standing for.

An old man with grey hair, short and wide opened eyes started talking: “My wife and I were one heart, one soul. Everything in life...we did together. Life without one another was meaningless. Than the time came she died in my arms. I lost hope, work and home. Very fast was I down from far up....and somehow I have no energy anymore to change my situation. From day to day I survive somehow to wait

for the final call and return back to my wife in heaven. What sense does it make for me to live anymore? I have seen so much in my life, had a most wonderful woman, have children even with her...but my life was only for her.”

Allan sat down on a concrete pillar smoking his cigarette his little treat warming his soul. His sharp eyes looked at Anna and he said whispering: “ Do you know young girl...oh so young still...that when you have seen it all...all that you need to know, all the basics in life...I do not mean all the repeats in shining, shinning form with glitter and trumpets...your life basically comes to an end?”

“Is it so?” asked Anna while handing out another cup of tea with milk over to Carl, the youngest man in the group of strangers that for half an hour each day would wait behind the hotel for they coming, take his portion before disappearing again in the darkness and unknown. He wanted to stay all by himself. He did not trust the others for a second. “Hate, love, jealous, care, cheating, eating, drinking, working, chasing people and things, sex, digestion feelings...all that I have seen ad felt a thousand times. What sense does it make to see it thousand and one time? That one extra time dressed up in new fashion? And even that new fashion is a replica of olden day`s fashion!”

Anna got confused. The team was ready to leave for their next stop.

“Why should I pull myself together, get nicely dressed, save, obey other people`s orders, have an apartment, a car, nice furniture when...yes, when in the end my bones get rotten...and I will be forgotten?”

Anna was pushed to enter the van as more people in need were waiting. She waved her new friend good-bye. While the car drove off into the lonely night she saw houses passing by but her mind was with Allan. That early morning Anna could not have known the old man would be found dead few hours later next to a waste container abandoned in one of London`s many one-way streets.

A young man at the next stop caught her attention. It was to her underneath his grim looks was a man hiding with great talents. Anna served him his salami sandwich with ham sliced well garnished with pickled cornichons and onion rings. The taste was topped by mayonnaise and ketchup. The volunteers wanted to ensure their clientele would always feel appreciated by someone. Anna asked him about his story. She looked into weary eyes that were too far from her standing right by his side.

“I have tried to stop this life for long”, started the young man to explain himself, “God knows for how long!”

Anna noticed his facial expressions did not move an inch. It was as if at one stage of his life, his face got frozen, ice-cold looks. She tried to reach his heart by smiling towards him, but got no feedback of any kind. Anna was confused. What made Richard so emotionless? Yet, she felt somehow tears wanted to storm out of him. Like a giant water dam holding Millions of liters of water in a reservoir waiting for that special, particular moment to be released and bringing down the pressure on the structure holding the system together to function, and function well.

“Is human life all about that `to function`to function well or anyhow or what is it all about to make us live...in the first place? “ was a thought crossing Anna`s mind for a second.

Richard was born in Oxford not far from the Covered Market, a son raised by a Lecturer and a Hospital Nurse well protected, deeply loved. As a teenager harmony in life had felt to him so boring, constantly to be nice to all people an exhausting task. In circles outside the established society a new world, so wild and output rules, had drawn him to drugs and alcohol.

“Did anyone force you to take drugs and alcohol?” wanted Anna to know.

Richard looked at here, paused for a moment as if he was not sure of the right answer and said: “No one can force me to that...pressure you may be....but no, I wanted to feel and so how it is. Now I am in a mess...spinning around and around. Therapy follows therapy...I only do not know how long it will go on.”

“Is it not right”, started Anna cautiously to open Richard up and make him reflect on who he was, “when young begin with something, with a free will, I mean the same way that you have started to bring you into your mess?”

Richard took the second tea with lots of sugar offered by Anna finishing his self-rolled cigarette with no filter: “I guess so!”

“So, it is all about our will...then?”

He sat down on the pavement and starred at the opening of the underground pipes: “The rats down there bring a lot of sickness to us here during our sleep.”

Anna followed his pointed finger with both eyes.

“Down there...down there is where we will end up one day. Time will pass over us, wash our time away for no one more to be seen. Look at me now and...tomorrow my bones will be rotten.”

Richard took her right hand and placed it onto his heart. She was feeling his heart beating. “We are all not the same...but when we are gone we are look alike...all of us are look alike!” He laughed stone-faced giving Anna goose bumps all over her body.

“We eventually will all be washed away no matter what happened in our lives. No one, once we are gone, can hold us responsible for anything and beat the devil out of us or praise us...when we are gone the waters will flush over us and wash our sins away.”

“Life is for the gutters only?” opened Anna her eyes wide feeling the pressure of time in her neck to move on to the next stop. She was informed to get ready to leave in five minutes time.

“Few of us will be remembered in the book of history. But for most of us we are like aunts, busy honey bees to hustle for small or big, only for here and now. How much less do I care about anyone following me from my own sperms. They have to care for themselves, that`s why they are made for.”

Anna was scratching her head in surprise and astonishment. She raised up to get ready to leave.

“That means, we all are only responsible for our own thinking and actions, not anybody else?”

“When you are like me living in harmony by the gutters and see rats wanting to eat us, you will understand, only my own will in the end can lift me up and take me to higher places, not a helper that lends his hands to get up and walk.”

Frieda shouted on Anna to get into the car. While Anna obeyed Frieda’s command, Richard shouted after her for many to hear: “Remember the people that had lived in Germany around Concentration Camps. Later when confronted by others of not intervening, they said they had not known anything about what was going on in their neighborhood, before their very eyes. You see, we feel only responsible for what we want to be responsible for and not for what and who we are. Basically this is because no one has ever asked us to live, we were pushed out by our mothers into this world and by our parents decision to start the walk down to our grave, with or without a stone to remember we ever existed.”

Anna closed the door of the car, looked out of the window and saw the sun rising behind the houses. Soon she would have a few hours rest before new people in need for help would knock on their doors again.

Lord David Astor had come over to The Abbey in Sutton Courtenay to meet Professor Fred Blum for afternoon tea. His manor laid just across the street. The Swan, Church and Abbey, a subsidiary of The Abbey in Abingdon three miles on route to Oxford north were the center of the village. The nearest train station was Didcot with trains running from London to Swansea and Bristol. The Lady in waiting to Princess Margarete lived in a house down the road.

“I am very pleased to have sold this place to you, Fred, and no one else”, smiled the Member of the House of Lords, heir of an old British family indeed. “You also got it for a very good price...not much profit for me!” Lord Astor laughed knowing he was socialist orientated, yet a businessman when his own properties were concerned. His family’s fortune was not build on charity but profit. He was interested to hear Princess Diana would come to visit The Abbey one of the coming days. In the office of her counsellor in London Harley Street she got to know The Gandhi Foundation would open its yearly Camp again on the grounds surrounding The Abbey.

“I am still impressed about the good works you have done here as the buildings were really in bad shape.” looked Lord David Astor around the Great Hall before lowering his head to enter Fred’s study, a small room with high windows overlooking the lawn well cut by Anna that had decided to stay away from London and enjoy good time in a beautiful, meditative setting. Along river Thames it was easy to ride her bike to reach Oxford, always a delight.

Fred got some scones from the little pantry opposite his study to serve to the unexpected guest. His old typewriter that had been with him since the time he had to flee from Nazi Germany, leave his parents Villa in Stuttgart behind, a place once used by Nazis for their meetings, before his entire family had to leave the country for Switzerland and finally reach in America where he would lecture at various universities getting married to an American woman with big hips. The got one daughter he loved a lot.

“We had no money...but big, big dreams”, laughed Fred a bit shy while his round glasses slipped up his nose. “After all we came here me a pensioner and my wife wanting to work as a counselor. Our house we had in USA we sold and bought a small apartment for her in London to do her work with people. When I saw The Abbey I knew on the spot it would be the right place for my New Era Center, counselling, teaching people and do my research...my dream since I started as A Professor of Economics to make some young people understand the fundamental change that is needed on earth in all aspects of life.” Fred followed his guest to the Dove Cot, then walked with him though the Pharmacy Garden just behind.

Lucille Champagne, a nun from French Canada, had planted carrots, garden eggs, herbs and spices to be self-sufficient in many ways.

Lord Astor looked at the vegetables just about to be harvested and enjoyed: “When we had to evacuate the Garden of Eden...”, he laughed astonished about his own thoughts, “we did not know anything about life’s matters, heard only about right and wrong...and now you see what our evacuation from the garden has brought us....food varieties wherever you want to find them, here or from far in our supermarkets.”

Both walked over to the other side of the compound, pushing long branches of mighty trees aside. Six old stones, small with only few words written on them, were unveiled. Generations before dog owners had buried their animals to give them a decent place to rest.

Fred looked up along the long wall leading to the narrow gate inside the old brick wall surrounding the property. “And then I wanted this place so, so much...but with no money“, he lifted up his shoulders, “what can you do?”

“Pray!”

...to be continued

The Underground Man

Part 29

“And that is exactly what I did. I opened classes, started my training to become a Minister in the Anglican Church... .”

“A Jew a Minister!”

“Exactly...a long way...a bumpy ride”, laughed Fred like a child with sharp blue eyes. His round face was marked with sprinkles all over; it gave him an extraordinary composition of children’s innocence and matured mind of a great thinker; simple and at the same time most attractive. “I had made my mind up never to give up.”

“So, please share with me...empty handed and all of a sudden the owner of this place”, did Lord Astor ask while touching the front wall of the little Cottage facing The Abbey assigned to be Fred’s private residence once renovation had been completed.

“One of the people in my classes was a woman with a very, very big heart. She had been married to an Estate Developer. The man had passed on and left her a fortune behind. The lady was a humble person...very simple character...and ready to give me the needed funds to buy this place here.”

“Your inner magnet attracted you to her”, praised Lord David Astor while standing before the grave of Eric Arthur Blair he once had helped to find his final resting place on the church yard at The Green. He loved to do his business by walking around. It helped him to think better. “George Orwell would have never had any peaceful moment if he would have been buried at a popular spot instead of our small Parish garden. He was a phantastic author and great personality; I happened to be a friend to.”

Lord Astor touched the stone seeing the green colour on it had increased since last year. The author of Animal Farm and 1984 had wanted a place out of sight of his flowers and Lord David Astor had convinced the local Vicar to make it happen.

“So...the lesson to learn is...if you really want something, have patience to wait and work hard on it...anything is possible!” said Fred with confidence while seeing his guest off.

Anna bumped into Fred as he entered the courtyard underneath the one room apartment rented out to an Italian couple, she finishing her thesis on Leibnitz, he working for JET in Culham.

She pushed her bike and said: “Sorry...luckily missed you!”

Both enjoyed each other’s company, she because of his enormous wisdom, and he liked to used her to practice his rusty German. Anna mentioned to him, she would be going over to Braziers Park near Wallingford, not far from the singer George Michael’s house, to meet up with Glen and Margarete faithful. Fred laughed very relaxed asking her to give both his best greetings.

Before letting her ride off he mentioned: “Tomorrow we must organize the Camp for The Gandhi Foundation.”

Anna waved good-bye and off she went. It was only a short ride of half an hour to reach the impressive estate with vast land. The place once was the home of young Ian Fleming before he became the famous James Bond author. Glen had bought the house for his own foundation be the father of singer Marianne Faithful once close girl-friend of Mick Jagger. Behind the estate laid the King Williams Pub, an old pub in service to the local community for hundreds of years. Black thick old beans stretching all across the pub which cozy center was the old fire place still in use when the cold wind would blow through the paper thin windows.

“So, Fred is doing fine?” asked Glen Faithful while Anna looked at the ceiling of the library to spot the marks where Ian Flemming swing would have been fixed. In full swing little Ian would throw his much hated porridge over the book selves very much to his own delight and relief.

“Oh yes, Fred is fine...very busy as usual!” answered Anna laughing. It was a friendly place to visit occasionally, a place to have peace from all voices in her head. Walking down the stairs she came across a photo of the White Horse Valley near the area, took a few seconds to look at it before answering Glen’s question: “most certainly...I would very much love a good cup of tea...and few scones...if you do not mind.”

Glen Faithful turned around knowing she was always good for an English treat: "Most certainly...my little Princess." The old man with white hair, long thin fingers and cancer growing in his lounges served her tea with milk personally after Margarete had placed the silver tray on the piano of the music room, the first room to the left after entering the house. "Whether we in England leave Europe or not to will capsize us all on our island...our snobbishness will not change anything. Whether in Europe countries open or close borders does not matter, the problem is coming and will not be solved in that manner anyway", lectured Glen while Margarete offered him home made strawberry biscuits glazed with thick layer of dark chocolate, a truly crunchy experience. "In Africa they make babies after babies no matter what we say or believe. Africa's overpopulation will eventually lead us to the fact again, the Black Man will dominate the world and the White Man, as it has been in our beginning as Homo Sapiens, will be dominated by the Black Man..and no AID or donor funding will change that but is opium for the African leaders to mess their countries up very well."

"You really want to say", needed Anna clarification, " Africa, our world's trouble maker number one with corruption, mismanagement and poverty praised with ignorance, can ever take over?"

"Most certainly", was Glen Faithful very clear in his mind, walked over to the big window pointing to the main gate, "as the sheer size of the numbers of future Africans will all crash our white societies against the wall. It is only a matter of time that the power circle will close again with the Blacks...no doubt in my mind about that. Therefore it does not matter too much what we do here, as long as over there in Africa the management of countries is totally in wrong hands."

"You mean....Colonialism...again?"

Glen Faithful turned to Anna taking his seat again. "Neo-Colonialism and all these stupid ideas will never happen...forget about people that say so. Such people have no knowledge, no sense for history at all!" claimed Glen to know the future. "History seems to be complex on the outside...but when you see down to its core from an eagle eye perspective over thousands of years, than it becomes obvious that the world is all about the balance in circles of Black and White!"

Anna remembered the conversation she had with Joe back in Hamburg. Therefore it was not the first time to be confronted with this issue. She needed to know more and asked: "What is the solution then?"

Glen took another cup of tea and biscuits. He looked over his left shoulder pout of the window and rested his eyes on the narrowly constructed water play that needed serious attention. Dried flowers around made it look more appalling than the fact, no water was running anymore down the three cascades, an attraction the time it was build. Behind the great chestnut tree two green houses were standing their glasses long time gone. The little cottage nearby had been renovated years ago to accommodate paying guests helping to run the place financially.

Glen turned back to Anna and mentioned: "Our world is in a long transition period...very long indeed. We live from problem to problem, see so many parties and organizations for what not to like mushrooms creeping up from anywhere. We tend to live anyhow just in order to complete our lives from cradle to grave, everyone in his own very small corner. The big values once keeping us all on board and fight for a big future, all that has gone. Today everyone lives as it pleases him. William Shakespeare once wrote a play to this effect."

Anna was confused and needed clarification once more: „Is this the answer?“

“What we need is a new way of life, a complete overhaul of our attitude how to life and find answers to address the new power shift we tend to ignore...but ostrich mentality to never the right answer.”

It was late afternoon, the right time for Anna to ride home. In Wallingford she wanted to rush into Lamp Arcade for the latest arrival of English Antiques, her favorite furniture's. Chesterfield sofas and chairs were what she wanted the most to study in all its shapes and sizes to get them one day, one day. She studied them carefully the same way she studied Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II to call her own over time eventually. She was prepared to wait for possibly decades before her dream would come true. She wanted to be prepared for the day to come when the unexpected knocking on her door would be in her ears to know how to handle the blessings in her life.

While Anna was resting in her room digesting the well cooked meal from Lucille Champagne, her phone rang. Monika Willers told her about her relationship with Walter, how much he was drinking but stayed peaceful. His own children were not able to make him stop taking too much alcohol. All her joy was Puschel, a small grey cat with great love for her but nasty to any other person. The small garden behind her ground floor apartment was coming on well, lots of roses would progress well.

“Your sister Irena”, informed Monika Willers, “has now decided to study.”

Anna was astonished. She did not understand her mother well and asked: “But...but Irena has only a bad low school education and no A-level certificate.”

“That is true”, responded Monika Willers.

“How on earth is it possible that without such a qualification like mine these days someone can attend University?“

“Yes, it is true. But I do not know much about it. Times changes! All I know is she told me personally that definitely she wants to study now!“

Anna was hearing a great relief through the telephone that finally she would see that her oldest daughter had come to her senses, better later than never, to match their both siblings. There were clear hope in her words.

Anna commented: “In that case I wish her all the best and hope she will get along with her Professors well.”

For years the two sisters had not communicated with each other. What they knew about each other was only by her mother's stories. Anna had no intention to change her attitude towards Irena seeing any contact as a waste of time.

Fred reminded The Abbey members of the discussion later the day in the Great Hall about financial inequality and the need to increase taxes for the rich. Before attending Anna needed to pick some herbs and spices from the Pharmacy Garden. A man opened the small wooden door leading to the Provision Shop of the village, an old institution handed down from generation to generation. The beams of the



facade were painted in black, the windows in red making the simple shop look most elegant. The man entered the property assuming not to be seen. Once discovered by Anna kneeling over the herbs, he turned around and left in a haste.

....to be continued

The Underground Man

Part 30

“We need to increase taxes for the wealthy people to reduce financial inequality with the many. It cannot be justified that a few own most of the wealth in this country, but most of our people earn far too little for their work. We from the Green Party demand a radical change of our capitalistic system”, propagated Susan from Abingdon branch of her party. Susan was a mother of three, had given up her work as a nurse to educated her children only. The few hours left she had for herself, Susan would spend for the Green Party hoping for a brighter future for her children. Susan was not forced to give birth to children and quite her job, it was her own free decision to do so, her wanted life-style.

Anna raised her right hand to ask: „Is it true, all wealth in this world started with one person, mostly a man from simple and humble background, money that matured over time and generations to grow into big companies and big wealth?”

“Yes, I guess so”, answered Susan wondering about the question asked. “In some cases to become a Billionaire also happens in one generation only.”

“Good point, Madam”, said Anna, got up and stood firm on her two legs. „But in most, most cases the money is earned over generations when it comes to big money, to big organizations?”

“In...most cases...sure”, laughed Susan having a strange feeling about Anna.

“Mister Charles Goodyear, inventor of stable rubber to produce tires and rain boots, sacrificed one of his children unable to pay for much needed medication, ruined his health , fought successfully a patent case against a ruthless rich man with the help of two brothers and ended a short life that was full of hardship, work, worries, investors chasing after him for their money, moving around the country from place to place promoting his vision to make rubber solid and to bring it to good use so that many people around the world would benefit from it. Is he not a man to be honoured and applauded?”

“I...guess...so!” was Susan stumbling thinking of the trap set for her.

“A man we as bike riders and you as car driver and our kids as rubber boots users are all depending on?”

“I do not get your point!” tried Susan to escape the trap visibly standing before her.

“I see you wear nice jeans!”

“Thank you!” was Susan irritated looking down on herself while standing.

“Levis Strauss, the German Jew with great ideas to make money producing jeans lost his fortune, was bailed out by his mother and brother before back on his feet to take total control of his baby, sorry, his company, again.”

“And so what?”

Is it not how business is going?”

“I do not get you!” got Susan angry.

“For me it is clear, when someone by his own life-style proves what he is proclaiming and standing for, that this gives him more credibility than just talking without evidence, pure speculation.”

“Sure...I agree.”

“Then let me ask you, why did you chose to be a mother with three children, stop working instead of making the decision to invent a product or service , work hard on the plan, work for investors, do not go on holidays while your workers do so during vacation time, have sleepless nights and fears all can be lost again, back to poverty, disgrace and shame, to lose your friends that are jealous of your success and want to see you down or try to convince you not to be qualified to make a fortune for yourself claiming they know your background after all, the level you share with them but them being too lazy to fight and fight?”

“I still do not... .”

Anna interrupted Susan walking closer to her to look her straight in the eyes while Fred was worried of a fight between two ladies: “To register a business does not cost too much. To start small and grow over time does not cost...sorry...cost determination, belief, patience, self-motivation, accepting loneliness, willing to be called names from the closest people around you... .”

“And what does it all mean?” got Susan more and more angry looking at Fred for help.

But Fred decided better not to intervene.

“Money is based on thinking...and thinking is free for all of us. No force in this world can stop thinking. As long as our brain is medically not damaged but working normal, we all have the capacity to come up with an invention to make us rich...the rest is hard work. Or do you think my brain or the brain of anyone in this room is different in size and structure?” referred Anna to issues of reality.

“You young lady live in the world of dreams...but this here“, pointed Susan to the wooden floor that had been in existence for over five hundred years as the oldest parts of The Abbey dated back to the thirteen century made from woods of recycled ships.

“Everyone has the chance to make it big in life. For some of us it is easier, for others harder...and longer...but the doors are open for all of us“, stroked Anna her point.

“If you are that clever, young lady, explain to me why only a handful of people will in fact make it but the majority stays behind...far behind?”

"It all depends on the many little decisions we take in life each and every day...and not only the one or two big decisions we take. Every small step leads us to our glory or failure. Why should someone get the mandate for big work and fortune, when in the end his mind and emotions cannot handle the assignment given? That would be a waste of resources for the universe...and trust me, the universe is not stupid otherwise by all nonsense ion this world done and thought off by people, the world would have been crushed already. Only people succeed in this world that are ready to be lectured by life and take one step at a time. Someone cannot be called successful when his fortune and fame exists today, only when the once following him are successful and possibly more so."

Susan sat down again, took a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice and a piece of cake responding: "Wait and see young lady...life will shape and shake you, will make you see this world is far more complicated than you think...and it is this complexity of life that selects only a lucky few to make it and be rich. So, as long as luck is the decision making factor in wealth, we as a society have to take it from the rich and give bit to the poor!"

...to be continued

The Underground Man

Part 31

"Mirror, mirror on the wall!"

"Yes, my mistress...what can I do for you?"

"Mirror, mirror, look at me very well!"

"I do look at you...always!"

"What do you see?"

"I see a beautiful lady that you were when a teenager."

"What nonsense are you talking about?"

"I like to remember the good olden days."

"Aare you mad? Or what is wrong with you?"

"What I have known so well is what I like to remember most."

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, it is no time for jokes but to get serious."

"That is my job. That is why I was made!...A bit boring if you would ask me."

"No one is asking you for that."

"What a pity."

"Get serious...pull yourself together."

"Yes Madam...I will do my very best!"

"Good, I hope so."

"what can I do for you today?"

"I want to know who is the best girl in town?"

"Oh Madam, when I look at you... ."

"Look at me very well!"

"Very well...do I look at you."

"And you see what?"

"I see a woman... ."

"The best girl in town....right?"

"I see a woman that has come of age."

"I do not look that bad...do I?"

"No,no...that is not what I mean!"

"Do not waste my precious time...mirror, mirror on the wall."

"Time does not compliment you at all."

"A trick of yours that I do not understand."

"Please Madam, may it be far from it...far, far from it."

"Then hurry...and tell me...am I the best girl in town?"

"Madam, you have truly enjoyed life to the Max and are popular with many people."

"I knew it...I knew it...I am popular with many people...right?"

“Yes, you are popular with so many people that at so many parties.”

“Oh yes, so many parties and so many people that love me.”

“They like you... .”

“That is what I said...they love me.!”

“They like you...as it is easy to talk to you and easy what to talk about.”

“That sounds phantastic...simply phantastic.”

“It is simply easy what to talk with you about. Simple people can always share simple things.”

“Do I hear...sort of insult?”

“No, Madam, I would never dear to do that as I am the mirror, mirror on the wall.”

“Now let us go down to business.”

“Always at your service, Madam.”

“Who is the best girl in town?”

“Oh yes, Madam...you are so beautiful, so loved by so many simple minded, uncomplicated people at any of your many parties that you attend with so many talks about nothing at all...that you have your own special value for sure.”

“I do not need honey, I need facts.”

“True...you are absolutely right, Madam. The truth is I can see Alexa is about to start attending long distance University classes and will eventually end it with a good Degree even spending most of her life-time as a mother of two and the life of a house-wife at the side of a man that will work hard to make a fortune for the family in two companies as their Top-Manager before retiring and starring his own firm.”

“That is not good news.”

“I know.”

“not good news at all.”

“I know...but it is the truth.”

“Are you hiding something form me?”

“Oh Madam, I would never hide anything from you.”

“Yes, you do.”

“What?”

“What about Anna?”

“What about her?”

“You tell me...now!”

“Anna has...yes, she has already finished University.”

“Do not tell me things I already know of.”

“Oh, sorry...sorry so much.”

“Then tell me finally, what is going to happen in her future?”

“Madam Irena...please...I beg of you... .”

“No need to beg for anything. Just tell me about her future.”

“Anna will be very rich and very famous one day even it will take long and she will already be of very matured age.”

“Come of old age and be rich and famous? How is that possible?”

“Nothing is impossible with God!”

“What a crap are you telling me?”

“The simple truth...nothing but the truth!”

“You are a liar...a bastard.”

“Oh...if it pleases you to insult me...no problem for me.”

“This will never ever happen. I do not allow it.”

“God does not need your permission. He performs at his own time chosen by him.”

“Old age and rich and famous...impossible...never true!”

“As this world is true...so is God...and his word...as by his word the world was created.”

“God, who is that? It is a fallacy, a phantasy made by people.”

“How do you think it is possible for someone from poor background with parents far from higher education, to be rich and famous over time?” Where should that come from?”

"These are only lucky people...that is all."

"To have an idea is only a matter of luck?"

"Of course."

"Ideas are produced where?"

"I guess...in our brains."

"Inspiration comes into our brains...how?"

"I do not know...I guess it simply jumps into the brain and then it is there."

"Who makes the inspiration jump into someone's brain and who creates inspiration in the first place?"

"You are asking me all these stupid questions...what for?" "I am a mirror...a mirror, mirror on the wall."

"When you are that clever as you think you are, then give yourself the correct answer."

"Inspiration is by God's will and plan only. As he knows people even they were born, he selects them very carefully and gives his plan for the world only to those that would follow his instructions sooner or later and make the world see what he wants to be in the world. People that possibly are equally or potentially better qualified by their given circumstances, like family conditions or location, are not blessed with inspiration, maybe only with the know-how to increase money inherited...but inspiration to boost a person from zero to hero only comes to people with an obedient mind, humble, simple, respectful and of a character of fight and determination. Any other people not willing to be in God's side and follow all his commands by the letter, will be on lower levels of life. To have money is powerful, to have brain, courage and...blessings of inspiration is far above any money status. God does only select people by what they are willing to do for hum, not by race, age, social background, gender and belief before walking by his side. He does not discriminate, he only selects his Saints from among the crowd. Many are called, few will make it in the end."

"Rubbish...total nonsense!" Irena turned around and walked away.

...to be continued

The Underground Man

Part 32

Rain was dropping down the single glassed window of the main living-room, the only room that had a chimney besides the Great Hall. Between the living-room above the community kitchen a shared bathroom was built in. The next room was for Lucille Champagne to stay. The next room to hers was the

library the last room on the first floor of The Abbey of the West Wing, the oldest part of the building. Anna's living-room was covered all over with carpets and rags to absorb the cracking noise each footstep caused. The building was financially supported by the Heritage Fund, for which reason any renovation and alteration needed their approval. Not many architects in England were qualified for the mud protection along the inner courtyard. What had been achieved was a colorful patchwork of sand shades across all walls.

Anna sat at the old dark brown heavy oak desk looking out into the square shaped courtyard with flowers blossom so very well. Like a cross were grey stones laid out to make it possible to reach all entrances of the house easily. She felt like writing a long letter to Monika Willers summing up her life. Going down memory lane she remembered her wish to become a child caretaker, now being an Academic in Oxfordshire that knows Plato but prefers Aristotle, loves Seneca, Epicor, Epithet, loves Tolstoy and Kafka, loves reading constitutions something she would have never known of and developed if God had made her childhood dream and wish come true. Never thinking of herself that much that she would ever meet people from The Gandhi Foundation camping each year on the grounds of The Abbey in Sutton Courtenay, so very rich Lords and Sirs, so many famous intellectual people that would share with her eye to eye their insights in and of life. Anna would sock it all in, the new world outside her family history, any piece of knowledge she could get hold of. It was fascinating how easy these people were to deal with once they saw in a person great potential to grow. That The Abbey was also the largest place outside of India with partially original information of and about Gandhi was such a great honour to her. Wolf Graf von Baudessin had been one of her Professors at Hamburg University back than Leader of the German Delegation at the OSCE constitutional meetings sharing with his students whatever was possible to say, was still so much as a great life privilege in her memory. Life had been so intense, so much to learn and discover.

The week before Anna had been to Harley Street in London to meet up with the Doctor of Princess Diana to share her insights into Autogenic Training that she was teaching in her ATC Autogenic Training Center in Abingdon. The manuscript for a training manual was ready in one of her files to be published in due course one day.

Having written the long letter to her mother, Anna got on her bike to ride to Oxford for posting it. The weather was fine, sunny and dry, no problem to reach the old university city in good time. Only few people were walking along River Thames when she reached Abingdon passing the lock that gave way to narrow ships up and down the stream. Abingdon was a sleepy nice town that had changed over time dramatically as the Mini Rover factory near by had been closed down. New work had come into the city, new faces had appeared. Passing Abingdon while riding on slow pace, Anna immediately stopped. She got off her bike holding it firm in her hands. She looked up to the skies. A white, bright light had struck her, had entered her whole being Anna. She was unable to move, unable to feel, unable to think. Anna had entered another hemisphere, another life, another consciousness, another being herself. She did not understand what was going on in her soul, her body, her spirit, her mind, in all she was. There was absolute peace, absolute comfort, absolute freedom, absolute certainty, absolute of everything that was her. There was only her and her alone. She had reached, reached finally to know everything there was to know for her, there was herself in all its meaning, its dimensions, its colours, its sights and sounds, its music, its emotions, its intelligence...Anna was born again. The light from heaven had entered her with might, in a second, was there out of the blue. Instantly she had the feeling to be born into something, to be born as a new person. The light was too bright for her to look behind where the light actually was coming from. In fact, she did not question anything, was too overwhelmed by the feeling inside her mind. Unusual to her, thinking was not possible in these moments. She was only there, right there, no



need to be shaken, no need to ask for anything, no need to think, no need to worry, no need to talk...only to be. Like in a trance was she not seeing her standing in the middle of the path along River Thames that she was blocking the way for couples and families to pass. No sound hit her ears, no eyes looking angrily at her were in sight of her vision. She was there, standing firm on her ground that was her place to be. She was there, had reached finally, had been given a new meaning, had agreed, had taken into her spirit, had allowed to be taken over in all she was. The old Anna faded away from one second to the next, was a mere memory of the past only. Anna felt like being born into something, right there on the spot, right into England. It was not the feeling she thought she must have had when her own mother had given birth to her. It was a much deeper feeling, a feeling she was able to reflect on, a feeling to carry her soul and spirit into a clearer future to be all herself and nothing but herself. Anna stopped breathing for a few moments to feel the moment in all its dimensions, not letting out any feeling through her nose, her mouth or any other part of her body. She wanted to capture the feelings in all that she was. Anna looked down to reassure herself that she was completely intact; no parts missing, even the bike was still with her. Her mind was coming slowly back to reality, she saw people around her looking worried at her. Some of them were thinking to approach her and ask her of her well being. Kids playing around her did not mind Anna or see the transformation in her statue. She had changed, years of neglect that God really exists, were gone. He had taken her over by force. It was in his time to take control over Anna and make her his instrument of his peace. She had no chance to think or feel otherwise. She was born new again, and it felt right, so right for her. With all that she was Anna knew she had a mandate to fulfill, to follow her new owner, her new master that had come and use her for his own plans. Anna was now a child of God, a Christian realizing in this moment all years passed fighting the idea that there is a force in this world others call God can never be true, had gone. She had arrived in a new life, a life disconnected from her physical life, her date of birth. Wherever she was supposed to be, whatever she was supposed to think, she knew it would all be submitted to a higher authority, to God and God alone. As she was a person like Thomas always to think and think and wanting to see to believe, she now had found rest in believing the unseen, things not from the world around human life. Trusting in something invisible was no longer hard for her as she had seen the light that took over her life. Her mother was still in her, the doubts, the uncertainty, the questions, the fear, but in that moment Anna knew that she will always have her mother's character in her as long as she will live, but the effects will not limit her from achieving greatness in life and see more and more, meet more and more helpers to lift her up. Her sense, her instinct trying to understand every corner of life was overwhelming and people saw her hunger for understanding stretching out a helping hand.

When reaching Oxford she dropped her letter into the nearest red Post Office box, bought Champagne and cake in one of the shops, rode back to The Abbey in Sutton Courtney and gathered all friends present to celebrate the day as her new birthday. They all laughed sharing their idea with her that they always had known she was a Christian. Anna laughed and her eyes got open. Looking back into her past she had always been in Christian communities, helped to set up social projects connected to the Church in one or the other way.

"How stupid I was not to see!" said Anna when allowing Sebastian from Canada to pour her another glass of Champagne. "In all those years past...how stupid!"

"Everything in life has its time...God is never too early or too late...only we think like that, but never him", explained Sebastian that was a monk in a monastery in Ontario on route to join fellow brothers in the south of France. "God is not like us, when he wants you to walk in the darkness and wilderness...for him no problem as he knows your time. When it is your time, he will call you by your name and take you under his wings...forever."

"I am so...so...so happy", laughed Anna biting into a big piece of chocolate cake. "Chocolate...that is me!"

"Chocolate...that is her!" laughed Sebastian also and the rest of the friends joined in.

"Chocolate is her...is all she is!" said the chorus.

## The Underground Man

### Part 33

"We have to take action!"

"What do you mean?"

"I can see that something is going on in the universe!"

"What is going on?"

"I can see...wait", took Madam Elena her cards, mixed them, laid them out on the table before her. The table cloths covering the round big table was designed with red roses like a picture framed by a big strip of red shades at the sides. Green leaves around the roses in full blossom. The atmosphere was tense, the heavy red velvet curtains were closed. Heavy traffic noise was coming from the main road outside her apartment. Heavy moshes perfume filled the air. Candle lights lit on the side board of the living room stuffed with books and toys. The red carpet was from Tabriz she had bought in Speicherstadt at Mohammed Nazim`s shop, a man that had passed on few weeks before due to cancer leaving two children and a wife behind that was struggling to keep their apartment at Klosterstern for the family. The Porsche her husband had loved so much she had to sell.

"What do you see?"

"The cards are telling me...they take me far from here", mentioned Madam Elena while closing her eyes. She was feeling strange vibrations. The table was shaking, the lights went down for seconds before coming back on again. The world around her was on the move. "Something serious is going on."

"Please, Madam Elena, explain yourself...you are talking in riddles."

Madam Elena took a perfume bottle, inhaled the bouquet of the smell again and again, looked down on her cards, took each into her hands, mumbled over them and said: "Your worst enemy is about to emerge from mental darkness."

"What do you mean by mental darkness?"

"Your enemy, so close to you, so need in you, so much part of you. Your enemy sharing the same blood like you...this enemy is about to come out!"

"You are confusing me!"

"It is confusing now...but we do something about it...do not worry." Madam Elena went to her kitchen, came back with a cup of coffee. At the bottom of the cup coffee powder was to be seen. It was down the cup in mysterious way, showing strange figures not to be known to eyes that cannot see darkness and its revelations. "I will make sure, you will stay on top of her; you will be the winner."

"On top of...who?"

"Anna...your sister...the evil one."

"What is going on with Anna?" asked Irena anxiously biting her black finger nails, artificial once made in a nail studio around her place in Neue Große Bergstraße, the area she had moved to with her new husband. After she had dumped her ex-husband a second time she had finally come to the decision to look for a simple minded man that was willing to be a father figure for her children staying away from friends playing cards too often. She was not concerned the new husband would not have a job often as his work attitude would not attract many employers. "What is she doing?"

"I can see..." was Madam Elena holding three cards in her hands all showing light and happiness, fulfillment of destiny, "that...there is a strong force working against you...a strong light fighting your destiny. A force in favor of your sister Anna to take your place in the family and be its head."

"Someone other than me being the head of my family?"

"Yes, someone that is of your own blood."

Irena shouted out loud:" That is never supposed to happen...never. Never ever in my whole life!"

"Keep relaxed...keep calm!"

"It is not permitted...I do not allow this to happen", said Irena categorically with anger in her face. She got up, walked around the table, looked over the shoulders of Madam Elena, put her both feet down on the ground several times. Her face turned red, her lips vibrated. Fire came out of her eyes.

"Keep yourself composed...relax," tried Madam Elena her best to make her good client sit down again. "We will do something about it."

"I have dedicated my whole life to be the head of the family...no one besides me...no one...do you hear me!"

"I hear you and the forces of darkness will hear you also and be by your side."

"I will do everything it takes to destroy anyone that tries to stand in my way...especially from my family. Whatever it takes to ensure I will stay the head of the family...even if it would mean that I have to kill my own mother...so be it!"

"The time has not yet come to go that far!" put Madam Elena the cards down on the table, pored the perfume into the cup to mix with the coffee powder.

"I swear by the devil...I will do anything that makes me shine and stay on top of the rest, all these idiots in my family, this stupid bunch of people...and especially my sister Anna... ."

Madam Elena touched Irena`s right hand and forced her to sit next to her around the table. She needed concentration to do her work. With words not heard was Madam Elena performing rituals as she had done so many times before for other clients. She was well known in the area for successful results. Irena watched over every gesture of the servant of many demons.

Madam Elena looked up and straight into Irena`s eyes holding both of her hands: "Believe me...it is done. You are the best girl in town...only you!"

"That is what I deserve in life!" was Irena leaving Madam Elena and walked into the night.

"I always knew that you are a Christian even you came here to pretend being an Atheist...that was funny to me from the start", mentioned Fred to Anna sitting in his study with a glass of Champagne. The cake she had bought got finished, so they took to crackers, mildly salted. "It is so wonderful, so heartwarming that today is your new birthday and that God revealed himself to you in the special way that he used...simply phantastic."

"Yes, I am humbled," smiled Anna emptying her glass of Champagne, the last drop of the bottle that she had bought for the special occasion. "I am very, very humbled."

"God has so many ways to prove himself for who he is...I am telling you. In all my life I have come across miracles and people he uses that were far from him...so far. Mostly the people that are sinners, these are the people he selects for his plans mostly. So, it is to me no wonder that he has chosen you for his plans. Now you must learn to walk in the big shoes people have used before you and walk in them."

"I surely will do my very best."

"I know you will", looked Fred out of the window into the darkness of the night. "Now you are a shining light in the dark...shinning bright, so bright. As long as you walk with God, no evil force in this world can stop you...maybe delay you...possibly...but ever stop your glory...the glory of the blessing that you have received today." Fred laid his hands on Anna, prayed over her, smiled, laughed and trembled with his feet like a child. "No one can take away the blessings that are on you."

Lucille Champagne entered the study, laid her hands on Anna and blessed her. She took her into her arms tidily. They sat together for hours chatting along sharing short stories from their past. Fred Blum mentioned a friend of his in London, a young lady with a big problem. Her dog one day died and she had wanted to bury the dog decently in a grave outside London. Digging a hole in the ground to lay the dog to rest had been her idea. Without a car, she had put the dog in a suitcase. The train had left Waterloo

Station with the suitcase over over in the language compartment. After she had come back from the washroom, the suitcase had gone.

"What a wonderful story!" was Lucille Champagne laughing her head off.

On a more serious note Fred lectured that in this world Democracy in its true sense did not exist. Democracy as the voice be heard and done of the majority is overruled by the fact that Members of Parliament are only mandated to listen to their own political conviction, not by the mandate given. Even they try to do as asked by the electorate, legally no voter can hold them accountable for what they do during four years in Parliament. Even the fact that after four years they can stop voting for them, pressure that might change their mind to follow the demands of the electorate, party rules and the need to franchise into other areas of voters than the first batch of people and complexity of bills and laws does even not heal the deficit of so called Democracies and the need for real system representing the voice of the people. Switzerland would be more advanced on this matter, but as well on a limited scale.

"Oh, Fred", complained Lucille Champagne standing in the door frame ready to retire to her bedroom, "this is not a night for political ideas, but a night to celebrate the home coming of a lost child of God. So...enjoy the night to the fullest...but I am tired and need my rest."

Container ships passed, dogs followed the smells all around them, children were laughing, love birds kissing, old people looking towards the power station of Wedel, single ladies were watching men playing beach ball, HADAG ferries were off loading their passengers and gave new passengers a ride back to Landungsbrücken, Hanöversand was to be seen in the background with the Youth Correction Facility hidden behind trees and bushes, Airbus to the other side was closed for the weekend, Altenwerder Container Terminal busy as usual only stopping for Christmas.

"I hate these plastics in our water here", complained Joachim while strolling in River Elbe at Wittenbergen beach, "...there is too much of it. When I see the kids swimming in the water I do not understand their stupid parents. They are not responsible people to allow their kids to do that. There are so many bacteria's in the water, how easily they can catch a serious sickness. No way would I ever allow my own children to do such stupid things."

"Few months ago I was at Sanct Peter Ording at the North Sea and guess what happened to me?" asked Heinz directing their way back to their friends sitting in the shadow of a mighty tree close to the camp site of Wittenbergen.

"You tell me!"

"Oil...a big junk of oil, black, dark and slimy was all of a sudden around my legs. I did not know where it was coming from...I only was walking along the shores and right out of the blue. There the patch of oil hit my legs. I was so furious, I can tell you. This stupid bastard oil around my feet," pointed Heinz down to his feet showing his friends the problem that still shocked him in his bones. "To get the oil of, to rub it off, my good friend, was such a headache. I was rubbing and rubbing, used soap and whatever I could

get a hold of, to get it off my body. It took me hours after hours to do so. Still when I think of it, I still can feel it at my feet. I guess that will stay with me forever."

Joachim started a joke already laughing: "Than you always have a nice story to tell!"

To be continued

The Underground Man

Part 34

Heinz attacked his best friend in friendship, got his head under his arms before letting him breathe again normally. They had known each other since childhood, shared most parts of their life together, good and bad times. Whatever the other one wanted to do, to ask the best friend was their first choice. Travelling far, abroad or even inside Germany, was not on their mind often. They were more private people to keep to themselves, not adventurous, not thinking wild into the unknown, the impossible that could become possible. Both stood on the ground of the here and now, of what was supposed to do, what society expected from them, what their families thought it would be the right way for them, not questioning anything knowing once pensioners life unrestricted would be their reward to have bowed before orders and values of others.

"Now that I have kids and work to do, I cannot do as I want", mentioned Irena to Andrea, her friend from work sitting beside her in the sand serving Joachim, the man she had decided to get married to, with fried sausage and chips adding a cold beer for him. "Only when the time will come that I go on pension, I will finally be free. That is the time I will do all the things I was not able to do while I had to work and my kids around me. Then I will travel...travel always from country to country, all around the world. Than no boss can tell me what I am supposed to do, than I am free to tell myself what I truly want to do."

"Talking about...what to do..." mentioned Andrea grilling another sausage for her future husband on the small grill the friends had brought down from the parking lot to the beach. As most weekends in summer this was their place to be and relax, watch people and ships passing by. Sometimes the Airbus Super Guppy would fly over to deliver parts for the assembly of a new Airbus plane, for them always a great sensation, a reason to take pictures. "What to do...I mean what about your plans to study...as you mentioned to me a while ago."

"To study is a good idea and possible for me...no doubt about that. I have checked it out very well and there are great offers out there, all possible for me...do not get me wrong!" answered Irena looking over her right shoulder seeing her second husband playing with a black dog. "But...you see...I have given it another good thought...and I thought... ."

Andrea looked at her friend with anger in her eyes: "Do not tell me...that you... ."

Irena gave her husband a kiss after his return. He sat down to take a chilled beer, shared another one with Udo from his new work place, a football fan like him supporting Hamburger Sports Club with the little money he had left from work to buy fan items.

"No...I mean..." stumbled Irena enjoying the chilled beer her husband had opened for her holding it with both hands feeling a cold breeze around her brain, "I thought of the whole thing so well...I mean...it will take years of hard work...each day I have to come home from work being tired and my children around me... ."

"Your children are old enough, they do no longer need you!"

"Yes...I know that they are just about to leave home anyway...but...you must understand...after work than to sit in classes and study for years without end... ."

Andrea faced her friend and hit the nail on its head: "So, you want to blast out to me that you have decided what is possible for you not to do!"

"It is so hard...I need to use so much time and energy to study...I mean there are things that I do not know... ."

"That is what `to study` is all about. You learn what you do not know so that you know!"

"Yes...possibly..." said Irena and looked down to the sand between her open legs. "But I want to enjoy life...I mean life is too short not to have fun...but always learning and learning...that causes me too much headache."

"When you want to achieve something in life, do you think it comes just like a bird from heaven into your brain...jupps...there it is and you become wise, clever and also rich...jupps...just like that without you having to do your part?" asked Andrea being very disappointed about her friend. She had raised her voice for all in the group to hear.

"I do not know how it works exactly...but trust me...I want to be rich and famous still...and I will manage it somehow", took Irena the sand between her open legs into both hands, looked at it and let it slip between her legs slowly, very slowly observing every part of it. It reminded her of the past, the wild days of her life that she had allowed man after man to use her, to bring her pleasure, to have a good time, an easy time, a time of no restrictions, a time to feel all that she was able to feel inside herself.

"To open your legs and let men get in...Do you really think their sperm and sweat will bring you anyhow nearer to a great life?" was Andrea holding the truth against her friend.

Irena rejected the insult heard in her soul: "I am not a cheap girl...no way. Do not picture me like that to anybody as it is not true...simply not true. I do not sleep with any stupid man that comes across my way. I have self-esteem and know I am worth something and not to be used by others...by stupid horny men...no, do not say that...otherwise... ."

"I did not say that and I do not mean it that way..." , tried Andrea to cool her friend down. "Maybe I was using wrong words. If I was hurting you, please accept my apology."

Irena accepted the hand stretched out to have peace between them and said: "Ok, agree!"

"All I wanted to say is, that the sperm of these men here...simply look at them and look at them very well...even your husband Hans-Jürgen will not give you the intelligence that you need to make it in life. I mean intelligence...after all...what is that...I never get it."

"A gift!"

"No way...I will never believe it!" rejected Andrea her idea knowing in her own family that even each sibling had the same mother and father for which reason the same genes, the children's outcome was very different. Most of her two sisters and one brother had ended school at a lower level, one of them made it to buy himself a house at young age working hours with no end with his wife complaining him staying away from the family too often. "Intelligence is hard work...and I have seen in so many people, that thinking is all it takes to make it great in life...but only greatness comes when you work hard. I mean not only hard as in discipline, being focused...but more so on your own self, your character, your mentality, your attitude...you must be willing to change completely, to overhaul yourself in all aspects. To sit on the couch and say that you want to be rich and famous but not getting your ass off and start running your marathon...will never work...trust me on that!"

Irena smiled, laughing out loud: "Take it easy...relax." She was tipping Andrea on her shoulders while asking her husband to wait before she can serve him with another sausage. A Super Guppy appeared on the skies, result of many people's thinking. "Just easy...girl...easy. No need to be worried, no concern at all. I have thought and come to a great conclusion!"

"Which one?...Tell me...tell me quick", was Andrea all excited to hear good news.

"You will not believe it!"

"Unless you tell me...how shall I know?"

"I...hold your breath!" advice Irena her best friend that was nervously waiting for her revelation.

"I will go back to what I have a talent for!"

"And...and? That is what?" forced Andrea Irena to speak out and end the tension.

"I know...I know my talent is drawing!"

"You mean painting as an artist?"

"Exactly!" answered Irena with a bigger smile on her face. The water of the River Elbe was flowing towards the North Sea to make its water end up as rain in Africa. After the fall of the Berlin Wall the river had recovered from the salt and other pollutants East German government once had allowed to be discharged into the river from its dirty old factories making it impossible upstream to even walk in the water, too harmful. Over the years the situation had improved, not perfectly well, but acceptable for human bathing. "I have a great talent for painting as an artist...I always had. It gives me so great joy and satisfaction. Yes, that is what I am now going to do...and then... ."

"Then you will have exhibitions after exhibitions", interrupted Andrea hugging her friend.



"Exactly! And that is how I will end up being famous and rich...very...very famous...and very rich!" applauded Irena to herself. The River Elbe carried more water downstream to cause rain in Africa. Over flooding in most parts of Accra were likely to occur. In the northern parts of Ghana severe draught was making the life of farmers difficult unable for them to feed their family and life-stock.

"I am so happy...so, so happy for you," shouted Andrea out loud for all around to hear. She was out of her mind that is how happy she was for her friend. Finally she had come to a good plan, a bigger step in her life than anyone taken before. From the pictures of Irena she had seen years ago, she knew that there was a seed in her calling for improvement to make it over time to be a star among stars.

"Whatever you need from me to achieve your dream...please Irena...let me know!"

"Do not worry...I will always call on your friendship whenever I need to", took Irena a deep breath while the two sat down again toasting to each other with another chilled beer. "I just cannot wait to start my new career. Than I can get away from my boss that is treating me so unfair...you cannot imagine."

Hans-Jürgen got angry asking for his long time promised third sausage: "When are you going to keep your promise...you said it already long...long...long time ago...and still I have no sausage on my plate. I think I better grill one for myself...that goes faster and is more certain than you talking to Andrea and having fun with no end...instead of doing what you are asked to do by someone like me...your husband."

Irena starred at her husband with anger returning his complaint: "You are old enough...cannot you grill for yourself when you are hungry? What do you need me for? I just have a good time with my friend here...you are always there by my side."

Hans-Jürgen was at least clever enough not to retaliate but shut his mouth and obey her anger. He knew another woman at his age and with his character and position in life would not be easy to find. He had given up to speak against Irena but submitted his own wishes to her; better than no wife in his life he was thinking.

The water of River Elbe were constantly flowing down stream to merge with the waters of North Sea injected by the water from the Baltic Sea, the Atlantic Ocean and Pacific Ocean to let it rain in Ghana. A farmer in China had carefully packed his five sacks of rice on a wooden truck. One of the sacks fell off the truck into the muddy waters of a small river winding through the paddy fields. The rice was lost!

"Sanct Pauli is not going to make it...how you can ever think like that?" was Sebastian angry about Hans-Jürgen that was finally enjoying his third sausage, slightly burned. The snaps bottle stood right next to him in a cool box for good digestion of the fatty foods. "Their goal keeper is blind...simply blind and their striker is a chicken that does not know how to pick any corn...an idiot!"

Hans-Jürgen swallowed the last bit of his sausage, took his right arm to clean his mouth, left ketchup on his arm and stated: "The goal keeper is a great player...do not say anything about him. Only because you are a Bayern Munich supporter it does not mean that you have to be so arrogant. Yes...we all know the underdogs have no easy life...they must fight for survival in the second liga...but surely that spirit they have now will take them far...very far."

Eric, working as a carpenter all over Germany, not married, jumped in: "The coach of Sanct Pauli is not correct, they club has paid far too much for him. Look at the club he was playing before...there he was

not really successful. Only because he was available does not mean we should have taken him. As for me, I am really angry about the Management of the club that has done a poor job for us fans."

"So, what about the sack of rice that was falling into the mud in China just now?" asked Andrea finishing her last beer for the day. She did not want to give her kids that were with her grandparents a bad impression of herself.

Irena looked at Andrea puzzled and confused shaking her head from side to side: "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean what I say. You just told me that in China a sack of rice was falling into the mud!" replied Andrea collecting the paper dishes and plastic forks to dispose of in the nearest waste bin allocated at the camping site.

"I did not tell you anything of a sack of rice that fell in whatever country", complained Irena against her friend. She corrected her by announcing clearly: "All I sad is that my friend from work said, that she thinks my hair looks great and that I always wear make-up that is matching my facial expressions very well and that I am loved by so many people easy to handle and communicate with and that her kids are lazy at home and that she always has to push them to help with the housework as in the end she is working during the day and deserves assistance in the evenings and over the weekends and... ."

"That is exactly what I mean, you said the sack of rice in China was falling into the mud!"

"Are you mad?"

"Why...why do you say so?"

"Cannot you hear what I just told you?" shouted Irena lout for all to hear. The men stood still wherever they were standing. The waters of the River Elbe were pushed to the North Sea to cause rain in Ghana for cocoa beans to grow and bring good yield. "I was mentioning...oh, my God...", was Irena grabbing her hair to find some in her hand," you are going out of your mind...you are crazy...a fool. Yes, a fool that is what you are!"

"Me?" pointed Andrea to her chest. "Me, a fool?"

"Yes, you are a mad fool when you think I was talking about any such stupid sack of rice in China falling into the mud!"

"But...but that is all I was hearing you talking about!"

"I was sharing with you vital, important information about my friend at work...and...and...nothing else. Really important information!" insisted Irena and sat on her own motorbike ready to leave the place. The money for a car driving license was never there, nor for a car no matter how old, no matter how small.

...to be continued

The Underground Man

## Part 35

"Even I am a Democrat that thinks this form of governance is the best mankind has ever come up with, yet I do not think that we have a right to impose our form of governance on other countries as such countries must be governed by a political system that matches their needs to better the lives of many people if not all of them. So, it is most appropriate to look into the tool box of history, see what we as human race have gone through, than observe and analyses the situation of a country in the context of its present time and come up with the most appropriate system, possibly a combination of elements we need to take from existing or once existed systems", was Anna speaking her mind while the community members of The Abbey in Sutton Courtenay had gathered for their Thursday evening dinner for which outsiders were most welcome. Fred's secretary, Anne West, residing in Abingdon, a former spy for the British during World War II as she had known German very well, had come to join the crowd that felt it most simulating to share ideas with people from different walks of life.

"As we live in a crazy world calling our time Globalization instead of international trade...for me at my age it is all too complicated", confessed Lucille Champagne serving coffee and tea for the dinner guests. "It is no more for me!"

"Globalization is more than only international trade, I mean, it is the idea of international cooperation on all levels of life", tried Anna to explain enjoying her cake covered with thick layer of dark chocolate. "It really is amazing, the taste of this piece."

Lucille Champagne smiled being happy of the appreciation. It had taken her two hours to bake the cake that was made after a recipe of her grandmother that had migrated from Ireland years back to Canada. All members were used to prepare one part of a four course meal with salad taking rounds each week. Guest from outside The Abbey volunteered to bring homemade food along for all to share. There was more on the dinner tables than they all could possibly eat.

"What we need to achieve, that is my opinion, that we all agree in this world on basic standards for all of us such as human rights and the consequences when governments do not observe them as written and agreed upon", decided Anna for a second helping of the chocolate cake opening her jeans to make space for the new treat. "But for the rest of society, the system to govern a country, this must be left to each country alone to decide. I mean time is always moving on, so a system working positively today for a people does not mean it also works well tomorrow. People are always on the move, so must political system adopt to changes to be adequate in their service attitude to serve nations well."

"From my experience", added Paulo from Florence to the discussion, "Democracy is the best possible option and should be accepted from all countries around the world. Surely they can make small changes from society to society, but basically it should be a universal form of governance. That is my sincere belief...yes it is."

"As my mother was not a Christian in her heart only having books in her house that speaks of angles doubting news coming in from all corners of life, I see now so clear in my soul that these fears she has about anything possible is rooted in me", shared Anna with Fred in German looking out for his comfort.

"I know what you are going through and what will be the road ahead in your life as our family blood is strong in us", was Fred holding Anna's hand in his, "and we always must look into each of our situations

as to which voice we hear and where they come from. There will be always a struggle inside you of the voices of your family blood, your inherited genes and the brain and revelations of life matters that you will hear and see during your coming years. These inner fight can easily destroy your destiny and divert your glory to another person. So, my best advice is use the inner fight against your family blood and turn it around to make it a constant dialogue that helps you to stand on your feet all the time, not being relaxed and living in emotional and spiritual comfort, rather be on a constant journey of who you are, who you are supposed to become until your assignment is finished, your stone created to keep you vigilant at all times. When we humans do not face problems, we are a bunch of lazy people. Life in paradise with milk and honey, with chicken entering our mouth just like that will only move us from kitchen to toilet but not create a world from level to level to make this world a paradise emerging from labor of man, a paradise where the word of God that is so real, so powerful, can be seen with human eyes."

"You mean, the Garden of Eden we were not able to see?"

"The Garden of Eden Adam and Eve were able to live in and chop from the fruits of the paradise", lectured Fred enjoying his coffee while looking over to his wife asking him kindly to take his rest for the night, "but they did not see the paradise they were living in...only using it for which reason they were not able to follow God's commandment not to eat from the forbidden fruit. When we see, I mean truly see, we will not depart from the way we are supposed to go, sin would not be our portion. It is only when we do not see, we do not understand, and when we do not understand, we sin and go ways we are not supposed to go."

"I must remember it", said Anna wishing Fred a good-night.

"When you deal with the devil, with witches and wizards, you constantly must be on high alert. Wherever you go, they are already there. Be covered by the blessings of a strong Man of God and carry the words God has spoken over your life at all times in your spirit, soul and heart", said Paul to Anna calling her from Hamburg.

Anna was about to cut The Abbey's front lawn with the new lawn tractor, a used machine that would cut English grass down to its maximum height covering the grounds into magical looks. She had turned off the engine and concentrated on Paul's story seeing the local Vicar crossing The Green to open the church door ready to pull the strings of the two bells in the tower once donated by wealthy citizens: "Oh...Paul...good to hear your voice again. But please, tell me...what did happen that you talk like that?"

"I had asked a lawyer, Madam Jutta Bärthel, here in Hamburg-Barmbek to help me sorting out my case with my ex-wife and close the Government Bond account I told you about long time ago to give the money in it to my two sisters as their mother's inheritance."

"Yes, I remember you mentioned something like that."

"Now, I gave that lawyer clear instructions of what to do. If the issue would not be possible to be solved by her legal intervention to make the truth about the funds finally come to light, everything should stay as it is for a court hearing to finally solve the matter and set me free from any wrong allegations my eldest sister had distributed into the world."

"Yes, I know. And what happened?"

"Now, my own lawyer that I paid and instructed very clearly was working completely against my own interest and messed up the case. She was able to convince the bank to release the money to my ex-wife and me knowing very well that she was not supposed to do that and...still a mystery to me...even managed to do so without have the written authority to do so. In fact that lawyer Jutta Bärthel turned against me and called me an idiot, a forgetful person knowing exactly that she had violated her mandate. Now I was giving my younger sister her part of the money but my eldest sister refuses any contact with me. The situation I am in now is that I have taken another lawyer to fight the old lawyer in court...Can you imagine that?"

"How is that possible?"

"That is a very good question and I have thought about it very well", said Paul with disgust in his voice. "My conclusion is, that my ex-wife that is having the devil in her heart, was able with her witchcraft to confuse the old lawyer Jutta Bärthel that much, that she was willing to misuse her mandate and work against any ethical standards of her profession. I am very sure that stupid lawyer has already seen the mistake she had made but of course finds it difficult to admit that she has utterly failed her own standards of work. I am convinced when she watches this case unfolding now that she will realize that she no longer is able to explain to herself and others why she did what she did, possibly the first time in her career."

"So, you now take her to court!" said Anna pushing a heavy stone to the side when cutting the grass not to damage the blade of the lawn more.

"Yes...I have started the process and will get the money to pay my eldest sister to expose all her lies as such."

"My understanding is..." Anna pushed two more heavy stones to the side of the small drive way, "that she is already exposed with all her lies as...an evil witch."

"Yes, it is out there in the open already...but I have not finished my work, as I have told you once."

"Your work will be finished either you die... ."

"Or she dies first...which I prefer and work hard for."

"Ok, I do understand your point and I am sure, you will succeed and outlive that evil witch by far getting your stone over time", was Anna comforting him with sweet words of encouragement. "The bible is very clear on such issues...remember that very well!"

"I know of Abraham, Joseph, of Abel and Cain...yes...this is human life and human life is nothing for softies but only for people with a fighting mentality to take out evil from the world and praise the Lord

with good words and deeds", stated Paul with crystal clear tone, his hands ready for a good and striking punch.

"We all have to pay for the sins committed and we harvest the fruits of the seeds planted."

"Very true!", agreed Paul and added, "We all will have to give an account to God sooner or later and get our stone or feel the heat of hell to burn not just us, but generations of our own blood that follow us."

"That is the saddest part of it all...I mean that innocent children and their children will have to suffer from the evil works their parents and grandparents once had committed. They will have to struggle in life and to brake the chain of family witches and wizards have to fight for their position in life very, very, very hard...if ever they have the idea to create a generation of people that can and should be honored with their own stone eventually...simply innocent people when not following God, will stay in darkness of evil family blood."

"Yes, you are right...very, very tragic", said Paul realizing his credit got nearly finished. "But I always keep telling myself, ion this world sooner or later we all have to wake up regardless of our family issues, our blood good or bad and take responsibility of our own life and make it to what it is supposed to be...even if it requires turning your back to your parents and the rest of your biological family to set you free and enter into good living...it is all our own choice and responsibility...not at all of any other person or circumstances. We are in the end of our life the slave of our time and family and circumstances, or we can decide to be the master of our destiny and reach our goal mandated by birth to us...we can chose and experience the consequences and rewards."

All of a sudden the call went off. Anna got back on her tractor while greeting the Vicar as he was leaving the church closing the heavy wooden door for the day.

...to be continued

The Underground Man

Part 36

Anna felt like dying. She was unable to breath, her throat was shocked, squeezed to block air filling her lounges. Hot sweat run over her body, pushed itself out of each pore, nailed her heart to beat and beat wilder and wilder. Dramatic scenes unfolded in her mind. She pushed herself to wake up. Sitting upright looking out of the window she saw trees bending down, their branches touching the ground to kiss the soil, wet as it was. It did not seem to have rained yet, the leaves got wet when soil embraced them. It was almost as if the soil wanted to get the leaves back and swallow the whole tree to make it seed again. Clouds of rain took dominion of the skies. Stars came down like flash light tormenting all that was crawling or standing on earth. Bitterness was to be smelt in the air, time for a new resurrection of something not visible to her eyes.

She did not dare to talk. Her heart was captured in sorrow, in a mood as mysterious as the night had shown its face to her. Something magical was about to happen, that is how far she was able to think.

Even thinking too much, the attempt to make sense of it all, was a move she tried to stop and stop harder as time passed on; the spooky night was supposed to last for long that is what Anna was sure about. Her head was paining her. Her eyes saw fog so clear, so near...where there was nothing. The night was dark and clear, wind was pushing clouds aside.

Anna was hearing a voice, male, dark, crystal clear, straight forward: "It is I!"

She looked around. No one to be seen. The voice spoke to her again: "But you know me!"  
She rubbed her eyes, the fog got lifted inch by inch. "Hamburg...the bunker...me!"

For seconds Anna closed her eyes trying to reassure herself that she was not going mad but still keeping her senses. Thinking straight was a problem, a big problem. The headache increased while the voice that had disappeared for moments came back: "I will never forsake you...I am at your side always...no matter where you go, what you do, what you feel, what you think...what happens to you...I will be always by your side, stand behind you, walk before you that you might not hit your foot at a stone on your way."

Anna got scared; her heart jumped pushing her breath to jump and grasp for fresh air. Fear started to take control over her body, she was shaking. Her arms were feeling like in ice water, cold on the outside, warm on the inside. She moved her arms to massage the fear out of her body. Shaking her head from left to right, Anna tried to take control of her being, of the moment, the unfamiliar situation. Everything she was was tormenting her, a torcher of the worst kind. She felt being upside down, nailed to the cross, prepared for the slaughter house, prepared for her end.

"Good that nobody knows that I am Rumpelstiltskin hot", was a Lilliputian dancing before her. Fire rose in the middle of the room warm and bright. "no one knows what I am up to...I am up to...no one knows what I am up to!"

"We must kill Julius Caesar...he becomes too powerful...too powerful. Let us use our knives when he walks up the stairs to the Senate...let us do it!"

"John Fitzgerald Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas on his campaign trail...and the whole world stands still."

"I am Alexander the Great and you do not have to tell me what I have to do or not. When I wear the traditional clothes of the Persian Empire, it is entirely my own decision and no one has to dare to tell me that I am not supposed to do that...no one ever should try me!"

"Capitalism creates jobs, Communism creates survival...!"

"The world was certainly not created by God as scientifically God cannot be measured in any way. The universe created itself through a blast... ."

"The Germans should never forget what they had done to us Jews, so any criticism of our policy and handling of our Arab neighbors is not for them... ."

"Climate Change must be tackled immediately and what the Presidents have decided in Paris is not the solution for what is needed... ."

Anna was opening her eyes, rubbing them again and again. Books fell onto the floor, invaded her room from nowhere. Little people jumped out of them shouting their belief around them and into the ears of the other little people. Each little man and woman stood on the grounds of the book they had come from. Everyone wanted to be heard first and loudest. All of them wanted to be seen to be the most important voice of all. More and more books fell down onto the ground out of...the air. They were laying on top of each other with no order, they voiced themselves as they wanted to please themselves, to pay tribute to the words written in them, in big and small books, in paperback or covered in leather well designed and printed. Black letters mixed with the colors of the rainbow.

"Get off my face...leave me alone!" shouted Anna trying to push a Lilliputian away from her. The tiny man had grabbed her by her ears, opened her mouth and said: "History is nothing for fools...listen and learn!"

Anna struggled with him ever more pushing him off her face: "Got off me...you fool...get off!"

Before she was able to force him off her face, Anna felt a small girl around her waist holding tight to her shaking body: "We can fly to the skies if we want to...we can fly...we can fly!" Anna got the little man off her face concentrating of the little girl holding tied to her body. "We can fly...we can fly. No limit...there is no limit. Everything you want to know...everything there is to know...oh, life is wonderful. Everything you need to know...you ever need to know...is there...there! Cannot you see? Cannot you see what has been written...what has been said? Cannot you see the words...the power of the word?"

A little boy had grabbed her feet, trying to open her shoes while she pushed against the little girl to set herself free. She was looking into the wild eyes of the girl that was furious, holding even tighter to Anna's shaking body saying: "The world has no limits...the world is endless...the world is great...the world is full off everything you must know...the world... ."

The boy at her feet managed to take off her shoes for Anna to stand barefoot before her bed. Anna shouted: "You demons...you demons...get off me...get off me!"

The little creatures rushed to her, fighting her, trying to make her mad. Anna puled all her strength together not to lose her mind, not to faint. She was punching and punching the little devils away from her.

Than she was hearing the voice over the scene declaring: "Look up to me, Anna, I am...I am as I was and as I will always be. I will not change! I will rescue from your adversities...I will give you rest!"

Anna looked up and saw herself in a gigantic library full of books. Old books mostly covered in red and green leather. In the center amazing light was shining onto a hugh bible open with the story of Joseph in Egypt land. Her mind jumped into the words she was so clearly able to see, holding her thoughts to them like an anchor, an instrument of peace, a tool for survival in a situation of fight with the devils. While the little demons were trying to tear her down, to naked her, to strip her off her clothes, her eyes were seeing the bible above her head in the gigantic library. The library got filled with more and more light by the second. Each moment she demons were pulling and pushing her body. Her eyes dived into the light, the amazing peace she saw above her head. She was saying a loud prayer asking God to rescue her form the underworld. In a second, she was free. The demon's had disappeared as fast as they had come into the unknown. Anna laid down completely exhausted. Her heart was beating wild, her mind



was spinning round and round, her headache faded away. Slowly was she able to sit upright again and look around. She tried very hard to understand what had happen to her. She touched her body to examine it and see the marks of the demons caused...but she could not find any.

Ian, a local carpenter, had been called by Fred to install the long metal bar delivered three days before. His cottage was nearly to completion. Upstairs in the future bedroom strengthening of the old structure was needed. The metal was protected by red gloss coating to be an element of design later for the cardboards to be placed around. It was supposed to be a symbol of strength and the will that anything that needs human intervention and fixing, can be fixed and brought to good use again. The metal bar was reaching into the stairway over o the guest room visible to anyone climbing up to the first floor. The former attic got demolished to have an open space to see the structure of the roof covered with old, old roof tiles. The annex that used to serve as a storage facility and place to wash the laundry, was converted into a study for Fred and his wife; its roof was lower than the main part of the building. Behind the cottage a small garden was allocated from The Abbey grounds to give both inhabitants space to relax under the sun and breathe fresh air from all their hard work done.

Anna sat on the narrow stairs leading to the upper floor watching over Ian`s work. Ian was a middle aged man, slim, yet a small belly visible, no glasses, well saved, excellent mannered not as she would have expected it from a man of his profession. Doing dirty work he was always ensuring to leave a place behind at the end of the day people would like to see. She knew he was someone special but could not explain herself why she thought like that. All she knew of him was, when you called on him and he would give the customer date and time, among all workmen in the country he was the only one turning up right at the time he had promised, if not, at least he would give a call.

"Why are you looking at me like this?" asked Ian picking up a screw form the floor, massive, red, heavy, needed to fix the metal rod to the outside wall and span it over to the other side of the cottage so that both sides would be bound and stabilized together forever.

Anna took out her sandwich and tea, offered Ian his own and both sat facing each other on the dirty old floor of the house saying: "You are not like the others. I mean I have watched you carefully always and seen that your work attitude is so much different."

"Oh, thank you. But...what you mean by that exactly?"

"The way you walk...the way you talk...all that is so different form the bunch of people I have come across so far."

Ian lifted up his eye brows: "These people do what exactly?"

"Their language is simple...they do not understand my English. These people talk to me in a strange way. And", she laid down the half eaten sandwich to pore more tea for Ian adding a good portion of fresh milk seen her biscuits laying a bit further from her, "their work ethic is poor...I mean they come whenever they want, they do not call when late...and so on. All that makes life difficult. They know that

these days to get a good workman is very, very difficult as there is so much to do in the country, everyone is rushing for them. So, they take things very, very easy."

"Oh yes...young lady...I do know what you are walking about!" agreed Ian finishing his breakfast and thanked Anna for having served him well. He looked on his watch, he checked his smartphone.

"But for you...this is all different. You are kind, very, very professional and the way you walk and talk, the way you compose yourself...simply out of this world, so astonishing."

Ian smiled, then laughed: "My grandparents were coming from Bremen...maybe this is why!"

"So, you are a German by blood than", laughed Anna shaking his hands.

"Easy...easy young lady..." he laughed even more still having a close eye on his watch. A message had come into his phone, he checked over it briefly while saying, "there is German blood in my body, that is true...even very diluted...but certainly there is. But...my brain is very much British to the last letter in the alphabet! Seriously...I am so British in my thinking than even a British is not that has only British ancestors."

"You are confusing a young lady's mind", was Anna flirting with the father of two boys happily married for almost a decade. Her smile stretched as far as her mouth could reach.

"Sorry...that was not my intention...to confuse you, I mean", flirted Ian back taking two biscuits offered. The dark chocolate was not much but delicious.

Anna wanted to find out: "Why is it that you are so different, not like the other workmen that are in all their composure a bit more simple, a bit more uneducated...if I may say so?"

"You can say as you wish...as this is a free country and no one of this simple minded people is around", laughed Ian even brighter than Anna. "On a serious note...maybe it is because I have my A-level education...and German blood deep, deep down in me?"

"Oh...what a nice surprise!" shouted Anna out seeing through the window of the staircase that Fred was walking out of the grounds with his old shopping bag knitted by a friend, a clear sign he would attend church service that early morning to practise for his confirmation to become finally a Minister into the Anglican Church and do the shopping in the local provision shop in Abingdon later that was selling organic food, especially peanut butter and muesli well composed and made. "So, you have a really high education than...that is great! But tell me...why did you not use that talent and went further to University...I mean to become a Scientist or an Engineer to invent something the world has not seen?"

"Good question...very good question", looked Ian at Anna straight and paused for a moment thinking back of his decision. "I was pushed by my parents to do my homework...if not, life back home would have been miserable for me...really." He looked up to the roof as if he wanted to look for something he had lost. "I never felt good the way I was...never. But my parents wanted me to finish my A-level and by the time I had achieved it my mind was clear already that to sit on a desk over books with no end...that this would be nothing for me. I looked into my hands and my heart, then I knew I wanted to work with my hands, and with my hands alone."

"What are your parents doing...if I may ask!"

"My mother is a teacher, my father is a Professor at London School of Economics."

"Ok...ok...", was Anna more than surprised. "That means they have made an academic career for themselves..and you...sorry, do not get me wrong...moved back to a lower level of achievement in this world?"

"I would not call it like that", was Ian refusing to accept while moving from side to side. "It is all about fulfillment...I mean everyone in this world has to do what he is called for...I mean that we are all not equal, we all cannot do the same job, be at the same level. I mean...who would do this kind of job, fix tires, give out residence permits, arrest the bad people, judge them, harvest food, clean our streets, educated our small children in kindergarden...if we all only had A-level or University Degrees and work with our brains...that can never work for a society...never!"

"But...is it not so, that we were all born equal as innocent, vulnerable little persons in the same condition mostly...only into different spaces and times?" asked Anna wanting to get down to the point of the matter.

"I only can speak for myself", made Ian clear while getting up standing before the staircase window to look out over the grounds that the sunlight was touching like generations long gone. "I know inside of me...I mean I found it out over time of course...that when I work with my hands...like I do now...that I actually see what my brain is telling me...I mean it is not abstract, not a theory but actually something very creative...it is visible right on the spot. And that is the kind of feeling, the kind of satisfaction I expect in and from life, that I want to see the results of what I am doing here on this earth each and everyday with my own eyes...and I also want others to see right here, right now what my hands are capable of doing, by which they know who I am and what I stand for, what I am made of. You get me?"

Anna smiled saying: "I try hard to follow your words and try to walk in my mind in your shoes."

"Good...sweet young lady...good."

...to be continued

The Underground Man

Part 37

"But it also would mean", needed Anna more clarification of his mind," that potentially it is possible for all of us here to make it to the top in education, in knowledge and wisdom in finances...isn't it so?"

"Intelligence is just a word to please people in one or the other way. It helps people to feel bad about others and good about themselves or the other way round. It is a tool that can be scientifically determined in various tests...but it does not determine the fact what a human can or cannot achieve in this world. Destiny is not measured...it can only be accomplished...it is that simple."

Anna asked curiously: "You mean by what you are saying, that to finish University is not by something we struggle to call intelligence...rather by what we can describe as interest, determination and hard work to accomplish a goal set?"

Ian turned round and looked at Anna like if he would be her older, wise brother: "Exactly...that is what I mean. Otherwise it cannot be explained that some people make it to the top in various fields coming from poor background and education free or low families...being born as children with the same skills of love, anxiety, hope, passion, laziness, interest and so on...with a brain that under the microscope look the same like any other brain."

"Isn't its the essence that we have to take responsibility of ourselves...at least later in life at least...and not playing the blame game that this and that did not work out in our life as these people were in our family or neighborhood and that circumstances we were finding ourselves in were not in our favor...that time and the corner we were in did not promote us to be great and strong in this world?"

"Life is only in our mind...not in this world."

"You mean...Karl Marx was wrong when he wrote what he wrote?"

"For sure...not only in principle but also reality has proven him wrong...besides many others that have failed mankind."

Anna greeted James that had come over from Sutton Courtney Provision Store to ask her for the upcoming great dinner to celebrate Fred's wife's birthday for which Fred had wanted the catering service of the Store to provide a grand buffet. James was the son of the ship owner, a very quiet man that portrayed his skills by delivering excellent food and service.

"Like Ian...I need to see the result of what I am doing right before me", jumped James into the conversation straighten his white apron that he had put around his waist. "When I look at Didcot Power Station and I imagine how long it took for the people involved by planning for this high enterprise...all these years of thinking and re-thinking...of facing challenges after challenges, seeing environmental activists taken them to court and waiting anxiously for the court's decision to go either way...for the steepness nights the planners had to go through to make it either way...no, I can clearly say, that would be nothing for me. I need to see my hands each day and enjoy the work I have done that day. That gives me satisfaction...that gives me life and hope."

"Very true, James...and do not forget what people say to you while you pass through all these long lasting problems. They will call you names...they will shout on you, abandon you, you will be in shame and disgrace as for the moment you have nothing...absolutely nothing to show only the dream in your head and mind invisible for the rest of people around you... "

"Ian...that is exactly my point", agreed James while looking out of the window into the garden of The Abbey seeing that Fred was returning with a filled bag. "as the worst part of all is the emotional drain that comes in such a long period working on big projects, complicated once, that can easily discourage you and bring you down as only you can see what you carry inside you. You can see a bright future, they only surround your with their small ideas that can be touched, here and now and not over there in the future. They tell you, they know you, you are born from them, your childhood was with them...they know you inside out they keep telling you while in fact they are busy managing their own shortcomings

and laziness, their own fears, their own problems, their own exhaustions and what have you not. They want to portray their life...their idea about their life and the idea they have about your own life onto you...particularly as jealousy sets in in most of them...nearly one hundred percent of them!"

"So true...you speak from my heart", took James the hand of the man he had met on several occasions. "I can honestly say for myself...I am not able for all this disgrace and shame...for the uncertainty of life... for the unknown not to be seen, not to be visible in these my hands! I am too much a man of now and here, of the physical, of the visible... :"

"We are two of a kind!" laughed Ian, turned around ready to leave as Anna had given him clearer instructions for the buffet ordered and he wanted to catch up with Fred himself before he would sit down again and start writing on his new book about Mahatma Gandhi and his ideas.

Anna did not want him to leave and quickly ask her last question:" But James, tell me. Is it not possible for all of us to overcome the feeling of fear, the feeling that takes us down of uncertainty, the fear of the invisible, the unknown, the not being loved by people we want to be loved by, the wish to see determination and courage very a long stretch of time and occurrences, of downfall and rising up again, of failing and winning again as... ."

"As we were all been born the same, is that what you mean?"

"Exactly...that is my point?"

Ian turned to her a last time and stated his point: "It is not so much about the conditions we have as humans and the decisions we make based on the fact we are all the same in our inner core...it is about how we treat each other in our diversity and which moral standards we blast out to make the world understand and accept that our very own values matter over others and that others that have potentially achieved more than me but come from me...how to deal with them...what to expect from them others and can be expected from me that has not made it to the top in this world. Moral standards should be valid for all humans, not be anyhow used and demanded. Yes, it is for sure, as we are all the same humans in our core, we can learn everything that this world has to offer when we understand, when we see, when we hear, when we learn in books or human interaction, when we live in the right corners of the world or undertake anything possible to move our life to better and better corners and...use time given to finish our mandate wisely and productively each and every minute...than anything is possible and can be achieved by anyone regardless of his beginning...as life is in time and time is located in our brain...as when our brain stops working, we are dead, not when our body is no more working, than our brain still can function. Our brain is our destiny as in our brain the script to live our very own life is in...we function not by our body, our body functions by our script in our brain only. What we fear, what we are relaxed or fearful about...it is all in our brain. So, we must be a master of our brain and not be a slave to our brain as so many...too many in fact...are. Who can master his brain, can master anything in this world!" ended James as he had to rush over to the main building to catch up with Fred.

Ian got back to work and said to Anna that was going down the stairs ready to sit down again at her desk to write: "You see...young girl...between humans it is not about intelligence or talents...it is about moral to comfort people."

Anna looked into the skies seeing that an Airplane wrote "Among humans it is all about moral standards"

As usual the church service of Glorious Wave International Church London branch was long, very long for a German like Anna. Singing and dancing in front of the pulpit was not what she was used to. Africans like to sing and dance, to praise the Lord with all their heart for hours believing one hour service as in churches of the White Man would not be answered by God. There was too much to share among each other anyway. One truth of the matter yet was, Africans come to church at a time it pleases them, not at the time the Pastor has scheduled for the service. This mentality would make it hard for any Pastor to see all his members on time and share with them the gospel. Many of the black church goers would see church service as a good opportunity to meet the next husband or wife and make business connections, asking the Pastor for spiritual and financial support, showing off their latest cars and dresses rather focusing on the word preached to them. In that sense the churches of the White Man are more condensed, more focused that helps to speak up the process of understanding bible revelations. White Churches do not have prophetic elements, their Pastors are not qualified to see behind a member, predict its future and assist the believer in diverting devastating occurrences and proclaim fulfilled wishes to come to pass. Emotions play a big role in African churches while the White Churches are targeted to the brain and intellectual understanding of church members. When prophecies are given, every Black Man would watch the scenes unfolding and the stories to hear very, very carefully. An element of jealousy, of material to gossip about others is very much part of these differences in Black Churches. Blacks know of each other each wants to be ahead of the fellow and when needed, to pull him down. That lack of solidarity, of cooperation in societies and across the African continent was and is a vital element of the restrictions of progress Blacks have brought upon themselves.

"We are so, so blessed today", said Richard Osei from Kumasi in the heart of Ghana, „to have the founder of our church in our midst, our Papa, our Prophet Doctor Emmanuel Badu Kobi. He is a man that always says...", was Richard hugging Mawuena Trebarh that he knew form his heart so well exchanging few welcoming words with her, „always say, that he wants to be born as a white man and this as a German in case his mother would very come to the conclusion to give birth to him a second time. We Blacks have too many issues, Papa is saying constantly in his preaching's, that this is even for him as a black man a problem...so next time round, only white color is what he would allow to happen."

Anna followed the invitation of the church send to her, so she had come down from Sutton Courtenay for the day. The property on which the church was build, was a gift from a wealthy man that got healed by Prophet Doctor Emmanuel Badu Kobi that had spoken blessings over his life. Other donors had collected money to erect the church building and give a strong testimony of what the Prophet was capable to achieve for people following him. Unlike Archbishop Duncan William from Action Chapel, he was not a physically impressive man, massive and big, instead rather slim and in public for people not knowing him easily to be seen as a nobody. But once looking at him and talking to this great Man of God, everyone was understanding the anointing he carried and carried out for others. Outside church, he was very humble, some would say even a bit shy, but knowing him that was not what he was. For him it was more important to see, hear and learn from around him than talking too much and wasting time by gossiping and destroying other people. When he was in church speaking...it was better for everyone

to listen and listen very well. He enjoyed mentioning the latest model of Lamborghini, Ferrari, Rolls-Royce not understanding that well-kept old vintage cars of the mentioned marks are more impressive, cost effective and the better investment for money. But this was hard for an African to understand anyway, so a White Man would better do to see his words in this context.

Mawuena Trebarh had taken her seat after pushing her daughter Princess Katherine to Sunday School in the room behind the pulpit. Her husband Pastor Trebarh had already taken his seat behind the Prophet, his personal bodyguard, a former Army Officer. Her grandfather was the composer of Ghana's National Anthem and Otumfo Osei Tutu II the Godfather of her daughter. Her love for her country was great and deep, yet she had been exposed to the world on many private and state occasions as head of the Investment Promotion Council of her country at one stage. She always carried herself like a queen as she knew so well the kind of person she was. Mawuena was never running or walking too fast, she was graciously moving forward step by step.

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"What do you mean?"

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Busia kicked out all foreigners diving our country into shame and disgrace, into utter poverty while Nelson Mandela used the Whites as long as they were willing to cooperate with the Blacks on common ground so that each person, every individual should, could and has to contribute to a progressive positive development of our countries and continent what he or she has to offer. Like in football race and citizenship do not count, only quality to perform. So, it makes great sense, and eventually it will happen as it needs to happen no matter what people of today say and laugh at, that what we see in football will also happen in politics. The day will come in my country of Ghana and others in Africa, the Blacks will stand beside the Whites and ask the voters for their trust. And trust me, when the right man from the white community comes as an individual, not as nations, we would prefer him over our own people and give him a chance to prove his words spoken, the promises made. The way we handle politics today, here and in Africa, is no longer the right way forward. Things must and will fundamentally change as time is fundamentally changing due to the overpopulation that we can forecast already today. There will be a dramatic shift in the power struggle between Blacks and Whites in this world and history, trust me on that, will see Africa taking again dominion of this earth...but we need a catalyst for it, like Lawrence of Arabia was, when uniting the Arabs in their corner of the world."

...to be continued

## The Underground Man

### Part 40

"I want to be a good girl only...a good girl only...the best girl in my family!" was Irena begging while falling down to the ground holding the lamp post in her hands. "I am a good person...a good person!"

"We all want to be good persons, that is our human nature", explained Walburga from far; "but there must be evil in this world for the saints to shiny and to be pushed to glory. Light only shines before darkness...and darkness must be worked through and by people that are causing harm to other people of their same blood, of family blood. And...you can do nothing against it as you have been chosen to put light into this world by your evilness to make Anna shine so that she can testify about God's word."

"Take me...and rescue me!" was Irena stretching out her hands to the dark rainy skies.

"You have already been taken!" answered Walburga and disappeared into the dark, dark night at witch end a red flickering wild fire was to be seen with strange figures inside burning alive, dancing to a tune so tender, yet so violent.

"We cannot allow humans to live anyhow, we must stop moral injustice that is going on for thousands of years. No one can play with another person...no one...and get away unpunished. What so so wrong and society is covering it up...while Millions are silently in their private corner suffering...and the law speaks against them can never be accepted. We people of the world, not only the Millions directly or indirectly affected by it for generations with no end have to unite globally, have to share our grieve, have to exchange our experiences,. our own way how to cope with the injustice done...have to fight the laws

that are against us and in support of the perpetrators...the women that deliver a child to their husbands knowing these children are not their own children," was Anna listening to a conversation of a small group of men enjoying their chilled lager and Walker salted crisp in small packages with ham rolls served on the low side table in front of the open chimney of The King Williams near Goring.

She looked at her hands, turned them around to see the inside. Irena put the hands before her face. She closed her eyes. With a deep breath Irena blasted out air. Again and again was she repeating the same gestures...breathing in and blasting out. Her hands got warm, her forehead cold.

"The breath of death!" said Irena to herself. "My mind is breathing out the breath of death." Her mind was crossing the ocean between Germany and England. Like a snake flying low above North Germany into Holland leaving the continent of Europe near Hoek van Holland sliding over the waves of the North Sea, touching the peak of each wave in its way and pushing it aside, touching land in Dover to fly north leaving London to the West following M25 and across to Oxfordshire. The mind snake descended slowly, very gently ensuring not to harm any other person on its way to target the one and only person her viper poison was directed against. There she saw Anna sitting at her desk thinking and thinking about this world, trying to understand what the world is all about, how it works, what people want, why people exist in the first place, her relationship to people in the context of her own wishes. Anna innocently looked out of the window before her and into the courtyard. Unaware of the viper poison coming closer and closer to her mind, was she seeing how Lucille Champagne took a little shuffle and put sunflower seeds for the coming season into the ground. While turning around, Lucille saw Anna sitting at her desk and waved at her. She stepped out to look after the chestnut tree between The Abbey and the Cottage of The Abbey planted years ago by the son of Lord David Astor as a symbol of unity, of everlasting promise to do good things in this world. Under such a tree, Lucille Champagne smiled taking time to think back, she once got her first secret kiss of Oliver, a neighbor's boy from the farm next door in the rural village where she was raised. To become a nun had been a long process based only on a single moment; still amazing to her.

Anna looked down on the white sheet of paper before her. She closed her eyes and looked inside herself. Pictures of the past, voices long gone, and appeared right before her. It was like sitting in the audience of a theatre, of a movie palace, so clear, so impressive, yet so far, so untouchable. She saw people, she saw feelings, she saw places, she saw actions, people in cars overturning and people bleeding on streets, shootings and killing, laughter and tears; she was hearing sweet and sad melodies...but everything so unreal in all its colors and glory...it was a world of time in her mind stretching out into their unknown of her phantasy...in space of unlimited dimensions, only limited by her own imagination, her own experiences made in life...but possible to be stretched further and further...a universe beyond comprehension, beyond any possible imagination she was able to think of.

"Aua", was Anna crying out loud. Something had hit her left shoulder. It was a pain only for a lightning second; not even a second, less than that, so small, so tiny, hardly to feel, not to be seen but it was. Few moments she felt dizzy. Fog before her eyes. Her heart was beating fast, her mind no longer under her control. She closed her eyes, looked inside her, saw her heart, felt the dimensions of her body how close it was, how limited. Her body was shaped, had a distinctive ending in its corners, and could not be stretched in any way. Minute by minute was she gaining access again to herself, to what she was, got up from being pushed down. Her eyes open, the fog was gone. Lucille Champagne crossed the courtyard again smiling and waving at her indicating not to forget the meeting with Fred later that day.



"I had an apple, two bananas, three pineapples and some honey for breakfast this morning!"

"I will later sit down under the tree at the end of our garden and open my mouth...wide...so wide!"

"I trust you will not have to wait for too long!"

"I trust so too."

"Will you share with me?"

"Share?...Share? What for?"

"I mean...we are here together...so I thought we share!"

"But you can stand here, right here, open your mouth and you can also get."

"That means...you will not share?"

"No...why should I share when there is enough for both of us and you simply open your mouth and they will come and enter your mouth."

"But for you I would even pick an apple from the tree."

"From the tree?"

"Yes, you know how much I love you."

"You love me? Who told you that?"

"I was told so...that I love you."

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"He...I mean the one that we know...the only one that we know."

"Our maker?"

"Yes, most certainly...our maker."

"But we do not know him, we know that he is!"

"But that means we know him!"

"All we know is that he made us and told us not to eat from that tree over there. But to know him means to know all that he is...not only that he made us and gave us to commands only, to be fruitful and multiply and not to eat from the forbidden tree...that is all that we know!"

"That is true...we do not know much, even I do not know you that you are...here in the Garden of Eden. I even do not know why we are here except that we were made to be here not by our own will, not by our own understanding. We were simply made...got two commandments and that's it...not really much for the start and two people that were ordered to bear fruits in their bodies to bring forth more like us. We are only here but have no sense of what this all is about, just doing our job to multiply and that's it."

"But you are in paradise...why do you have to think at all? Look around you, here there is everything we need or could possibly wish for. We are naked...look at the branch of a mighty tree between your legs and the hole between my legs...they look funny...I am telling you! I guess these two have to join and then something will come out of me...I guess so, but no one ever told us. We must find it out ourselves...so let's play a bit...Adam."

"My name is Anna and I did not intend to disturb you by playing with yourselves", caught she Adam and Eve in the act. "What you are doing there is very, very nice and it helps me to be born."

"To be born?" asked Eva leaving Adam inside her not knowing what her situation meant that she was found in. She enjoyed the feelings she discovered in her body while Adam did his best to make himself come having hard feelings between his legs. „What do you mean by that...and you look so different from us...I mean your body looks like us but you seem to be covered with something somehow that we do not know off."

..to be continued

The Underground Man

Part 41

"I want to be a good girl only...a good girl only...the best girl in my family!" was Irena begging while falling down to the ground holding the lamp post in her hands. "I am a good person...a good person!"

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"To be born?" asked Eva leaving Adam inside her not knowing what her situation meant that she was found in. She enjoyed the feelings she discovered in her body while Adam did his best to make himself come having hard feelings between his legs. „What do you mean by that...and you look so different from us...I mean your body looks like us but you seem to be covered with something somehow that we do not know off."

"Yes...please, I beg of you."

"You mean...to sin is...is good?"

...To be continued

The Underground Man

Part 42

"When it helps for me to be born...sure!" answered Anna smiling all over her face. "I want to be born...so I can change the world as it should be changed!"

"Are you God?"

"No...but part of him and that part can only become effective and meaningful...when you sin here with Adam."

Eva smiled saying: "The beginning of a great human story...of man to progress in life...is sin! What an idea...what a concept!"

"Yes, please....sin is the starting point of human progress but when not seen as such and combated with the righteousness...than sin becomes destructive and ending of our move from level to level up...rather our downfall. But the good news is that righteousness is supported and promoted by all that God is...so in that is victory long lasting while sin only is short lived."

Anna woke up from her dream, looked around seeing the full moon in the skies. With her little finger she cleaned her right ear to convince herself that what she had heard in the dream was true.

They sat together around the long dinner table in the dining hall. They had all come, baked cake for the special day. It was time to say good-bye to Anna and see her off. She was about to leave back to Hamburg the following afternoon taking the ferry to have a significant slow time of readjusting to a country that had given birth to her from a country that she was born in again. Deep in her heart Anna knew, this would not be a departure forever, but a start for a new life and the point of returning eventually for good. Certainly when the time would come, Cambridge will see her for good and offer her the most satisfying time of her life.

"It was such a great time with you...and surely, we here will all miss you dearly. You mend so much for the developing of The Abbey. Without your input this place would look much different", hugged Fred his young German friend.

Before they all sat down to enjoy the buffet laid out before them on the side table, hugging and kissing was on the menu. Even Fred's wife had come from London to pay her respect to Anna wishing her all the best. Lucille Champagne had made a photo album with verses and pictures dedicated to Anna as a lasting reminder of the years in England.

Anna smiled and was asked to give her farewell speech:" I return back to Hamburg with mixed feelings, very mixed! During the last weeks I have noticed that Germany has a distinct culture to welcome foreigners, migrants of any kind, anyone that is not German. They all get help from governmental and private organizations be it accommodation, language issues or volunteers helping them around German life in general. But for us Germans when we return, there is nothing. When I imagine Germans after ten or twenty or more years wanting to settle back in Germany, there is no help for them as it is assumed being German they can help themselves. But consider that possibly parents, relatives or friends to assist are gone already, that laws and the system has changed for the German to learn like any other foreigner and so on...that becomes a great problem. Instead of giving returners the chance to use a Post Box for six months' time as their residence address during the transition period to find an apartment, get a job, get insurance cover and so much more, Germany says no, only a physical address is needed to accomplish all these steps. But that these days is harder than ever no matter the rent someone can

afford. When you have a foreign citizen as your spouse and he enters Germany on a three months visa as standard procedure, an address is needed to extend the visa not to make your spouse illegal in the country. And to top it all up, Germany even violates German constitution by harming German citizen married to foreign citizen asking stupid question in the attempt to find out fake marriages from true marriages. That can never be done by questioning, it can only be found out by gossiping and investigation. The German constitution mandates that no German national should be discriminated against. When a German citizen marries a German citizen no question will be asked each partner of their spouse's relatives, their names, their birth of birth and all that crap. The marriage of Herbert Wehner and his step-daughter was accepted in German society even not based on love but interest to secure the welfare of the lady. This is a clear humiliation and violation of the German constitution. Germany must ensure no fake marriages in the country exists under their watch, no problem. The real bad people know the tricks and make sure not to uncover in the face of the authorities their wrong doings. So Germany must balance the rights of German citizens outlined in the constitution against the unfortunate occurrences that possibly cases of fake marriages slip under their radar. So, as much as I can say that Germany has also good sides, I am not so happy about this aspects how we Germans are treated by our own country...no good at all!"

"Oh, that must certainly be changed. I did not know!" came Lucille Champagne forward. "I guess Germany has some serious homework to do to make you people, you Germans, happy and your life easier."

"I want to see the country that is perfect!" mentioned Fred swallowing his fish wrapped in spinach leaves. As usual his eyes got wide opened when Francesco, a new tenant of the one room apartment above the arch way stepped into the room with brownies on a silver tray. Fred finished his food in a minute to be ready for the first hand touching the warm brownies.

Francesco sat next to Anna flirting as it was his nature causing angry eyes in his girl-friend Lucia. He was a Scientist working at JET in Culham, part of the last batch of people trying to generate energy from electrons and whispered into her ears: "Whenever you want to come to Milano, my home town, just let me know and you will be my guest."

Anna smiled reassuring herself with a side look that his Lucia would not jump from her seat to investigate what both were talking about.

While the sun has set and night was about to fall, more and more wine was passed around unsealing the minds of many. They shared family secrets dating back to their earliest childhood.

"Fred, tell me, have you ever seen a ghost around here?" asked Anne West finishing her last glass of wine ready to leave the party.

Fred looked at her astonished and smiling: „A Ghost?...Oh, you mean me when people do not know that at midnights I open the fridges around here in search for food?"

Anne West laughed why wishing all a good night sleep and took off.

...to be continued

The Underground Man

## Part 42

"When I look over to them, I feel so pity for them. They do not know what they do...and what they miss", pointed Paul over to the next door shop while enjoying their cold and hot drinks. "Coffee is not bad...really not...but it has its limitation in so many ways!"

"Such as?" asked Anna tasting her chocolate cake made in the chocolate shop. It had been six months ago that she had set foot again on Hamburg soil, had found a small apartment in Sülldorf at the border to Blanesen and Rissen. The two and a half room were under the roof of the old building owned by an old landlord that rented out several houses in the area. She had always loved to move to the West of Hamburg, a place between forest to the north side and the river Elbe to the south end of her location close to Hospital Rissen just behind the house that she shared with two more tenants.

"The variety of food and drinks you can get here and make out of chocolate is by far greater than what you can make out of coffee. Coffee you can not really use for ice-cream, biscuits, sweets, cakes and so many more items...only with chocolate you can do all that...by observing that sugar should not be predominantly present in the products but flavor endlessly."

Anna laughed seeing a neighbor in the coffee shop waving at her: „I perfectly understand your point...and you are absolutely right, Paul. Coffee you just drink and forget, but chocolate drink you sit specifically down for, enjoy all the flavors and aromas that chocolate has to offer like a good red wine that you just do not simply drink away in haste and forget the universe of happiness it offers to you."

Paul jumped in: "Chocolate is the only product in this world that by itself make a human happy...and as we are all humans and have all our problems regardless of wealth, social status or intellectual level...we all are faced with problems. Chocolate, the happiness maker brings happiness, a big, big smile into our life and lets us fly like an eagle high above our problems that we can see from the high up distance to solve one after the other in orderly fashion not to be dragged down in the emotional depression that can possibly end our life for good."

Anna agreed by saying: "You got a very good point here!"

"What makes me so sad is that in my country of Ghana, the country that produces the best cocoa beans in the world, Chinese destroy many of our cocoa farms."

"How that?" wanted Anna to know observing her plate that was empty. It crossed her mind to go for a second helping or to reach out for the chocolate fountain in the middle of the shop to dip some fruits into the warm running dark chocolate today on offer. In the background young kids celebrated a birthday party having great fun not at all disturbing two old widows in the corner of the shop next to the kitchen that had joined together for an outing from their single life. The ladies had opted for Black Forest Cake with extra dark and much chocolate avoiding sugar at all.

"They give us money for infrastructural projects as our governments of the past and now have messed up Ghana very well...I am telling you. So much money is needed and the Chinese offer it in big volumes being after our natural resources and using our country as a dumping site for their cheap products that we think we need and can afford, while cheap quality in fact you pay twice. They give us money and make the projects pay for themselves. This has attracted many Chinese Nationals greedy for gold. Small



scale mining is licensed only to Ghana citizen that mostly have no investment to engage in lifting the gold. These Chinese come, venture with our people, use toxic chemicals to extract the gold from the river bed that flows down the streams polluting our cocoa farm that farmers need to sell the land to the gold diggers to do greater harm. Poverty in mind...oh, let me tell you...is poverty indeed. I am only glad to see that countries like Namibia have woken finally up and stopped entrusting vital projects to the Chinese that have destroyed half of the forest in the country. As Chinese do not change and adopt their strategy waving with Billions of Dollars into the faces of our stupid leaders they are still successful in many countries to make them depending on them. But here and there I observe that things do change and countries get away from cheap, cheap money and products asking for quality that comes with a good price especially from you the Germans:"

"I know that Germany from all countries around the world on these aspects of partnership and business making try to do it eye to eye with their buyers and leave not desert behind but a nation that is trained to stand on its own feet and can trade with quality in attitude with us", felt Anna proud to have the mind of her country while she so well knew, her heart was British and British forever. To have such a privileged combination can indeed bring out the best in a human. She laughed about herself and felt very much in line with her life.

"I have long ago promoted we should by far more concentrate on chocolate as this is our true identity. Before the Republic of Ghana came, we were called the Gold Coast. Factually that is not our identity as Gold eventually will disappear and be no more. It is only cocoa that will stay with us for thousands of years. That is the true identity of Ghana. In this light we must concentrate in establishing a cocoa and chocolate route across the country like wine or castle route in Europe and around Accra build a huge facility to lecture, entertain and for leisure all around cocoa and chocolate in grand style which would like Disney or LEGOLAND attract tourists and boost our industry to the max."

Anna jumped up and down declaring: "Oh, oh Paul...I am very, very certain...eventually, one day it is going to happen and will make your country Ghana truly and honestly great and strong...really great and strong!"

...to be continued

The Underground Man

Part 43

"As I am always preaching, life is in our mind first and foremost driven and made possible by our body...not by life as it surrounds us. Making the right decisions, not giving up on issues but pressing on even when standing alone in the desert creates a truly great character able to overcome any obstacles", said Joe while enjoying his vanilla and lemon ice-cream freshly made by a fake Italian ice-cream seller. "These people simply mimic the Italian life-style to make money even they are purely Germans...it makes me always laugh!"

"Money has no shame, no sense of right or wrong. Money is a force that when it is not in your hands can make you depressed and taking to all sorts of alcohol and drugs or it can boost your mind system to make you rich and famous by intending something that over time works like a magnet for investors with no great vision to give you a helping hand and lift you up", declared Anna while finishing her Straciatella ice-cream that she had ordered with cherries in a big glass. Sitting in the Strandperle in Övelgönne

overseeing the historic ships of the nearby marina, a tourist destination and place for young Hamburger to meet and be seen by others. It was a day unlike many the Strandperle was not filled with loud noise. Anna had invited Paul to join her and share latest news with him.

"My plan now is to work hard the coming year, than to save some money and go back to Ghana to start farming on low level. I mean I have a family, we live in a house... ."

"You mean", was Anna astonished not knowing this side of his story, "you have a house in Ghana...I mean...your own house?"

"Sure...my family, my wife and kids need to stay somewhere!"

"And then you are here...under the circumstances you live in?"

"Yes, why not? I mean we always want more in life, right?"

"Yes, but the price...and honestly... ."

Paul interrupted declaring frank:" Honesty?...What do you mean by that? We are here to make money for our life and give our families back home a better life...isn't it like that?"

"But you exploit our society...isn't that the case?" asked Anna leaning back ready to be surprised more and more.

"Abigail, a good friend of mine, she has a house in Dansoman, west of Accra, in which her son lives, the rest of the rooms are rented out. Here she gets social benefit as she has two sons with German citizen and born in Germany. She cannot be kicked out of Germany because of that. So, she has also a boyfriend that lives with her the authorities do not know off. He is working as a courier operator of DHL and bring home good money that he shares with her by buying a flat screen and other things to make the boys happy. Do you really thing we Ghanaians are dump?"

"I never said that, or did I?"

"Cool down, my best friend of all...cool down", was Paul ordering another ice-cream for Anna that was not refusing his offer. "When anyone things that we do not know how you Whites think and take advantage of you weakness, a mind that cannot understand our African mind and act accordingly, you are deeply and broadly mistaken. We know our way through life and history very well...very well."

"So, moral issues are not issues to you...is that what you are trying to tell me?"

"Look...my very best friend...", was Joe taking her hand to hold it close to his mouth, „for us it is no problem to go to church every Sunday, every Monday and Fridays, pray to God, listen to the Pastor whenever it pleases us and show off our latest finest dresses and make us proud of our achievements at work and in society...and...and at the same time pay tribute to witches and wizards, asking them to bring our neighbor down and empower us with blood. Oh, that is that simple...no needs for us to worry about moral aspects that both sides do not match."

"But...", was Anna confused taking her hand back, "how can anyone live such a life and assume he can move any further in life than looking over the dark side of life...I mean just to survive and stand in glory possibly for the moment, while life in fact is a marathon race for a person and its decedent...our children!"

"You have too unrealistic high expectations form life...my very best friend. For you the bible is the bible and when you sin, the bible is the bible. But let me teach you the truth, for us and most other people around this blue planet earth we are a lazy bunch of people. Look around Germany and Europe, the numbers of political parties are increasingly high like never before. Organizations expressing even more desires and wishes of people never be heard of before emerging from all sorts of corners of the earth never known from Adam...are bringing the moral standards stretched beyond recognition to burst. Everyone believes, if his interest is not voiced, heard and put into action, his human rights are violated. Today, more than ever before, we life in a world everything goes...as you please...live as you want. When we need moral justification, we dig deep down and search in our cellars of time for whatever answer we need."

"But...it cannot mean that we exploit each other...I mean that you come here to Germany having a house in Ghana, paid for complete...and we must pay for your wealth...I mean what you can earn here in your country is much...", was Anna holding against Joe that had got up to walk down to see the old ships especially the working crane put on a floating platform.

"You sound to me like this many good people over flooding our African societies to create sense in their lives and companies providing materials and services to us and make themselves rich and riche by the minute. Best friend of mine...I beg of you...and as you are not stupid, come to your senses...please, please. To be honest to you, in this world we all cheat on each other, big or small...in private or on society level. Life is not more in Garden of Eden, we are in this world out there", was he spreading his arms wide. "What you see around you is the reality of life. Look at all the people passing by. Watch their faces, discover their hearts. There is sin all around, cheating, love to be loved back, money, power, believes...and so much more. And when you look into the water and see the fish therein and look down on your body and lift your head up to the skies...what do you see...really?"

"Life!"

"Exactly...you see life. Humans...that means life. And life means development...otherwise it must be called existence. Life is different from being alive...it is reflection and progress. Many people do not reflect or not enough for which reason their progress is very, very limited. Others jump out of their own traditional educative mind into the uncertainly of reality but the possibility of seeing and visioning before their very own eyes. These eyes are only specially for them and no one can copy them in the same way like a specific person can do...that is called blessing in its purest form. Everyone can be blessed by others, but being blessed is only an individual course that we can take up and work on or just take it as a word spoken with no real meaning for the outcome of our life."

Joe noticed Anna`s attention was not with him asking her: „What do you look at?"

"What I do not understand these days people with tattoos all across their bodies with rings at any parts they carry along, nose, lips, tongue....that is simply too much and I wonder why they do that?"

Joe laughed and answered: „I do not trust anyone with a tattoo or such stupid rings attached to any body parts. We in Africa do not do that. We also do not smoke in Africa like you do here...that is not part of our tradition...rather a White Man's illness. I mean we do not need to copy everything you white people do...only the good things that benefit our societies and move us ahead. People covered in tattoos...I have not seen any having invented anything that would make the life of others better. I see such people more like...like...like selfish people that have only an interest in themselves."

"I think most of them are very insecure. These are people that follow a trend without knowing about their future. They spend lots of time and money for that instead to dedicate time and money to grow as a person and start from humble beginning a great future that will lead to riches and fame. The young once imitate Rappers and think they are cool only to wake up one day looking own on the foolish things they were doing while young. But there are also other young people with sense and will of their own, with great personality...not many through, yet they do exist and must be promoted by society to take advantage of their talents that can improve our society," lectured Anna entering an old sailing boat invited by the small crew. They all looked over the Dock 10 of Blohm & Voss with a giant car transporter for repair. "And these jeans...so many broken as if they have no money to buy proper once...not good at all."

"When you speak your mind in public today as you do with me here, these people will shout on you as intolerant and that you should mind your own business as your standards set in life are not their standards and everyone should have a right for his own freedom. Also, they would tell you, your life style is old fashioned, outdated...that freedom is all that matters...freedom to very own taste", laughed Joe leaving the ship again to walk towards the bus that would take them back to Altona Station. In the shadow of the impressive Augustinum, home for old people, behind them he added: "I was at Caritas in St. Georg last Thursday and bought some nice, nice used shoes and clothes for my wife to sell. The price here is really, really good for that quality and she can make good money with it!"

"But place of the Caritas is not for vendors but for handouts to poor people as other people had donated it to the Caritas. So, how can you go there, pay very small money and make good profit back in Ghana?"

"Oh, you and your moral standards...oh, oh", laughed Joe even louder seeing the bus approaching. "At Feldstraße and Trabrennbahn in Schenefeld there are markets for used things. So, I go there around two in the afternoons mostly on Saturday, wait until business is over and vendors leave things behind as a gift for anyone to take. That moment I pick the best of items and leave the rest to the late comers. I can tell you, that way my wife in Kumasi is making good money and can feed our children very well. Transportation cost are small, so this way business makes sense."

"So, you are cheating your way through life...isn't it?" asked Anna while finding her favorite seat in the back of the bus overlooking the whole scenery, the best place to watch people very well.

"It is not about cheating in life and on people...it is about to make it in life!" corrected Joe his best German friend.

At Altona Station they took bus line 150 not having to wait for long. The bus took off from the bus rank outside the Station with trains running all over Europe, especially to the North and North-West of Germany. The bus was half full when they set off. A handful of people seemed to be refugees from Syria and Africa. They were chatting along. She knew just behind Airbus Industries a huge refugee camp for migrants alongside factories for steel and ship building were hastily set up and still in use. Between the

airplane production and runway and these factories endless stretches of apple and cherry trees were planted making the area the largest fruit growing place in all of Germany. During spring time when apple and cherry trees were blossom in white and pink, thousands of visitors would overflow the little, old villages among the orchards inherited by generations after generations.

Anna looked out of the window hearing the voices of the passengers in the back. She looked up. Altona Hospital was majestically reaching into the skies, a single building well known for great work and a maternity ward in which Paul's ex-son once was born. The bus driver directed his bus into the Elbtunnel crossing the River Elbe from underneath. Drivers with less experiences in tunnels had the tendency to slow down so blocking the road for free flow of traffic. Nearly three kilometers under the River, so heavy above, yet safe for cars to pass. She counted one tunnel light after the other. Her mind dived into the yellow light again and again.

"I am always by your side...wherever you are!" was Anna hearing a clear voice. She looked around. Joe was in a discussion with a black man. No passenger was close to her. "Do never worry or doubt...I am with you in all your moments of time!" Anna rubbed her eyes, put her fingers into the ears to clean them from whatever might confuse her. "In me you have rest. I was, I am, I will be...as I am!" Anna opened and closed her eyes, opened and closed it again and again. Meanwhile they had reached the other side of the tunnel branching right to pass steel works into Finkenwerder. Cars and buses tried carefully to pass each other in the narrow old streets with signs at the tiny old houses along the road asking to reduce heavy traffic in the city.

## The Underground Man

### Part 44

Puschel was nasty to Anna as usual but she tried to ignore the cat of Monika Willers most of the time. Few weeks before Moritz, a tiger striped grey cat had entered her life. She was asked to take it as the former owner had got an additional child making Moritz feel no longer feel loved as expected resulting in jealousy and attacks against the oldest toddler of the couple.

Monika Willers asked Anna how she would get along with Moritz and got the answer: „Him and me...we are born for each other. Each night he comes to me into my bed, lays down besides my head awaiting to be touched. This goes on for about ten minutes, after that he goes his own ways. In the mornings, funny enough, he comes back to me to wake me up when I am still asleep. Once his food is in his bowl, he goes off again and does not mind me. Cutting his nails from time to time is a nightmare. He hates it...he really does. I help myself with a trick to give him snacks which gives me ample time to cut the nails and give him again after he has finished before realizing what I do to him. That is really funny!"

"So, then both of you are a really good team I can see", commented Monika Willers while serving the cake she had made herself.

"Oh, sure...we get on well with each other...and I guess love is very much part of our being together", answered Anna enjoying the lemon flavored cake looking already forward to her mother's potato salad that only she was ever so good in making. As hard as she had tried, her own would never come out that

good. Only what Monika Willers was able to cook, was perfect for her, and was feeling like home. Only yeast pastry her mother was never good at asking Anna to do it. Anna was always laughing imagining that her parent were both cooks she could have ended up in life being a chef herself.

"All the things in life I wanted so much and I worked so hard for, in the end I never got it! Remembered Anna her past with a big smile on her face. "But when I consider that I have moved on to a level I never had thought off, writing books after books, even finishing University...I cannot imagine how my life would be if I would not have embraced the unknown but stacked to what is known in our family."

"The uncle of your father had a landscaping company and the idea was you would eventually run it when you have come of age!" reminded Monika Willers her daughter. "Because of the divorce our families split and so the idea was no more an idea but gone."

Anna walked out into the small garden fenced with bushes to the neighbors at each side looking over to the other side of the triangle courtyard deep down in memory lane: "These days, and I do not know why, I often think of the baby that you had lost years ago...and wonder, what would have been if that girl would have survived and I could call her my sister...the third one."

Monika Willers looked down to the green grass, picked up Puschel, kissed her on her shoulders and proclaimed: „It is better in life that we do not know certain things but move on and manage life as it has been given to us." She turned around and disappeared in the kitchen.

Anna looked after her mother as she left her wondering about the face she had made while the talk was about the girl she had lost. A certain sad and insecure feeling was to be seen on the face of Monika Willers. Shades of darkness had all of a sudden covered her face just before she had kissed Puschel to find comfort in hugging her cat. She knew this subject was hard for her mother to bare but this moment something strange was there between both of them. It felt like she kept a secret, hiding behind a mask put up for a generation. Anna was not sure what to feel, what to think, what to believe. She pulled herself up, positioned her head up high when Walter stepped out form the living room to greet her. He had done some wood work in the cellar.

Anna looked at Walter carefully and said carefully: "You look much better than when I saw you last time we met." She tried to avoid any encounter with him as much as possible, seeing her mother when he was not around seeing friends or his children.

Walter stayed away from her at safe distance and responded: „OH yes, I feel much better now."

"So, the therapy in hospital was helping you to stop drinking too much and detoxify your body", said Anna straight forward.

"Yes, I was in hospital for that and the therapy was very long this time. Now I am back at work and I feel good...very good", answered Walter checking the sunflowers that had grown to be taller than him. "This year they have come out very, very well. Don`t you agree?"

"Yes, I think they look lovely", did Anna not know what to say. Communication with him was not easy at all. He would talk about simple things of daily life, issues that only mattered to him, not to her. His mind was not set on changing the world or reaching the top of life, more about other people`s matters, cars, football, children and food. He was a negative, empty man few years before going on pension.

As Walter had gone back to his room, Monika Willers corrected the impression he had given to Anna: "He is still drinking. In the upper drawer of the desk at his work place you will find still a bottle of snaps. I have to say, he is very good not to let other people know about his problem even all of them know it already. He wants all of them to love him, to think well of him. At work he is not fainting but able to finish his job. So, they let him do whatever he wants to do...as after all they cannot change him, only he can."

"Is he peaceful?"

"Thanks to God...he is. When he is drunken, he is not shouting and also not doing any stupid things to me. He comes home, gets his foot, walks into his room and drinks until he falls asleep", described Monika Willers the daily routine of the house. "No, do not worry for that. I do not think he would ever become such kind of drunken person to scream and shout...touch wood."

"But I still do not understand that he does not say to himself, enough is enough, I do not want to live from bottle to bottle...rather from happiness to happiness...to climb mountains of a better life", was Anna shaking her head and moving from side to side.

"Some people are like that...you cannot help them when they have crossed a certain point in their lies. Let them have their peace as I want my peace. As long as he bring money home and pays half of the rent and for his food, I am okay."

Anna was shaking her head: "But something is about you that I still do not understand."

Monika Willers was looking at Anna from the side with a big question mark on her lips: "What do you mean by that?"

"Why you do not leave him and walk away to live a better life."

"A better life...at my age?"

"Better life is possible at any age and at any place...even you can do it", proclaimed Anna enjoying her mother's special potato salad. The Wieners she was served were extra delicious.

"You can talk anyhow...I guess. But when you put yourself into my shoes you will see, life is not simple like that...go and walk away to have a better life. This world is very, very complicated for me."

"For you?"

"Yes...for me!"

"But not for others that are facing similar circumstances and challenges", was Anna holding against her mother.

"Do not try to change me", got Monika Willers angry pulling the bowl with the potato salad away from Anna and pushed the plate with the warm Wieners aside out of reach of her daughter. "You are my child

and have no right to tell me what and what not I am supposed to do. Only because you finished University...this does not give you the right to lecture or judge me!"

Anna had suffered for years. Knowing where she had come from, intellectual down under, to make it all the way to University, she had been so excited the moment her intellectual horizon got widened, the moment a universe of knowing and of knowledge opened up before her eyes and entered her mind, people she had the privilege of discussing with that helped her to climb up higher and higher, all that is what she so much had wanted to share with her mother. It never had come to her mind to put herself above her mother or any other person she had spent most of her time with. Such arguments between her and Monika Willers were hurting Anna deep down in her soul. Again and again had she thought about her relationship with the woman once having given birth to her, a mother not to be lost on the way. One day her eyes had opened and her heart had understood that the new world she had stepped in and had wanted too much to be part of it, could never be understood by her mother. Therefore it was her job to communicate with her mother on the level she was at and accept her for what she was and capable to understand. She had to find her own space and people in life to share thoughts and insights with that they would be able to understand. With her mother only simple, simple discussions were possible about matters so important to her, for Anna below her level of the matters in life she felt of greater importance to mankind. Discussions about the behavior of other family members, work issues and health matters would most certainly not satisfy Anna's mind and give her the feeling to be complete. She took time in her heart aside when meeting her for low level talks and saw this as a kind of entertainment, a time to give her mother satisfaction to be understood and move on after the visit in her apartment.

"So...I am only happy to hear form your own mouth, that Walter is not violent to you...that is a great reassurance", changed Anna the topic.

"Yes, yes...that is so", was Monika Willers ready to get up and walk over to the kitchen. The door to Walter's room was closed, no noise to be heard. She came back to the living room with ice-cream from the supermarket.

Anna enjoyed the col treat listening to her mother saying: "I am also very happy that he is peaceful. Of course I would wish he would stop drinking at all...but I also know of other people that suffer from such men, even getting beaten up."

"Yes...that is certainly not easy for such ladies!"

The Underground Man

Part 45

"I cook for him and wash his laundry; I even clean the house all by myself. Only I do not enter his room that one is for him alone. Evenings sometimes we sit here on the couch and watch TV, but mostly he is in his room and does whatever he wants to do as there is also a small TV he can use", reported Monika Willers back to her daughter. It was that moment she noticed the alcohol in the house would not fill the air of the whole apartment. It seemed magical that it stayed only in his room. Puschel was about to jump up to her side to find a place for sleeping in the left corner of the couch.



"Lately I was thinking of Uncle Peter...", Anna looked into eyes scared to death. The face of her mother was frozen, her heart seemed to be at a dramatic standstill. She knew something was wrong but not able to explain why Monika Willers was moved in depression and sadness that much. A touch of black was to be seen under her eyes. Anna started to change the subject and bring her mother back to life by saying: „I have given addiction in many forms a great thought because of what I can observe here in your place next door", tried she to keep her voice low not to provoke any unnecessary opposition from a drunken man, „why it is not possible for many people to stop their addiction, be it alcohol or drugs like cocaine and Cannabis."

"It becomes a habit and to change a habit is so difficult. Look at me, how much weight I carry with me", laughed Monika Willers about herself. She was about to stop working soon and go into pension slowing down all her private activities as well. "

"My advice to you is, you that has worked all those years so hard and raise three kids all by yourself, no help from friends or family, not to stop working just like that but find yourself an activity that keeps you busy", tried Anna carefully to enter her mother's mind finishing her ice-cream asking for another helping that was served fast to her. "Activity help you to keep mentally and physically fit and healthy."

"I know...I know...and I will do something, do not worry", was Monika Willers responding. "I will offer my time to the local church and see what I can do there!"

"Back to addiction", wanted Anna to finish the started topic, „as no one forces anyone to take to drugs or alcohol but it is by personal decision only, the same way it must be reversed to. I mean, only the mind, the decision is finally the right place to end addiction."

"Do not forget that the body is asking for alcohol more and more. Over time the body gets used to the certain doses given and when you want to feel more, you have to drink more. So, it is not as easy as you think as the body needs to be decoxigated...but even that it can happen that the body is asking and seeking again and again in moments you are faced with the drug or alcohol to go for it. So many people fall back into temptation and continue the cycle of healing and sickness."

"I have problems to share your thoughts", started Anna to explain her view of the argument, „as the question is and must be answered by anyone of you, how is the master in us, our body or our mind. For me it is very clear, the body is needed for us to move around, but it is our mind that directs our ways and makes our decisions. Therefore our mind is the master in our life and not the body. For that we must watch our mind very, very well, develop it as the source of our life, and make it our true master. When we have that mindset, whatever temptation we fall in, whatever sins we engage in, it is our trained mind, strong and so present that will lead us always out of any mess we find ourselves in. That is my true believe."

"Oh...you and your thoughts that are so, so high up that I cannot really follow you", started Monika Willers her opposition to Anna, „but all I know is that Walter soon will get serious health issues and I do not know whether it will end his life. Maybe his kidney or liver eventually will fail and kill him. But all I know is that I cannot help him in his situation. I am not a doctor and even they have spoken to him over and over again. And you see...he is not changing."

Joe and Anna walked through Stadtpark a usual. Sunny day was what surrounded their mind. They were happy, nothing to fear, nothing to worry. Life is by grace of God, everything was and is justified in his name when stepping in his traces left behind on the way he was walking on earth. We do not need to be righteous, we are righteous as humans being born again. Wild Canadian ducks grassed enjoying the tender sweetness of the grass not yet cut. Wild grey rabbits jumping under bushes caring for their offspring. People in light summer clothes were pushing buggies or their bikes, sat by the pool at the playground near the main meadow.

Joe stopped, hands in his hips laughing: „You know what?"

Anna looked at him shaking her head.

"The problem of Africa can be solved from right now up to right now!"

Anna was confused:" What are you saying...explain yourself, please!"

"Africa does not need you people here. They can exist all by themselves," started Joe to lecture his friend leading her to the nearest bench to have a rest. "We have everything in Africa that we need for good living. Only the right mindset is absent...that is all."

Anna was begging him: "Oh please, Joe, you are speaking in riddles. Please give me more import so that I can understand you better."

"God has blessed Africa more than any other country in this world...abundantly...with more than we can chop. If our countries only would understand that producing everything is not the best idea but to specialize for certain products and services and cooperate among each other, I mean trade what the other country does not have...that would make us Africans independent from outside continents and outstanding in this world. Let me give you an example. In Ghana we produce the best cocoa beans in the world...right?"

"I guess so. When you say so", agreed Anna laughing knowing how proud Joe was of his country. Ghana for him was number one; only problem were the people living in the country messing up its glory.

"Ivory Coast and us we produce together around seventy percent of the world production of cocoa beans and all of West Africa around eighty to eighty five percent. For that reason we in West Africa, even Ivory Coast and Ghana alone can dominate the market of cocoa beans and related products like chocolate. We have the physical power to dictate our buyers, you people here in the developed world, our price we feel it right to get for this wonderful product, the only one in the world that makes through itself humans happy...right?"

"I guess so...if you say so!" responded Anna seeing small children playing with each other, black and white, European and Arabs happily together.

"The Arabs when the oil was discovered join hands forming the OPEC to create a balance for their interest, their crude oil. Oil can be subsidized by other forms of energy, chocolate cannot be replaced by other sweets. For that reason cocoa beans have an outstanding position in this world...period. Now

when we Africans stop allowing the Whites to take our cocoa beans for an unbelievable shameful small price only to be send back to us as chocolate at a far too high price...it is not your fault, but it is clearly the fault of our leaders, our countries. The crazy thing is that we do not unite as the big players in the market that had climbed their position to the top in the industry under colonial era with cocoa beans and still dominate like a Mafia the market. They use their influence to talk behind the scene to our leaders through their governments to leave the old existing system of cocoa bean trading in place. If our governments would come to their senses and not allow cocoa bean export at all or minimum for the start only half of our yearly production and force the Mafia bosses to produce in Ghana their products before exporting chocolate to their markets abroad, this would not only reduced drastically the price of chocolate for our consumers in Ghana but also here for you. Crazy about is that of course in the Western world you would lose jobs in the chocolate industry which puts pressure on MPs to work against it. In the end it all ends up that you as countries give us donor money, send your aid workers to Ghana so that we can survive more or less...of course not living as when you want us to live we one day will wake up, take our life and fortune into our own hands and start doing the right things. This would be to make our own people happy with chocolate products and in the process generate so much income for our country that Cocobord does not longer need to borrow money to buy beans from the farmers, pay interest to your banks here in Europe and enrich them. That money can well be used to restructure our economy and society to follow our Asian partner's example and lift us up out of dependency from you people rather come to a point to dominate you White Men."

"But Joe...be realistic!"

"Realistic? Explain yourself to me!"

"Do you honestly and really think the White Man would ever allow this to happen?" asked Anna while getting up walking around the Planetarium in which front yellow and red flowers in full blossom were planted.

"No...that is the problem. As mentioned again and again, this world is not that we escaped from the caves and fly to Mars, but which race to take dominion of the world, Black or White...simply truth...simple as that!"

"That is what I try to tell you!"

Joe said laughing with big shining light in his eyes:" The funny thing is you squeeze us on the aspect of the prices for our commodities, our cocoa beans and compensate it with handout in form of leans and aid support...while this is not needed."

"It seems to be needed!"

"Yes...but...but", started Joe to carefully select and place his words, „only for our Politicians! If our Politicians would do the right things in all aspects of our society...we would never need any handouts, rather give to countries in need. But as long all parties in all African countries chop and chop and chop again and again money they smell from far...it end up in their pockets and we end up in the gutters of history...washed away!"

Anna challenged him by saying: „But, Joe, you have Democracy in all your African countries. So, why do you not use it and only vote for people that can help you instead of people that see how we here in the

developed world live, copy us and avoid our many mistakes to be great and strong with might and a changed mind?

## The Underground Man

### Part 46

"Democracy was forced onto us by you people here. We Africans do not know anything about it. Our independence simply came to fast. What works well for you people, Democracy, s nothing you can assume is also good for us. You white people must finally come to understand, we are Africans, not a black form of white people...we are a totally different kind of breed. Our bodies might be the same when you take the thin layer of black skin from us as underneath we are white. It is the so, so, so different blood that runs in our bodies, that you will never understand us and never be able to come to us with the right help that moves us up and up in this world. Only when someone has suffered with us, lived our life at rock bottom, that person can have an understanding of our mind, at least have seen parts of it while still shaking his head wondering what is wrong with us. Romantic ideas about the black man or guilt because of the past...that can never be the answer. Never be help that we need from a friend. Asking yourself why is it that the Black Man did not discover the White Man and enslaved him centuries before the White Man took us away and exploited our countries. This question is never raised, but when going down to it right at the heart of the issue, you will have a small understanding of our own problems. And when you know our true problems, not the once White Man wants to tell us to believe that we have, than, only then, you can be a true friend and a true helper to us...not an intellectual Tycoon on fifth floor or Harvard University with nice and cozy air conditioning. Our life and our problems are real and not an imagination of you, the White People!"

"So, when you produce in Ghana and Africa at large all your chocolate, not only the price for African consumers and us here in the West will come down...but also the quality will massively improve...right?"

"So it is...Amen", was Joe proud of himself that Anna was getting his thoughts well. "Of course it all must be embedded in a larger concept to be effective and making the trick."

"And who should do it?"

Joe lifted his shoulders before answering: „No one from Africa, no one with black skin, that is for sure!"

It was late, darkness has set in. They were at home in a tiny little apartment in Hamburg Altona close to Altona Station and Max-Brauer-Allee. The building was old, very old indeed. The street carried the name of a court, dark, narrow, small. In the evenings to find a parking space for a challenge. Luckily for the tenants of the street not all of them were able to have a car out on the streets.

Hans-Jürgen shouted out to his wife in anger: "This idiot...this dam idiot!"

Irena had served fish fingers, gravy and potato mash for dinner. She had come home being third from work. Customers had disturbed her too much. "What is it?"

"The friend of Alexa`s husband...the real estate agent, he fired me today...that bastard!"

Irena opened her eyes wide: "Oh...but why? What did happen?"

"He told me I cannot be trusted. I do not perform well and that he had told me so several times...that he only kept me going on because of friendship. But that he is now fed up with me and showed me the door to leave his company!"

"But that is unfair. He cannot do that", protested Irena against it ready to pick up the phone and intervene. Hans-Jürgen asked her to stop and leave the situation as it was. He got a chilled beer from the fridge, put his naked feet on the glass table before the couch, turned on the TV set and tried to forget what had happened. He was certain, another company somewhere, somehow would give him another chance to prove his skills and talents.

"What about your paintings?" asked Hans-Jürgen while Irena was doing the washing up in the kitchen next door.

Irena shouted: "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean", answered Hans-Jürgen, "that quite some time ago you had declared with great confidence you would start painting and have your own exhibitions that would bring you riches and fame!"

"Oh...you mean that I said so?" was Irena appearing in the hall to look for her duster. "I mean...yes, I possibly said that." She started to dust around the TV and Highfi set avoiding the few books she had standing in the house, more as a decoration item than having actually read any of them.

"Yes...we all know that this was your certain plan. I mean, you have told anyone that was not able to climb the next tree you would go back to painting and that it would bring you riches and fame! We all know that!"

Irena got angry. She was shaking the duster in front of her husband making him caught. He got angry asking her what would be wrong in her mind. "I am normal...only your mind seems to be disturbed...as I can see!"

"I only was asking a very, very simple question and you are getting so aggressive on me? I mean...it is not wrong to ask you how and when you want your great idea to paint pictures again put into reality for all of us to admire your great talent and ideas."

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the morning, going to work, eating and drinking, coming home, playing games, meeting friends, educating children, having sex and multiply, cheating on our spouses, disco fun and football club meetings...that this is not the kind of life we should really live. Most of us just work and do the right things as society expects from us or our families...but at the end of the day when we had for our coffin...we are basically empty people. We look back, have eaten, had sex, had our fun...and nothing achieved that we would be calling something to be proud of...that we would have changed our life and lifted it up from level to level helping to raise future generations to lift themselves up even further than what we had achieved. No...our societies here live along rock bottom while we still remember the good olden days when Germany truly was cold the country of Poems and Thinkers. Thinking about Harry Potter or killing unknown people in video games causing pools of blood around our mind with machine guns in our hands...I mean, come on, give me a break! That certainly cannot be a meaningful life...I beg!"

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"You are right!" agreed Anna with her friend getting up from the bench again to walk towards the direction of Hamburger Meile, a long stretched shopping center. "To create, to change, to influence, to innovate, to be creative, to be active, to be yourself...all that must come with a fighting spirit that does not shy away from battles...but is wise to understand during the momentum of fighting, wrong can came down and more power for change can come up. This world does not need good people, it needs the right people."

"We need the right people and not people that are political correct to please others. It often happens, while someone is hated in his life-time, when dead people start to appreciate his fight and vision and will honor him!" added Julia her mind.

"When you look into the life of Jesus Christ and what he said very early on when leaving his hometown, that a Prophet in his own village is meaningless for which reason he left Nazareth and walked away to become the person we still worship today. He did never chase people or their ideas, he was doing as God asked him to do and directions God blessed him with. Among all his disciples, look very well in his last hours, he was always alone. And it is that moment in the life of a human, this being alone among others, having our very own view of this world and the people therein, that truly makes a human of great value and not just simply an aunt stepped on whenever the aunt is not seen."

"It needs courage to live such a life!" said Julia smiling.

The Underground Man

Part 46

"Democracy was forced onto us by you people here. We Africans do not know anything about it. Our independence simply came to fast. What works well for you people, Democracy, s nothing you can assume is also good for us. You white people must finally come to understand, we are Africans, not a black form of white people...we are a totally different kind of breed. Our bodies might be the same when you take the thin layer of black skin from us as underneath we are white. It is the so, so, so different blood that runs in our bodies, that you will never understand us and never be able to come to us with the right help that moves us up and up in this world. Only when someone has suffered with us, lived our life at rock bottom, that person can have an understanding of our mind, at least have seen parts of it while still shaking his head wondering what is wrong with us. Romantic ideas about the black man or guilt because of the past...that can never be the answer. Never be help that we need from a friend. Asking yourself why is it that the Black Man did not discover the White Man and enslaved him centuries before the White Man took us away and exploited our countries. This question is never raised, but when going down to it right at the heart of the issue, you will have a small understanding of our own problems. And when you know our true problems, not the once White Man wants to tell us to believe that we have, than, only then, you can be a true friend and a true helper to us...not an intellectual Tycoon on fifth floor or Harvard University with nice and cozy air conditioning. Our life and our problems are real and not an imagination of you, the White People!"

"So, when you produce in Ghana and Africa at large all your chocolate, not only the price for African consumers and us here in the West will come down...but also the quality will massively improve...right?"

"So it is...Amen", was Joe proud of himself that Anna was getting his thoughts well. "Of course it all must be embedded in a larger concept to be effective and making the trick."

"And who should do it?"

Joe lifted his shoulders before answering: „No one from Africa, no one with black skin, that is for sure!"

It was late, darkness has set in. They were at home in a tiny little apartment in Hamburg Altona close to Altona Station and Max-Brauer-Allee. The building was old, very old indeed. The street carried the name of a court, dark, narrow, small. In the evenings to find a parking space for a challenge. Luckily for the tenants of the street not all of them were able to have a car out on the streets.

Hans-Jürgen shouted out to his wife in anger: "This idiot...this dam idiot!"

Irena had served fish fingers, gravy and potato mash for dinner. She had come home being third from work. Customers had disturbed her too much. "What is it?"

"The friend of Alexa`s husband...the real estate agent, he fired me today...that bastard!"

Irena opened her eyes wide: "Oh...but why? What did happen?"



"He told me I cannot be trusted. I do not perform well and that he had told me so several times...that he only kept me going on because of friendship. But that he is now fed up with me and showed me the door to leave his company!"

"But that is unfair. He cannot do that", protested Irena against it ready to pick up the phone and intervene. Hans-Jürgen asked her to stop and leave the situation as it was. He got a chilled beer from the fridge, put his naked feet on the glass table before the couch, turned on the TV set and tried to forget what had happened. He was certain, another company somewhere, somehow would give him another chance to prove his skills and talents.

"What about your paintings?" asked Hans-Jürgen while Irena was doing the washing up in the kitchen next door.

Irena shouted: "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean", answered Hans-Jürgen, "that quite some time ago you had declared with great confidence you would start painting and have your own exhibitions that would bring you riches and fame!"

"Oh...you mean that I said so?" was Irena appearing in the hall to look for her duster. "I mean...yes, I possibly said that." She started to dust around the TV and Highfi set avoiding the few books she had standing in the house, more as a decoration item than having actually read any of them.

"Yes...we all know that this was your certain plan. I mean, you have told anyone that was not able to climb the next tree you would go back to painting and that it would bring you riches and fame! We all know that!"

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The Underground Man

Part 47

"Do you seriously think to be intelligent or even highly intelligent makes your life easier?"

"Do you think to be stupid and even very stupid makes your life easier?"

"Do you think being lazy or even very lazy makes your life easier?"

"Do you think har working or even very harde working makes your life easier?"

"Do you think being creative or very creative makes your life easier?"

"Do you think to be honest or even very honest makes your life easier?"

"Do you think being employed makes life easier?"

"Do you think to be self-employed makes life easier?"

Anna put her hands before her ears. The voices around her were crying out loud. Her head was paining, her lips ready to crack, her throght dry. She closed her eyes shaking her head. The voices did not want to get away from her. Her heart beating fast, she wanted to run, run into nowhere to be somewhere in peace. Knives run around her head attacking her heart, her soul, her mind. Needels were hammering in her head. She was feeling that something not belonging to her were creeping up her venes. There it was again, the pain in her waste. Needels from all sites, needles stratching her skin, needles makes her bleed. Needles pushed by force into her legs to make her fall, than pulled out again, in and out again, in and out again. It felt like someone having her under her control, enjoing torchering her standing before the bunker. She moved her head around and around faster and faster by the minute. Evilness let her soul darken. Anna was unable to see people passing by offering help. As she did not respond they backed off walking their ways. The pain increase by the seconds. Something was holding her not to faint. The taste of death poisoned her blood like a python crawling slowly but even more forceful up her chest into her neck heading for her brain to chock it. She did not see that she was standing in warm rain. Storm seems to come form far closer and closer circling around her body like a blanket ready to cover Anna for the night, a night of final rest. For a moment the needles stopped entering her body. Something seemed to have hold them back or pushed them aside. Anna stood upright again. She opened her eyes, looked down on her body, down on her wet clothes socked in rain with no end. All of a suden from nowhere the rain stopped as if commandet to end by an invisible force. She was caughing, took a deep breath, than another one and one more pushing with her lounges all evilness that had entered her chest out. Her heart was jumping up and down, sometimes stopping for seconds, then coming back on when she took a deep breath to make it start once more. Anna looked down on her feet, her shoes had gone. She could not remember having kicked them away. Someone must have pulled them off her feet. She looked twisted around, saw them on top of the bunker carefully placed. Not by accident had they come there. She was wondering what had placed them there. Her mind was focused on the shoes, her eyes clear straight looking at her shoes on top of the bunker. It felt as if someone had wanted to save her from evil and make her stand by his side. As if sun would want to come out from behind the dark clouds warm wind showed up in her face cooling her down, giving her heart comfort. Minutes of silence passed, no one to be seen, no one to be heard, no rain, no sun, no wind, emptyness all around.

The second attack on her came by stronger force. Needels were pushed into her waist, her legs, her arms, her head, all over her body! Pain in every corner of her being, of what she was, what she wanted to be, what she had wanted to achieve. She was shouting out crying for help, crying to safe her life. But no one was hearing her, nobody around, not even a dog or cat, not even a mouse or rat, not even an aunt or bee; emptyness of silence all around her.

"Life is not about you...it is about me!"

"Me and you we are one!"

"Love is for ever...for ever and no man can end it!"

"Learn to be wise and save your life. Only the wise man is a saved man!"

Anna closed her eyes, opened them again, turned around to where from she was hearing the voices. No one to be seen. She looked into her hands seeing they were bleeding in pain, no blood to be seen. She was standing naked. Adam and Eva naked appearing in front of her. She stretched out her hands to touch them; they disappeared as fast as they had stood before her. Her head was paining, her heart jumping. Anna's shoes were still on top of the bunker untouched.

"Come to me, I give you rest", was Anna hearing a very deep male voice, so calm, so full of trust, life everyone in every tone of the words spoken. It was a declaration, an offer stretched out to her. Peace captured her heart. Warm blood flew through her body. She stretched out both arms ready to be taken away. Anna looked over her right shoulder to her shoes. How much was it in her mind that they would be on her feet that very moment. The more her mind was set on the shoes few meters away from her, the more she had the feeling, the unseen vision, they would move inch by inch. She did not see how it happened, but all of a sudden the shoes were at her feet covering them like made only for her, not from a shoe shop made for anyone that has money to buy. Anna's eyes looked down, her mind followed them. She was moving her toes one after the other; the shoes felt never be more comfortable than at this moment. Shoes to protect her, shoes to hold her tied, shoes to ground her and at the same time to lift her above all other shoes, all other people around her. She was feeling like a Queen not sitting on a throne, a Queen being herself rooted inside her mind to know what she was and who she was supposed to be in life.

Something in Anna needed to say: "Thank you for having chosen me!" Her eyes did not see the one she was speaking to. She looked around, emptiness as far as her eyes could see.

"Not at all...my pleasure", was Anna hearing a voice from near. She turned around looking at the bunker. Yes, her mind was telling her, the voice had come from the bunker, somehow, unseen, but certainly from inside the bunker. The rusty metal door was still locked. No one could have opened it, no way that this was ever possible. Which key to use, which way to go, what word to use, what to do? But someone from there must have spoken to her, someone certainly!

Anna looked down to the grey pavement thinking of the torch she had just gone through: "It must have been someone using me as a toy girl made of straw putting needles into my body and my soul like in woodoo rituals!"

Castle Osu at the Gulf of Guinea overlooking a busy shipment route from Europe to Africa and Asia, white shining in the fears sunlight of Accra, had been converted to a tourist sight. The President of Ghana years ago had moved his office to Flagstaff House built by Indians and donated to the West African country underlining their good relationship hoping for more. Inside the Castle cells for the slaves

ready for their departure to the Americas were empty. It needed much imagination to go back in time feeling and envisioning the suffering of thousands of innocent black people, their blood dropping to the stone plastered floor, their sweat of fear what might happen to them in unknown territory, a future in chains, beaten by white masters to push them harder and harder to labour on the cotton field in Alabama and Texas, in Georgia and New Orleans, to help building a country of migrating slandering buffaloes and killing native Indians by the numbers with aftermath still so very present in daily USA life causing inequality among races in the world's economic richest country that tries to lead the world not with wisdom, but with force.

When most parts of West Africa were the Ashanti Empire with the Otumfo in Kumasi on the Golden Stool, the Asantehene truly was a very powerful man. His power was based on the Gods that had given him the throne like all thrones in African countries, and the riches of the gold Ghana has in vast areas of the country. It was and is that gold that made the Ashanti King the most powerful king in the region. When the time had come Kings and Chiefs reporting to the Otumfo decided to hide gold found on their lands they had decided not to hand it over anymore to the Asantehene for him to give them back their portion. The money purse of the Otumfo got less filled from year to year making it harder and harder to keep up his power in his kingdom. It was by that time the Americans were asking for cheap labour that the Otumfo had seen a gateway out of his financial misery. Asking his men under arms to capture in the Hinterland their own people to bring to the shore where the White Man was already waiting with his ships ready to buy slaves in their numbers, it was then to fill the money purse of the Ashanti Kings again. Whites were too scared to leave the safe place of the coast line around Castle Osu and former Ghanaian capitol Cape Coast as they feared possibly to get beheaded if they would try to cross the bush. No one disputes these facts but claims, but some Ghanaians in USA categorically state they respectively their ancestors had never known when selling their own people as slaves what the White Man eventually would do to them. A slave by law is a thing and not a human being for which reason their false claims are more than obvious.

"You are telling me, without the actions of the Blacks against their own black fellow, slavery would have never been possible as we know it?" asked Anna drinking water.

"When facts cannot be denied, the interpretation is always an issue of convenience", explained Gerald, her tour guide. "In your country of Germany people living close to concentration camps argued after the end of World War II they had never known what was going on in the camp...and no one believed them."

"True...", said Anna while following the group to the platform outside overseeing the ocean watching ships carrying containers from Ivory Coast into Tema Harbour. "We humans want to see the world not as it is but suck out what makes us feel better and more comfortable. We do wrong and sin...but to accept it and reverse it...oh...oh...who wants to do that?"

Two days earlier Anna had arrived at Kotoka International Airport in Accra for her summer holiday treat needed after months of hard work. That she had needed an invitation letter and not like in other African countries just getting a visa at the arrival, had caused her great concerns. Rwanda welcomes Germans without the need to apply or buy any visa, showing great hospitality, but Ghana as a country Germany was helping with loans and donor funding is asking the German Tax payers leaving money in the country as tourists and businessmen, was most shocking to her for which reason to be asked to present her yellow vaccination pass showing vaccination against yellow fever right at the point of entry as a minor problem. She had cooled her mind by being convinced Ghana needs money desperately and tries any ways to get hold of it regardless of moral standards how to treat people being friendly to a foreign

nation. Money does not stink and not cry, never talks, never remembers, never complains, never advice, but helps in Ghana to feed endless numbers of greedy hands in politics. Right the moment she had stepped out from the airport waiting for a taxi to take her to her hotel, she had come to realize to become rich fast in Ghana was by persuing a career as a Politician or starting once's own church...the best guarantee to drive a Jaguar in the shortest possible time.

The taxi was leaving Kempinski Hotel to the left with Holiday Inn Hotel visible in the back of the impressive five star Hotel from Switzerland located opposite an converted airplane in which a clever entrepreneur had opened a restaurant painted in green. The driver was heading towards Spintex Road passing Action Chapel and the underpath leading to East Legon to their left hand side. As usual Spintex Road was conjested with traffic in both directions. At Cocoa Cola Roundabout the taxi drove right into the last stretch of Spintex Road getting closer to Estate Junction with ICGC Calvery Temple at the left side opposite Ecobank Branch Sakumono. Right in front of them was Sakumono Estate once build by former President J.J. Rawling, home to thousands of people including doctors, lawyers and ministers. They left Shoprite Junction Mall in their back. Turning right Sakumono Community Hospital was in sight. Anna was looking over her right shoulder sitting in the back of the car was wondering how it was possible that the still recent opening of Sakumono Estate was making the houses and roads in between look so old, old like a run down place. Maybe lack of care and maintenance was the cause of the place looking rather like an estate for poor people than a place for middle class income workers. The Membes of Parliament flats to her right were hidden behind houses. A left and then a last right turn, the junction was near at which Pentecostal Church had built their Sakumono Branch residing their Twi service in it. At the end of the road a small hotel had been build by a man living in USA managed by his wife, the Orchard Garden.

"What are these?" asked Anna Kwame look up the mighty structures in Tema harbour. Being from Hamburg visit in major ports around the world was a must. The round shaped silos painted in white were standing rocket high in nowhere. She touched the concrete of the silos wanting to feel their heartbeats, wanting to discover their true meaning. The heat of the day was making her hot. The night before mosquitos had discurbed her sleep even she had followed the advice to let the light on during the night to keep them away.

"Our first President, Doctor Kwame Nkrumah had errectde these silos in the early sixties of last century shortly after he had taken office", walked Kwame in front of his new friend picked up around her hotel while shopping for groundnut paste, the kind only Ghana has to offer, pure, with no additives, no sugar, natural and spiced with local herbs and salt only making it delicious and the best in the entire world. "Over there you can see CPC which stands for Cocoa Processing Company Limited, established by him in 1965 with the help of Joachim Burmeister, expert in Europe number one for chocolate...actually from your city of Hamburg, a place called Othmarschen. Now this company is totally bankrupt and meanwhile taken of Ghana Stock Exchange. What they produce there is too expensive and the quality is so low, very low. It is not a chocolate you people in the West would like to eat, you have to bite with strong teeth into it...and the taste is simply unbelievable poor. How they package their chocolate...I cannot believe it. Basically their Managers have no idea about chocolate at all, all are only in their positions because of politics...that's it." Kwame was guiding Anna back to the street, walked to the other side for her to see the hugh silos better. "The idea for these silos was when the price of cocoa beans on the international market is unacceptable low, to store the harvest here, take them off the market, wait until the price is good again and than sell them."

"That is a great idea!"

"A great idea with hints", started Kwame to lecturer her while sitting down in the grass enjoying a freshly picked export mango, green and red in colours bigger than the yellow small local mangos foreigners would not want to eat. "When in 1946 for two years the cocoa bean boycott was ongoing and the British government had to intervene as Cadbury and others in UK had formed a cartel to dictate their price for cocoa beans onto the farmers, the farmers had stopped exporting. Even under our first President cocoa beans got destroyed by state order. Now few years ago the world organization IOCC that fixes the world market price by close of each day as guidance to buyers and farmers had moved from London to Abidjan. It is very clear that this move had only in mind the interest of the buyers and to ensure that Ivory Coast and Ghana will never join hands to be the master of the cocoa price. They know so very well, speculation on chocolate will never be possible but on the raw material cocoa beans is easy to do. No wonder that the so called FairTrade organization is not demanding cocoa producing countries to stop exporting cocoa beans but a complete production of cocoa in the cocoa producing countries. That would eventually lead to unemployment in your countries while jobs are created here, would mean lower prices for chocolate for any consumers around the world as our labour cost are low, would mean also we in Ghana can afford our own product cocoa. We eat only five hundred grams of cocoa products per head each year while you in Germany chop about ten kilos...only because you have the money and we do not...simple as that. And now that you come up with the idea of this stupid FairTrade chocolate, our situation is even worse. While you increase the price in your countries to have the logo FairTrade on the chocolate, these products come to us here in Africa at a much higher cost than the conventional chocolate we hardly can afford and as custom duties are based on the value of goods, we get an extra portion of punishment. The consumers in your societies do not know with every chocolate that carries the logo FairTrade, they do us great harm and deprive us from our very own natural product cocoa. When they would do what is right to do, demanding chocolate only to be produced in our countries here, than this for them would mean they would become irrelevant. This they do not want to see for which reason all these nonsense is done and the consumers in your societies do not see what is really going on here. This industry is nothing but a Mafia of a handful of people, I am telling you!"

"You certainly cannot be so harsh to the big companies that as far as I know made their fortune as companies during colonial times with cocoa beans as the basis of their wealth", tried Anna to bring Kwame down that was shouting out against the noise of the waves.

Kwame got up to throw the peels of the mango behind him into the brown dried grass: "To top it all up, dear young German friend, the quality you eat and you call chocolate in your societies, is so...so, so bad...more than second class. I mean we can buy most international brands here over there even in Shoprite. Can you imagine, from Germany, the eastern part, they stock Haloren Balls and other small German brands? Can you believe that?...For me it is so shameful...so sad. Never in the history of cocoa the world has seen any rich farmer. Concerning natural rubber in Brazil and beyond there still today you can see the remains of concert halls and theatres built by rich rubber farmer...but with cocoa, that never happened. And you must consider when oil was discovered in the Arab world they formed the OPEC to ensure they fix the conditions of oil exploration and export on the same level like Europeans and Americans looking eye to eye to balance both interests. Here our neighboring country Ivory Coast and us produce more than seventy percent of the world production of cocoa beans and the whole of West Africa around eighty and more percent. While you can subsidize oil with other forms of energy, cocoa you cannot replace by candies as only they can make a human happy...and happiness is for every human being, rich or poor, stupid or intelligent, the basis to use and see the problems we all have from an eagle eye perspective to solve them one by one without falling into depression or anxiety. If all these countries here in the region would follow the Arabs and do the same to protect their very own interest,



the price of chocolate would go up, jobs lost in the world of the White Man, job created in the world of the Black Man. So, you see, this world is all about the balance between Blacks and Whites, which side to take dominion over the world visible in all aspects we see on earth."

"As for me", mentioned Anna standing up ready to go watching out that a blue TroTro old like her mother, would not run both of them over filled with passengers tied to each other to use limited space to the maximum possible,"quality matters a lot. As cocoa beans are food items and food as the condition when it is fresh it has the best quality, over time the quality comes down. So I do understand that we in Hamburg can never get the best beans possible as the transportation is simply too long and many of the cocoa beans do not make the trip but get rotten along the way. So, I wonder that consumers knowing one dead cocoa bean had spend its trip to us surrounded by twenty other beans that they did not get infected by the dead body? But...but wan to chop them and be declared by the manufacturer as a great product...how stupid that is!"

"That is why I am saying and demanding, we here should unite and ensure all chocolate is only produced here. This lowers the price, improved the quality, makes our Millions of farmers happy and they kids enjoying Christmas and Eastern along their birthdays with a nice taste of a great life. But as we here are highly indebted to your countries, this will never happen. The companies over at you end put enough pressure on your governments to keep jobs in your societies that they bow down to them so that in the end the tax payer in europe with his donor funding makes sure we survive here in Africa...but never ever walk on water as we could, only to keep our heads above water. What we need are strong leaders that can stand up to such nonsense, such crime against humanity, tell the truth and fight for our interest to set us free from the so called good people that seek in our countries their sense in life and bombard us with love and products and services to make money back home."

Anna walked on the railway tracks alongside Accra-Tema beach road connecting both neighbouring cities once built by the colonial masters. Sakumono Lagoon was clearly to be seen in the background, a vast green lush reservoir to take heavy rains helping to ease the impact rains had each year on both cities especially Accra causing lose to properties and lives. Illegally developers had encroched on the Lagoon with posh houses been build blocking the free flow of waters from higher grounds to the Gulf of Guniea. The Golf Course on top of the Lagoon was a popular spot for celebrities that had most of their houses just behind the Golf Course in a designated area to be away from the crowd and among themselves. No one cared about illegality in Ghana unless it is beneficial to its own agenda. Laws exist, law enforcement was left o chance and politics. "That means Kwame, you are telling me, that when we give you support, I mean donor funding and aid from our tax payers money, it in fact supports corruption in Ghana?"

"Of course, that is what it all comes down to", answered Kwame guiding Anna safely to the other side walking alongside the beach road close to the sand. "These metal rails you see here to protect people walking from falling down onto the beach and protecting the land from being washed away, was construted by white people just recently. Here the metal rails are painted in green and yellow, all done by your people. And also, do not forget, Ghana, like all of Africa, gets IMF and WorldBank funding with the condition attached to it that they have to restructure part of their administration and handling of finances. Do not believe, we Blacks do not know you people very well and what you are up to. We also know, the loans given come with a date of final repayment. After that is done we are set free from you people and guess what?"

"What do you mean?"

"We go back to our own old style, our on corrupt, inefficient ways to manage our affairs. We do not take the momentum forced onto us by you people to change, no, we simply remember our forfathers and do as they did...simple as that!"

Anna watched young and old fisher folks pulling a heavy fisher net to the shore saying: "Then you are telling me, what we do is in the end useless, just helps you people here to survive but not to live really as you should do?"

"That is the point I am making", agreed Kwame with her statement sitting on the hot sand by her side. A cold breeze slowly flew over them cooling them down. Behind their back Sakumono Village with the old slum in which human waste was running through the place inbetween houses open to fill the air among playing children with smell of pee and washing powder. The flow ended in a larger open gutter directed into the Gulf of Guniea for all eyes to see. "Lavender Hill...Lavender Hill!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Anna seeing the hard working men were laughing while pulling the net closer and closer to the shore. It seemed they would have a very good catch.

"At Lavender Hill each day trucks after trucks dump their human waste into the sea...untreated, polluting the environment. They collect the human waste from houses and instead of treating it to make fertilizer and other useful products out of it...even producing energy to feed into our national grid to help stopping Dumsor, Dumsor, our word for power outages, they knowingly and openly distroy our environment just like that."

"That is terrible!"

Kwame adviced her by showing to his right in the far distance:" There is toxic city, a place where your old electornics come and the wires are burnt to extract copper and other precious metals from it that the young boys can sell to scrap metal dealers and make their living while the toxic work causes them cancer and other illnesses for which they need money to go to hospital and be treated. You see, the cycle is going round and round with no improvement. Only the elite in their mansions are enjoying a good life. The honest and hard working majority of our society is run over by history that partially is written by you people also. But do not get me wrong, please, as an independent country for more than two generations by now we have it in our own hands, in our own decision makibng process, in our hearts and minds to cahnge this our great nation to be better each year. When you see plastic waste in Korle-bu Lagoon no white man dumped it there. It is only us that dump waste on the ground, our plastic bottles, our sachet water plastics, dump our cars, our TV sets...endless story. We are responsible for it..not you white people."

"I have seen so many open gutters!"

"Yes, that is madness of the Black Man", shouted Kwame out his anger. "All our politicians have studied in your society, their children go there to school, they sometimes even have houses there for which reason they know that only underground pipes can drain a city and country well. But look around you, all these open gutters that are not working. They are chocked by garbage, by plants growing in them, by washing powder awful smells. They are blocked with stagnant water so that mosquitos have a great place to be fruitful and multiply. Often in our villages we are free from Mosquitos, more than in our cities. So, than ask yourself, as our leaders know that your underground pipe system is the better option why is it that they still allow here in Ghana open gutters to be constructed?"

"Black mind is not correct mind?"

"Exactly...that is the point. We all know, thanks to the internet, how life is working around the world. We can see with our own eyes in each country of our planet what is working well for people and what not. So, why do we not copy you people when you do something good and avoid these mistakes you make to build our own great nation in the proper way instead of repeating the same old mistakes over and over again. Ask yourself why?"

"That means, when we white people come here, tell you what you should do best, show you how it should be done, you smile into our faces, are very sweet to us with kind words, but in reality when we turn our back to you you still fall back into the old style of managing your own affairs and destroy your society, especially more and more dramatic in years to come once your population increases, the income for natural resources goes down and climate change will increase the prices of food!"

Kwame looked at Anna saying: "That is the point! As long as you people have no say here, no power to make your good ideas in combination with our national interest of our own possible...but stand like a coach powerless by the side of the playing field...nothing is going to improve. The small changes we are making will be overtaken by the problems coming for which we are not least prepared. We do not think far, we think of today, of our individual pockets...not for the nation, not even for our neighbours. We are very egoistic. When you look around it is obvious, planning for generations is not our strength. We think and plan only for short time, but certain things need generation thinkers that we simply have not. When I am sick, I do not heal myself but mandate a qualified doctor regardless of colour, race and belief to help me and follow his lead...but when it comes to politics we think we can heal ourselves...what a failed nonsense. Reality proves us wrong. And as the problems of the future are mounting itself before our very own eyes, we can actually see them, we do not think far and do not take the much needed actions. When Joseph in Egypt was asked to help a nation survive, the Pharaoh understood only him was able to make his people live in the time of draught and gave him the position of power to decide. But we Blacks are not clever like that Pharaoh, we better run and run closer and closer into our final downfall. We are stubborn to the extent we have no shame to play with the future of the coming generations. When you can see a problem in future coming to you, it is time today to start solving that problem to ease its impact. Our leaders and our people have no sense for that but cycle around their own misery...round and round until history will swallow them all up!"

Anna got up, saw the net close to the shore and fisher folks getting excited, women with baskets arriving to be the first to buy the day's fresh catch. "Let us go to them and see what they day has brought them. Get up, Kwame!"

Kwame knowing the scenes about to unfold from daily life was reluctant to follow her. As Anna was persistent he walked behind her to see the net on the beach still closed. The fishermen unfolded the net to see the result of their morning work. In small boats parked on the beach they had gone out with the net just after sun set. All fishermen feared the water, most of them unable to swim. It was that fear that had made them set out to fish close to the beach while their friend on-shore were holding both ends of the net tight in their hands to pull it in on-shore.

The vendors put down their baskets and metal bowls, got on their knees to check fish after fish. Not many big fish were in the net, mostly small silver fish as side dish for meals. The net was very, very empty of fish.

"There is so much plastic in it, I mean it seems more than half of it is not fish but TV cover, bottles and what have you not", was Anna most surprised to see her first catch on the beach of Sakumono.

"That is life here...daily routine!" commented Kwame ignoring the catch as he knew what to expect from going out to sea. "Out there in the distance not visible for your eyes, that is where your Trallers, the big ships, catch our fish and you in Europe enjoy the nice, low price in your homes. We here have plastics in our nets! That is the harsh reality. But", pushed he Anna away from the crowd, "in the end you come with donor funding and loans to us to make us survive...survive somehow...only somehow!"

"But...but", got Anna all excited, "that is all nonsense."

"That is called politics!" corrected Kwame his friend and pushed her back to the Accra-Tema Beach road heading for Sakumono Village to find a TroTro that would take her back to her hotel.

"But that is not fair", said Anna while they were standing at the junction before the railway tracks to catch the TroTro that would take them to Pentecost Church junction to see her off for the day.

"The white man does not want us black people to walk on water. Like opium he gives our leaders and countries loan and donor money for us not to understand what is going on in real life and not only in political debates. Our mind, the mind of our people, is not clever enough to see behind the curtains what is going on on the stage of life, which characters are playing which role of the script and who wrote the script in the first place. Our mind of corruption on all levels of our country makes it impossible to see the game that is played above our heads and our future. Yet, do not be mistaken, it is in our hands to change our story and make this country great and strong...only in our minds is our future...not in our words wasted in useless debates and gossiping about our neighbours!"

They had to see one TroTro passing by packed with people before they could set off to Orchard Garden Hotel and for Kwame to head back to his apartment in Dansoman for which he had paid two years rent advance even the law of the country permits only six months, but no one cares in Ghana anyway what the law says.

After a good afternoon sleep Anna was ready to be picked up by Kwame taken to the Circle in Accra. The dusty roads of the city, the heat, the slow moving traffic branching off from the road along La Palm Beach Hotel to Accra's City Center leaving Ghana's Police Headquarters to the right left marks on Anna's energy again. Even she was not moving at all, she felt exhausted once again.

"To see all these school kids in their light and dark brown uniforms to me as a German a very strange!" mentioned Anna while her taxi had to stop in front of Paloma Hotel due to congestion of the massively used road by computers and commercial vehicles.

"Yes...that is not the only tradition we have inherited from our colonial masters", laughed Kwame watching the coconut vendor getting his machete ready to open a coconut, put a drinking straw inside for his customer to enjoy the healthy water of the fruit very helpful to keep kidneys in good shape. "We source them from China...its cheaper...that is what the government is telling us!"

"What a nonsense!" protested Anna of such stupid idea not to enhance and protect the local and national industry. "But I have seen some factories to produce garments around Cocoa Cola Roundabout. Can't they do the job?"

"Of course, they can do...but our government has no sense, no idea and...is highly indebted with the Chinese...you understand?" lectured Kwame his friend that looked sad.

"I was hearing they also go into galamsey, take your gold on this small scale mining opportunity by which they destroy the rivers with poisonous mercury, make it hard or even impossible for Ghana Water to have clean drinking water for the rural communities, destroy farmland for cocoa trees... ."

"We get loans from the Chinese to build our infrastructure and give them as security our natural resources. They take them to China but get them not at the international market price, but far below which is harming us double. On top of it we allow them to build our roads and power stations to create jobs for their own people as of which are too many in this world. When we catch them destroying our water bodies and arrest them, put them before a camera and threaten them to be punished and expedited...gues what is happening?"

"The Chinese Ambassador will visit the president and state their interest in a good cooperation between both countries...right?"

Kwame shook his head and agreed: "When you are in the hands of the lender caused by your own mistakes, by our wrong decisions taken, by your greedy mind, by not thinking for generations to come...but look into today, into what you can chop and your family can benefit from...no wonder then that other nations play their foolish games with you and all you as local and national politician in this country you can do is to take foolish in parliament and media outlets to position yourself for the upcoming election. There is no party in this country fit to take over the good job of stewardship that the Office of the President is supposed to be...no one is there!"

"Then...what is the solution?" asked Anna concerned

Kwame looked into her eyes, deep and intensively; then said:" We need the White Man back...but...but not as colonial master...not as a representative of any white country, all we need is white qualified men and women with great vision for our nations on the African continent that can bring us as independent countries happiness, a happiness that we deserve. We all know that Democracy is not working here being an open door to steal from our nations in open ways. We are at a stage in our history only the strong hand of a man with a selfless heart and great mind, with great vision, can move us forward. As the saying goes here in Ghana, when you go to church and see a white man, you can go home again as you have seen God...that tells you all. Even look at this our judges, they have this funny artificial white hair when in their court room, something we have inherited from our colonial masters. Or our army, look at their uniforms and their behaviour when marching on Black Star Square...all from our colonial masters. Till today we copy them but have not their sense. True independence also shows in such symbols...but we are copy cats that have no sense for ourselves, no dignity of proud and successful black man. And...and when you talk in public here in Ghana the truth, people will not hear it, rather insult you very well. Such people I call fools...simple fools. When you touch them, they cry out loud to the heavens...I am telling you...that is the kind of people that we here are."

"The few days I am here, I noticed that you are not so peaceful as we think back in Germany...these killings. And the military presence in the North of your country."

"Very true...as not everything that happens here will hit the international media", agreed Kwame while paying the taxi driver directing Anna across the newly constructed Nkrumah Interchange build by a consortium from Brazil und which vendors were selling their items, food and clothes, music and phones. "But from all other African societies, I think we are the most peaceful one. Not because we are such good peopel, simply because of our location."

"What do you mean by, our location?" was Anna curious to know while pushing begging children away. Behind them under trees giving shadow she saw the parents watching over their children asking for money with open hands and depressed impression on their faces. Mostly they are professional beggers coming from Niger was Anna informed.

"We are located in the middle of French speaking and Muslim countries. If we would start a civil war here, where to go to? There is no country we could run to that would be able to give us shelter. When you watch the streets of Accra you see ladies carrying big plastic bags called `Ghana go home` given to us when we had to flee into Nigeria once and they were fed up with us at shortest of time sending us back here!"

"So...you mean...", had Anna to watch the heavy traffic knowing once Ghanains sit in a car, pedestrians are seen as useless folks easily to be pushed to the side or run over, "you people here are only peaceful by force?"

"We fear blood, that is true, but in the end when you see our location as a country you will easily come to the conclusion as you did!" said Kwame holding Anna by her hands stopping her. He directed her steps towards the former GOIL petrol station behind GCB Tower at the Circle. "Do you see the ruins there, the houses burnt to ashes?" Vienna City Amusement location opposite was untouched as he explained her. "In the night of June third two thousand fifteen, when heavy rains were flooding this place and lifted petrol from the underground tanks of the petrol station, people took shelter under the roof of the station not knowing they were standing in water polluted by diesel. Behind the houses was a restaurant. A guest threw a buring cigarette into the oily water and the petrol station exploded killing over one hundred fifty innocent people. Debs Bediako, owner of the pharmacy located next to the station died in that night killed by the waters. His assitant survived with severe burns. When we burried Debs Bediako from Bediako Brothers Pharmacy in Osu at the cemenry, this worker told me that his medical bill got not paid by the government as promised by former President John Dramani Mahama. He also knew of other victims that the promise made by the President the day after the disaster to care for the victims had never been fulfilled, were only lies for the international media. We knew this from year before when the Melcom disaster occured and was called the greatest loss of lives in the history of the country and the former mayor claimed anyone responsible for the loss of so many lives would be hold accountable for what he had done wrong. In that case like in all others in our country, politicians are fast to open their mouth and come up with popular promises making light shine on them to have a good standing on the international floor knowing pictures do lie to the masses...but in reality, nothing was ever kept of the promises made. Melcom disaster was never in court, victims of that tragic night never got the promises made fulfilled...this is Ghana for you, I am telling you. So, so sad!"

VIP Bus Station was just behind the overfly to the left. Not many people queing. The bus to Kumasi was ready for boarding. For two hundred and fifty kilometers the bus would need around four to five hours

during the night to reach Ghana's second largest city with one short stop on the way. During the night Ghana's roads are not as busy as during the day but more dangerous. The bus passed Achimota Shopping Mall to leave the boundaries of Accra. A handful of ladies asked the driver to stop near a quiet place to ease themselves. Most passengers stood side by side, ladies and men alike, to ease themselves. Anna tried her best, separated herself a few meters from the Ghanaians but knowing they could potentially see her going about her private business made it impossible for her but to keep her water for a real toilet in Kumasi. While entering the bus again she was still shocked that in this country collective toilet making was not a problem for most people.

"These are Joseph Mensah and his beautiful wife Mary...very good friends of mine", was Kwame introducing an old couple waiting for their arrival in Kumasi City Center close to the famous open market for mostly used clothes and shoes. "This gentleman", was Kwame taking his old friend into his arms, "used to work as a car mechanic for Audi company, but when it closed down in Kumasi, became driver for the Director of Roads and Highways travelling the entire country up and down to check on the condition of the roads. Anything you need to know about the corners of our country, ask this fine gentleman and he tells you story after story never ending." Both laughed while Mary took the small suitcase of Anna over to the taxi waiting to bring them to their humble apartment. Mary was not able to speak English, so Kwame was assigned to be an interpreter.

Joseph and Mary had roots in Kumasi, Accra and Volta region for which reason they spoke Ewe besides Twi. One of their children had died as young boy, but Eric, Victor, Alberta, Gideon and Seth were still around to take care of their parents. Anna was informed that Alberta was married to a German in Hamburg enjoying great life assisting them with whatever they needed to have life in peace, just like most Ghanaians travelling outside.

"We do not have a good social system like you in Germany, I mean, we have basically no social system as SSNIT you cannot count on. So, our social system are our children, only they we can trust that when we cannot work or are old and need to be taken care of, they will support us. So, you will therefore understand, that we here in Africa need to produce more and more children...a lot of them. Surely, this creates an enormous overpopulation and is hard for us to manage...I mean to feed all of them...but what option do we have as our governments fail us...simple as that!" explained Joseph just before the taxi stopped before the house in which they had rented a two bedroom apartment with indoor toilet and shower of their own, not standard in the country.

"Along the way I have come across so many uncompleted houses and office buildings that make me believe they will never be completed," mentioned Anna her observation while Mary had served Fufu to eat with their hands unfamiliar for Anna.

"There are so many houses that people start building but they rot over time and will never be completed...that is true", commented Joseph after washing his hands enjoying fresh mangos, yellow once. Anna got offered a peeled export mango knowing with the local mango she would have problems between her teeth. "The government should protect people from wasting their money just like that!"

"And there are so many broken down cars and trucks along the roads and in the bushes. What about them?" asked Anna while sitting outside in the shadow under a mighty tree seeing the linen washed in the early morning hours put on dry lines to be taken back to their beds in the night.

"Oh, you mean all these broken cars?" laughed Joseph a bit shy to speak to his guest so welcomed in his humble house. "They are dangerous for drivers especially at nights causing many accidents, fatal once even. But not only that, they are also dangerous for the environment...very dangerous!"

"I have seen that you talk and talk a lot in this country...all the time. Accra and Tema are full of noises, really a noisy place here. In my country in the streets it is not like that. We do not make so much noise. The cities are quieter...but here, cars make so much noise and then...people talking and talking, so many busy bodies...unbelievable. Busy bodies wherever you look. Too much, honestly speaking. I am not used to it and I wonder, what can you really talk about from early morning until bedtime that makes sense at all?"

"Not much!" jumped Kwame into the conversation attracting all eyes on himself. "To think is better than talking."

"Anna", started Joseph Mensah to count his nation's problems, "the problems we have now are caused by us Blacks only. Under our colonial masters corruption was low, destroying the environment unknown, laws were working, so the administration. When Madam Ziller, granddaughter of the famous German artist and painter Mister Zille from Berlin said after having been Mayor of Cape Town that roads and water was in better shape back in colonial times than under the rulership of the ANC, she was not attacked by saying the truth but to mention the time and system that was responsible for the better situation. BOST in Tema scandal was caused not by any white man, cars we buy as a country but are not used rather rotten behind ministries, the fire at Tema Medication Facility costing us Millions of Dollars was a cover up of stolen medication by our own folks, inflating the numbers of ministers beyond recognition, having too many public holidays, allowing new constructed roads, hospitals, schools and public buildings to be opened by our President or Ministers with an entourage in big V8 Landcruisers wasting precious time and state funds, having airplane for our President that could do also with chartered flights, the inaugurated work force of one hundred people supposed to fight the illegal import of wax print from China taking over our traditional market was shortly after dissolved again as it was unveiled the people instead of checking in Tema harbour containers and confiscate the goods as a donation to orphanage houses in the country rather collaborated with the criminal Chinese importers...the list is endless. When you as people as God to give you independence, that is great. Such a right always comes with great responsibility...and we have failed on that aspect totally. We have messed our country up very well knowing that you white folks see it and deep in your heart even enjoy it knowing this mentality of ours will keep us below your feet forever. The small token you give to us and call donor funding and aid support is for you worth the situation."

Kwame added: "We all know the story of your former Chancellor Gerhard Schröder and the nephew of our Otumfo, possibly the next Asantehene, Thomas Akwasi Owusu-Afriye. When in 1999 the old Otumfo passed on and the new Otumfo, our present one, was asked to come from Henley-on-Thames near London down to Ghana to sit on the Golden Stool, Thomas was working for Mercedes-Benz in their Bremen plant. As young man he had settled in Hamburg Wandsbek, was married with three children, later divorced. When in two thousand in Hanover the World Exhibition opened its gates, many security personnel from all over Germany were called to assist at the one time venue. Someone in Chancellor Schröder's administration identified Thomas as potentially the next king of the Ashantis. He asked an envoy to meet with Thomas. Thomas was asked to come to the Police Headquarters in Hamburg at then Berliner Tor for discussion. He was made the offer Germany would help him to be pushed onto the Golden Stool with the help of the German Government. Thomas had declined the offer as it was against the tradition of his royal family. His uncle Otumfo Osei Tutu II was next in line and so it happened.



Chancellor Schröder knew in the days gone by there was, and still is, a need for a German, a man European Leaders can trust, to manage the migration crisis on their behalf and in their interest. Thomas instead became the Private Secretary to the Otumfo with residence in London before re-marrying a Ghanaian lady living in the Bronx of New York throwing away his German passport to be an American citizen working in the maintenance department of one of the Big Apple's huge hospitals."

"There you have it...we are in a big mess!" said Joseph leading his guest to the gate of the house greeting his neighbours especially the container lady given him food stuff from time to time on credit when money is not with him. After forty years of work his monthly pension was only twenty Euros, impossible to feed his wife and himself or rent an apartment like they did paid for by her daughter and son-in-law. "You see our problem? I mean when our population is growing faster and faster, people that we cannot feed even today, what will eventually happen tomorrow? I hear that Billionaires from America help countries in Africa with vaccination and medication, with expensive research that goes into giving people the chance to survive, live a healthy life and live for long. This in the end causes them to produce more and more children. So, people that live longer will produce lots of children as these rich people do not demand from African countries to establish a functional social system that has a chance to reduce the numbers of children. What these rich people can achieve is reduction of child pregnancy. But the birth of the needed children to protect parents from any financial harm at old age, does not go away. I suspect these rich people do not want to do that or have no idea about the consequences of their so called humanitarian work. Then I also hear again and again, if we do not help, other countries that are in opposition to us will step in and the shift of power will be in their favor, so they step in not to allow these games to go on and be successful. I mean, how stupid can people be in your societies to fall again into such traps of your local politicians. Reality of the matter is, the problem of Africa is simple too big and will get bigger by the coming years. That no political block in this world will ever be able to handle all our problems. Only a joint effort has the chance to bring about a change that we deserve and need so much to us. But...but, mark my words. No one of your countries outside our continent has any true and honest wish that we will ever get out of poverty and up and running. Be it Europeans, Americans, Asians, Arabs, Indians and Russians, they all see us as a place to take our natural resources and dump their products and services onto us indebting our countries making us depending on them for generations to come. They all do not want to see us walking on water, only to see our head above water to breathe fresh air. That is the simple truth!"

The taxi was waiting to take Kwame and Anna back to VIP Station with a short stop at the world famous artisan shopping mall in which local artists presented their works carved in wood or painted in the most bizarre colours imaginable.

"It takes a really mad man to lift us out of our misery and make us walk on water...a man many countries want to assassinate but over time will come to understand, the only solution to the trouble maker number one in this world, Africa, is a joint intervention to manage Ghana with an outsider that has only his own agenda in mind and not being the representative of a particular nation or block of nations."

"That is madness!" laughed Anna entering the taxi and saying good-bye to their host. After the driver of his instructions she added: "That is suicide...simply madness! Who would ever be so stupid to do that?"

Close to reaching Accra near Nswam Prison, Kwame turned right pointing to a car testing facility latest model. He explained to her the facility was a joint venture between a Ghanaian and a Turkish businessman from Gelsenkirchen in Germany. He was maneuvered wrongly into believing business in Ghana can only be accomplished in a partnership with a local person. When that was done, the

Ghanaian partner and his family forced the Turkish businessman out of the company. The case had been in court for more than nine years with thirteen judges sitting on the case. Opposite the street was a piece of land bought four years before by a Turkish coal miner turning into business from Gelsenkirchen. The landowner refused to give him the title deed making it impossible for the man from Germany to invest in machinery to make his dream of a farm come to pass. It took the intervention of a Pastor from Glorious Wave Church International and another German that he finally got his papers from the local chief. So, you see, we like to cheat on people from outside and ourselves. We see white people not as humans in its deepest sense, but as cash cows to make money out of them...so sad, so sad!"

"But is this not the case in any society?" wanted Anna to know while looking over her left shoulder to see the famous prison north of Accra. Kwame explained her that the prisoners in all prisons of the country live in inhuman conditions like sardines side by side causing illness. He told her, when someone as a murderer enters any prison it is most likely he will end as a dead man in prison too. People are jailed under very suspicious circumstances that are far from legal standards. But the international community, especially human right organizations, do not take African countries to court to end their inhuman conditions set for their inmates.

"These human right organizations could have stopped the violation of human dignity long time ago if they really had wished so!" complained Kwame with anger.

After embarking from the bus they had to cross the railway track, trains running five times daily between Accra and Tema. Anna looked to her immediate right seeing Indian cows mighty and powerful in structure grazing between factory walls and the railway tracks.

"I am wondering, why do these cows eat also plastic bags besides green grass? And also the small goats do the same!" was Anna asking her Ghanaian friend.

"Oh, that is part of life in this country over two generations after independence", laughed Kwame hoping she would not see the small bending wooden houses behind which beer, snaps and sex was sold at cheap prices. "This is not an area for tourists, even we locals do not like to come here, especially not at nights. But for the cows", tried Kwame all his best to confuse the mind of his German friend not to see too much of the misery his country was in, "they do not understand anything about life at all. They have an instinct and that piece of their body tells them when to eat...simple as that...so also plastics end up in their bodies and later go down our digestion system."

Anna was laughing imagining the tragedy poor people have to face in this part of the world. She wanted to find out about the why and asked: "But tell me Kwame, who dumped these plastics here in the first place? Is there anyone forcing you people to do that or what is the situation?"

Kwame answered while trying to push Anna away from the place: "No...we simply dump plastics ourselves into nature as it pleases us. Look over there", was he pointing into the near distance to men and ladies alike easing themselves using the side of the track as their toilet, "what they do. They have no toilets at home and even here in the city are no public toilet that you can use. At the Circle AMA has put up a toilet but to use it makes anyone sick, so I never go there, rather look for a safe and hopefully hidden place in nature to do whatever my body wants me to do...that is the sad fact of life here."

"In Germany...impossible...and if, you have to pay a heavy fine and shame will come over you!"

"In Ghana...nobody cares. Professionals in suits and dresses stand over open gutters, open their sippers or dresses and the water is heavily flowing...simple like that...and no one cares. Of course people always talk about it that it should end...but no one really cares. We are busy bodies talking and talking the whole day long about...nothing that really matters!"

"Behind Abaraka Artisan Shop not far away from Okeyhene palace I have come across a newly erected covered market that looks really nice to me with built-in stalls for many vendors giving them shadow with a good roofing, but I see it empty. Instead before the market the vendors along the small road under the hot sun sell their tomatoes and casava. Why is that so?"

"We have no sense of planning. This market was done by the will of the AMA not including any consultation with the people involved. Our people are stubborn, they do not want really change, get up their asses and move forward. Many of them prefer to stay in the same old lane as their ancestors did generations before. They know what is better, they have seen it on TV, seen it on the internet, they talk and talk about a better life...but in the end most of our folks are simply too reluctant, too lazy to change! They keep saying the government needs to do something about their misery...but to get up themselves, do the proper thing, being ready to accept being insulted by stupid people....oh, oh that becomes a problem. We have the mentality so much in our mind that we want to please people too much, we always try to avoid being insulted. To be insulted to us is a big, big problem. You in Germany do not care whether or not someone is insulting you....be it justified or not. You speak your mind and if someone insults you, you have a good laugh and move on in life. Here we take it so serious, a do or die event. And believe me, when it happens, we have no shame and discuss a simply small issue until it becomes a big elephant that enters Parliament...how stupid we are most times!"

At the end of the Railway tracks just before Accra Station Anna got aware of old carriages standing abundant on the trucks as if not used for years. She wanted to know the reason why and got to hear from Kwame, the governments of the past did not keep up the railway system of their colonial masters and that the waggons are used by young Northerners having made all the way from Tamale and Wa down to Accra in search for jobs. They would sleep in the run-down carriage with the tendency when falling hungry with no chance to find money to steal from vendors by the night. She was told that at Tema Station in Accra when TroTros had ended their night services, young mothers with their babies would unfold sheets to sleep on the hard concrete of the place to cover themselves from mosquitos after a long and hard work carrying fifty-five kilos bales of used clothings on their heads with their children tied to their back, day in and day out.

"But how on earth can you allow this to happen in our times?" was Anna shocked to hear such sad news. "In Germany any woman with a child gets accommodation even before a man does...from the social security office. No way that our society would ever allow such things to happen...no way at all."

Kwame took her by her hands and looked her deep into her eyes: "Here...trust me...no one cares!"

"You mean...you are a society fundamentally based on the mindset...everyone for himself?"

"Everyone for himself and words of change spoken with no effect on society but for improvement of personal life of the busy body speaking!"

Anna fell in depression, her eyes darkened. Clouds of sadness covered her head. She looked up into the sunny sky of a late afternoon in Accra and read the words written between the light of the sun `No one cares...everyone for himself`

"Unlike in your society in Germany, here we have many private churches. The pastors and prophets, real or fake once, fight each other. Everyone claiming to be the right messenger of God. They do not stand in solidarity only in cases when it benefits their own pockets for certain periods. They often behave like vauchers to take money away from people making sure other pastors do not benefit from believers. They call other pastors occultist and are successful to manipulate their followers to go in a fight against other pastors. In your society you are matured minds. When a pastor speaks his mind, you ignore it, laugh about it or take it easy and see it as his own personal view, while in Ghana it is a do or die situation...very terrible that in our behaviour we mix christian attitude with witchcraft mentality thinking this is how the world is supposed to be...we are not correct. An also, many pastors in our societies here are rich people, have private jets and live in mansions. This is often heavily criticized by people. My point is simple. There is no Man of God in this world that can force me to come to his church. There is absolutely no Man of God that can force me to give tiths or offerings if I do not want it even when he should be angry about what I give, I do not care. I am a free man, a believer not in Men of God but God alone. If I cannot agree with the Man of God that I joined I am at any moment free to leave his church and move on in life. When he over times buys himself things like Rolls-Royce and a big mansion and I cannot support such ideas...I am free to go. There is no need to condemn such Men of God as they have to justify what they do not towards me but towards God...that is all. I give as my inner voice tells me and not as my Man of God asks me...and what after giving does with my money is not of my business to think or talk about...and I am free to go anyway. So why should I be a busy body to talk about such Men of God? Nonsense! I mean, we here are not matured minds, I am telling you!" said Kwame looking at Anna.

She turned around looking towards Avenor and Winners Chapel Ghana building seeing a bus terminal and goats tied to wooden posts brought from Burkina Faso or Niger down to Accra by their Muslim owners taking a closer look at the wooden structures in various shapes and sizes along the railway track. A small city inside a large city had taken constantly different shape as when houses collapsed during rainfall, people rushed to reconstruct them in one or the other way. The Odor river was full of cars, trolleys from supermarkets and most of all plants, trees and plastics blocking the free flow of water from the north of the city to the Gulf of Guinea. She looked into the faces of the mothers working hard to feed their family of many while watching with one eye over their offspring playing around. Charcoal was seen everywhere making the place look like a coal mine rather than a place for humans to live and make a living. Food was cooked in big pots ready for street vendors to buy and sell in small portions across the city. Hygienic considerations were not on the agenda of those people Anna was convinced of. She herself would kindly refuse any attempt to invite her for a meal even not by the most friendly face. Her stomach was not made for adventure and gambling with bacteria only a resistant and well trained body could possibly handle in good health. She was wondering whether the kids playing in mud were ever able to break the cycle of poverty sadden her heart.

"This man over there showing his dick and rubbing it...quite big that thing actually is!" was Anna seeing when turning back to Kwame looking over his shoulder. He had tried hard to push her away from the scene to show her better places of the city. But she was more interested to see the truth than polished areas only a handful of people can enjoy.

"He is standing in front of a brothel...many young prostitutes offering their bodies to drunken men mostly", explained Kwame not happy to see that Anna was interested in the dark side of his country.

"So, I think the gay is mentally not okay to expose himself like that in front of these prostitutes that certainly must have seen so many different shapes of sizes of a man`s private part!" was Anna laughing and at the same time felt pity for the man so busy to make himself happy and put on a show for the ladies he was hoping to impress.

Kwame was making sure Anna would understand the truth and said:" White ladies always think and phantazise about the dick of a black man. They think it is specially hard and big and long. But let me tell you, we black man come with all sorts of dicks, not all Blacks have big once like him, also smal once like many Whites have. Mostly it is not in the genes what you white ladies think, it is in your mind and expectations, even I must honestly say, compared to Whites I think...I just imagine...that a black man in bed is stronger and last longer than a white man."

"That is what you think?" challenged Anna Kwame with a big smile on her face.

"Yes...I have no experiance...but I think so!" pushed Kwame Anna towards the Circle to make her return back to her Hotel in Sakumono.

"I also cannot compare too many men...I also only think and...dream possibly?" was she continuing to tease Kwame that made her watch out while crossing the road underneath the Interchange overpass at the Circle.

Anna had left all her work behind, rushed to the Hospital in Saint George close to Hamburg Central Train Station. Her mother had fallen in her house early afternoon. Neighbours wanting to talk to her had looked thugh the garden window into her livingroom and seen her laying helplessly on the carpet. Fire Fighter had rushed to the scene, broken the door open by force and taken her to Hospital. Doctors had conducted their first innitial tests to determine the cause of her falling sick.

The doctor in charge explained to Anna so far the cuase of her mother`s health problems were not yet know, possibly a mild heart attack and a stant must be implanted in her venes, but the kind of treatmend needed would be far advanced to determine. Monika Willers was weak and anxious feeling Anna`s hands in hers giving her the much needed comfort. Irena was still at work and Alexa left the care for her mother in Anna`s hands. Alexa did not have an interest at all to know how her mother would be doing and would never contact or see her again only when the funeral eventually would take place in years ahead. Over the years the problems between both of them had increased partly due to the effect Alexa had become wealthy through the hard work of her husband that made her move in higher circles even she herself had not started to accomplish anything significant of her own to make her stand out. As an annex to her husband, she had raised her two children that had started a love of their own isolating her silently step by step making her live in a golden cage, a situation chosen by her mind not forced on

her destiny by any outsider. The comfort of money made her lazy to be alerted all the time for the uncertainties of life and the challenges that could be turned into great opportunities with a fighting right mindset, not a mindset to take and chop. People that feel comfortable do not see the need to change, to pull all energy and phantasy together to make it from low level to highest level to greatness. Hungry people are inventors, comfortable people are doers.

"So, I hope you are feeling better now!" said Anna looking concerned into the eyes of her mother. "I will take care of everything!"

"I know, my dear Anna...I know," closed Monika Willers her eyes to get rest.

Anna hated Hospitals and doctors convinced they make her sick more than restoring her health. As much as possible did she avoid such places and people, only having a few friends being doctors telling them as humans they are most welcome in her life, but as professionals better stay away.

As Puschel had done there was not much to take care of in her mother's apartment. Walter had died the year before. He had been admitted in Boberg for rehabilitation to overcome health problems facing his alcohol addiction and making him get away from it completely. The clinic was not successful, so in his last weeks at home he had been no longer conscious of his actions to the extent using the hall as his toilet. Even in his darkest moments he had never abused his girl-friend Monika Willers but had kept all his sorrow and anger to himself. As the feelings and love for him had gone long time at the day of his funeral she had not shared any tears standing besides his five children at his grave. They all had prepared themselves for an untimely death and had not cried, not a single one of them.

One week later Monika Willers was dismissed from hospital. Anna found her sitting in the kitchen injecting herself with insulin. For years she had diabetes, took more than ten different medications against beginning of Parkinson and Dementia. Helping out in church to keep her mentally fit and occupied had been something she had stopped herself years back not because of physical challenges, because of her mind making that decision. Not being a strong fighter and believer, she fell more and more back into herself avoiding the companionship of others. Friendships she used to have, had passed on or did no longer call as she did no longer show interest in them. Puschel was still so much in her heart, she missed her dearly.

Eva Weatherill, eldest sister of Monika Willers, had flown over to Hamburg fearing this might be the last time to see the sister she as children had been taken care of like a mother as their own mother had not been a woman of great interest for their children. The years during World War II had been taken their toll on the family. As soon as the war was over, the parents had filed for divorce. The family house in Neu-Schönstedt outside Hamburg had been sold leaving family ties in ruins over the last will left behind. At the age of eighteen Eva had set sail for England to work as a cleaning lady in a hospital in Northampton. One patient had been able to speak German, much to her surprise. Both fell in love and he had taken her to his farm around Great Doddington, south of Wellingborough. Hard work had been their daily routine. The man that had been the son of the opposition leader standing against Winston Churchill during his last election losing marginal against the great man in England's history had been suffering from mental illness taking his own life after only fifteen years of marriage. She had decided to marry again, a teacher of a technical college, Michael, not a bright and shining man, but available. Living side by side in one house never kissing, never having sex in any way; years had gone by, she treating him like a dog, he accepting being treated like a dog. Their relationship was based on mutual

consent that love was not their portion rather companionship. Dogs were always the bond between both of them.

"What is that?" asked Eva wondering about the envelope Monika Willers passed over to Anna to open it.

The white envelope had the writing on it `To be opened after my death`. Monika Willers that had avoided seeing the grass from down below right at the last minute as she was convinced, thought the time had come to tell the truth, keeping it in her heart for decades. Anna's heart was beating not knowing what the envelope would contain. She opened it, unfolded an old light brownish paper not able to believe what she was seeing. Anna was holding the original birth certificate of a new born child in her hands called Petra.

Anna showed the paper to her aunt. Eva was looking at the certificate not understanding, wondering about a baby girl born nearly thirty years before, a paper in the hands of her sister.

Minutes passed; Monika Willers was down in tears unable to explain herself. She took a deep breath and said: "The baby I was pregnant with when you were still a child...never died!"

Anna was shocked and looked at her aunt for help to make sense of it all.

"In hospital, when I delivered the girl, I asked the midwife to take it away for adoption. The midwife was very angry about me but I insisted to take the child away and give it into the hands of other people. With three children, no help from anywhere...no support of the father of that girl...I was not able to take care of a fourth child. The father, uncle Peter, you remember, had asked me to abort the embryo...but I was unable to do so. He always told me it was my fault to be pregnant with his child...so I decided the best would be to give the child away and for adoption."

Eva Weatherill was holding her sister in her arms to give her comfort. Both were crying. Anna watched over the old ladies hugging each other, heart to heart and soul to soul. They were so different in structure, Eva looking like her own mother, Monika more like her father. Darkness of their childhood had bonded them together forever even an ocean was between them, in the spirit, they were connected always. Eva was an unbeliever, never trusting God would really exist. She was of the belief if there would be a merciful God in this world as written in the bible, the suffering people have to go through, the pain, the killings, the famine, the wars and the hatred would not be part of human life.

"Darling, my sweet sister", was Eva Weatherill saying looking at the birth certificate again placed in the middle of the round table, "you did the right thing. There is no problem with it. What hurts me now is that you kept this important secret all by yourself for all those years past. It must have been such a great burden for you...so painful in your soul. We all cannot turn back the time but I wish so much you would have shared this vital information with me long time ago. I would have comforted you...for sure!"

Anna looked into the eyes and tears of her mother declaring with no hesitation: "It is well, no problem!" She could see how relieved Monika Willers was after she had said it.

In the evening Anna called up her both sisters to tell them the surprising news. The next morning Irena contacted the German Red Cross to mention the situation looking for the missing part of her life, Petra. Alexa called her mother in anger declaring shame on her saying she had never believed her that the baby had died, always being convinced her mother had lied to their children. Categorically did Alexa call her

mother evil and stopped the relationship never to see her again only standing at her grave the day of her funeral in Reinbek near Hamburg.

It took the Red Cross three months before they were able to give Irena the new Petra had been adopted by a couple from Hamburg at the age of two, came to New York as the new father had been trasfored by his shipping company, was divorced herself and had few kids. As soon as she got the phone numer of Petra, she called her up, introduced herself. Unlike in TV shows no tears run down any faces, no need to meet and catch up the years not knowing about each other. That call was the only contact between the half-sisters, everyone walked his own way, no problems, no regrets. For Anna, when she heard about Petra she had no intentions to get involved in any drama that could have possibly ocured as each of them had lived a live all by themselves, and that was good as it was.

It was late, dark and cold. Anna woke up. She lookd around. Shimmering Street lights were turned on. Wind blew through the trees, touched the grass, shaking the flowers ready to die away. She did not understand what had happened. It took a few minutes before she was understanding in which situation she was in. Ohlsdorf Cemetery opposite Hamburg Airport the largest cemetery in the world before New York was the place she had woken up. She looked at the bench she was sitting on. All of a sudden it came to her mind she had come to the cemetery to have a good walk in a park as this is what the Ohlsdorfer Cemetery was all about, not a place of stones like in France or the one she had seen in Osu in Ghana's capital, but trees, grass, waterways, ponds, swans and wild ducks enjoing generations that had come to the resting place of soldiers of both last world wars, celebreties from all walks of life, politicians and people like you and me.

She looked around, no one to be seen. Anna closed her eyes, no fear inside her. It was as if the dead bodies would all be her bodyguards. All she remembered was after a good stretch of walk she had decided to have a rest on the bench and must have fallen asleep until the night took over from the day. Looking onto her watch she knew, the cemetery was already locked, the gates closed. No way anyone would come and help her out.

The shadows of the trees portrayed their faces onto the pavement along the roads leading form side to side of the cemetery or falling onto graves. Skooky, very skooky but no place to fear as andone having bad ideas would be enclosed between the high gates anyway. Not knowing where to go to did Anna walk around looking at graves with stones telling family history, being at the same place for generations.

Heinrich Heerde and Irma Heerde was see reading on a white stone at the junction of two other stone paved walk ways. A big stone with a crow and family name `Rabe` stood nearby like a guardian angel. The gave was for two nicely looked after; fresh cut flowers were standing upright in a green plastic vase. Small bushes in a circle decorated the gave of the couple. Anna stood still, bowded down her head in silence and respect of a man and his wife died not having witnessed their grandchildren`s success in life.



Anna lifted up her head and her heart stopped for seconds. She closed her eyes, touched herself, opened her eyes again, closed it one more time feeling her heart would come back to life. Three unknown figures, a woman and two men were standing right in front of her. She tried to figure out how that was possible. She had not heard any footsteps approaching her; no sign of people moving from behind, the side, the air. An idea captured her mind. She looked down below the people greeting her. The soil of the grave was cracked; soil all over the place, not where it was supposed to be, where it was before. Anna looked closer being more and more convinced they have come out from their grave, the people which name was on the stone. But she was not certain, as three people were standing before her, two men and a woman. She was shaking her head to get confusion out of it and clarity in. The old man stretched out his hand to her; Anna tried to touch the hand directed towards her; when she did, the hand was an illusion around her hand, nothing to feel, nothing to touch, no warmth to feel; only air was she holding in her hand while her eyes were seeing a hand around her hand. The old man introduced himself as Heinrich Heerde, former accountant, and his wife Irma Heerde, housewife all her life. Anna had the feeling that Heinrich Heerde had been a grandfather every grandchild would wish to have, an old man that loves children of his child and spoils them with love; but not only with love, more so with sweets in abundance. While his wife Irma Heerde seemed to be a gasty woman that had not been too friendly with their children of her child. Anna knew that the name Heerde most likely originates from Holland, a small city near Eindhoven even these two people had German expressions in their faces. Who was the second man, younger than husband and wife, she asked herself. Heinrich Heerde saw her confusion and introduced him as their son, a man that messed up his life too often to the extent his own family had felt ashamed of him, when dead, added his body to his parents with no name on their stone even carved in theirs.

"Rolf Heinz Heerde, our son", explained Heinrich Heerde looking at the child he had hoped would one day take over his accounting firm, "was married, had three children, but his life was filled with lies. He lied to himself as much as he lied to others. Struggling year in and year out to prove he had changed and be a better person, in the end, it never worked out for him. He died as a lonely man, a man that did not learn his lessons in life."

"But he is our son...that's it...simple as that!" proclaimed Irma Heerde taking her son Rolf Heinz Heerde into her arms. "When you have children of your own", was she turning to Anna trying to smile with her transparent face, "you will see that whatever your own blood does in life, your blood is still your blood. If you refuse your own blood, you refuse yourself as your blood is in your children. You might not be or feel responsible for what your children do, that is very true as much as we parents cannot influence, but in the end it all comes down to the fact, the simple truth, you were giving your child life no matter whether later in life he is a terrorist or mass shooter, he carries your blood and your soul can never deny that simple fact."

"But, if I may say so", stepped Anna one step back as Irma seemed wanting to take control of her mind and make her believe what she thought everyone has to agree with, "all parents can go is to pass on life in their children. Yes, there is blood of both parents in your children and even when you die, the story does not end. While the body is gone, the spirit does never die, possibly jump into another family member to be in future and to become...but family blood is always in the air having or trying to have an influence in our lives...that is what I understand even at my age." Anna stepped back a second step to see the full picture of the core family standing before her: "But I cannot see that by the fact each of us has a free will and given assignment, I as a mother if my child goes out of hand I need to associate myself with it, maybe even that child turns against me and does harm to me like killing me or his siblings!"

"Young lady", was Irma Heerde saying, "you want to tell me, we parents only give birth to a child and will not be responsible for whatever that child does in life or achieves or not does or not achieves, at least to a certain extend?"

"Parents give life, try to do their very best to raise them well, no doubt at all...in any society...but as the free will is there, each individual has a right to mess his life up, correct his mistakes or die in shame even glory could have been his portion...with no regrets on their parents side."

Irma Heerde stepped one step towards her pushing her face forward: "Life is not that easy, young lady. If life would be a mathematical equation than before giving birth we could see whether or not it would make sense to give birth to a child at all or at which time to have a positive outcome that would suite us. No that can never be true. All we can do is to decide to have a child or not and when we say yes, a child comes at its own timing with all its complexity attached. And it are these attached complex factors that determine our happiness or worries as parents."

"This might be true...but it also means, that in the end parents are not responsible for what their children do, whether to kill someone, be drug addicts, die of a car accident while drunken, beating their own kids, reaching the highest position in the land and what have you not", stood Anna her ground stepping half a step forward. She could feel the breath of Irma Heerde in her face.

All of a sudden Heinrich shouted loud out and started to move. He walked towards two women walking their way saying: "Oh my God, Domenica, you have lost weight looking really nice, fresh lady!"

Domenica was laughing any moment dropping down her leather whip used many times before to give pleasure in Herbert Straße, a small stretch of street closed to women and under aged folks, hidden behind the main passage way for the more than discrete scenes of human enjoyment. "Thank you for the compliment, my dear. Here underneath the heavy soil food is not much. Even the meat I carry on my bones get eaten by these stupid and useless insects that are too much in the soil around me!" With a twinkle in her eyes was she pleased to see a living creature around the dead rotten bodies making her spirit so depressed. All her life to give pleasure to people and make lost of money was what had been on her mind. A dark lady, she was dominating men after men. As her service had never come cheap, most of the clients were from well established families, business people mostly that had worked during the day in posh offices commanding thousands of people, while at nights feeling the need to be directed by someone else. For her prostitution as a Domina was a job, a service like any other work on this earth, a job that needed to be done, a job for which she had found a market and customers. She had ended her life as a Social Worker that also had a little restaurant near Hamburger Fischmarkt. Young prostitutes and drug addicts, mostly in combination of these two life-styles, had found in her a mother to cling to and find refuge when their own families had abandoned them. "Life is a funny thing...I am telling you. Very, very strange!" directed Domenica her words towards Anna approaching her to stretch out her hands. "I know you cannot feel my hands as they are from a ghost, from the underworld, from the no longer to be real world", was Domenica laughing. "But be never mistaken, our bodies are gone, our history in the memories of our own generations, possibly in the next as a ghost story once real...but in fact, nothing in this world is really gone forever. We live in cycles, we come and go, in one form or the other we will return. Bodies will be created, bodies formed, bodies will live and souls must fill them. Where to take them from. Invent them again? Oh, no my dear young lady...do not get confused by others, but believe that the numbers of souls are limited...vast, yes, for sure...but limited...and the many more bodies that are going to be created, will all be filled with what you see around you. As otherwise ask you one simple

question, how can it be possible that we humans basically in our core never change but animals and plants get extinct once they cannot adapt to their environment. Even you might argue also humans have come in different forms like Neanderthal and Homo Erectus...very true...but also in them we can assume where the same human characteristics like love, hate, greed, care, jealous and what have you not. It is only that time will unveil to us what has been implanted in us generations back. By trial and error humans eventually find their way forward and answers to pressing questions."

"I am impressed of your wisdom!" was Anna astonished to hear a prostitute she had never met before while alive, only heard about, was able to speak words so deep of human knowledge that really matters, a basis on which the outside of science appears to many.

Domenica refused to accept the compliment and said: "Oh no, my dear young Lady, here behind me...", was she pushing a slim lady in front of her, "she is a real great lady...a real intellectual person...a teacher!"

Anna had seen the lady that had black long hair, an oval face and sharp eyes from pictures, even seen an exhibition of her husband inside Hamburg Airport Terminal one: "Loki...Loki Schmidt...how nice to meet you!"

Loki Schmidt did not give her his hands knowing Anna would not feel anything but air with a mental picture shaped, formed, with a distinctive appearance, yet with no feelings at all, no blood, no bones, no emotions. "My husband...", did she look around not seeing where he was, "must be here somewhere. I mean, as always, Helmut goes his own way. You cannot control him, no one can. Even for me I tried it hard I honestly can say...but his character is in that way that in the end no woman and nothing can change his mind. Once he thinks in a certain way...that's it! Our marriage was not always easy...but in our later years we were a very good team and as great love had faded in the years passed, we knew each other very well and had a very respectful time for each and with each other."

As usual the former German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt arrived at the scene with a half smoked cigarette knowing it does not make any sense at all to change his mind, he felt free to do whatever he had in his mind: "Nice to meet you!" was he greeting Anna shaking her hands knowing she would not feel him. "You really look smart, young lady, I salute you!" It was still in him, the desire to please ladies and make them feel very comfortable. With a twinkle of his left eye was he looking at Anna. "Most certainly...as a politician you cannot tell your people the truth always, they would not understand what you know and want best for the people by which you were once elected. And do not forget, in a democracy, not like in Dictatorship or a company of your own, you need to drill into hard wood for long time finding in the end of a tiring process only a fraction of your original ideas come to pass. In a company you as the inventor and boss can give direction and when people do not follow you, you simply fire them...it is only an issue how much it will cost you...but you cannot fire a nation that does not want to follow you...", was Helmut Schmidt laughing standing by his wife. "You might know at one point in my life I wanted seriously to stop politics and go into business making lots of money and have my peace of mind based on economic freedom! When you are rich you can say anything you want as money protects you, but when you are poor and depend on other people's fortune and gratitude, their grace, things look much, much different. Money is not everything, money does not buy you happiness, but it buys you freedom of speech to a great extent as long as it is not violating any laws in the country...and even in that case you can hire good lawyers fighting for you to give you a platform on which you can stand to promote your ideas that possibly change a society into your proclaimed ideas."

"So Sir, let me ask you about NATO Double Treaty and its true meaning", stepped Anna closer to Helmut Schmidt away from their family.

"People think I did this because I was seriously believing we in Europe had an imbalance of nuclear war heads; we in the NATO against the countries of the Warsaw Pact especially in Russia. I mean we all knew since Hiroshima and Nakasaki in Japan, the atomic bomb attacks leaving hundreds of thousands people dead and sick, that an atomic war cannot be won by any party involved. Unlike a conventional and possibly regional conflict with weapons and tanks you can stop and contain. But once an atomic war takes place, this certainly is the end of mankind. Even back in the days I initiated with the French President that idea and the Treaty it was clear to all people with sense, that the atomic bombs arsenal on all sites was already that large the world would have been destroyed in just minutes completely...all across the globe. We were not stupid not to know that. The upcoming Peace Movement that opposed heavily our plan, especially the Ladies in Greenham Common in England, did not have to tell us what would happen in case of a third war with atomic bombs. What they never understood, and until my death I had to make them believe that what I had said to defend our plan was true, our real intentions was to bring the Communism in Eastern Europe and beyond down to its knees and eradicated it from the earth. As money rules the world my French President and I had to make sure by the race to implement Pershing Two and Cruise Missles with many war heads forcing our Russian counterpart to increase their effort to lift up the numbers of nuclear warheads would finally collapse their countries. People need money to be happy. Look into China of Mao, no money, no happiness. People do not live by ideology, they live by money. When people have nothing to eat, no housing, no health facilities, no future to better their lives during their life-time, they get angry. It is that time when they start thinking and when they do that, they come up with ideas. These ideas over time form a system, a demand something we call political manifestos or at a larger scale ideology. When the stomach is crying for food and shelter, the mind must be stimulated by new ideas to bring them food and shelter after which new ideas emerge based on a full stomach. This simple principles you can see in every society on all levels. You can clearly see this in your society, Germany of today, a country economically rich from nowhere, but politically needs to reform itself to meet the demands of today to move the society of this country ahead. All parties now in power or talking for days without end, their manifestos cannot be taken serious anymore. Even when you look into the faces of the people speaking for these parties you see, they are not up to scratch. And I hear so often when people stand before my grave and pay me respect, that in the days passed Germany had politicians with character, people like Strauss and Wehner...people with a fighting spirit moving the people of these country. Today being on a very high position among nations Germany is too bureaucratic, too in love with itself. When a country is content with its high level of achievement in all walks of life from that high position to come up with a real good concept for the next phase of a society is hard to do. For a poor man to struggle and come up with great ideas, fabulous inventions, with the power to survive, to make it to the top from far below gives a drive that seems to be out of this world. But for a rich country like Germany, like Europe being so full of food in a big stomach...oh, oh, that is not easy at all."

Anna looked at Helmut Schmidt smiling: "You mean, if I get you right, poor countries like in Africa...the future is for them?"

"Africa...oh Africa", was Helmut Schmidt taking another cigarette enjoying the smoke in his lounges, "if only these people down there would not only enjoy the sun and their beautiful big five, their great nature but separate themselves from the dark mind in their spirit, renew their blood and reinvent themselves as the new breed of humans...than...we white people better run away...maybe to Moon or Mars. The future of this world is truly in their hands but we white people keep them down with all that

we can. The words we speak, the actions we take, are only meant to keep them at their low level and ensure the time window of the next sixty to eighty years when the soil of Africa will dry out and natural resources will be no more with them they do not wake up and come to their senses which will give us the chance to rule over them for hundred of more years to come. Our words of comfort and assistance are fake, so fake, I am telling you! The donor funding we give is opium for them to stay where they are, not to move. When you look at it from a global financial perspective, this is our investment from tax payers money to ensure the people in Africa will never come up and take dominion of the world, that work places will stay with us and the work we create in Africa is only to manage the flow of migrants and keep the balance in our favour. It is a worthwhile investment...and it is our solution."

"Weakened mind?"

"You might say so, Anna", said Helmut Schmidt stepping on his cigarette to extinguish the flame, "but on the other side it is not. We here have to take responsibility for our own countries, our economies, our people. We were not born black and in Africa, they over there have to take care of their own future. So, ask yourself please, would it be right for us politicians in the West to promote Africans over our own people or ensure that the happiness we live today will be preserved and increased more and more? Would it not be an act of irresponsibility to raise competition to our society so that over time we will have to suffer?"

"You mean...it is for the African only to fight for their own interest and see the conditions we the white folks put them in...and do not listen to voices of the West?" asked Anna stepping back from Helmut Schmidt.

"Everyone for himself first, that is how life goes and how we were created!" responded Helmut Schmidt greeting Heinrich and Irma Heerde standing behind Anna. In an airplane when the oxygen masks come down, the healthy person has to put the mask on before helping the vulnerable one. Otherwise all die! You can be poor, no problem basically, but your help for others are only beneficial to them when you in your mind is solid...otherwise you can put them easily into trouble."

"So, it is not so much the money you have that moves mountains, but the mind you have for yourself and others...is that what I hear from you?"

"You are on a glorious way to victory!" congratulated Helmut Schmidt Anna and walked off leaving Loki Schmidt standing chatting along with Domenica, Heinrich and Irma Heerde. Rolf Heinz Heerde had kept in the dark all the time the discussion went on.

A man passed by, looked at them, stood still, bowed down his head, lifted it up again, walked towards them sitting underneath a mighty tree. They looked at him, he looked at them. Both were not certain about each other. Who would take the first step? His eyes were cold, ice cold, no life in them.

"I am Hamman", introduced he himself to the group of six.

"Hamman?" asked Loki Schmidt remembering the name well. "Are you the one... ."

"Yes, I was the one that killed many people and cut them into pieces...so many years back!"

Irma Heerde was shocked, Heinrich Heerde leant forward to see the man known all over Germany so well so see his eyes better. Anna did not know that name at all, never heard of such a man.

"I never understood", aid Heinrich Heerde getting up standing mighty before the short man that had made headlines for months in the German press, "why you killed all those innocent people and on top of it cut them into pieces. What motivated you to do that?"

"What motivates a man to kill others and enjoy life? Is that what you mean?" asked Hamman sitting on the wet grass scheduled to be cut the following week.

"I was eating my man as he because he has asked me to eat him!" came Robert Dietrich around the bush.

Al turned around seeing a slim man in his mid forties looking kind of handsome, not like someone able to do harm to others. "I got the email from that man asking to be eaten. After few email exchanges he came down to my house, as I was asked to do, I killed him and as he had wanted I started to cut him into pieces and ate him bit by bit", described Robert Dietrich his actions, for him a normal behaviour. He never saw anything wrong in what he had done, could not understand that others were thinking differently.

Hamman jumped into the conversation justifying his actions: "I would have never been able to eat anyone of the people I murdered and cut into pieces...after all, they were too many of them...how to eat all that meat?"

"You could have invited me!" was Robert Dietrich joking seeing Anna was shocked down to her bones. "You think I am a monster, mentally disturbed, sick in all my brain...right, young lady?"

With great fear and reservation was Anna answering: "Yes...I guess so!"

"Was I not born like you, an innocent child knowing nothing about the world, about its terms and conditions, rules to follow? Was I not educated by my parents and teachers, by my bosses at my old work place, shaken and shaped by life? How on earth could it happen that someone asks me to kill and eat him and I do it? Where is that instinct and information in me coming from...and to see that all of it is normal? Do such ideas fly in the air and all of a sudden jump into a person...and why me? Why not anyone else, why me?" asked Robert Dietrich the group present.

"We also killed a man", appeared out of nowhere a group of three ladies, two daughters with their mother. The sat next to Robert Dietrich looking downwards onto their shoes before the mother started to speak out with confidence: "My husband misused us for a period of fifteen years. He did worst things to us, beating us making our life a living hell. The three of us one day down on our knees, at the end of what we could carry on our souls had sit together and decided to kill that beast not letting us live in peace anylonger. This is all we could do to get rid of that bastard, the son of an evil woman. The suffering and torcher of that man was simply too much. So we three killed him in the end. We all were so relieved when later the court was setting us free from murder charges walking out of prison for free."

"For free?" was Anna astonished about the spirit of German law.

"Yes...we admitted to have killed him but because of the long time under his regime in agony the court did not send us to life in prisonment for murder", said one of the daughter emotionless.

It took Anna a few seconds of thinking before asking: "Before killing him, the evil man to end your misery he had put you in, would it not have been possible for you, the mother to leave him with the help of authorities and friends or by your own initiative and take your two daughters with you? Was killing the last resort to turn to and then...walk for free?"

"To free ourselves from that evil man was so difficult, so very difficult...", started the mother to justify her thinking and actions.

"Difficult...I believe", was Anna holding against her, "but certainly possible as anything like that is possible, even if you three would have ended up sleeping on the streets begging for mercy, money and food...something like that would have been possible in case no friends would have been able to help and authorities would have been unwilling to do their work...but to kill an evil man to set yourself free...I do not believe this is right...not for a second!"

"You were not in our shoes! So who are you to judge us. Feeling all the pain for all those many years under the dictatorship of their father and my husband...you would have certainly gone crazy yourself!"

"Most certainly not", insisted Anna stepping forward towards the group of three that had got up to face her eye to eye. "I would have left such a man right away when I would see the first sign of him to treat my like a slave and left him...even if it would have meant to start life all over again from down under. but to take the life of a man knowing this world has so many chances to avoid killing people...that is not right. And what makes me more angry is that the German court system has failed to bring justice into our society by doing the right thing in spirit and by following the letters of the law. Law in this country, like in all around the world, is never absolute, is always a slave to time, changing when human life is changing. Laws have nothing to do with justice, with being closure to issues in a society, they are there to control a society and its people based on pleasing its own ethical standards that change from generations to generations. When we call a sentence life in prisonment but leave most murderers out of prison after mostly fifteen years, then the term life-imprisonment is useless, is the wrong labeling for a cause society has to deal with. The sentences given in other cases are not justified by any absolute standard, they are made to taste by a certain society at a certain given time. But that is not right...it can never be right. And Judges do not sentence people accordingly to the law by the letter, but accordingly to their interpretation of the law, the spirit they think they can discover behind a law. They wrongly argue that no law can be written suitable for individual cases to do justice to the case, therefore the interpretation of a judge is needed to come to the best conclusion. When you critically think deep about it you will most certainly discover such ideas spoken are wrong and useless!"

"I was listening to you, young lady, very carefully and see, your heart is pumping very well...your ideas are not mainstream but thinking criss-cross about the spectrum of human life", showed a slim, middle aged man the scene and sat below the grave stone of family Rabe high bushes left and right. "It is very good to think of life's issues instead of just existing and moving one beating time to death until successful finally to be here like all of us...dead bodies walking around, talking to each other, sharing our insights in life, speaking openly as punishment from whatever side has no effect on us anymore."

Hamman moved closer to the unknown man that introduced himself to the others as Gerhard Löper asked him: "What is your story then?"

"I was a drug dealer and drug addict myself...overdose killed me in the end!"

"So, you might say, in the end you might have killed more people than me with your drugs?" challenged Hamman Gerhard Löper looking deep in his eyes that had no visible life in them. Gerhard Löper was taking but his facial expressions never changed.

"At least I killed myself!" tried Gerhard Löper to crack a joke harvesting looks of doubts and not understanding. "How many more I killed by selling them drugs during my life-time or later...I do not know. Certainly I am not proud of what I have done, not what I have done to myself and to others to finance my drug addiction...certainly not!"

"But is it not so, that at a time in our life, we have to take responsibility for what happens to us and with us and what we do...not to put responsibility onto other people or the circumstances we find ourselves in or we have escaped from?" wanted Anna to get down to the truth of life.

"Does it really matter who you are? I mean one of us are prostitutes, some Saints in heaven, others big bosses with lots of money, politicians, electricians or mass murderers...so we all cannot be equal!" provoked Domenica the congregation of dead people now all sitting in the wet grass. "In the end, we all die, no matter what we have done in our life while all could see us. No rich man can take his riches to the underworld, no saint can take his blessings with him, no money can be spent in the kingdom of death, no famous person can take its fame with him...so what sense does it make to fight like many people are fighting to have a better life or be better people as the end is the same like for all of us?"

"What sense does life make in the first place", was Anna the first to answer as the rest looked at Domenica with open eyes not knowing what to say, "when we get life, life and not try to live it well? I mean in that case we could refuse to be born in the first place, couldn't we?"

"I know that life is not in our hands...even I am not a Christian or any other follower of a religion...but my life has thought me so many things. One is for certain, we can have plans for our life as much as we want to, can follow our parents' commands not to leave the right path and to do good. But as life is so complex, so diverse, we all will end up seeing ourselves in the hour of our death at a different place in life. When we are young, we think the sky is not the limit, everything can change fast when only enough energy and determination is put onto a course of change. As we grow old and have kids on our own, we cross a line of understanding. Things are never as they seem and as they appear before our own eyes. We must jump over too many hurdles, cross too many dangerous and deep waters. We drown on the way or reach the other side of the river healthy and in great spirit."

"Domenica...", looked Heinrich at his wife Irma knowing what he had to say would not be liked by her but provoke grim looks, "I have always admired your work in a way as to beat these men for money, to hear them shout for lust when they feel heavy whipping on their backs to get their sexual kick and satisfaction...surely was not easy..."

"Job is job...you get used to it", replied Domenica getting closer to Heinrich Heerde.

"I do not think I would be capable of doing it even if I would be a woman...no way!" insisted Heinrich Heerde smiling at the lady carefully observing how her big breasts moved up and down. All of Hamburg knew her size and she was never hiding what God had given her to expose to the world.



"We have all our mission as we are all the same basically, but outside of our core human being, we are so, so different. Humans came in all shapes and sizes, not the same at all. Our outside might look the same like few others, but the fullness of our being, our structure, our character, our time in and around us, makes us unique people. Yet, main characteristics can be seen as the same like many others have."

Anna jumped in and said: "I think...we all better sit back and take our time to think about what you have just said. That needs careful consideration and then we see, who of us comes to which conclusion and recommendations for himself and others to follow."

"Very well said...young Lady!" smiled Domenica reaching out to Anna. She took her warm hands; Anna felt air around her hands, cold like the night.

Loki Schmidt raised her voice by saying: "If you think that moral and ethical standards do not matter and life achievements are left to chance, then it would mean life on earth is basically meaningless...a mere gamble?"

Domenica got up to sit right next to Loki Schmidt discussing the issue face to face: "Let's face it, this world is full of moral standards...as much as it is full of people. There are basic moral expectations we all have and they are universal at all times, but...and life always has a but...there are more moral standards that are time related and left to chance as people see them fit to use and expect others to follow. So, on that very note we must see life of humans and the expectations we as individuals and group of individuals have when it comes to us and the others."

"So, you are telling me that even if only one person should live here on earth, that one also needs moral standards?" challenged Loki Schmidt seeing the big breasts of Domenica moving up and down giving the lady from Sanct Pauli a massive standing while sitting.

"Even in that case moral standards are needed, in that case he for himself. We cannot live just having a body to walk around, feed and digest before letting our food leave our body again. There is this thing in us that we commonly call brain...and unlike animals and plants are we mandated or you can also say haunted to use it to our own good. We have not come here to destroy, but to develop and development in its core mandate is always targeted to create something positive, sometimes positive out of negative...but aiming for the positive side of life in the end. For that very reason it is up to us to create our own life...the outcome of it over time. Circumstances we find ourselves in cannot tigh us to see glory in our lives. But as we are free to think whatever we want to think and believe, not by force of anyone outside us, we are free to choose our destiny. Therefore as much as we are all born the same with the same tools given to us we move into so many different directions become prostitutes, murderers, rich bosses out of no money available, inventors, teachers and what have you not."

"But...great lady of wisdom", laughed Loki Schmidt moving closer to Domenica, "tell me secret about why is it that we become who we will be at the end of our life and not someone else besides the fact that we have our own free will?"

"Before we are born our life is already decided based on all the decisions we will take in our lives. Ask yourself, why should anyone be given a great idea for creating new businesses or in the creative arts when it is obvious that person would never do the right things in life to achieve that one great business to make himself rich and create jobs for others. That of course would be a waste of resources and time.

All we do here on earth is nothing but to live a life based on the millions little decisions each day that ends up to a big decision, the outcome of our life. So what we do here is to live a life that before it had even began, had already been decided. What you experience tomorrow is time that had already been created, so tomorrow is not new, things that happen are not new, it is only our moving ahead in time that makes us see what had already been created before us. We live life from basically backwards. So we can also understand that in us as humans anything needed to get out from our caves and walk on Mars was already in us. Only the need for us to discover and see what life has in stock for us, what was already created and is there...time will tell us, will let us see...but everything, let me be clear on this, is and was and will be always in us!"

"You mean life is nothing but a journey forced onto us to see what life has in stock for us whether or not we actually want it?" was Anna wondering about the concept of life of a woman far more experienced about life matters than her.

"Anything in this world you can judge positively or negatively...but life is neither nor. Life is who and what it is...life, time of people moving from cradle to grave and do it all over again in later life. This world is spinning round and round in circles, nothing new on planet earth as we always say...right? And therefore basically the only moral standard we need as humans is to live our life as given...but we need moral standards to manage life among so many people on earth from time to time to have clarity about what to do and what to leave for which reason it is clear that moral standards change over time. What is important today to observe and follow, tomorrow no one cares rather stores it away in the cellar to dust away."

"You mean, moral standards are by chance?" asked Heinrich Heerde showing more and more interest in the discussion.

"Not by chance in its fundamental sense, but by time and personal decision that when voiced influences others and the group demanding such standards to be right and valid, the need to implement them...than it becomes the living reality of societies as long as these societies in their belief continues to exist...until time comes new beliefs emerge from the cellar to dominate human life again", made Domenica her view of life clear.

"You mean...", wanted Anna to provoke Domenica and bring her to the boiling point, "life is a joke?"

"Life is not a joke", laughed Domenica walking over to Anna holding her hands, "its a job...a job given to us by force...and we have to perform on time given to the best we can...in which way ever!"

"In other words, the world can live without us humans...isn't it?"

"The world can turn round and round without any human, yes, that is so. But...and life always has a but...God cannot do without us!" smiled Domenica tired ready to go back to her grave and have a long and good rest. "Never forget, we are here not because we wanted it and have come to God's mind and attention to make us. We are here only because God had decided so to make us and make us the way we are with a free will to do wrong or right. Therefore...we do not live for us...but for him!"

She knew going to Hamburger Fischmarkt early on Sunday mornings would be a stupid idea; only tourists would do. The market ends officially by half past nine, the best time to buy is around that time. Ten minutes before over the loudspeaker the same old message to close the market and vendors to clear the place would hit the busy people selling and buying she would appear on the scene, check out the offer of fruits and vegetables looking behind the stands were the vendors pack their food stuff to estimate how low down they would have to bring the price for cherries, cucumbers, collyflower and roses knowing they could not take them back to their warehouses and bring back the following Sunday; pressure was on them easing the pressure in her pocket and on her money. After a good breakfast with coffee, rolls with salami and lettuce garnished, orange juice from the bottle and red grapes set Anna off to leave her apartment in Sülldorf to take the train with direction to Hamburg Airport/Poppenbüttel to get off at station Reeperbahn in the heart of Hamburg Red Light District.

Before going down the stairs to the level of the Hamburger Fischmarkt she looked at the two bronze statues of a woman and man selling fish. The market had been taken over by other vendors selling clothes, money purses, cake and rolls, flowers and honey. At the time of her childhood ships had come up the river Elbe unloading their fresh catch, but these times had gone long time as trucks are faster and cheaper to bring from Holland or Denmark the needed catch onto the dinner tables of Hamburger. But still, it was a popular place, tradition of good olden days, that tourists would still love to come to to get entertained and confused by the shouting of some vendors offering best quality, large quantity and cheapest, really lowest prices for it all. They were that much successful to manipulate with words and a great show put on their trucks from which they were selling, that people from outside Hamburg did not see what they were buying was not of the best quality but left overs from big sellers unable to sell it to any other customers but the once from the Hamburger Fischmarkt. What tourists mainly paid for was the entertainment on display, for locals the cleverness of knowing what was behind it all.

Going down the stairs Anna felt strange unable to explain what the feeling was telling her she had. She looked around, behind her nothing to see, everything as normal, as she had seen it hundreds of times before. But yet, the strange feeling of uncertainty, of danger would not go away. When she stepped on the pavement of the Fischmarkt Anna turned around again, stood still, letting people pass her, looked down onto her shoes, looked up again into the stream of people getting down and towards her. As much as she tried to see, nothing unusual appeared to her eyes. She shook off the worries and question, moved on towards the Turkish vendors to check out their prices of fruits and vegetable. She wanted to make a nice vegetable soup for the whole of the coming week. Knowing where and what to buy at what price to get, moved Anna further towards the west end of the market enjoying the vendors from Holland selling plants with names she had never known before. To get entertained by them for free and possibly getting a bargain had always been joyful to her. She knew at home all their plants took all her space available before the windows, no place for new ones. Looking inside the Fischhalle a Country and Western Music Group, oldies in this genre for years, were giving people a good time. Sitting at long tables and benches surrounded by food vendors ready to sell fried sausages and eggs with fried potato slices, everyone laughed, some were dancing to the demanding loud tune of the band. Beer filled the air.

Then it was again, the feeling of fear and anxiety creeping up her body all the way from down her feet to her head. Her hands were shaking, she did not know why. Anna looked at her body that seemed to have separated itself from her mind. As much as she tried to take her body under the control of her mind, she failed. Something had taken control over her and as she did not know what or who it was, it

was not possible for her to fight against the fear inside her. To fight against an enemy or a situation standing right before her was never a problem to conquer and bring down, but not seeing, not knowing, only feeling would not be possible to be victorious about.

Irena had left home early in the morning shortly after sunrise gone to Sülldorf. She had set her mind to find out her sister's life-style, what she would do on a daily and normal basis needed for her plan to end her life. How she finally wanted to execute her conviction that this world was either for her or Anna only, no place for both, was not yet certain. Hiding behind trees, bushes and houses Had she seen how Anna had left her apartment in Sülldorf. On the train Irena had been sitting at the back of the wagon never leaving her sister out of sight. Before stepping down onto the pavement of Hamburger Fischmarkt Irena used her mental strength wishing Anna would fall down the stairs and brake her neck. She had made sure more and more people would use the stairs and intentionally accidentally would run Anna over to make her fall. Disappointment captured and torched her heart seeing Anna well and alive to check out the Turkish vendors as if nothing would have happened, no one be chasing after her life. With disgust was she seeing hiding behind the caravan of a vendor inside Hamburger Fischmarkt Halle selling fish rolls with mayonnaise and boiled eggs how much Anna enjoyed herself. Her bloody eyes were fired by her deadly spirit to end her sister's life. Irena did not dare for a second to take off her eyes from Anna and look for any opportunity to do harm to her.

"I admire Werner Otto so much", was Anna hearing an pensioneer saying to his wife eating fried eggs with fried potato slices, beer next to them, shouting into his wife's ears as the music was too loud for a normal conversation, "that build a Multi-Billion Dollar Otto Versand from humble beginnings. After last world war he photocopied three hundred prints of a catalogue with few shoes from Italy and distributed all of them by hand while Germany was getting slowly back on its feet again. With hard work, cleverness and never losing sight of his destiny, he was able to hand over to his very talented son Michael a company dominating the world market. And what I find so stupid is now the never ending discussion that rich people need to pay extra tax on their wealth. That is so, so stupid. I mean anyone is free to make himself employed, follow in the foot steps of Werner Otto and others, make money, create jobs...as jobs only come from people that take the risk to step out of paid jobs and come up with an invention, an idea for which people would be paying for, make money over time and then be rich. I always ask myself when politicians say such stupid things, why did they not go the way and become rich people by entrepreneurship. When they have seen what it takes to come from nowhere and be someone over time with all aspects involved, fears, downfall, getting up again, losing money, sleepless nights, long hours, no vacations and so on...why do these politicians before talking nonsense not go that way as ideas are free, you do not have to pay for them, they are a product only of the brain...and brain is what I suspect they hopefully someone call their own...or not? Whatever...when they are rich themselves, they have a right to talk and come up with demands. Do not forget that heirs of riches, people that have never really contributed anything to create jobs for others, are taxed the same way like those once that have lost blood and sweat to come to where they are today? Is that justified? Most certainly not. But people and politicians only ask for extra wealth tax not because it is justified or it makes sense, only because it is popular with voters and could potentially help them in their re-election campaign...that is all. Such people should always remember, people that are lazy when it comes to work or fear the risks involved, that our society needs people willing to give their life for what they believe in and subsequently creating jobs for the once fearful or reluctant to give up holidays, wanting good night sleep and spend quality time with their kids. Without them all these people demanding the extra tax would not have a job. They always forget, all the big companies in this world at their beginning, were created by humble, simple people, mostly not highly educated, not from rich families...think of that before you talk, I say to the stupid politicians!"

"You and your politics!" complained his wife drinking her beer and enjoying the music. "Cannot you just stop talking about such issues and enjoy life? Have fun!" She went to the space before the stage dancing to the music.

Irena saw how Anna got up making sure while leaving the Fischmarkt Halle she would not see her. Calmly walked Anna her way up the little hill towards Reeperbahn leaving Schweinske Restaurant to her immediate right crossing over to the other side. Always when she was standing in front of Große Freiheit, a narrow short street open during the day only to traffic, by nights closed to onlookers and tourists enhauling the god olden days passed long time to feel in their mind a world so different from their own, their daily work in mines, chemical factories or standard offices, making monys to pay for everyday's expenses, to feed their families, to go on vacations, to have fun in life. Here the world of ordinary people going about their well established and morally correct lives were put to the test, were challenged by others ready to grab deep into the tourist purse and get their money into their hands, the bar owner, the body guards of protitutes standing by the raod side at Davidswache, the famous police station to keep order in the red light district that had changed since Anna was born. At the time of her childhood, she remembered very well, Sanct Pauli and Reeperbahn at its heart, was a place to enjoy sex, pure sex, soft and hard to taste. In the brothels around Hans-Albert-Platz, the square making the center of the area with restaurants, from eight at nights going young ladies in their short clothes blocking the way for the men to walk their way but take their money, the atmosphere was completely different than today. Self acclaimed body guards of the prostitutes when ahving problems with other athelic men wanting to expand their business by winning over their prostitutes with only small amount of cocaine in their noses, agreed to met in The Rize from Kalle Schwensen near Eros Center from Willi Bartels, went down the stairs ignoring the TV with pornos running all the time and had a good bloody fist fight in the sparring ring Kalle Schwensen had set up fro them to keep their testestrone under control. When HIV spread and the Berlin Wall fell, gangster groups from Eastern Europe took over control of the lucrative business with girls, sex and drugs. While the Hamburger of the old garde were using their bodies to determine their territory and income with professional contract murderer Pintzner occassionally killing few of them, the East European gangs never spoke but shot people on the spot making their mark in and around the district.

Anna looked down Große Freiheit seeing the remains of Salambo and Safari, once great places for men wanting to be stimulated before using one of the prostitutes with several live sex shows each night sitting around small tables paying highly overcharged prices for common drinks. The actors naked and busy on stage on all body parts had come mainly from South America. Especially the men were enormously stable in their performance to make the femal actors shout for lust feeling the men inside them. HIV had all changed the scenery of the place, trasnformed it into walkways for peole from all over the country and beyond to have clean ideas about sex with their partners or partners of their partners. Broadway entertainment style was the order of the time. Clean, neat and impressive building were the beginning of the transformation of a place that had been formed by sailors from far staying in Hamburg until their ships had been ready to set sail again wanting to use girls for a time they had been unable to use their wives thousands of kilometers away from their hearts. Reeperbahn as a street had been used to make heavy duty ropes for ships needed to secure the in any harbour around the world.

Before Anna walked into Große Freiheit did she look at the silver shaddory statues of The Beatles erercted in honour of the great band from Liverpool that had started its career in Hamburg sleeping rough in houses for friendly people, singing and compsoing music for small money, and loved by many while performing in Kaiserkeller and other places of the city. They had never forgotten Hamburg and the

Star Club as did Hamburg never forget them and what their contribution had been to a vibrant city, the best in all of Germany.

At the end of Große Freiheit, leaving Dollhouse behind, the place once occupied by Salambo, the Catholic Church opposite Kaiserkeller was closed not able anymore for the day to be used by people from Eastern Europe, mainly Polish worshippers. Grünspann was to be seen on her right handsight, but she had no interest to cross the street and see that metal music folks had taken over the dance palace before a place after which once Harry's Hafen Bazar was located, a shop filled with statues endlessly from all around the world, mostly Africa, a place to entertain oneself senses in abundance. She checked out Paul-Rosen-Straße and Seillerstraße only to see more and more sex shops and bars for homosexuals had taken over bars for the ordinary hard working ship builders and plumbers raising their kids with their wives.

Just before St. Pauli Theater, next to Schmidt's Theater, she had to stop. Her breath was shot. She felt like fainting touching the bricks of the theatre to find hold and safety. Her heart was beating. She turned around seeing that cars came out of the underground garage before Davids Wache Police Station, tried to walk towards the cars for help. Her mind was spinning and spinning. Her heart beat was stopping for seconds before coming back on. She felt fear around her neck, had the feeling someone is about to strangle her to death; but she was all alone by herself, no body near her. Behind Lucullus in the middle of the road selling sausages of the best taste with washroom facility offered for visitors and guest alike, was Anna believing to see a woman hiding that looked very much like Irena. She tried to keep her eyes wide open, tried to control her mind to see the body of a woman very well and identify her as who she was. Her head was aching more and more by the minute. Fog came over her eyesight making it impossible to identify the hidden woman. She spoke to herself that certainly this can never be true as why should her sister Irena be here at this place, around this time and following her; what for? Her mind convinced her what she was seeing could never be what she was thinking, as what is not possible to be cannot be. A police officer on his way out to patrol the district saw she was not feeling well, offering his help.

"Thank you officer", said Anna when he gave her a cup of coffee in the police station letting her rest on a wooden bench aside of the reception area. He had wanted to call an ambulance but she refused assuming the attack would disappear fast. Stepping out of the police station Anna was wondering whether or not to go back to her area and walk around Blankense, the richest district of Hamburg, a city with four Billionaires and three thousand Millionaires be claimed by her sister Alexa as a posh area with snobbish behaving people she herself was regarding them as very well educated and friendly people to anyone that approached them in the same manner, friendly and open minded. The Villa of a rich man along Rissener Landstraße, a man that had established a small empire of car selling companies in and around Hamburg with the help of his much beloved wife, would often be the place she would stand before and remember the story behind the white posh Villa not many people remembered. When the wife had died of cancer, the husband had seen no sense anymore in living, in the money he had, the fame given to him, his children but had hang himself in the attic of his villa following his late wife to wherever she was. Thinking of that story had always helped her in times of her own problems to understand the meaning of life a bit better.

But no, that was not the place she wanted to see, rather to walk towards Heiligengeistfeld, the place on which three times a year the Dom, an impressive fun fair, would entertain people from all over Germany. She entered Planten un Blomen, an area once shaped for the International Garden Festival generations ago, a place for Hamburger to enjoy flowers, nature and in the evenings particularly the

water fountains with light and music on display during the season lasting for half an hour enjoying all onlookers making them delighted. Anna sat down into the specially designed garden chairs in the rose garden to rest and let her mind flow, her eyes see red and pink flowers as far as her eyes could see. The Heinrich-Hertz Tower distributing TV signals all across the city, rose high into the skies was standing to her right. The restaurant half way to the top of the tower turning tables while guest were eating, had been closed for years without end.

Her memories took her back to the time she was a student studying in Pferdestall, the former horse stable next to Abaton Kino, a cinema premiering alternative movies to the young generation. Across Pferdestall the yellow structure of the Philosophen Tower the place she studied history and philosophy stood massively in the wind look below onto the Mensa catering for thousands of students and lecturers offering a great variety of food for meat eaters and vegetarians alike, delicious most of the time even when eating was done in haste by being asked not to use more than twenty minutes for the meal for others to take their course as well. It was so present always in her mind when she had entered university she was overwhelmed by knowledge from people having had walked before her but no one had shown interest in what she had done she had only managed to end her studies fighting her way based on her great interest in the subjects having studied. She knew from her own experience finally a study at university does not need whatever that was called to be 'intelligence' but interest and hard work, that was all, therefore potentially possible for anyone.

"This world is a funny place!" was Anna saying loud checking left and right that no one was near her to hear what she was thinking. "Most people live life anyhow...but they do not think of it or reflect on it, so they cannot progress. They do not see themselves as powerful individuals but follow the instructions of society, their family and friends making their standards and life expectations their own completely or partially...but in the end missing the mark set for them. Life is for fighters only, surviving is for the faint hearted once!"

It was time for Anna to take a walk in the City Center standing before the impressive Town Hall, the third of its kind in the history of Hamburg. Behind was the Chamber of Commerce, a place so vital for the city, so full of history. In the lobby to the immediate right when entering still till date small wooden benches constructed around round pillars were the meeting place for companies of various profession to collect letters sent to them and a gathering place for their representatives to close deals. Whenever a deal is negotiated and done among people of the business community it is sealed with a firm handshake, only written contracts in modern times put the icing on the cake. Hamburg is a too small city to step out of line and be dishonest, the business end would follow immediately.

Anna was thinking of walking over to the Speicherstadt turned into Harbour City, once the world's largest warehouse complex in the world storing coffee, tea and carpets. Many of the impressive old warehouse structures had been sacrificed for modern structures housing people and offices that were of no meaning to the city, faceless and shameless. Once she had been at the bus stop Am Sand seeing the place once so dear to her heart when checking out on carpets inhaling the aroma of freshly roasted coffee and tea brewed for tasting, it all had gone. Brutal coldness of modern facades had slammed into her face and made her angry about politicians and architects alike unable to plan a new district her Hamburg could have been truly proud of. That place now was killing her soul and made her heart stop boiling her blood in anger. It was clear to her, she would never set foot again in that area of her city that was so much part of her being.

"How disgusting", was she commenting thinking of Hamburg Harbour City while walking along Lake Binnenalster passing Hapag Lloyd Headquarters to her right. In the near distance she saw Hotel Atlantic beautiful as ever, shining bright white in the afternoon sun. The Gallery of Contemporary Arts that she had to pass by was a structure that had never entered her mind, a structure she was able to overlook. Across the Außenalster, Hotel Atlantic in her back, the American Consulate was clearly visible sealed off by heavily armed office office.

"Wherever I will be in this world, even my end might not be here, Hamburg is always with me!" was Anna saying to herself with tears coming to her eyes. "Home is never a place, home is a feeling and feelings are there, they control our level of comfort we have in this world sure always controlled by our mind as much as we can. They are the underlining force that drives us down or upwards. We can only reach our glory, when our mind is able to control and master our ownself, our past, our present, our future, our emotions...our destiny set before us! But in the end, let us be clear and honest about it, we can never win the race we are supposed to run as when we come to the final point to discover who we as humans really are, not what we read in the bible or books of philosophers...further down in our existence...as the bible and others do not explain why we are, only that we are and what we have to do...we finally would destroy ourselves by getting mad over it!"

"You are okay, young lady?" asked an old woman taking her seat next to Anna on the bench opposite Hotel Bellevue she had chosen to have a rest and clear her mind. Swans came as the old lady had bread crumbs with her, old bread from the past week collected during the times she had not been well. She threw the bread crumbs closer towards the swans seeing little sailing boats on Lake Außenalster racing against each other with young boys and girls on deck. Being a widow for years the old Lady came to her bench nearly every day except in winter time and time of illness. Fresh air and a strong wind would always low her mind and clean her thoughts, was she laughing sharing her wisdom of life with the new friend she found unexpectedly.

"This world is not funny these days anymore...rather getting more and more crazy, confusing an old lady like me too much!" was the old Lady laughing not mentioning her name to Anna. "Past European Parliament election endless numbers of parties were to be chosen from, parties I have never heard of standing for issues so sectarian, only for limited groups...my God have mercy on your people. These had never happen in early times that I can remember and was an active Party Member of Hamburg ruling party myself before leaving it for very good reasons. Everyone is shouting out his small personal problems busting it to a life changing matter claiming not only the main stream problems must be heard, but all corners of the earth have a right to be seen, acknowledged and find themselves again in laws that in the end harm others and their ideas about life...oh, oh God have mercy on your people...where have we gone to as society here and in other places. What does not jump into party politics will form an interest group and organization...each of which has its own moral and ethical standards fought for with great power dividing our country in a way."

"You mean, when there are only a handful of parties and groups, the world would be a more effective and inclusive place for us all?" challenged Anna the old Lady that had given all her bread to the swans even they were still waiting before her to get more.

"The other day I was overhearing a conversation on the bus of an old couple when the husband mentioned the secret of a successful marriage by claiming, it can only work when one partner holds back his own wishes from time to time, backs down and let the other partner have its will without being frustrated, without having the believe to be left out and denied its right to see happiness. All he is



saying, even when you are single and live all by yourself, compromises must be made in your life...even when you live alone on this planet, as long as you are alive, your own will to the last letter cannot be done."

"Can I advice you?" asked Anna the old Lady with a great smile on her face.

"Yes, please...tell me your mind!" said the old Lady ready to hear whatever was supposed to be spoken.

"Never mention this to anyone in this world, as people will not understand you but call you a mad person and insult you very well."

"I am old enough to say whatever I want to say...young Lady. Thanks for your concern. When I was young like you and even a bit older, what other had to say mattered to me and I took their words seriously...but in my olden days, trust me, I have the freedom finally to say and believe whatever I want to. There is no standard opinon, no society rule that I follow unless they make sense to me. And when people talk nonsense, trust me, I am the first to speak my mind no matter how much they think I am old, mad or too funny. Time for me to live here on earth is too short for which reason I have no time to waste speaking nice and friendly words pleasant to many ears. No, way! I speak whatever I have to say and do not care what other people call me. In the underworld, once done and gone, we all meet again having great parties and discussions seeing from below the green lush grass what nonsense people up there are doing. Oh, you bet, I will have a jolly good time down there and actually perpare myself for the final freedom getting rid of this body aching here and there to be only me and myself. To live is all about the body and the mind, to be is all about being. And being is all around us whether visible or not. To live is after all only for a short time, but to be is forever!"

Anna looked around seeing old and young walking their dogs or jogging questioning: "I see so many people here smoking, in Ghana I have never come across such behaviour!"

The old Lady agreed and added: "Something I do not understand is that so many people these days have tatoos all over their bodies, even on necks and in faces...it does not look good at all. And piercing in noses and ears...God have mercy on your people. I simply d not understand why people want to do that to their bodies. No way can any such tatoos ever look nice and interesting...no way. It seems these days that people with plain skin are outdated. But in the end, skin changes with age and tatoos look even more funny than thy do at younger age. I stay away from such people believing something is wrong in their spirit, their character is very strange!"

Anna advice the old Lady: "You will heare them insulting you as outdated when you mention it into their colourful faces!"

"As I told you already, young lady, I do never care what people say...I only live my life...period!" was the old Lady about to return back home for her afternoon sleep. "What is wrong with you...are you not feeling fine?" was the old Lady seeing Anna collapsing from one second to the next while getting up to walk away. She was lifting Anna's head up to protect it from the gavel of the walk way. She shouted for help, other pedestrians rushed to the scene. They tried to check on her vital paramaters to see her breathing, to feel her puls, her heartbeat. Fear captured the faces of the onlookers. Ladies were about to cry in tears. The ambulance was called, the emergency doctor was concerned as Anna was about to pass on, no sign of life in her body. They pushed her into the ambulance giving her the much needed treatment. Before the door of the ambulance got closed to rush Anna to the nearest ICU facility

appeared Irena at the car, looked into it seeing Anna lifeless on the stretcher having a smile on her face. Irena's eyes reflected happiness and satisfaction as if years of hard work, of pressing on and on for something special, had fallen off her shoulders.

When the doors of the ambulance got closed and the car started to move faster and faster to rescue Anna from certain death, Irena said loud to herself: "It is done...my problem is gone!"

....to be continued

## The Underground Man

### Part

"I am so, so happy to see you like this!"

"Yes, I am also happy that God has saved me!"

"When I visited you in hospital it was not certain whether you will make it!"

"My soul was praying to God while laying in the ICU bed to save me. It is not yet my time to go, I was telling him", said Anna while Joe was holding her hands. "For me to be alive is only by the grace of God! The devil is always attacking me, but he knows I am still needed, my mandate is not yet completed!"

They were sitting on their usual wooden bench in Stadtpark at the great playground facing the public swimming pool on one side and Planetarium on the other. Joe had arrived in Hamburg two weeks before ready to departure the following day back to Accra. They had not seen each other for over almost ten years. He had saved money from his illegal work in the restaurant above which he had found a place to stay, had returned back to Ghana, managed to pay off his debts to the human trafficker. With the help of his wider family had he been able to find farm land, started from humble beginnings to finally employ people working for him. He looked fresh and full of energy. A German businessman had invited him to discuss further cooperation and sent him the ticket to come.

"No, they real cause of my problem was never established. All doctors run all sorts of medical checks on me but they could not find anything, no cause established", reproted Anna back to Joe that quite obvious was sitting next to her without always on the alert to watch out for any police officer that could have taken him away.

"God truly is a miracle worker, I am telling you", smiled Joe all over his face. "He can turn your life around in a second with only his will. When you give your life to him, you are always covered. I mean...life with God is not an easy one, not like a living paradise...in fact it is hard work...but when you stay and press on you will see over time what God has for you...and that is always good."

Anna smiled seeing twins playing with their dog while their mother was watching over them enjoying her ice-cream : "That is so, so true. I know someone must have attacked me in his closet that does not want me to finish my assignment...but God has said no and saved me from the evil hand of the devil!"

"Amen...sister...Amen, God bless you so, so much", was Joe hugging Anna while both got up to walk around the park.

Landhaus Walter was closed for the day, therefore they headed further to the school for handicapped people at the outskirts of the park located in a massive old school once build with dark red bricks close to underground station Borgweg. Both new that during the night the bushes behind them were a place for homosexual men to meet their one-night-stand partners later the morning visible by used condoms all over the place.

"This world is crazy...crazy...crazy!" said Anna laughing her head off. "People have no sense, they are confused each and everyday!"

Joe could not resist and laughed along his friend directing her towards City North to see the changes made of the past few years he had not seen the area:" What do you mean by that?"

"Look at this world...look around!" was Anna stretching her hands side to side embracing whatever stood in front of her. A man jogging and pushing his baby in a special stroller was nearly effected by her arms diving below them. "The whole world is about climate change, wherever you go and stay, this topic is never far from you. Yes, it is a problem for us to address, yes, soemthing must be done about it, but no, it is not the most important issue we humans have...and no one can see." She looked Joe deep into the eyes while they moved on back into the park. "That is crazy. We waste our time and focus on a second grade problem that certainly harm us people forgetting to see the wider picture. We seems to pick the kind of problems from a big, big basket that we think we can handle, that are somehow convinient to us. But the real issue, the bigger problem, we do not see!"

Joe went over to the ice-cream man that had stopped at the roadside with people gathering before to go for their most loved one flavour. He came back to Anna with vanilla and chocolate ice-cream in a giant waffel to carry along. "What exactly do you refer to?"

Anne licked the ice-cream that was freshly made in the morning with cream and milk, only natural ingredients, not much sugar: " Climate change is an economic problem that needs political answers to trigger economic changes to protect the environment. Overpopulation is a political issue that has an outfall in economic, social and political aspects of runnig world affairs out of which climate change problems increase, for this reason is far more complex, destroying mankind and has no lobby voiced for much needed re-thinking."

"That is true...I agree!" said Joe while two young police officers lookd at him wanting to find fear in his eyes to approach him and check him out. There was no more fears in his eyes, proud of himself and what he had achieved, walked Joe alongside his friend so dear to his heart. The prolice officers turned round to check a last time on him, as he had shown no reaction they decided to partol other areas of the park. "To make laws to change the source o power production from oil and coal is done purely by calculation how much the change would cost. For plastics it is the samel, companies and consumers find this form of shopping more convinient, but it is only a matter of time to find alternatives that can do the same trick and be as much as convinient for all as plastics. Electric cars are the same issue...only economic issues to address."

"So, so true...and when it comes to the world number one problem, overpopulation...oh God have mercy on your people", raised Anna her hands to the skies being watched by others of what she was

doing shouting out loud with hands raised. "Technical issues to change is easy to do...but to change habits and emotions...far more complicated, far more opposition involved, far longer time needed to implement the smallest change."

"The overpopulation is mainly triggered from Africa...and our African leaders are not helping the situation at all, rather find satisfaction in seeing their countries grow by the numbers. They simply do not think far...only for their short term in office...the rest they leave for the next president to clean up the mess caused", got Joe angry.

"People always talk about neo-colonialism and its impact on African societies painting the picture of restoration", commented Anna.

"Economically we are already back in the hands of our former colonial masters. While we play in the sandbox to build castles in the sand...you people provide for us the sand that we do not have but are potentially capable to harvest from our own natural resources. The sandbox is determined by you here in your society, the size, the shape the material used to build. And when someone says that if Europe or Germany does get involved more in Africa leaving a vacuum behind for other political groups to come and take over...I laugh...always."

"The problem now and coming Africa is causing mankind is simply too big for only one political side to manage...these powers will lose out in the end if they still keep thinking that narrow minded. Africa can only be a common effort for all people that have an interest to see this world more or less well managed, problems seen, addressed and solved...simple as that!" mentioned Anna while feeding the ducks with old bread crumbs she had carried all the while in a plastic bag laughing over herself when realizing she could also have used a cotton wool shopping bag that she had stored away in her kitchen below the sink. More and more ducks came rushing and stood before her with open beak to get filled.

"The discussion is out of hand on this aspect as people simply do not understand what needs to be done", said Joe helping Anna to feed the ducks that were preparing themselves for the winter time. "It is not about your countries taking over our countries like in the past, it is about managing a problem that cannot be stopped but the effects reduced. It is about getting the best minded and qualified people to do a job. Our presidents, the black ones, pride themselves with big cars, big airplanes, and big mansions while you Whites basically are humble and okay with even using bikes or public transport to get from A to B. But for us, our presidents waste our national money to make themselves bigger and bigger. We the African people are fed up with them, we see no sense in them any longer. We do not trust our own people and inside Africa countries do not trust each other rather making business with you people here in the white world. Madagascar is not selling its sugar to Africa, but Europe...what a nonsense...what a stupid mind we have. But...", was Joe stressing out and making crystal clear, "we do not want to be ruled over by masters again. All we want is to be taken serious, being respected and managed well by white individuals that do not represent any nation but only themselves like a coach does in football...that is all. Therefore as much as our societies in Africa get more and more indebted with you folks here, more overpopulated, more negative effects because of climate change that cause higher food production cost as rain comes for free but irrigation cost money and our natural resources coming to an end...it is crystal clear that the time is near you folks will manage our affairs again as we have failed...only to make sure we do not destroy your societies by getting there in our numbers and causing more harm to you people. So, it will be that you will take the torch of power again in Africa to ensure that we have a good life in our own countries as no one of us wants to leave Africa really. We are only forced by the circumstances to do so. The problem you have triggered by giving way to our independence too early and forcing your

concept of Democracy onto us that is never working for us, at least not for the foreseeable time...is now a boomerang that you must catch in the air before it breaks your neck from behind!"

"The effects of climate change and environmental destruction is visible to the eye right now", lectured Anna walking on towards Alte Wöhr to take the train back to Sülldorf, "but the problem hiding behind that problem is only visible when you see through the propaganda issue of climate change and understand the impact coming to us, something that will hit right into our faces...and we are unprepared for it, so helpless watching the avalanche run over us knowing we could have done something about it right in time to minimize the impact. When snow on the mountains is too much and dangerous for the trucks using the road in the valley, they get shot at to come down in a controlled manner. With what well minded eyes can see as regards to overpopulation that seems to be an issue so far, yet so close...no management tools are put in place to handle the mess we are about to see!"

"People only want to tackle issues they feel comfortable with and think they can handle. As soon as a problem appears they think they are too big, too overwhelming...they close their eyes, convince themselves the next generation should handle the avalanche of people rushing down over their heads to crush them...long time after they are gone having a good party under the grass below looking at their stone so well carved for history...Oh God have mercy on your people...so true, so true!" mentioned Joe, hugging Anna saying good-bye as he needed to take the train into the other direction towards the airport. His hotel was not far from landing and taking off airplanes as he was scheduled to fly very early in the morning, the first flight that would take off for the day. "I trust you will visit me in Ghana and stay with me and my family for long!" was he saying when the train left the station. Anna was waving at him hoping his wish would come true at the right time set.

"She makes me sick...simply sick!"

"You mean...she just does not want to die?"

"Yes, that is what I mean. It makes me sick...so, so sick!"

"She is tough...a real armored lady!"

"Yes, really armored. But there must be a way to finish her once and for all. A plan that works, that is what I need now!"

"I have an idea what we can do to make it happen....but it will cost you more than you pay me normally...much, much more!"

"Any amount that you will mention I will pay...and if I need to ask for a loan at my bank...I will pay to have my peace finally, once and for all", said Irena looking grim and angry at Walburga. For months she

had come twice a week, paid her money after money yet seeing no result. Each day she stood before her mirror, mirror asking it for the answer she longed to hear deep in her heart, the accident Anna would have to end her life once and for all. The mirror, mirror on the wall would always answer her in the same old style that above her there is her younger sister taking dominion over her family's affairs exposing her as evil, showing the world her real face, a face only known in the family. Her friends would see her smile and easy going, her family knew about her black heart and hell fired soul.

Walburga got up, walked over to the sideboard, came back with two little plastic bowls with a kind of light white cream inside advising Irena: "Be very careful with these once...very careful, they are delay. Each cream itself is not a problem, but when both creams are applied at the same time at the same body...minutes later the person is dead."

"That is what I was looking for...minutes later dead", rejoiced Irena eager to get hold of the creams after having issued a cheque for the high amount of money asked for.

Walburga handed over the creams to Irena instructing her: "You must find two people that have access to Anna. They should touch her and pretend it would be by mistake, each shortly after each other. Make sure, your helpers will wash their hands after having it applied onto the skin of your sister Anna and walk away. There will be no traces left behind. Make sure they do this away from any cameras so that later no evidence can be brought against them and eventually you. That should work and make the trick!"

"Walburga...I am so, so thankful to you. So, so grateful that the time after suffering all those years past in her shadow, all the lies I spread around about her that did not kill her and take her away from my mirror, mirror on the wall...that now finally the time is over and I can stand tall in this world with no shame and disgrace on my name. I am free!" did Irena shout loud out for neighbors to hear. Walburga tried to cool her down. "Evil is going to win over good...finally!"

## The Underground Man

### Part 59

They were sitting on the veranda of the Landhaus Süllberg in the heart of Blankenese overlooking river Elbe. Yellow and red leaves were falling by their sides. Autumn had started early that year. The days were mainly sunny. Weather forecasts had predicted a mild winter. Flowers were blossom the second time. People had returned from summer holidays, children were back to school. While the year had started in full swing with might, the last months to end the year was quiet all over the city. The air was filled with the dull feeling of uncertainty that did not cause fear but made people stay in their waiting position. Politically not much would change while waiting for the New Year to show up.

They had ordered sweet and sour chicken crunchy with glass noodle soup as a starter. For years past the family from China had taken over ownership of the traditional restaurant high above sea level surrounded by the hill sides for which Blankenese was world famous for. When walking down the many stairs between houses in which originally captains steering big ships around the world would have had their places of rest among each other, more and more folks had moved into the area and pushed the old

traditional generations aside by offering good money to buy their properties, visitors had the feeling to be in Italy enjoying a good walk in the sun. Closing eyes to look left and right, only straight forward not to miss a single step and avoid falling down, the feeling of Italy was too present for anyone not to enjoy seeing houses standing close next to each other. As much as this place was beautiful, the roads winding down from the top to the river were too small, a single lane only and to carry anything into the houses needed strong men and women to carry food and water down home.

Paul enjoyed the sun on his face stretching out arms and legs making him nearly falling of the chair: "Life is wonderful...I am telling you. Not easy...but in the end wonderful!"

"I agree...totally...yes, oh!" mentioned Anna while finishing her fried banana covered in honey topped with vanilla ice-cream. "Life is good or bad the way you like to see it. When you go through tough times and life seems to bring you down, you are down. But when you understand, life is a journey to learn from level to level...life becomes a great adventure...only be patient and believe...then everything will work out for your own good. Never rush life, let life have a right to life itself!"

"As you always keep saying...shouting even into my ears, chocolate is the only thing in this world that by itself makes us humans happy...never forget it. Not a jet, not an expensive car, not a title of greatness...only this small little thing called chocolate!" was Paul stretching himself seeing that Anna was bending over and took a chocolate half-finished out from her beg. Life...life itself...what a great concept!" laughed Paul looking around seeing no other guests except both of them. "Behind me in Sülldorf where my ex-wife moved into a new apartment with the father of my ex-son, there I remember so many things that had happen in my life...so many!"

"When you look back while you have to move forward, you are not worth the kingdom of the lord!" reminded Anna him of the scripture.

"Yes, yes I know!" was Paul responding enjoying the last bite of the chocolate gotten for free. It was a smooth tastes yet not the best chocolate can give to people as not produced in any country of origin, a country of cocoa beans, second quality only. "It is good to think back sometimes and be proud of how far you have come in life, which lesson you had to learn and which test to pass; that helps you to be more conscious of what is important in your life and what you can pass on to others and future generations. We simply pass through this life and pass on our inheritance to the people that follow us...that is all we do basically!"

"Very true!" mentioned Anna while paying the bill presented to them. She insisted it would be her turn, next time his. They got up and walked down the stairs to reach at the bottom at the Strand Hotel, white shinning in the afternoon sun as usual. Drivers were turning their cars into the opposite direction at the end of the curve just before the hotel. Airbus Industries was visible to their left, Wedel and Wittenbergen to their right. They decided to walk along the water front in the sand.

"My ex-wife while she was married to me and had cheated on me with her son's boy-friend living in his apartment, cheated on him with other men before moving out from her son's father's apartment!" laughed Paul looking at Anna intensively.

"What a complicated story...cheating here and cheating there and a child in between that most likely does not know where to belong to...right?"

"Very well!" said Paul moving on seeing the Waseberg in the distance, a steep hill used during Hamburg Cycloclassics each year as a driver's test not easy at all even to walk up step by step. "But to judge her and condemn her actions is okay on a human level, very understandable as she had made so many people in this world suffer, but on the other hand my wife that I have now, an angel given from God, is someone I would have never gotten as my reward. And all the promises God has given us, would have never come to us. In other words, the evilness of my ex-wife has pushed me into a glorious life that otherwise I would have never seen!"

"That seems to be the answer...yes!"

"That is the answer...yes!" laughed Paul again watching a giant container vessel coming down the river passing Willkommenshöft in Wedel, the only place in the world to greet incoming ships with their national anthem giving information about the ships over loudspeakers to the restaurant guests next to the station that also paid a farewell tribute to the crew on deck when leaving Hamburg Port again.

Anna started to change the topic and started arguing: „We live in a corrupt world, a world that is upside down!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Think of professional football!" asked Anna sitting down below the Blankeneser Light House that had seen a renovation few months prior. "The footballers get so much money, no Heart Surgeons saving lives of thousands, even of potentially football players, in all their life-time will never earn that much money like the top players or ranks below them. While a player is only entertaining people, such doctors have invested years and years into their education and save lives. So, what is more important in this world, entertainment or saving lives?"

"Saving lives, of course!" supported Paul his friend that started more and more to get angry.

"And when I see such professional clubs make so much profit but we, the general public even when we do not like that sport at all, have to bear the costs of security for the matches of such clubs. To top it all the transfer fees and drama involved are in my eyes nothing but modern kind of slavery...disgusting!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Even a footballer can say no to a transfer legally, in reality it is decided above his head and he will be pushed wherever others want him to be...not in all cases, but in most. When you consider that in business managers being under contract with another company are not transferred in the same manner but have the same impact to the business model that we are talking about, than the disgrace is obvious. Medical checkup before the new contract is signed is very much like looking a slave into the mouth, checking his teeth, his muscles, his fitness to be used on the hot cotton fields of Texas and Alabama. There is in its basics no difference...except that many people enjoy this sport be it politicians or celebrities for which reason they would never do something against it and what is right to be done...rather cheer the people behind the scene involved on to greater heights. Most certainly it is true that attractive football can also be played these days without such transfer fees to take the modern form of slavery out of football and bring back sense that entertains fans all around the world."

"Your ideas are correct...but!" opened Paul his eyes wide.



"But what?" asked Anna getting up to walk further towards Wittenbergen taking the small road behind the camping side that saw caravans ready for transport to end a successful and enjoyable season.

"Let us be realistic...very realistic, my dear", started Paul to lecture her from his life-experience, "when so many people like it is for football stand behind that sport and all levels of society support the politics of the sport more or less, please, do not be so naive to believe that in any form what is practiced yet utterly wrong and against any normal thinking and humanitarian standard, even human rights rules, will ever be questioned by people? They will only look at you, no matter what the truth of your ideas are, and insult you, will try anything to shout you up. The truth of life, let me tell you this, is only for strong characters to question and discuss and potentially to change. What is convenient to the mind of many, of Millions on all levels of society, guess what...trust me on that...will end you faster in mental hospital than you can breathe and say Amen."

"You mean, I should not tell the truth and speak my mind seeing many go the wrong way for their own convenience?" questioned Anna rebelling against the attempt to suppress anything that could change the world and bring it onto the path of truth.

"You are just one person that has one idea, your own...and you stand against Millions that feel comfortable in their thinking, that go out each weekend to watch the game of their favorite team, using the days between weekends to discuss the results and performances of various teams, that spent hours after hours and money endlessly in betting offices to lose or win small money, that work hard during the day for others that make profit from their sweat, their labor in factories and offices, in the air and high sea...here and elsewhere...that such people would lend you an ear to bring them out of their comfort zone that gives their life sense, a meaning, something to get involved in during their spare time when not eating, drinking, having sex, marrying and divorcing? Do not think that too many people on this planet have an interest to think and think well, to discover themselves, to ask questions, to doubt, to fight, to believe...to invent, to go their own ways regardless of obstacles on their way...just moving on, pressing on?"

"Should I condemn such people that are wasting their time here on earth?"

Paul corrected Anna by saying: "To judge people is not by you; you do not have to do that. These people, the majority around you, live their lives as they want it. It is their decision. For that you can only say that you feel pity for them and let them walk their ways. But what you can do is to condemn anything they think and do when it comes to people like yourself that have set out to get their stone, that worship God, take him as their personal savior, ask for temporary helpers, natural and spiritual helpers, work day in and day out on yourself, discover what is in you from level to level, be on your own when needed to hear his voice, his message that speak only to your heart, leave other aside and stay focused. When thinking and actions come against you, God will open your eyes and empower you to overcome whatever needs to be put down for the truth to step on the wrong and let the world see the world and the word of the Lord."

"Amen...Amen...and Amen!" shouted Anna loud out for others to turn round wondering what strange words she was using in the middle of a late afternoon while preparing their children to return back home.

"I only wonder that in our time of age, people kill each other too much...not only in the USA with their stupid mass shootings and nothing is done about it, tears every week in innocent faces over innocent dead bodies. But also in England, these days knife violence is rampant, people go after each other just like that with no respect for life", complained Paul resting at Wittenbergen Light House before taking the last stretch towards the coal power station in Wedel with his two towers that could be seen from far.

"I remember an actress, she was drunken, jealous person anyway, and had an argument with her boy-friend. A pistol laid on the living room table", said Anna thinking back to a woman after being released from prison had been guest in talk shows telling her story for others to feel pity for her, spending most of her time on Mallorca caring for abandoned dogs mistreated by their owners, "and shot her boy-friend dead. She did not serve for murder, but got punishment only for manslaughter freed after few years behind bars. I often think of that lady. I mean, she knew that alcohol does not make her think well, she knew that she was a jealous person, she knew in an argument with her boy-friend she would be violent...and only because there was a gun on the living room table she shot him, took the life of a human...and did not get what she was supposed to get because the law is saying so? A life was lost because a woman did not have herself under control even she was able to do so before she entered the apartment of her boy-friend?"

The Underground Man

Part 60

"Life these days as it seems to me has no value anymore...we live anyhow...whether dead or alive...does anyone care? Any values around that we observe and protect? I cannot seem them...where are you...values?" was Paul turning round and round shouting out loud as no one was around or to be seen in the distance. "We live as we please...we live anyhow and judge people anyhow...no more standards that are absolute; only standards that comfort us and change as we need it!"

"In the olden...olden....very olden days when someone got killed no one asked too many questions about the why and how...only seeing the relative, the friend dead was enough to trigger anger and revenge", went Anna back memory lane. "In those olden days life was easy...in a way...I mean it was clear you kill someone, no question asked...and I take revenge and kill one of you...yourself or of your family and tribe...simple as that...eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth...straight forward. Then the time appeared life got more complex, really, really complicated...so, so sophisticated, moral standards were driven from the bible and other religious books regulating life among us human beings. Time after time more sophistication was added to it, laws extended for motives, for reasons to the extent that life as the most important part of our world has lost its value...is anyhow!"

"You mean...back to the roots?" challenged Paul his friend while they were walking along bushes on the right side of their walk way towards Wedel. People came towards them with dogs running around free; only when making their smelly dog owners took out their black plastic bags to collect the shit left behind by their dogs not to disturb any other person with their love for four legged animals.

"When I think of this country...God have mercy on us...everything is written down in rules and regulations, in punishment and entitlements. Life in Germany is only for professionals, for people that are lawyers able to walk around the country with rules and regulations under their arms."

"Germany is indeed an overregulated country", agreed Paul laughing his head off, "but when you look into other countries like Africa, laws are not much...and law enforcement is a joke...on the police side and on the court side. You can bribe anyone, even when your own lawyer has your papers to defend your interest in court, the opposition party can buy that lawyer and he turns against you with the evidence you have presented to you. I know from Ghana that they have quite some good laws that could potentially help them improve their situation and move the country out of poverty and the big mess they are in, but judges you pay for a service to come out as the ruler of your case...even you are rotten as hell. There they do not care...but walk the lip talk...I am telling you!"

Anna stopped Paul facing him decisively: "So, what is better...a society like here with all these rules and regulations, a society like in USA where people insist on their freedom written down in the Declaration of Independence and all the following Amendments having guns at home shooting anyhow killing innocent people with their mindset the central government should better stay out of their personal business or the system that rules in Africa meaning laws and courts that money can buy?"

"There is no perfect society in this world...there was never anyone as long as humans live!" answered Paul walking up the hill in Wittenbergen to look over the Golf Club of Blankenese on his way home. "We all can only hope that it will be possible for many people to live in a society that is matching their expectations as close as possible."

After six and a half hour flight from Brussels he touched down at Accra late afternoon. To pass immigration procedure was not a problem, only the cue waiting for the officers to check all arriving passengers on Kotoka International Airport was as usual a long process. Passing custom with nothing to declare Andre sat down outside the arrival area to have a rest before setting off to Cape Coast, Ghana's former capital when the country was called the Gold Coast. All his belongings, credit card, camera, cash money, passport and other papers, were in a medium sized black suitcase used often on his journeys when spending only a few weeks in foreign country. While he was tiding his laces on both shoes, he got up again wanting to grab his suitcase only to see it had gone. Andre looked around nervously, asking people standing around awaiting their guest and business partners. Nobody had seen anyone taking his suitcase away. His mind was numb, he did not know what to think. Panic captured his heart, flashes of fear crossed his mind. His heart wanted to stop immediately. He forced himself to get his mind under control, to think straight, to come up with the right solution. It was never possible that people could steal all he had on him leaving him stranded in foreign country. Never could that be possible, his mind, his will, his life did not permit that. How on earth could anyone possibly do such great harm to him, left alone with nothing on him even to show his identity. He put his hands before his face to hide any tears forcing themselves to appear and take the stress that had mounted from second to second in him far away. He sat down forcing his mind to keep calm, to think straight, and not to allow any signs of panic overcome his life. Only clear thinking could bring the solution that is what he was telling him at any second.

He was feeling someone approached him touching his right arm. It took him a while to look to the side and down, there she was a little girl, a teenager, black colored with a big smile on her face. She asked him whether he would need her help as he seems to be lost completely. The teenager girl introduced herself as Princess Katherine Trebarh that had come to the airport with her father Pastor Trebarh to pick

up guest from America for Prophet Doctor Emmanuel Badu Kobi from Glorious Wave Church International in Sakumono, Tema Community 18. Andre explained to her his situation and how desperate he was. She smiled at him with her beautiful face being completely calm. The aura around her showed that her parents had taken great care to raise their daughter to become a great lady later in life that would always know to carry herself every well for others to be aware of who she was. Princess convinced her father to help Andre and find a place to sleep for the meantime. He knew a trusted friend having a small house in Sakumono Village close to the slum that certainly would give Andre shelter and be a great help to him. Not wasting time, they drove Andre to Innocent Osei running a provision store with the best groundnut paste in the entire city while his wife sold paint and operated her own hair salon for fake hair from Brazil, the most expensive sort of natural hair money could buy knowing that African ladies insist on adding hair to their most beautiful African curly hair to match White Ladies styles.

Innocent Osei was indeed the most welcoming host anyone could wish for, friendly, a great personality, wise and known all around town for his outspoken mentality. No authority would ever be able to shut him up, when seeing a problem, he would properly address it with clear and straight forward words and ideas. What was wrong in his eyes was wrong no need to sugar coat it rather to fight for what needs to be done. He loved white people seeing in them better people when it comes to honesty, precision, discipline and hard work. Germans were dear to him unlike French or Chinese messing up African countries very well as he insisted to propagate. He rushed his house girl to prepare the guest room for Andre to take a good night sleep for the following day to discuss the way forward. Andre was thanking Pastor Trebarh, and especially Princess Katherine, so much for their kind assistance.

The sun was burning on him the following morning. Innocent Osei went out for a meeting in Tema Community 2 giving Andre the chance to walk around Sakumono Village particularly the area in which the poorest of the poor were living, run down houses among islands of newly build once looking like strongholds to fight against the odds of life on the very same spot generations before had settled down and move on in life. Charcoal hips lay between the structures. Wild small skinny dog run freely between the houses side kicked by children wanting to have fun. No proper drainage system was put in place by the authorities, therefore the locals had to help themselves to push human waste out of their area. In the open gutters that were mostly destroyed by time with no care taken by the people living around, were a source for mosquitos to breed and other dangerous bacteria's to blossom making the babies target of preventable illnesses. The smell of pee, washing powder, shower water, left over from cooking flowing in the grey mud towards the nearby Gulf of Guinea was present all over. Touching the air felt to Andre like touching diseases. While walking and looking carefully into a world so far from that he was used to, poverty shouting into his face scratching his soul at any second he discovered a new sign of inhuman living condition. A half rotten wooden swing door got open letting him have a glance into a courtyard with five houses standing around. Small doors with mosquito nets were the entrance to a world yet still unknown to him. He saw little toddlers washed by their caring mothers while standing in metal bowls on Fridays used for the weekly washing of dirty clothes. The mothers were carefully scrubbing the head and bodies of their offspring that seems to be contend with the actions of their mothers. Older children played around with chicken chasing them from side to side. Few were busy to go through silver fishes and pick out the once not suitable to eat late afternoon. Most of the children had gone to the nearby school in their dark and light brown uniforms knowing the toilet of the school behind the main structure was a disease trap with an open hole to use and dirty floor to stand on for which reason most of them preferred to use nature for their personal needs. It was common for the children from early age to see the opposite sex's private parts and how they needed to release the other side of digested food and drinks. They did not feel any shame, less did they have an option to feel it. Only when love set in at later age were the children thinking twice but only when having the opportunity

to separate themselves in their female and male corners. The life exposure for these children were limited to the small areal of Sakumono Village, the school, the churches, Shoprite up the road towards Accra of Spintex Junction on foot or by TroTro. Money was not available to take them around Accra or Tema always. The limited exposure limited their insight in life and made them go round and round the same old family story. Mallams were present in the area in their numbers, powerful once followed by a crowd having no hope for a better future. Christian Churches had sprung up around the slum to save them from destruction. Pastors on their way up to make a name for themselves had a great opportunity to prove themselves to be stronger than any traditional healer or Mallam, that God was more powerful than the evilness of the underworld, of Satan and his demons.

Along the railway tracks on Accra-Tema route up on a sandy hill, young people had set up a chop bar and drink spot fenced with wooden planks to shield guest of nosy eyes not to see drunken neighbors and cannabis smoking friends. Under a simply erected shed few meters away children and teenager gathered each afternoon and the whole of Saturday to waste their time with gossiping about others of the slum making plans to disturb their lives. They did not know what to do with the time outside school and released from domestic help; no money available to entertain themselves. Parents were scared to see them crossing the busy Accra Tema Beach road a death trap for many of them. On the other side of the road the beach was dirty filled with plastics and bars especially filled with young folks over the weekends showing off their latest cars no matter how old really, as long as it was a car to drag girl in having fun with them. Cars for the people around was not only very much needed as public transport was never good and enough to reach places, expensive when using them daily after all, but it was much more a status symbol, showing to each other how much money someone had made in life. To have a posh car outside in the drive way of an old house was of greater prestige to them than a posh house and a small car.

Andre passed between a rows of two houses in which each small single rooms were rented out. A woman had put her provision stand before the entrance of one room but taken all the food stuffs away for the day selling only in the evenings making extra money for herself working during day light in the nearby market. Chicken searching for food run around his feet. He smiled seeing them not as a main course rather as a starter of a three course dish. The door before the wooden stand got opened, a mighty men presented himself to the sun. No shirt exposing his curly hairy cheats with short light grey trousers and black slippers that is how he presented himself to the day. His eyes were sharp, his mind vigilant. The moment he saw Andre his facial expressions showed happiness. To hear Andre was from Germany made him so, so happy. Germans to him were the best people in the world. He admired them. Andre was forced to have a seat and listen to him. Lucky Evergreen introduced himself as a movie Director passing through challenging times, his wife and child were in Kumasi the city he originated from. He asked any question that came across his mind as he wanted to know all about Andre, what his dreams were, his life-experiences, and the misfortune he had found himself in. Then he suggested to shoot a movie with him, he the main character. Andre mentioned not to be an actor at all, only a writer of novels. This was enough for Lucky Evergreen saying if not Andre, that movie would never be shot. After all, he was proud of himself to be able to direct anyone, especially someone with the talent to write about people, to create characters, to handle in such a manner that he would certainly come out as a great actor over time. Lucky Evergreen insisted and emphasized the need for the White Man to come again and manage the affairs of Ghana and the rest of the African continent, but, this was very important to him, not as colonial masters, but as a force that can bring positive chance for the benefit of all people inclusively. He told Andre about a movie idea that he had already in his mind for years blessed by his Prophet. One day, one day he would meet a White Man passing his life and it would all come to pass is what he told Andre before seeing him off exploring the rest of the slum.

## The Underground Man

### Part 61

Women in big black metal pots steered soups to sell to others and make their living. Dried fish were up for grabs on wooden stands. Sachet drinking water were everywhere available stored away in cooling containers sold for little money. Hair salons competed at every corner for customers while barbers had less to do during the day sleeping to loud music. Children would come back after four in the afternoons to fill the air with loud noise and running around playing with footballs that had lost their air long ago. His observation was that child pregnancy was not rampant, in fact it seemed that even girls took good care of their reproductive conditions to marry at a time ready to feed children of their own. Next to the local church painted in blue a gambling parlor was the place for young men to meet at nights and share stories of the day. Girls would not be allowed to walk at nights but kept safely in the houses. Among all their poverty the people preserved a great deal of dignity being Christians and Muslims alike. Even they physically did not have much, moral standards were their riches something Andre noticed right from the start.

To pay for the help given Andre offered himself to be the Manager of the place. Innocent Osei gathered the Elders and discussed Andre's suggestions, all agreed trusting him to turn their lives around. He negotiated with the local Assembly and council the setup of the new drainage system, was fighting against the odds to let Sakumono Village see only the best solution for their problems. Ensuring a safe crossing for children by posting unemployed guides at the crossing of Sakumono Village road and Accra Beach Road to stop the traffic for the villagers fast increase his reputation even in the national media. Over time Andre turned the fate of the slum making it look like East Legon. Donors and investors from outside the country entrusted him to ensure safety of their investment and a positive use of donor funding to make a long lasting impact in the community. Delegations from other African countries came to Sakumono Village to study the transformation of a small community in ruins to a community seen as a raw model for improvement in shortest possible time. Politicians of Ghana, representatives of the traditional political elite saw an uncomfortable competition applauded and loved by the locals admired by foreigners. They came together to draw up a plan how to assassinate a man that exposed by his actions their wicked and selfish mind. The mood of the people started to shift and turn massively against the black leaders. They were under pressure to eliminate a man others were benefitting from. He had refused to join them knowing to be close to their corrupt mind would corrupt himself and being a white man in the end not only put shame and disgrace on his name, but quiet natural end his life early, even harm his established name in the world of the white man. Andre took great care when eating to eat food not being poisoned, to take drinks no one was able to temper with, to cross roads with the greatest car, to look around him at any time so nobody would have the chance to harm him. He had trusted a friend inside the village to host him with good food not knowing behind the scene powerful Mallams had corrupted his mind to poison Andre. All villagers walked around his open coffin crying in tears convinced it would not take long and they would fall back into their old misery as maintenance was not their strength, nor the correct management of a life in riches. The tears dropped onto Andre's face were tears of their own failed mind. Politicians took part in the funeral procession in their numbers only to ensure the white man was really dead and gone, they would again be alone among each other, no more concerns to be disturbed by a white man's mind.

"What a dream...oh, my God...what a confusing dream!" woke Anna up thinking of Andre and Sakumono village. "It is a wonderful story...yet the end was obvious!"

For days Anna had a strange feeling of great uncertainty. As hard as she tried her mind was failing her to tell her the truth about what was supposed to happen. During her daily morning prayers Anna asked God to have mercy on her and open her eyes to see what was about to unfold. She did not get any information from heaven. Puzzled did she spend her days, went about her business that was coming on successfully making marks in her corner of life. Soon she would be able to purchase her first own house with the most certain reassurance life would make her drive her own Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud II in red over silver shortly, the car she had followed for over twenty years and discovered that vintage cars like that lose money for fifteen years dramatically before the price is stable at rock bottom and comes back up after another ten years being a car looked for by many. New cars lost each kilometers money and ten years down the line have no value at all, while classic cars each kilometers driven generate income by later selling price when serviced well. It never came to her mind to understand modern cars, their benefit to people. In her judgment they basically all looked the same, only to be distinguished by their logos a front. Comfort in poorly designed cars was never what she was after. Cars for her needed to have a face, a design pleasant to the eyes of the owner and people around. Modern cars had the ambition to please many and comply with different requirements of fuel efficiency and economics, while old cars were designed by company founders to give drivers a good feeling, a clear statement for what they wanted to be seen from far. She was always laughing when thinking money cannot buy good taste, only the hand of a visionary in motor manufacturing can do.

It was time for her to dress up, to get ready for Hamburg Airport and take the first flight out to Cambridge in England where she had placed her company headquarters, the city she loved so much since she had set foot into it. The traffic was heavy, time was short. Sitting in a taxi Anna had time to reflect on the months past. Almost two months had she spent in Namibia and Zimbabwe with short stops in Kenya and Tanzania to discuss with their Presidents various longtime projects that would change their agenda and improve the lives of many.

The airport was deserted, not many people showing up at the early morning hour, mainly businessmen with their small suitcases enough for a day trip had taken their seats at the Gates for planes to board and to take them out to European countries. While reading the morning papers, Anna saw a young lady sitting next to her smiling. She smiled back. Unexpectedly did the young lady that had no language at all with her even not seemed to be a regular traveler or even wanting to board any of the planes coming to pick up their passengers. It felt strange to her to sit next to that young lady that showed no signs of being a business minded person at all. The woman gave her her hand and greeted her. Anna was feeling a kind of cream in her right hand thinking the young lady had applied it after showing to keep her body fresh and good looking. Unexpectedly did the young lady leave her. Anna looked after her asking what the encounter was all about not suspecting any evil action. It did not take long another young lady sat next to her while Anna was continuing reading her morning papers. The lady started to greet her; Anna returned the good morning wishes. The unknown lady stretched out her right hand wanting to greet Anna properly, while all of a sudden an older businessman accidentally pored his coffee over the legs of

the young lady making her get up to clean her jeans. From one second to another did the young lady disappear.

The next day sitting in her office in Cambridge was Anna getting a short text message from her sister Alexa informing her, Irena had been involved in a serious accident the night before close to her home in Altona. Doctors were telling her she possibly would not survive the next days as her injuries had been too severe. She advised her to prepare for the worst. She herself had been rushed to the hospital Irena had been admitted to and would keep her updated as new information would come in. Three days later Anna received a second short text message from Alexa attending a royal party their sister Irena had not made it, had passed on peacefully. Anna sat down to contemplate on the news received. All her encounters with Irena were flashing through her mind, how Monika Willers had raised them, how their relationship went apart, the good time and the bad once. A film of her childhood appeared before her eyes. She still remembered the moment she had presented to Irena her business plan requested for a boutique, for wanting to attend university, for her plan to start drawing artistic paintings again; nothing of what she had ever started to peruse, only to talk and dream about. While Irena had wanted to be rich and famous trusting it can be achieved by not overcoming hardship but open mouth and let milk and honey flow down to be digested in her stomach and see the end of it all flashed down the toilet when the body would do its job. Anna on the other hand had been pushed from level to level upwards to come up great in life and enjoy admiration of many. Not for a moment was she thinking to return back to Hamburg and take part at her sister`s funeral leaving the work to Alexa and her sister`s family. Instead Anna joined the royal party guests and had a great time.

The night was dark, filled with white fog, spooky as far as her eyes could see. Never before in her life had she experienced a night like that in which even to see few meters ahead became a problem. The streets were empty, no one dared to walk in the mist of clouds crawling on the ground to raise up several meters above them. Like a blanket is covering humans at night, was this feeling trying to send out a mysterious message. Anna was feeling scared. Slowly, very, very slowly was the car moving meter by meter constantly out on the look to see a pedestrian or other car standing in front of her possibly with no time to stop the car and avoid a tragic accident. Below Barmbek Ring Brücke, a bridge only constructed for cars, turned Anna right into Alte Wöhr. She wanted to reach Blankenese in the fastest time where she had bought herself a house on Falkenstein with very rich neighbors at all sides, a place she felt comfortable to be; a place of style with people easy going and friendly when approached friendly and easy.

From her right front wheel was Anna hearing a strange noise coming. She knew what it was, not a good sign in the white fog covered in darkness; dampness filled the air. Anna felt cold. She pulled over, parked the car underneath a big poster, got out, and walked around the car to see the problem. Indeed the tire was flat down, no chance for her to fix the car herself in this condition. She got up lamenting about her misfortune. It took her few minutes to recover from her shock and question how on earth would should now come to Blankenese? Certainly no taxi would take her, no train operating anymore. She was stranded, certainly so for hours to come. Minute by minute passed; she looked around. Her eyes got opened, she stood before the bunker opposite Alte Wöhr 19, her place to find out, to find out the secret behind the closed rusted door. Anna closed her eyes concentrating on the possibilities of what she might find inside the bunker when all of a sudden she heard a screaming metal noise as if something



unwilling would be pushed aside. She was staring at the bunker seeing the door was opened by invisible hands. Her heart stood still for few seconds. Finally, after all those years past during which he had wanted to unreal the secret of the bunker, there it was before her, the open door. She stopped breathing not to let anyone know she was there standing before the open door of the bunker ready to take her next step and walk in. Carefully, observing each step taken, walked Anna down the stairs over the degraded leaves from last fall.

She pushed the heavy, rusted open door aside to enter. Anna needed all her strength to force her way through that barrier standing in the darkness, freezing. She closed her jumper. No sound to be heard, no light to be seen. Anna was standing in water puddles but did not care. Dampness all around. Her heart was beating fast, her senses were on alert. Cobwebs in her way. She took them down. Using the small torch light of her mobile phone, Anna made her way step by step deeper into the unknown not knowing what to expect. In the near distance Anna saw a blockage of stones and gravel to climb over directing her to a left walk way from which two small rooms opened up. One of which seemed to be constructed to serve as a utility facility to provide electricity and water for the people looking for shelter during air rides by the former Allies, in Hamburg particularly by the British. No flying dogs were to be seen. She listened into the darkness, no sound to be heard. It must have felt like being dead down under the grass looking for salvation was she thinking. Anna felt her heart beat all around her neck. She turned right along a small and narrow corridor deeper and deeper into the bunker. Metal beds were hanging on the walls or laying on the concrete floor. She tried to imagine how it must have felt during last world war fearing life could be over at any minute by force from outsiders. She closed her eyes in honor of the victims that had lost their lives all over Europe and the rest of the world. Her feet were wet, so her t-shirt from the dampness in the bunker. Passing two more small rooms that had hosted people for safety; Anna stood all of a sudden in the largest room she had seen so far. She brought her torch light up to examine the room inch by inch imagining what it might have been used for. As she was flashing the room, a mighty male figure appeared in the right hand corner from nowhere. She went one step back, her heart beating her nearly to death, blood pressure dangerously rising high. The man stood quietly and calm before her not moving an inch. He looked at her and smiled. He was all dressed in black, only his teeth were shining white. Warm atmosphere had capture the room even it was cold from the cold thick concrete walls. Anna was not scared or frightened rather drawn closer and closer to the unknown man that still did not move an inch only smiling at her. She tried to grasp his size, his statue but ended to find it out by only looking into his eyes being charmed by his friendly facial expression. She moved one step forward to stand right in the middle of the room. The man still did not move a single inch. She did not know what else's to do, whether to say something, turn around and think outside what to do or to wait for whatever might happen next.

Anna took her heart asking in silent tone: "May I ask...who you are?"

The Underground Man

Part 62

The unknown man responded with a deep, warm voice smiling at her like a grandfather smiles at his grandson when asked for a bar of chocolate or candies that his parents had refused to give him: "They call me `The Underground Man`!"

"Why?"

"Look around...what do you see?"

"Underground!" answered Anna feeling foolish to have asked such a stupid question for an obvious reason.

"That is why people call me `The Underground Man` ", confirmed the mighty standing man.

"Ok...ok...I get you!"

"And what is your name?" asked The Underground Man.

"Anna...that is the name my parents gave me."

"What a nice name...Anna!" stepped The Underground Man forward leaving enough space between both of them, unknown to each other. After all, the bunker must have scared the young lady while for him it was his place to be; to have been for generations past. "I welcome you in my world, Anna. Nice to meet you. Hope and trust you are not afraid of me, a man all in black in the darkness, a man you can only see because your torch light is pointed at me."

"Without it I most certainly would be dead by now!" responded Anna feeling more and more comfortable in the present of the man not known before. He felt like family to her, someone she had known all her life but never seen physically. It was for her as if he would know anything about her life, would have been part of her life right from the start well through to cross the finishing line in time to come. For her the situation was so familiar in her mind and soul as if she had communicated with the unknown man all her life.

"And...why are you here...if I may ask?" wanted Anna to know.

"Because people were putting me here!" answered The Underground Man. "When the war had ended and people were leaving this place of shelter, they gained again confidence in a better life, in a better world, I was resting for a while. They forgot me down here. When I had woken up from my rest, I searched the whole bunker for them, but I couldn't find anyone left with me. I saw the door to the bunker got locked, I was trapped. But my spirit kept me alive even food and water is not with me. I survived until today and I will even survive more and more...for much longer."

"So, you are all alone here and not anyone had ever let you out?"

"From time to time, not very often, people come to visit me; people that see me as their conscience. They talk to me as they want to know what to think and do!"

Anna smiled saying: "That means you are the conscience of the world?"

"Yes...I am down here!" explained The Underground Man. "People up there in the light these days they live anyhow. They do as they please not thinking, just demanding their own very personal rights to be written in the book of law and forced onto others to follow their mind regardless of what they think and demand...not mentioning what is basically right and wrong. When Jesus Christ died for people to take away their sins and promising them eternal life...look around you...what has he achieved? People do not

follow the Ten Commandments given by Moses, they kill, steal, cheat and lie like in the olden days as if there is no improvement in their mind ever. My observation is things are getting out of hand, people do not care about each other anymore. They simply live as it pleases them. Moral standards that from time to time in human history had bounded humans in various societies' together being a common base of living side by side and with one another...is no more. As you please...that is what they have in their mind always. Self-discipline, motivation, reaching for the impossible, taking charge of once one decision and destiny to be punished whenever things go wrong and having the courage to accept being corrected without blaming family and circumstances of any misfortune rather press on to reach a glorious life even out of isolation among many...not wanted anymore, no longer practiced. But from time to time when people want their individual interest to be heard and be powerful, they come down here to me and need my advice that they can hold against their opponents to get their will. I tell them what their want to hear knowing they will never listen to what I really think about them and their demands. So, I decided I better speak to them in a language they can understand and stand on when back on earth to state their cases and propagate their believe."

"Are people ever coming down to you wanting to know what you really think about what they demand and think about life?" wanted Anna to find out.

For the first time while both were talking, The Underground Man lowered his head and looked down on his feet: "I have been standing on them for all my life...I stood my ground in certainty. I know who I am, I know what life is all about...I know that the people coming down to me have a very long way to go to become what they are supposed to be."

"Let me ask you one question, please!"

"You can ask me anything!"

"Will this ever happen...I mean that we humans will be what we are supposed to be or always run around the bush looking for the forest to blossom in...That gives us shelter and protection?"

The Underground Man looked up straight into Anna's eyes. He paused for a while before coming clear saying: "No!"

"What do you mean by that...I mean how do you mean that?"

"As long as you people do not know who you are and what you are supposed to do here on earth besides multiply and be fruitful and to take dominion of the earth...your real identity, the reflection of yourself, you will constantly live anyhow, each generation with its own mandate, its own conviction, its own conscience as you please...never able to see yourself as the tool once created to assist the creator. You have been decided and made by him, even your own free will that makes you walk the talk rightly or wrongly is not at all times through time in line with your original source. The free will that you have does not come from inside you but was created for you for which reason it was determined in a specific way, formed by a spirit, a powerful force. It is not free as you might think but in the frame of set rules and regulations given in the definition of your free will. Something that is created is defined in all aspects of its creation and not left to chance in anyway. You humans have demonstrated by evidence of endless generations down under the lush grass of eternity that all you are has shifted inside the frame set for you to please your mind, to make you feel comfortable. It is no longer in your societies and mind to dig each day for your own self, the truth about being and to be. You live anyhow any day...form the world as

it makes you comfortable. You live with no plan, you decide with no sense. Your life-style is scratching the surface of what life is supposed to be."

"And when people want their will to be done, they come to you down here into the bunker and ask for your advice. So, basically you are the conscience of the world...isn't that so?"

"You can call me like that, that is okay by me!" agreed The Underground Man looking down onto his feet again wet as every day. "The water never goes away, it stays here always. It seems this world will never go away...but stays always!"

"I think often by myself...God can do without us...the world does not need humans at all...plants and animals...that should be enough!" provoked Anna laughing.

"That would be half the fun...for God!" was The Underground Man convinced while a big smile crossed his face.

"What did God wanted in the first place when creating the universe and the earth with all the mess on it?"

"You mean, he could have been satisfied by only being himself and a spirit that has power over creation?" asked The Underground Man while looking up to the concrete ceiling above which the playground that hand seen generations after generations having fun, mothers being concerned about their off-spring and love birds at nights hugging and kissing each other.

"Exactly...that is what I mean!"

"A power, a spirit is only power or spirit when it proves himself like that...otherwise it is only a being, a form of standstill."

"You mean, for God to know he is God, he needed to create the universe, the earth and everything there on as a mirror, a kind of reflection of himself to see what he is?"

"A power, a spirit is energy, mental force...and as such needs to spring around and around to be, not to be created, but to be in its purest meaning of the word", described The Underground Man trusting his words and idea would convince Anna, at least make her understand the reason for people and the earth to be.

"Ok, than...is it so bad that especially these days so many individuals form parties, groups for all thoughts of things to make their individual believe be heard and set over the believe of others than to have few main moral standards and expectations that service only certain interest but abundance the interest of many?"

"Look around you...does what is happening today up there on the surface of the earth really helping to move the world to be a better place?"

"Good point!" mentioned Anna. She asked: "Why do you not give up on people?"

"To give up on people? ...What a thought!" took The Underground Man a deep breath. "Will God ever give up on himself?"

"God to give up on himself?" looked Anna up to the concrete ceiling feeling the cold of the night in all her bones. "Never!"

"There you have it!" smiled The Underground Man. "And so, I will never give up on the people finding their way down here to ask for their conscience regardless how it is in the individual cases without taking a guarantee for what they will do in their lives...and up there when light hits them and they can produce their own madness!"

"Why do you not come up and walk among us...I mean up where we all live?"

"To walk among people...in this times...times of confusion to disturb my mind, my peace?" challenged The Underground Man Anna with a serious looks. "I have my peace down here. When they need me, they all know where to find me. Do not worry about the people up there, they are very creative to find ways that will make them comfortable...even if it would mean to come down here and face my mind!"

The Underground Man

Part 63

"These days in novels too many people get killed and in games people get shot dead, so so dead. In the good olden days stories were about changing and improving minds to learn a better life-style...but blood seems to be the preferred option of our days...so sad...so unfortunate", lamented Anna.

The Underground Man agreed and sad with disgust in his voice: "There you have it! The world is corrupted...down on its knees thirsty for blood more than hungry for knowledge...so, so sad!"

"It does not surprise me at all that these days more and more people look for social influencer that tell them what to think...and such social influencer themselves have no deep understanding of the issues they are talking about, their implications and what to do with the idea behind the issues discussed...how to create a momentum of today to make tomorrow a better time", mentioned Anna from having looked around and observed particularly the younger generation. "In the older days when information was not much and not so available online ready to hit your mind in a second, people had to sit in their corner at home or work place and think for themselves, a time of creativity, of variety of different ideas and not a time ideas came to you ready made in a menu leaflet to choose from without deeper thinking for yourself. Processed food is in this world too much, so are processed ideas...so, so sad!"

"I have always loved people that come up with their own ideas and not a repeat of words recycled from others!" added The Underground Man with a laughter.

"The only place where a new concept of humanity can come from is the place where humanity started in the first place which of course is Africa!" lectured Anna with sadness in her voice. "But look at the continent down there with all their mind problems, their wrong thinking that brings their own people down. When I think of Ghana, a country when sending more than USD 50.000 into the country for a project, the money is in great danger to get stolen by the political and economic elite making many investors stay away for the country and its people to suffer needlessly...but greediness is overwhelming

the elite to chop money very well not caring about the country only to live a posh life-style in the sun of Africa...wicked minded people these are! And...so how can anyone believe that from that source of humanity, a continent dedicated by God to rule and shape the world, can come the new concept of humanity that drives all of us, that in fact pushes all of us into a new area, a second paradise with a better understanding of life's issues? That is simply not possible. The White Man is thinking great, has a great capacity to come up with ideas for life on a technical aspect...but it is not his given mandate to create the second paradise for humanity and humans to enjoy life to the fullest. Whites can only think with their mind, with their great intellect...but not with their spirit. The mandated spirit for humanity alone is capable to form a new concept of humanity and execute on it."

"Wisely spoken...young lady!" applauded The Underground Man taking Anna by her hands to lead her out of the room. "You are saying to us...the world is trapped?"

"There is no trap that is bullet proof...has not a side to escape through as anything made is man made for which reason has faults...clever minds need to find the faults and take advantage of it...to be great!"

The Underground Man stood still, looked at Anna and confessed: "You are...a great, wise lady indeed!"

"We ladies are not stupid...we know more than men do!"

"You want to challenge me?"

"I confess the truth of life!" laughed Anna looking into two old and smiling male eyes that had seen all corners of the earth.

The Underground Man led her to a big room covered in darkness only with the imagination of grey concrete walls closing in the space. They stood in the door way, nothing before them to see. Once The Underground Man set foot into the room, he turned to light. His whole structure spread out the brightest light Anna had ever seen. In fact, Anna had to close her eyes and open it again little by little to get used to the brightness of the light coming out of the whole figure of The Underground Man. He himself was the torch light so Anna turned her mobile phone off. She stood next to him looking all around her. What she saw shocked her as much as it interested her, was an amazing sensation, something that blew her mind, hit all her senses trying to make sense of it all.

"All these skeletons of men, women and children that you see here...that fill the room...were once all people that had come to see me and ask for advice. We had very long and interesting conversations...most of them stayed with me for quite some time, some were even born here and left me unwillingly to live among you people up there the place you call home. I remember so well endless conversations that I had with them...basically all of them as each person was special in itself...very specific I have to say!" walked The Underground Man around the room from body to body that walked right through his own body. No physical boundaries kept him from walking around. He walked through their bodies and his body was walking through their bodies. They laid all over, straight, crooked, upright, on their head, in any form possible a human body can bend. "They all still today tell me about what they think, fear and hope, what they want to do, what their problems are...anything you might think of a person thinks...that is what I get to know...from all generations and since humans were made!"

"Adam and Eva....Abraham?"

"Oh, Adam is over there...can you see him...there in the far right corner...and Eva is on the other side in the arms of that funny man...they seem to have a jolly good time...but, as they are skeletons...no children coming out of sperm and egg anymore...do not worry about overpopulation down here...there is nothing like that", explained The Underground Man laughing stimulating Anna to laugh alongside him. He was happy to see the tension Anna had shown while seeing all the skeletons in the room had disappeared gradually. "When you see all of them alive in their own way, you will certainly be convinced that the world up there above the green grass has never seen something new. All is a repeat of basic issues in new form and shapes, shapes that by try and error finally had emerged out of what is in them always as you can see down here. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust...that is what you see down here. When you people say this famous phrase it only relates to the body that gets decomposed, as the spirit you cannot decompose as it does not disintegrate by anything, not by death, not by worms in the earth covering our funeral sites, not by love or hate, not by remembering or ignoring...no, the spirits are always there...in their Billions and Billions. Here you can meet all of them. When a new body is born, wherever in this world, it is from this storage facility as I call our bunker, that a new body is given a new spirit and soul to function for a much as it is given to the new person. That is the reason why the human beings in their core character and function remain the same as they did yesterday and will be the same tomorrow. Only, of course, the visible outside, no longer walking bended and living in caves but flying to Moon and Mars with potentially one day living there, is what seems to make today's people different from the olden days of Homo Erectus and alike."

"I am always laughing when you white people think to close or open your borders will solve the problem of overpopulation, the most harmful development for mankind far more so than the popular climate change discussion...as what is rolling and rolling cannot be stopped but will take the world by storm pushing humanity to its climax and maybe over the edge...seeing people around the world overwhelmed and unprepared for the disaster so obvious to be seen today. As much as it is obvious, as much as it is ignored and voiced down. But a boomerang is not stupid at all...it finds its way back to the sender and when the person is not ready, unprepared to catch the boomerang, it will hit the person in its neck and strike it down...self-inflicted problems as I call it", said a skeleton that had bones around his nose wide and flat indicating it must have been a black man before.

"Do you hear what he is saying?" asked The Underground Man having turned back to Anna.

"I hear...but will they hear?" asked Anna with great doubts in her voice.

"You mean...the rest of the people?"

Anna nodded and declared: "The rest of our folks are ignorant playing football, games on their computers, watching soap operas, lamenting about problems with no solution offered that would make sense and have a longtime positive impact on humans and our planet. They follow strongmen that spread hate speeches, men and women that have no sense of humanity for the future but downgrade others instead of lifting humanity and people up!"

"The problem must be solved where the problem is based...and there the answer must be found!" stated The Underground Man categorically.

"I always laugh", said Anna speaking towards the skeleton with the African nose, "when Blacks wish latest models of Rolls-Royce, Lamborghini and Ferrari. I mean such cars are only for small boys, only a vintage Rolls-Royce is for true kings!"

"I agree!" said the African skeleton. "That is how our mentality is...as long as something is shining and impressive, we think it is worth something and makes the owner stand out. We have no sense to look behind things and look for the real value of things...really unfortunate...so sad, so sad."

"Only strong governments, strong leaders move societies big steps ahead under which governmental system ever", lifted a skeleton that seemed to have had a long nose belonging to a white man itself up to look into Anna's face with a side kick to The Underground Man, "like we know from Pia-Ramesse under Pharaoh Ramses at river Nile in Egypt. Democracy is a great idea but when too many people speak their minds and too many voices block each other as any small interest wants to be heard, even this great form when under weak leadership is bound to fail compared to what that system potentially is capable to achieve. Strong leadership with a good heart for their people can move mountains for them, weak leaders, in no matter how soft political system, play with their people's destiny. Like Katharina the Great or Peter the Great clearly demonstrate serious experience from outside to implement inside once own country is of great benefit to societies and not insisting on leaders born in the country, live in the country and die in the country insisting on race, belief and citizenship. What countries, what nations need are the best qualified people the earth has given birth to, not the old style based on national and ethnical thinking that easily can delay the progress of a nation by which in the end brings a nation down as life in other nations continue making them stand above oneself."

"Africa...will you ever hear the prompts to destroy or lift you up?" asked the black skeleton having turned back to his place among the many others.

"These days' people fight against wind mills wasting time and resources. They fight against climate change and economic inequality, war and migrant crisis not seeing the obvious out of which all these problems emerge, overpopulation now and increase in near future. They fight and fight with no sense, blinded by their shortsighted mind, a mind that is driven by a world we want to see, not a world that is and will be. Like Don Quichote from Lamancha they fight against the wings of change, madness is riding through history. The people do not understand they have to manage the mill to limit the outfall of the effect it has on mankind. Instead of fighting the wings with energy wasted, the wise mind renovates the mill and give it another course with in in build momentum generated that way will direct mankind into a better world, onto a higher level of development. The sad part of what is going on is that people raise their voices louder and louder for the symptoms of life, not the course of their problems!" mentioned the white skeleton before disappearing among its peers.

The Underground Man  
Part 64

While walking back to the room The Underground Man called his living room, he complained: "As long as people cling to their life too much, they will never be freebut always live under oppression of others!"

Anna was donwering what he wanted to tell her: "I do not quiet get you! I mean we are born as humans to live...and therefore have a responsibilty to ensure that we live for as long as possible...and this as good as possible...isn't it so?"



"Humans got life to live it as mandated, that is true", stopped The Underground Man from walking looking Anna deep into her eyes as if he wanted to reach down to her heart. "The end of our lives is death...death of all of us...simple as that...right?"

"Right!"

"On the way to death we go through many phases of our life, bad and good times. Along the way we come across oppression in various forms, with different intentions and strength. Be it our teachers downgrading us with words, our bosses thinking nothing good about us, our neighbours fooling us or we taken hostage for a ransom or our government, that is the group of people we call our fellow citizen force us into violence like a war or when taken prisoners of war instead of escaping from our oppressors risking our lives we sit in the corners of prisons waiting to be set free by our own people. Fear to lose our life or not a comfortable life is what keep us back, hold us under others that have their own agenda. Yes, as we have welcomed the gift of life and must do anything in our power to preserve it and keep it in good condition, the same we have the mandate to use our free will, our own mind, to be free people that over time live the life of a free person by its own free will. What sense does it make to create humans with a free will when it can be blocked and redirected by others based on their free will?" The Underground Man turned around a corner pointing to Anna to make her see some men that seemed to have a rich history behind them: "Look here, see people that are separated from the rest. Look closer, there the skeletons of Musa, the richest man in history based in today's Mali, a very black man, richer than three or four of the richest people you know of these days, and over there father Bardi, once so powerful in Florence with his family even giving money to King Edward III of England, people that have invented the banking system that still exists, or over there the bones of Alexander The Great and Napoleon Bonaparte...once so powerful people that generations were unable to think outside the box but thought what these people had given them as rules to life, would be their true life. Money rules the world, they say, and politics make money powerful all over...but I am telling you, ideas, what people have in their mind and stand for is lasting and above money and politics. Money and politics can create chaos or a paradise...but ideas when thought well, clear and intense, focused on the future to create...money is a small boy compared to it and it bows to ideas like politics does."

"Why are you saying this?"

"I mention it to make you understand what people needs is to be themselves so that to be can be become over time to make the be ever lasting and an impact into humanity and the entire world!" answered The Underground Man.

"Not everyone will understand what you are saying!" pointed Anna onto the skeletons once rich and famous, now bones like any other.

"To make it simple for others; they should not live in fear or under the words of anyone else, but live their lives as life was given to them. Their free will and intelligent should be enough and helpful to find a way part from child education and society rules to set their own standards and lead the way. You all have not come to earth to follow other people's footsteps, rather to walk your own ways. For that it is required to have a strong and sound mind, take responsibility for oneself's decision, to have discipline, to walk alone when needed, to partner with people for a course but being ready to depart from them again in due course when needed. Life is not for amateurs like we see so many off, but only for professionals!"

"I find, one of our greatest problems as humans is that we want to be loved. I mean this programme is so deep rooted in us that it is hard to overcome. We want to be loved by so many people, even by people that are not good for us. A truly independent person is that one that has overcome this desire, the need for being loved by fellow humans and have a free mind, making independent decisions only based on who someone is", mentioned Anna before they got back to the room in which she had found The Underground Man in the first place. "We want to see people happy to the extent that we see our own interests dead in the corner of our life...crazy that is but many people cannot walk differently in space and time."

The Underground Man stood back in the corner that he called home agreeing: "That is true...wisely spoken, young lady. The need for love is in us as vulnerable little kids that need protection and feeding, love and care to be raised up. This is always in us, not like an octopus born by a mother that dies after delivery, never to be taught how things should work in this world always at the same level of intelligence even with the potential to learn and move ahead in what to know. Love can keep us so much in bondage, while challenges in life push us forward once we accept them as our way to move time and grab our destiny. To be among people and search for love is an easy job, to stand all alone and move ahead is far more complicated and emotionally dangerous...but we have to be willing to pay a price to be glorified."

Ana wanted to challenge The Underground Man and stood ready to disappear again in the darkness of his room shutting off the light surrounding him: "You mean, we have to pray for a new set of humans...a complete overhaul would not do, right?"

The Underground Man laughed and smiled while his light got dimmed second by second: "The world has to live with the human it's got...sad, wrong or right, does not matter. As long as God has created them and the rest around them, only he knows best why he did what he did. All we can do, and have done generations, to do our very utmost best to be better people, see the evilness and failure in us and overcome the challenges that come with it. We must find a new concept of humanity that takes generations into a better future and forget our little tiny corners that potentially can make us feel better at the expense of others and the spinning round and round of the world. We must constantly stand on our feet, before we start walking and talking, use our brains and think...only after that we use the gift to mankind of thinking and reflecting on what we do and who we really are...we should talk while walking...always ready to stand still again, look inside ourselves, listen to the noise and questions inside us asking for answers to make the right things only come to see the light of history. In our crucial times that the world is shifting, the balance between the Black Man and the White Man by the overpopulation of Africa sets another agenda we must address in the proper way to bring justice. I know the White Man does not want to be ruled by the Black Man...but what history decides is not for the human to dispute. What needs to be done is a situation unfolding to manage wisely as what is supposed to happen, will eventually happen whatever someone might think or do...even killing people of intellectual power does not stop history, it only delays it. If only people in power preserving their own selfish interest in all political jurisdictions and ideas would understand this simple fact. I am telling you, the world and mankind would not lose time and resources as they did so much in the past. Mankind, if things would have been managed properly, would stand today tall and proud before God...why most certainly he still sees humans as weak characters that run and run around naked in their mind...not have learnt much over centuries past. On that note I tell you, let them do their own things and let all hope and pray for the best...as after all, God has his agenda and we should leave all in his hands."

"Amen!"

The Underground Man was no more to be seen.

#### Characters and their Presenters

Anna Karl-Heinz Heerde, myself

Irena - Heidi Jürgensen, my one year older sister

Hans-Jürgen Hans-Jürgen Jürgensen, husband of Heidi Jürgensen

Son of Irena Sven-Ole Brandt

Daughter of Irena Svenja Brandt

Alexa Sabine Fuchs, my one year younger sister

Monika Willers my late mother Ruth Willers

Heinrich Heerde

Irma Heerde

Domenica

Walter Walter Bolten, ex-boyfriend of my late mother

Joe Joe

Paul Karl-Heinz Heerde

Paul's ex-wife Emma Rebecca Awuor Heerde, born Jaoko

Paul's ex-son (Leon) Alexander Heerde, ex-son of Karl-Heinz Heerde

Eva Weatherill Sister of Ruth Willers and my aunt