

Dedicated to
(Leon) Alexander Heerde
-the son not to be-

My Room, My Walls, My Hotel

There it was standing in its might, white like the cloudless blue sky, overlooking lake Aussenalster in the heart of Germany's second largest and most beautiful city of Hamburg, home to forty thousand Ghanaians, countless refugees from around the world and sailors that had only few hours left to spend some time in the Sailor's Mission located in the middle of the eight hundred forty year old Hamburg Harbour in Hamburg-Harburg. Reeperbahn and St. Pauli had long lost its sexual attraction, home now for Yuppies and Tourists sinking into the illusion of a past that is buried to rot in the darkness of our sinful nature.

The Hotel Atlantic raised its pride into the sky of Hamburg making its mark as a place of splendor, elegance and home for the world fortunate once for Generations past. Build in old English Victorian Imperialistic style as its forever rival across the lake along the Jungfernstieg at the corner to Gaensemarkt, Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten, presented its brass golden Globe of the World into the open skies like the fire of the Statue of Liberty of New York City wanting to shout to the world, here we are, ready to serve you from wherever you come, feel free and most welcome in our Hotel that offers you comfort, tranquility, elegance, perfection in service, history and on top of all, hospitality that comes natural to you from all our staff members, the Hamburg style no other city can offer; an experience of a life-time not to be missed.

Truly, this Hotel Atlantic was only made for this city that was never ruled by a King, but by the people themselves, it was a true reflection of the elegance in which Hamburgers think, feel, talk and walk; a life-style that reflects honesty, trust, sincerity, affection and empathy for others, open mind for the issues of the world and beyond, spiritually powerful to constantly finding new walks of life to better the lives of many. Generations of races and colours from all around the world have patronized Hotel Atlantic and looked out of the sparking clean windows above the exquisite Restaurants and Ball Rooms on the Ground floor, seen the trees planted by the road side blossom in spring, imagining the ice on the lake with young and old skating along when the ice was declared fit for the public to enjoy unforgettable moments with hot spicy red wine and lesser warm Pizzas.

They have stood quite moments on the small balconies attached to their rooms giving space to think beyond the limitation of an individual and the small world each and every one of us lives and find himself in. Standing on the concrete feeling the cold of the white painted metal limiting the space as how far to go to stay safe, looking left towards the Museum of Modern Art seeing the green roof of Hamburg Rathaus in the distance behind Hapag Lloyd and when looking to the right watching small sailing boats going up the Aussenalster to Winterhude, every Hotel Guest was aware, as much as he was part of this world, it was his assignment given to make a difference and special impact in life; to leave a stone of remembrance behind for generations to follow.

Businessmen of various shapes and sizes, Superrich, Selfmade-Millionaires, Singers, Actors, Participants of the annual Hamburger Abendblatt New Year's Reception, Catwalks of Designers locally and internationally, they all were greeted by the Doorman, an impressive statue of Power over a door to decide about the fortune and future of important transactions behind the thick stone walls that had welcomed Presidents, Ministers, Philosophers to speak to them, the four walls in their luxurious rooms set above the Reception area. Walking into the Entrance Hall, to the immediate right a narrow long stretch of walkway decorated with glass cabinets filled with watches, rings, jewelry, handbags, most decorative porcelain figures and table ware opened the way to the function rooms that were able to accommodate five hundred guest and more at a time. The Hotel Atlantic and their very few owners over time had carefully mastered the balance between the demand of modern technology to host social functions of the now and the old glamour the Hotel was proud to showcase and make the busy traveler and businessman stand still for a while and reflect on their senses to find out what really matters in life and their very own life in particular.

Straight ahead on the left side a long dark brownish Reception desk welcomed the Guests and made them feel at home; not only as a slogan of modern times used endlessly with no sense and understanding. Here, in Hotel Atlantic in Hamburg, the words had a meaning, a self-understood honesty and easiness. When and where money speaks stress and hardship is gone, things fall in place just all by themselves. Who better to testify of the truth the young Gentlemen and Ladies behind the counter were speaking was Udo Lindenberg, the front singer of famous Rock Band, Panik Orchester, having rented a room for years calling it his home, his only home indeed.

At the upper end of the Reception were the lifts and the simple, yet impressive staircase to be found, while across the lifts a small, cozy group of seats were offering anyone that wanted a resting place to wait for friends or colleagues or simply take a good old fashioned British Afternoon tea with cucumber sandwiches, scones with clotted cream topped with marmalade, pralines and mini cakes served on the finest China years old alongside a wide selection of exquisite and well brewed teas from around the world bought by the Chef in the Tee Kontor that was to be found in the largest warehouse complex of the world named Speicherstadt.

Late at night, when the lights went down and time to reflect on the day's event came upon the Hotel guest and staff members, standing in a wide open space behind the group of chairs stood a black piano facing the bar played live by well trained and inspired Musicians to dime the atmosphere of chilling and ready for sleep into a moment of letting go, forgetting worries, fears, anger, tears about unfulfilled dreams with a light in the spirit that each day offers a new opportunity to find and get what everyone of us is looking and hoping for. Wherever the Guest were coming from, their traditions, their personal experiences, their aspirations and expectations, in these quite moments before midnight, one expression and impression united them in the shadowy light of the few lamps identifying the Whiskey poured in small glasses as to be originally from Scotland and dark Red Bordeaux truly from France as what we all are, simply as humans; strong and weak, clever and not so clever, sinners and believers, creative or more technocratic crafted by our Creator, yet still and forever, part of the human race to manage our lives well to the best we are capable of.

Ignoring the tender smile of Natasha Dimitriv, the Apprentice from Moscow that had joined her parents some months ago, German Immigrants of the third Generation of Wolga Deutsche from Dictator Adolf

Hitler's occupied territory, he passed the Reception heading for the Lift to take him up to his room on the second Floor. He pressed the button to bring the Lift down, looked back while holding himself to the door of the lift feeling heaviness in his body, he tried to make sense of the human shadow that stood in the Entrance Door seemingly looking for something. His half-closed eyes starred at the elegantly clothed man, slim with his hands hidden in the pockets of his long dark blue coat, certainly tailor made in London, rubbed his eyes to open them wide and get a clearer idea of who this man might be or what he was supposed to represent. The lift came down and opened its door behind him. He stepped one foot into it to make it stay. His eye lids slipped for a moment that made the slim man disappear. He looked down to his black shoes he used to walk in all day long. Dust had surrendered the leather to make them appear like the pale face of a dead body in an open coffin.

He shook his head making the heaviness in his joints disappear for a moment. His eyes were watery in all the redness that surrounded his blue eyes. It was in his right eye that a small brown spot was to be seen, the only mark he had inherited from his late mother. He stepped into the lift, got up, left on second floor holding himself along the white light ivory painted wall with old paintings in heavy golden wooden frames showing fox hunting sceneries from the Cornwall country side. For a moment he stopped looking into the mysterious smile of an unknown Gentleman in his traditional clothings dating back two hundred years ago. He might have been one of the Patrons of the Hotel Atlantic, maybe a simple coincidence to have seen him outside his room on the long stretched floor that was enlightened by shaded lamps with brass holders attached to the walls.

With his right arm he was holding himself to the dark brown door of his room 213 right in the middle of the floor, his legs were stretched backwards like someone asked by Police Officers to stand ready for a thorough body search. His head was falling unto his chest, his conflicting thoughts made him confused. When he looked down on his left arm he had the feeling his body parts one by one wanted to leave him alone. Headache from his right side of the head snakelike crawled over his eye brows, his lips, his nose to conquer his head and neck, the upper part of his spine got painful. His breath stopped for a second. He shock his body once more to make it know, the time to die yet had not come, his soul and spirit still had control over his life. He prayed to them to deliver him from his misery in which he was stuck since the death of his wife few years ago. His weary eyes took a glance of the golden wedding ring of hers in bond with his own on his left hand never taken off since she had left him, died of cancer. Yes, he was a rich man, had fame and fortune, all the status symbols a man after many years of hard work in his own company had a right to enjoy; but deep down in his heart he felt emptiness in all glamour that paved his way. He had somehow learnt that money does not make a man happy, life's fulfillment was much greater and in people.

On the table of his room laid two bars of chocolate made in Ghana, the best and most innovative chocolate in the world as he had always proclaimed with pride in his heart. No wonder, he was the owner of the factory that produced the bars with gold dust and pineapple with yoghurt and coconut flavour. He took the small bible in his hands, made from chocolate, a product that had made him famous and established his reputation as a man of vision in the chocolate industry. Churches in Africa, America and parts of Asia ordered them for their Services while also private consumers had them in their homes to pray over them for GOD's blessings and a better life on earth to come. Years back while his Prophet had asked him to let honey be the source of sweetness during Monday evening church service, all he

had tasted was disgusting burned sugar in his mouth. Anger had turned from one moment to the other into a bible and his life around. He took it into his hands carefully checking it from all sides to see whether it was done well, said a short prayer over it, sat down on the King sized bed that was covered in yellow roses designed material, unwrapped the paper, felt the warmth of the chocolate in his hand, let it melt on his tongue very gentle, closed his eyes, listened to his nervous heart beat and felt, it calmed him down heart beat after heart beat. His breath normalized and he was at peace with himself yet still feeling the Whiskey's taken in a Bar somewhere around Ferdinandstrasse close to M.M. Warburg Bank, the Bank in which his mother had worked for almost thirty years and served the owners with delicacies fabricated by her Chef and herself. As a boy he had often stood outside the Hugh heavy wooden door carved with round shaped wings waiting for his mother to take him to Daniel Wisner for Fish and Chips in Spitalerstrasse before going home to Alte Woehr 19 in Hamburg-Barmbek close to the City Park that used to be his home for twenty five years.

Emptiness took over his distressed mind, silence mastered his thoughts. His eyes starred at the wall next to the bath room. He felt the chocolate warming his stomach like a mother that took his crying boy close to her breast to give comfort and peace of mind. He was reading the paper of the chocolate bible thinking back to the Hotel in Asylum Down in Accra where he had had his late wife for the first time in his arms and had felt her body and soul all over him. Against the Ashanti tradition, this night had been a night complete as husband and wife to be.

"When the back man is finally free, he can manage his own affairs," was he hearing the forceful and believing voice of Dr. Kwame Nkrumah loud and clear. "Ghana is free forever."

He looked up, starred at the wall, there he saw Ghana's First President at the Independence Day guarded by the other five members of the Founding Fathers on the improvised podium shouting into the night and over the heads of the gathered cheering crowd: "Ghana's Independence is meaningless unless Africa is free." The wall was like a projector with sharp images, clear sounds and vibrations.

He rubbed his eyes, his heart came nearly to a standstill, and his mouth was wide open. Alcohol had no control over him again in that night.

A snobbish sounding voice from him stated categorically: "We have supported Ghana for the past decades with AID money, I do not want to do this nonsense anymore. Look folks, here they are, the illegal immigrants from Ghana in our midst and use our social system, our structures while we pay for all their expenses."

He turned around seeing a man with blondish hair that made him look more like a man from Elvis Presley's age rather than a President of the twenty first century speaking out from the wall behind his bed. "Folks, I am telling you honestly...and you all know, I always tell you the truth, these people drink our blood and we pay the price with unemployment. You know me, my name is Donald Trump, and I cannot accept that anymore. We will ask as many of them to leave back to Ghana where they come from even we know, in the past we did things wrong, taken them as slaves and on our farms in Alabama, Texas, unto the Cotton fields of Virginia. Still, folks, I cannot lie to you, many of them must go back as it is not right to have them here with us anymore."

"We must ensure that all Member States of the European Union, including Hungary and Austria, must

take their fair share of Migrants as Germany alone cannot handle the influx of all refugees from war torn countries like Syria, Iraq, Yemen and Afghanistan,” was he hearing the soft tender voice of a woman. The words were decisive, spoken in a tone not always convincing too many. He looked around and had not to see far. The wall in which the window was opening the view towards the Aussenalster was full of her, Angela Merkel, German Chancellor. He knew she was given to the Germans in times Visions were not in need, but practical day to day solutions and unmistakable actions to handle a crisis that were heart breaking and hitting humanity each and every day.

He was thinking by himself, how on earth was it possible that the walls spoke to him that way saying loud:” Are you also watching TV and listen to the radio? What is wrong with you guys?” He was pinching himself wanting to feel that he is still alive and not a spirit in heaven or ghost in hell. It was hurting him, so he was alive. Confused his head bend down to his right shoulder, he listened intensively into the darkness of the night hearing no bird singing. It was strange to him not to notice any sound from the busy street below his balcony, no car passing, no bike in the distance making disturbing noise, no drunken couple finding their way home from Steindamm to the other side of the Aussenalster crossing Lombardsbruecke under the old street lamps once flamed by gas.

His eyes walked around the room looking for the minibar. It was half emptied, his favourite beer and chocolate from Switzerland in triangle form sweetened with honey and supported by crashed nuts jumped into his eyes. Moments later the bar was emptied; he laid on his bed trying to find an answer on the ceiling with fears and excitement in his heart that this piece of wall might also have a last word to share with him. Nothing like that happened, so he could close his eyes and dive into a deep sleep.

It was from a far distance that he heard a knocking on his door. The knocking did not stop, periodically hammered it against his inner ear. He forced his eyes to open and set his mind in motion. Really, someone was there at two o'clock in the middle of the night. His legs were heavy, his heart started to pump thick warm blood into his body, he got up, sat by the bedside concentrating once more on the knocking at the door. Leaving his slippers by the bedside, did he make his way to the door, opened it with half closed eyes. A slim tall man in an English tailor made coat hands in both pockets stood before him. He was not able to see the face and details of the unknown man standing a few meters in front of him as the light of the floor was not bright enough. His memory was telling him, the man was the one he had seen before in the Lobby of the Hotel.

“When the time comes...,” did the stranger say, turned around and disappeared in the distance.

Half asleep, he tried to make sense of it all but couldn't. Looking to the other side of the hallway, he found nothing to see. He closed his eyes for a moment, tried to put the scenery into his heart to remember. He shut the door and went back to sleep.

His hangover next morning was more serious than normal. Sitting on his bed looking out into the cloudy sky of Hamburg, he heard birds singing in the trees nearby. Heavy morning traffic pushed its way from Mundsburg coming towards Neuer Jungfernstieg to offload workforce ready to trade with the entire world, finance business and publishing the latest gossip gathered the night before. Hamburg was the most important city for trading on cocoa beans, no wonder that God had decided for him to be born especially in this city known around the world also for been green everywhere.

"Black people in Africa are more racist against Whites in Africa than Whites against them," shouted the TV Wall into the room.

He looked around, confused and scared. His heart felt like a heavy stone, got closed in. The muscles around it caused him severe pain, making breathing a problem. His face changed to make it a mask of death, empty lines around his mouth, and dark spots below his eyes.

From behind, the Bed Wall, he was hearing: "What a nonsense, look into history what the White people did to the Black, slavery and Colonialism...", he turned round staring at the wall with disbelief only to hear "and massive interference in the internal matters of the African continent."

"Quite right," pushed the Window Wall itself into the heated dispute, "pan Africanism must be the future for Africa, a development determined by the Africans themselves in free and independent spirit." Out of the Wall, below the window, sprung Marcus Garvey in his Admirals uniform into the room well fed certain of his many followers and the influence he had on Dr. Kwame Nkrumah and other African Leaders to support them in their venture for Independence. "Sitting here in Jamaica I can see the need pressing for a change in African affairs."

The TV Wall interrupted the others declaring: "daily life for a White Man in Africa is filled with Racism by the Black Man be it taken a Taxi, shopping in the open market, renting a house, asking Electrician to come for repair, opening a company... "

"You deserve to be treated like that! We take away from you today, what you took away from us in the past...so we will be equal finally," responded the Bed Wall aggressively wanting to jump into the opposite wall to declare victory over its point of view of things in this world.

"...about the hardship Whites undergo in Africa...no Media House is reporting about it," did the TV Wall end the fight.

"Shut up..." posted him himself in the middle of the room, "all of you! I do not want to hear anything stupid like that anymore. What nonsenses...that you can talk to me like that...and talk at all." His angry look stacked to all four walls. "Walls cannot talk. Walls are simply heartless and mindless concrete things, that is all. So, why do you tell me all this nonsense into my ear? Anyway," he walked over to the balcony, stepped outside, took a deep breath, turned around and before entering the room again added, "even if walls could talk, I have no interest to listen to what you have to say. I know walls are gossipers, when they start talking, they never end as the stories they have seen and heard are simply too much." He stood still for a moment looking into the mirror next to his bed asking himself: "What am I saying, what am I talking? Do I get crazy? Walls cannot talk, that is impossible. I better stop drinking otherwise I will have the carpet crying out loud that people step on it, lamps about the heat we turn them on to, doors that do not want certain people to enter ...or balconies that will open their balustrades to fall down."

"When we continue supporting developing countries with AID money," broke the TV Wall the silence, "we will only extend their suffering as corruption and inefficiency will not end."

"Do you want innocent children and mothers to die like flies on a marmalade roll that had fallen down to the ground and got disposed off by big man with their wealth showing tummy ignoring the cry of

their own people that have a right for a better life in the middle of God given richness?" the Bed Side Wall angrily asked. She wanted to jump into the face of her opponent but was stuck to her place. "Shit," did she comment in resignation.

"You are limited to see, hear and remember...," did the TV Wall comment in victory, "and not to have your own mind. We are here to serve people and tell their stories...that is all we have to do."

"Girls...girls," he put his foot down hitting the carpet hard. "What is wrong with you...people?" He pause for a while, looking down on himself asking loud into the room: "Did I really say 'people' to the walls?" Silence surrounded him. He put his right hand on his forehead:" I am getting mad. If I do not stop drinking, I will be a mad man very soon."

"Sir, Housekeeping...can I come in," was he taken out of his misery by a woman's voice from the other side of the door.

He opened and a small, young black woman in her light grey Hotel uniform stood before him smiling. Behind her stood the heavy trolley that the Cleaners used for their daily duties.

"If it is more convenient for you Sir, I can also come back later," she offered while turning around.

He was quick to say: "Oh no...no, it is okay. Please come in and do your work." He made way for her rushing into the bath room to get dressed unshowered.

Levantehaus close to Hamburg Central Train Station along Moenckebergstrasse was his first point of call to stretch his tired bones and leave last night behind. High end shops displayed the best fabrics, hats, bags and sweets. The Post Office was located in the middle of the Shopping Arcade, adjust to a nationwide sweet shop serving customers with candies and chocolates of the highest master craft. Having a close look at the chocolates and pralines his wise smile captured his heart and manifested itself on his face. Chocolate was his passion from childhood not knowing the day will come in later life it will make him a wealthy man and famous for his ideas all around the world. Chocolate to him was not something nice to eat and a pleasure to look at when formed in shapes and sizes astonishing to the normal consumer, it was a daily must have. He had understood, Chocolate is the only food item that exist which boost the health of humans and at the same time makes them happy. Only when someone is happy, whether rich or poor, can stand above his problems and solve them one by one. Happiness is the basis for success in all walks of life, which was his message understood by more and more consumers around the world and made him the rich man that he was now in his early sixties.

"Eat your chocolate daily like your daily bread," he proclaimed making sure, no one around him was able to hear his words. "Truly, a Chocolate Man is always a happy man!" His smile was with no size.

Minutes later he stepped out from the Underground at Landungsbruecken taken a ride on one of the public ferries to cross river Elbe to the other side to reach Finkenwerder. The ferry passed Fish market where Sunday mornings Tourists and Locals came in the early morning hours to buy cheap vegetables, fruits, freshly baked bread and cakes while looking over the few fisher boats from Cuxhaven coming to sell their catch. Blankenese, his place in Hamburg to feel free and the universe in his soul, was as usual from the river side a place that could have easily be the art work of a famous and very talented painter giving everyone the impression to be in Italy during summer sunny days with people endless in numbers

walking about. On his trip back to the landing side with the impressive entrance to the old Elbe Tunnel, he admired the newly designed painting on Dock 10 from Blohm & Voss, once the pride of the city. When South Korea came unto the world market for ship building, Hamburg lost many shipyards with only high-tech shipbuilding left besides gigantic private Yachts for the rich and famous.

"If Hamburg would be in UK," stood he on deck of the ferry enjoying the last bite of a Bockwurst with roll and mustard that he loved so much and was only able to get in the city that had formed him to a man with a German intellect and a British heart," this world for me would be perfect!" He saw the yellow Lion of the King Musical tent visible across the Hamburger Hafen City with its impressive landmark Hamburger Elbharmonie and felt being part of every stone, every breath, and every smell of this wonderful city. He felt privileged to call himself a Hamburger, while always having problems to identify himself with being German. Germany was once called the country of the poets and thinkers haven giving birth to Goethe, Schiller, Nietzsche, Kant, Schopenhauer, Kafka, Durer, Bach, Beethoven and others endless in numbers as their elite, now a country worshipping Verona Feldbusch and Daniela Katzenberger, women not attractive, not intelligent, not creative or innovative, but Millionaires thanks to a massive Media push and consumers that prefer easy entertainment over improving on their mind with messages from men and women that are truly meaningful with their ideas and words. He kept on hoping one day, one day the misfortune of Germany in this area of life will once again turn around to the better.

Evening had come, Hamburger Summer Dom was what he had on his mind. He embarked at Millerntor where St. Pauli Football Stadium was located, saw the shining light of the Amusement Fair that took place three times a year. From far he was inhaling the sweet smell of freshly made Berliners, Cherry stuffed triangle shaped donuts and Sprungfedern, a delicacy typical to this place and a delight in anybody's mouth. His mouth got watery standing in front of a kiosk selling warm Leberkaese with roll, something not to be missed.

"Brother...hey brother," did he hear a drunken voice out of the darkness behind one of the wagons, "come here...come to me."

A voice in him made him hesitate to follow the invitation, finally he directed his feet to follow the words of a mad man. He was invited to share with him cheap red wine from a giant bottle. The bagger was sitting on the ground covered in a dark grey blanket stolen from nearby Hafen Krankenhaus. His face was covered with scarves sustained by fights in shelters of homeless men during the winter season or in Pick Ass close by. His voice was slow, the stench from his trousers unbearable. He had peed into his underpants for the past days.

"My brother, life is not easy, I am telling you...not easy. It goes round and round, up and down. Today you are shining in the light, tomorrow you are down in the gutter...nothing last forever." He took another shot of wine cleaning his mouth with his wrinkled left hand. "And nobody has ever asked us whether we want to live or not...it was simply given to us. When it is true that God had given us a free will, why should he not have asked us whether or not we want to live instead just dumping us here on planet earth to see how best to move about and find our way forward in life. Why should it be a sin for that very matter that some want to end their life by their own hands and be condemned by their fellow man?" The Drunkener looked him straight into the eyes, eyes with crystal clear blue that was like a

double edged sword. "So, God thinks, life is by force...or what? When he is our creator, man, than he must ensure that we have all it takes to lead a successful life and not only a life in existence. Life cannot be all that simple and stupid as if this is the bottom line of life, life does really not make sense and can be aborted from early on."

He hold his breath, his nerves stretched to the maximum and replied: "A gift is nothing to comment about but to embrace as a grace from someone else and a chance to grow beyond the unthinkable."

"Are you stupid?" the older as being man asked him. "Life must have a sense and sense must be in the tools that come with it, otherwise it is senseless and when so, a something that quite rightly can be called useless and when useless, has no reason to continue."

He was surprised and disturbed by the words he had never heard before but defended himself couragesly:" Life is precious and always a chance to achieve greatness. Therefore it must be treasured, honoured and the inner rules and laws to reach someone's destiny understood and followed."

"Who are you?"

"I am Guenther," he answered getting up feeling the situation behind the loud noise making entertainment shops increasingly uncomfortable and scary.

"Guenther...let me tell you," did the Drunkener get up seemingly weak in his knees," Life is not about what you and I think it is, life is about...". He looked at the behind of a young blond girl from the roller coaster undressing her with his greedy, lustful eyes.

"Democracy is not for Africa," declared convincingly a light brownish man from Singapore, decedent from Indian Migrants.

"But we all know, all that have clear senses and know what is going on in this world with the strength to speak out the truth with no fear or favour," added the young Lady from Michigan. Her long shaped face, curly hair, small lips, red framed glasses, black short skirt combined with a white blouse and man's tie, made her further remarks by heavily using her hands in the air:" Democracy in Africa is the constitutional right of the political and economic Elite to exploit their nations and steal their assets where and whenever possible."

"The appalling thing is, that we White people from the developed world support this nonsense each and every year for the past sixty years endlessly," contributed a man in dark blue suit to the discussion.

"When will this nonsense ever stop, as it cannot go on forever? Our people will not allow this to happen, they will get tired."

"Exactly...and what then? Our leaders will be in a big mess, so it is better to use the right time now to get prepared and initiate the change," said the Lady nipping at her glass of Champagne.

Guenther Erden sat on his usual couch in the Lobby looking into the light brownish tea in his China. He had ordered his daily Afternoon Tea dish, this time with orange cut jam and small portion of plum bread

spread. He saw the reflection of his tired face in the tea served, felt the warmth of the hot beverage that was served in Hotel Atlantic to him as always to perfection. A slight smile had touched Anita, the waitress that looked after him like a mother taking care of her lonely son wondering from place to place, not resting to take time to digest life in small, small portions. Not everything in life is what everyone needs to know or experience, while Guenther Erden had a life-long slogan 'I want to get the most out of suffering, pain and joy, I want to get most out of life'. He often had wished to be born with a simple mind. Simple minds do not understand much, have good sex-life and straight forward convictions of how life has to be for them. People with high intellect see the world as a planet full of problems that give opportunities to grow and money to make, to leave a stone of remembrance behind for generations to follow, that was what he was deeply convinced of reminding himself again and again.

The small group of businessmen with the Lady in their middle, chilled with drinks and sandwiches before departing each into their own rooms. Guenther Erden listened very carefully to what they had to share with each other while biting into a fruit scone with thick clotted cream Hotel made.

"We white people always repeat the same mistakes," lamented the American Lady holding her glass before her eyes, following each bubble surfacing from the bottom to explode and disappear on the top," by thinking what is good for us, must be good for all countries and societies."

"That is common nonsense!" said the Singaporean laughing with a cynical smile of disgust. "There is no political system, which is superior to any other. They are all on the table and the wise people and their leaders have to choose at any given time their societies are in the right form and adapt them to their needs. Only because a system has not worked in a certain country under certain conditions, it does not make this system obsolete. Democracy is not better as a concept than Absolutism or Dictatorship, it all matters, whether it is benefitting a society and make it better than before. Life is on the move for which reason political systems are and can never be the same for all times. Today you might see Kingdom is not for you and Democracy is the better option. Generations down the line the opposite might be the case and you have to switch back to the old form in a modern style."

"I find it very shameful and disappointing, that many people in the West know that Democracy for Africa is not working right now but because of the past do not see it as politically correct to speak out the truth and address openly the current misery Africa is in," got a blond, tall man from Sweden up, walked over to the bar to place another round of drinks to be served and sat down again.

"We Whites are part of the problem for which reason we have also to be part of the solution," did the Lady indicate trying one of the chocolates on the small plate in front of her. "Let's take Ghana for example. On the Independence Day in nineteen hundred fifty seven the headcount was five Million, sixty years down the line it rose to twenty seven Million and counting. Another sixty years down the line, the country will have one hundred forty three Million citizen, while at the same time commodity prices will go down, the soil of Africa one day will be empty with no natural resources left and Climate Change will make food security a problem. Africans love children but also have to produce them in big numbers as a social security measure for the longer days of old age and sickness. So, the future is clear, there will be a population explosion with consequences today no one can seriously predict in details but this scenario will be a painstaking reality for our children and theirs."

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"And nobody cares," added the Singaporean.

“That is the saddest part of all!” replied the Lady chewing her chocolate with delight.

“No African has the understanding of this future and no interest to find and implement a solution that works,” said the Swedish Man, got up, excused himself to bed stating tomorrow be another day of hard work on their common project.

“I will never understand nor except that in football on national or club level race and citizenship does not matter for the players and coaches, why should it therefore be a problem on the political level that a President or Minister is voted for based on qualification instead of nationality...that really makes no sense especially today that we all call this world a global village and exchange people more than ever. Countries become more and more Nations that develop a strange form of Nationalism in their spirit...a very corrupt world we live in,” said the Singaporean, got up, excused himself as well setting the start of next day’s work for nine with meeting at the reception of the Hotel.

Guenther Erden looked up and followed the blond man as he walked to the lift. From the left the man in English tailor made coat appeared from nowhere standing in line behind the blond Swede waiting for the lift to come down. He got up wanting to see from a different angle the face of this mysterious man that had haunted him for a while. The lift got down, the door opened, both men walked in, the door closed and the lift went up. He was not able to get a glance to see of the unknown man’s face which left him sitting down again with the desire next time to undertake everything possible to make himself feel more at ease.

The night fell down on Hamburg, so Guenther Erden moved over to the bar leaving the group of businessmen to themselves, hid in a corner hard to be spotted but easy for him to observe the guest chilling and chatting along to enjoy another day passed by. The TV over the bar tenders head reported from a bomb explosion in Manchester with twenty two casualties and fifty nine mostly young people injured. Each day bad news flooded the world and made him believe, the more we know the more problems we have. His headache increased, he tried to cool himself down. The global village we live in today, went through his mind, was more of a responsibility than enjoyment but it should be the other way round was his deep conviction. The lives of Billions were more than ever interconnected and needed answers from all of us was he clear in his mind.

The whiskey before him was twelve years old, a single malt from the Isle of Sky up in the north of Scotland, a place he once had visited on his four weeks tour around that part of Britain. He dipped his fingers into the glass with salted sticks and coated peanuts, salted just right, not too much, not to less. Manufacturers can get it easily wrong, touched a thought his mind. He closed his eyes, looked into himself, felt the whiskey warming his body and relaxing his stressed nerves. His heart beat dropped, the expression on his face got stone-faced.

He remembered the phone conversation years back when he was in his late thirties, when his elder sister Heidi Juergensen asked him to end his own life. She had left it to him how best he had wanted to do it. Years had passed and her husband Hans-Jürgen Juergensen had written to him an eMail mentioning the family wishes him to die in Africa. He had done nothing wrong, yet was sentenced to die by wicked family members. His first wife, Emma Jaoko from Kenya, a love deep from his heart, had killed

his sick mother with lies endless in numbers in unity with his eldest sister to put the blame for mistakes committed in the marriage on his name and shoulders. For reasons beyond his control, he got stuck in Ghana knowing the time would come he would return and destroy all of them, make their lives ending in misery. He had distanced himself from his family years back knowing family is not by choice but by birth and mostly destructive, never wanting anyone with a great star over his head to succeed in life. Jealousy is too present in their spirits so that he wouldn't have had any interest in them; as long as they left him alone, he had nothing to say.

"Let it go...let it pass and get over it," did Guenther Erden hear the voice of a young woman sitting next to him. He was not aware that someone took the seat and had observed him for a while. "Whatever you go through right now, Sir, let it go. Nothing on earth is worth any feeling or anger and hate that makes only the devil happy but you miserable. Life is not made for us to suffer, life is for us to grow strong and live a long, happy life in the presence of the Lord."

He looked into her face asking himself, was an angel talking to her or a minister sharing bible revelations with him. "Who are you?"

"Mariam...my name is Mariam Schreiber and I have watched you for some time, Sir," she offered him her right hand for a firm handshake. "I am a singer of Gospel Music."

He took her hand, held it for a while, looked at it, did not want to let her hand slip away, like holding tied to a life-line rescuing persons from drowning in the Mediterranean Sea after crossing the ocean in small inflammable boats unfit to hold many lives.

"My pleasure," he responded after having taken back his hand. "So, you sing into the hearts of people to worship God, right?"

"Right...that is what I was born for."

"I produce chocolate and other products."

"Chocolate...what a wonderful product...so wonderful. I eat my chocolate every day as I respect myself."

"That is the only right way to live life!" Guenther Erden was smiling feeling his drowsiness disappearing for a short moment. "And the best chocolate comes from Ghana!" he added victoriously.

He ordered another whiskey and sherry for her confessing: "I come from a poor and bad family. I am the only Christian. The others of the family only believe in themselves...very stupid. My father was half of his life behind bars, my mother scared always being alone not able to trust in the universe to give her the right husband in life while waiting for the right time to come but pushing herself into fulfillment. It ended her always in misery."

"The bible says the Jews asked for a king and got Saul knowing for himself, he was not the one God had wanted to send but was forced to do so, so this resulted in the problems they had to encounter. God had prepared a king after his heart in the wilderness that emerged in his decided time as the great King David," she commented.

"To wait patiently for the right time to come...," he turned round seeing behind him the empty Lobby

quiet and nearly empty with the old Concierge behind the reception fighting with his desire to sleep," is always hard as we seem to be constantly in need to press on seeing uncertainly as a threat, while it should be an excitement to see what is really mend for us and not created by our mind, a path in the end so costly...costing our life!"

Mariam Schreiber finished her glass of sherry, looked deep into his eyes asking: "Can I kiss you?"

It took him by surprise, for seconds he was unable to react, finally he agreed and she kissed him on his right cheek. She walked into the cold night as she was not a guest of the Hotel Atlantic, had stopped at the place for one drink only.

Guenther Erden dragged himself up to his room, dropped his clothes in the middle of the room and fell asleep.

"Do you remember Henry Kissinger sitting on the couch over there giving an interview?" asked the TV Wall the Bed Side Wall.

"Oh, I remember the former US foreign Secretary with German roots very well. He had a distinctive deep voice to be recognized blindfolded. Why...why do you mention him now?" the Bed Room Wall asked.

"During the Vietnam War, he was not tried to proclaim, America has to defend its values...and I was laughing my paint out...you remember, parts of it fell down?"

"Yes, I remember that afternoon and how angry the Hotel Management was...felt so embarrassed that day!"

"Right...they did indeed," said the TV Wall moving its sides unnoticeable. "How can a man like him say such stupid things as everyone knows, Democracy, Capitalism, Human Right, Rule of Law and so on, are European values carried along by the settlers when Europeans invaded the North American continent. The Americans have up till now not added any value originated on their continent or any ideas to improve humanity, all comes from Europe or Asia influenced in angles by the African continent thousands of years back."

The Bed Side Wall agreed firmly: "While most often we disagree on issues like that, this time I agree with you completely."

"Also, most of today's products and services in its basic form was not invented in USA, only improved on, that's all," added the TV Wall loud and clear.

"That is true."

"So true."

"Therefore, it is better they humble themselves," did the TV Wall make its point.

"I was always wondering, what went wrong with the Americans during their journey to be great and strong," responded the Bed Side Wall.

He was hearing loud noises from the distance. Guenther Erden tried to shake his senses and understand what was going on around him. His soul opened his ears to listen closer. Did the walls really talk again, this time as a peaceful concert orchestra? His eyes got opened, he looked around into the darkness of the night. From outside the street lamps were enlighten the room with an arrow shape on the floor dividing the light pinkish Tabriz carpet in half. At the back of his head he felt a burning pain making its way to his eyes to capture them.

“Girls...girls...what is wrong with you two? Cannot you allow me to sleep a bit? You can see I am drunken and my head is painning me! Give me rest, life is anyhow too complicated and hard for a human being always to stand up to it and fight the odds. I am not Jesus, I am just a man that was worn by a mother without being asked for that, so I have a human right to rest my mind in peace,” Guenther Erden said angry sitting upright on his bed rubbing the sand out of his eyes. He could here below his window the sound of cars passing by.

“The night is for humans to rest their bodies and listen to the sound of the devil, God or us. The quite times at nights is the only chance we get to touch your souls and spirits, to make you humans hear us and direct your ways,” the TV Wall lectured.

“Have mercy on us! We are simply only human beings!” begged Guenther Erden for understanding and peace of mind.

“You people are not here on planet earth for yourself to have a good time or so,” protested the Bed Side Wall forcefully. “You are not here for yourself, you are here because we, the forces, have decided for you to be here and make our wish come true. You humans think, you are so, so, so important and nothing matters more than what you in your little egoistic minds have. Let me tell you the truth, human life is all about us...simple as that!”

“You want us to be your helpers and refuse us the right tools to do so? After all, did you ask us in the first place whether we would like to be your helpers? To marry a woman is by asking, not by force and definitely not self-understood. So, why do you think you can treat us humans anyhow?”

“When you have a goat, don’t you want it to do what you want it to do?” asked the TV Wall provocatively.

“The question is stupid as a goat has no free will and conscious.”

“You got a point!” answered the Bed Side Wall.

The TV Wall stepped in: “We forces made a mistake there that is true. The free will was not made for you to use it so that you can question us, but develop your own human strength and assist us in achieving our targets besides worship us...that’s all there is to it. God that was and is in command has to ask himself this question over and over again and I do not know whether possible he had already regretted this mistake.”

The Bed Side Wall continued: “Let’s come back to our subject. I am always amazed that USA, a country of three major interest groups that live side by side, was able to form a powerful country that is manipulating world’s history on a large scale. I still have the question on my mind, where did these

people go wrong that came with so wonderful ideas and human capacity from Europe to settle down on a land wide, open and ready for them, instead to kill the Natives and Buffalos to take their rightful land into their own hands with no regrets. Even they imported humans from Africa to assist them in their conquest to build a new country in which they all can have a great life...they, not the others.”

“You go really deep,” mentioned the TV Wall in admiration. “USA is an experiment that went completely wrong which even bright Americans begin to realize asking for needed changes. Such voices are not many, so we see how over time things will improve as every human has a birth right to live in a good country that is beneficial to them. So, in way you cannot blame them to much but must have understanding humans are beings with inbuilt mistakes and shortcoming.”

“Since when are you a Philosopher and Humanist?”

“It comes with age.”

“But we are of the same age!”

“Even we are build the same time, the same moment, nothing and no people can ever be the same,” concluded the TV Wall with silent tone seeing the morning was dawning to retrieve back to the status of observation, hearing and understanding.

“Finally, it is now our time to live and decide,” went Guenther Erden back to sleep.

Holger Werner and his team wanted to take the buffet away, seeing Guenther Erden coming, they waited along the wall covered in woven tapestry portraying a Château in the Champagne region with its extensive vineyard, smiling at him with respect and understanding. Against his daily routine, he opted for Muesli, Yoghurt with freshly cut pineapple and cranberries, two fried eggs, two rolls dark brown baked, thick cut Italian salami with pepper seeds, a chocolate cake, orange juice and milk coffee. He wanted to set off for a long day reconnecting with the city that he had left behind years back to find his home in Cambridge in the middle of the North Sea on an island with people, nature and history dear and close to his heart, making him the person he was in his life desires.

Leaving the Museum of Modern Art behind him, he crossed into Raboisen standing in front of the office building of a worldwide operating company dealing in oil seeds his brother-in-law of his younger sister Sabine once headed as Chief Executive Officer. Later he had done the same job as the head of Europe’s second largest sugar producer and had become a very rich man indeed. For almost thirty years he had always looked down on him, thinking that Guenther Erden be a useless stupid man with no sense of business or for the real issues of the world, instead living in dreams not worth paying attention to. He was close to Heidi Juergensen, so he had believed all her lies against the brother and judged him. Guenther Erden knew, the time would come and the bible promise would come to pass, the first will be the last and the last will be the first. Years ago he was financially far ahead of him, saying, the Millions of this brother-in-law be only a small tip of life to shameful little to be mentioned at all. In life it does not matter your small beginning, the later end is important. Nobodies today is his tomorrow, the small man

can overtake the big man at any time God wants it to happen and it will be his inheritance as written in Psalm thirty seven. But he knew, nothing lasts forever, is always on the move and nobody can be certain of what he has achieved in life. He thought, it is very stupid to live a life working for others no matter in which position. On the top of a company, life means to be exposed to many, get much money but yet still only having the right to achieve what other people want someone to achieve. God has given us more than the talent to serve others, make their dreams come true and to participate more or less of the financial success that comes with it. We all start small somewhere, but over time everyone has to come to his senses and understanding, life is about the assignment given in many talents each of us processes. This must be demonstrated in own companies, own idea and inventions and not in repeat of concepts in the open condensed on the top level of a company portrayed as someone's own interpretation of the right way forward to take markets and profits. No employed boss of any company ever had his own patent of products, services or marketing concepts, only using money of others to stimulate others to work out their best so that they could stand in the light of the flashing cameras to boost their ego from level to level. No, he was always clear in his mind that could have never been a road for him. He always wanted to see the results of the ideas he had in his mind no matter how big or small the end result would be, as long as he would be able to pronounce on his death bed that he did what he had to do and accomplished what he was made for. No one was ever able to convince him that a human is made only for one reason with one talent, not only a Medical Doctor, a Plumber, an Accountant for which reason he always had admired Manfred Koehnlechner, former boss of Bertelsmann who in his forties quit the job, went to China for 8 years to learn Alternative Medicine and back in Germany opened his own successful Clinic teaching people the art of treatment without modern medicine.

From Hamburg-Hauptbahnhof he took the train to Friedrichsruh on the outskirts of Hamburg to the East on the railway line towards Berlin, Germany's capital. Guenther Erden was impressed and humbled by the Butterfly exhibition the royal family of the Bismarck's had set up. Live and preserved Butterflies gave school classes and adults pleasure for a while. Opposite the Mansion of the royal family he studied carefully the history of Otto Fuerst von Bismarck, a man he had admired as a man of peace, cleverness to unite divided Germany and create a Europe of peace after years of violent conflicts endless in numbers. Looking out from the white washed humble building photographs and other pieces of remembrance of the old white haired man that had shaped the path to the European Union like no other before him, seeing the railway track, he remembered that while Otto Fuerst von Bismarck was Chancellor for Emperor Wilhelm I, all trains passing his medium sized castle had to slow down and blow the whistle to show respect, while the Emperor Wilhelm II, that had ousted him, had always ignored the small tribute that people willingly always wanted to pay to a great man.

Close by in an old work plant did the locals repair old trains offering them over the weekend for a ride for the entire family that came from near and far diving into times past.

Guenther Erden decided for a stop in a restaurant overlooking the small lock at Aumuehle surrounded by horse stable and enclosure for wild forest animals with a spinning water wheel in the middle of the romantic slowly flowing downhill river. He ordered deer from the forest shot a while ago with potatoes,

red cabbage cooked with apple slices and red berries served alongside light brown gravy, a delight long waited for.

On his way home he went up to Reinbek cemetery, the resting place of his mother. Things in Ghana had made it impossible for him to come for her funeral. Anyhow it would have been a massacre between him, his ex-wife and his eldest sister over the fact, both had pushed her with the lie he had stolen her money into death. For years this was a heavy hearted problem for him having to watch from far how his sister systematically destroyed his reputation with his business partners and friends. One night his mother Ruth Willers had appeared in his dream before dawn comforting him by know she was aware that her eldest daughter had told her lies to cordon off the intense relationship she had had with her beloved son, while with her own daughter she never got along so well in the years before she passed on, always had to complain about her ignorance she had shown for her mother's needs. She had visited her only once or twice a year when he had felt bored and chosen the home for old people she had lived in as a destiny for a bike ride.

It was a simple grave stone he saw with name on it, the grass around well kept. He kneeled down, asked her for forgiveness of anything he had done that had possibly given her discomfort being convinced she enjoyed his company and to see him again after the five years past. When he had heard about her passing, he did not cry, he had been only surprised about the timing. For him his mother had never died, she was in him until the time he would depart from this world, so why should tear be in his eyes and sadness in his heart. Whenever he wanted, he focused on his mother, called her spirit back to him, shared ideas with her and felt good. Rain set in, time to go back to Hotel Atlantic for evening meal.

The piano played tunes to make the busy people of Hotel Atlantic chill, wind down, think back what the past week had to offer, remembering their families around the globe, seeing a brighter future before them. Black and white, small and big, they all sat around the bar to enjoy their drinks like one family gathered around the food table to share what their common mother had cooked for them. The atmosphere was filled with warm tranquility, quiet and harmonious. The bar tender was shaking his cocktails, served them in fancy decorated glasses, presented them with a caring smile to his guests, friends for the night.

Guenther Erden looked into his chilled glass of white wine, lifted it, looked through the light yellow colour in which bright green had captured the outer sides of the fermented grape juice from South Africa opening up his mind to table mountain with its cold breeze during hot summer days. The aroma of fruits with a touch of almonds offered him a fresh taste experience that he never had enjoyed before. His memory went back to the time Madam Zille, former Major of Cape Town and granddaughter of Berlin's famous artist by the same name, mentioned in public that during Colonial Times Water and Streets in South Africa were in much better conditions than what she had to encounter with. Criticized by the ANC that her statement supported the idea of Colonialism, she had retrieved her view while the ANC failed to state that in deed the Water system and Streets, since Independence, were in better shape than during the times of their Colonial Masters.

“Under the British the level of corruption was low, the administration was working for the people and there was no destruction of the environment,” Guenther Erden was hearing in his memory the voice of Lawyer Jacob Vanderpuye half blind, an old man in his eighties that used to be the Editor of the Encyclopedia Africana mandated by Ghana’s first President to showcase the African Heritage.

“Democracy is not working for Africa. Look at the state of our Nation today, waterbodies destroyed by illegal mining, broken down cars at the road side, you have to bribe every official to get what you need, time wasting, inefficiency wherever you look around, Public Holidays endlessly in numbers, complaints everywhere, lip talk of Politicians. Yes, we have some very good laws, but they can never be enforced due to Democracy. Even if there would be a Politician with good ideas, it will never be implemented as they know and fear that if they touch the people to harsh, they will not elect them next time round. So, what is right, will not be done. We with sense know that it was a mistake that we pushed the White people out of Ghana. It would have been a better decision to cooperate with them on a different level than before, which could have brought a solution to our issues really benefitting us. The Whites also have their fair share to carry on their shoulders of the mess Africa is in, no doubt about that, but the main problem is us and therefore we must find the right answer...and if this means to bring back the White Man to help us not only as Volunteers in Hospitals and Schools or business people to take our natural resources away for small money, but in political power as our mandated servant...that should not be a problem when we are honest and serious to ourselves. This world needs a new order and fresh approach for a new concept to achieve an improved Humanity inclusive for all around the world in our small global village. The world has not come to the point to embrace the benefits of the global village and erase the mistakes of it. The political systems and ideas are the same old once we use to carry along as world citizens for generations and they were working more or less well for the past. While we try to harmonize business standards, have common Human Rights, know all about various political ideas the human mind had ever come up with so far; our mind is still trapped in the fear to lose out against others for which reason various forms of Nationalism can be seen on the continents. ”

“Life is a problem”, Guenther Erden whispered quietly before him.

“Life is a job!”

He turned to his right side seeing in the distance the slim man in his English tailor made coat, as usual hands in both pockets, walking towards the lift.

“What do you mean when you say ‘Life is a job?’” asked Guenther Erden.

“Life is by decision and force, not by will and decision,” did he hear the answer to his question leaving him behind with even more confusion.

“Sir, I still have problems to understand what you mean, kindly elaborate a bit more on your concept,” asked Guenther Erden the old man with long white beard around his lips, a life-artist as it seemed to be, a man life had shaken over and over again, still his light brown eyes glanced full of hope for a better future of tomorrow.

The man that had quietly sat down next to him while he had ever more enjoyed his wine and coated peanuts making his senses covered in alcohol and clear thinking a challenge, introduced himself as Professor Plo Lumumba from Kenya. He was known on the black African continent for his harsh criticism

of black African minds that destroy the continent one step at a time with speed unimaginable and irresponsible. His tongue was eloquent and his spirit could not be broken. Invitations came from all over Africa to address the hungry audiences and reflect in his words poetically presented an Africa of the now that nobody wants to experience any more demanding for an Africa rich and powerful beyond the achievements of the White Man.

"We are all human beings; colour, time, religious believes and traditions distinguish us as different... that is all. No one was ever asked, even not Adam and Eve, to come to earth, inhabit it and take dominion over it...am I right?" the Professor asked.

"I guess so!"

"Ok, than we are on the same page," continued Plo Lumumba with a smile on his face that was full of love for a stranger. " When a woman gives birth to a child, it is by the child's parents decision and for that matter by their will force and power. She and her husband become the creator of us children, become our parents like Adam and Eve once created to inhabit as the first human beings this planet we live on. When you are forced to exist, you become the slave to the one that had created and given birth to you as the act of creation or birth was completely in his hands and during your years of education you are in the hands of these people you own your life to."

"What...what a sad story you are telling me?" ordered Guenther Erden another drink taking even more coated peanuts into his mouth. "But that sounds so tragic!"

"Nothing on this earth happens just life that, everything happens for a reason, a reason to fulfill our destiny that has been implanted in each and every one of us, always different, always so exciting. We can only fulfill our assignment given once we liberate us from where we are coming from so that we can make the decisions and embark on the walks of life that we are supposed to follow. To overcome the concepts of this world, of our parents, our teachers and bosses to hear deep insight of us the voice that will set us free to achieve what we are supposed to achieve, is a big job in spirit and soul as well as in the physical, the real world. But when we look into the bible, simple to understand as Jesus had separated himself form his own family to walk the walk of his Father Jehovah. Why should it be different for us as we can never be equal with or better than him?"

Guenther Erden felt that the wine slowly slided him into drowsiness, therefore he was quick enough to ask a last question: "So Sir, you want to tell me, a life can be called successful once we have overcome our family's past with the fear in our heart that only family can help us in times of need?"

"Family is not our destiny, our assignment, our job, family is the place we need to be physically be born into and find our way out to discover our true self; something most people will never achieve in their life-time looking for applause from them, their neighbours and society. When our mind, our soul and spirit is free, no matter the small beginning, no matter the hardship we face, regardless of where we come from, the family we are born into, when we understand this simple truth, overcome our family curses, the evil dominion spirits haunting us through them, we will truly be set free and wise enough to understand, we have to empower our next generations to be better than us and make them succeed...when we do that, yes, than we can be called successful in life. Anything else is blinding ourselves with human standards set by societies past and present."

"Sir, who should understand that?"

“Not many do...that is true.”

“Sorry Sir, my head is paining me, I need to rest,” greeted Guenther Erden his new friend found in Professor PLO Lumumba from Nairobi, signed the bill presented to him, made sure not to fall before reaching the lift and safely crawled into his bed.

“We Blacks, that is our problem, are not united and do not tell the truth,” was Guenther Erden hearing the young man’s voice again, someone recently delivered by a Prophetess as his family, having seen the big star over his head, had made him a mad man. “God will come and help us as it is written in the bible. But we as Christians in Africa believe, God should turn our fortune around and we plead to our Governments for this and that. What we do not recognize and understand is, that first we as people have to take the first initiative and step out into the right direction we want to end up with, while during the course of this endeavor, God will empower us, correct our mistakes and give us the needed tools to achieve our destiny. Unfortunately many of our brothers and sisters misunderstand this, turn to violence with no sense or plan causing casualties along the way and destroyed properties and livelihoods. The White Man has always ideas and a plan, the Black Man has always emotions and anger. When we go to church, as our saying goes, and we see a White Man we can go home again as we have seen God. We put the White Man far up high, do not trust ourselves. Unless we change our mind, and based on this our actions, we cannot move forward in life but will always be the followers of others by force or circumstances.”

Guenther Erden banged his hands against his head speaking out loud: “Oh, these dam voices always in my head. Why are they hunting me? Why on earth can I not live a simple life, a life of black and white, of the obvious to believe, of simple matters that will not disturb and shake the world? Why... oh why on earth do I have to constantly hear, see, observe and analyze, to conclude and fight for the right things to be done in this life?” His eyes starred at the minibar to find his relief. He had bought a big bottle of whiskey to numb his stressed nerves and cool his senses. In fact, he never likes strong alcohol, preferred wine at the end of each week inherited from his late grandfather his mother used to love so much while he had known him only for three years after which he had passed on too early for his age.

He looked at the triangle shaped chocolate imitating Swiss Alps with nuts and honey from all angles, smelt at it, than let the tender milk chocolate melt down his throat to bring his memories back to the time this world had seen only the old common concepts of chocolate from producers outside the African continent. The journey started with a black little man in his colourful trousers, moved on to alcohol captured in nut coated small round chocolate, was formed into squares that were practical to open and ended up in chocolate in bright violet from hard working Bremer that had spent time in Germany’s Alps while catching a cow and painted it in unnatural colour for fun that became a success story in the end. Whatever they tried, the White people, they missed the point as they did not understand the heart, the blood, the spirit, the sweat, the hope, the aspiration, the dreams, the soul of chocolate being too intellectual instead of standing in the middle of the Africana life inhaling Cocoa and feeling the will of God that he had put into the brown beans. To produce chocolate in the West was for all involved a job

like any other. For the Africans it was their life identity, it was them as a whole person, it reflected their skin colour and it was very symbolic that it was the White Man that harvested the major profit that is in this business keeping the producers of the raw material in darkness. To cool their conscious, they came up with Fair Trade Chocolate, another clever attempt to exploit the Africans and steal their identity for generations to come as long as the production is dominantly done in the world of the White Man.

Guenther Erden took one shot after the other of the twenty year old whiskey that he had bought the same morning in Alsterhaus before he had rested for a while at the Pavilion at Jungfernstieg overseeing the Binnenalster, had watched the white fleet of low build shipped commuting up and down the river Alster to give pleasure to Locals and Tourist alike.

“I do not want to think all these nonsense, I want my peace of mind!” did he look up to the ceiling, walked nervously around the room, up and down, opened the window to breath in fresh air, felt the cooling evening wind on his skin, saw the preparations ongoing for the festival to celebrate the end of this year’s summer holidays, spotted a homeless woman sleeping on a bench under a tree next to the Kennedy Bridge. A smile captured his face thinking that Blacks believe all Whites are rich so they can easily therefore take advantage of them and take their money. He knew, a White Man in Africa with no money is facing greater hardship than a poor African in Africa as Africans expect from a White Man to be wealthy and when not, declare him as a mad man to be taken for granted and treated anyhow. Shame and disgrace by Black mind was guaranteed poured in buckets over him with no end.

He turned around, trampled on the ground wanting to get finally get rid of the pictures, memories and voices of the past; he desired his peace of mind. Whiskey shot after whiskey shot he run away from his soul and his spirit, from his fears, hopes, sins, mistakes, good works, only to be a child of God that wants to be loved and live in peace. Guenther Erden felt like being constantly punished by live admiring the once simple in mind even not having all the richness that he had. Even a Private Jet was at his disposal, something during his childhood impossible to dream of and if he would have done so and expressed this vision and aspirations his whole family would have declared him as a mad man. Over time he had learnt and understood, to dream big is vital but wisdom is needed when to share visions with others and to whom which once as evil forces in them can easily discourage and destroy them. Wisdom, right information put to the test and passed, does not come over night, it is a process of constant learning from people that went before someone to copy them and improve on their spiritual and intellectual achievements.

“Have you noticed the man over there in the corner, how he is starring at us?” whispered Alberta, Guenther Erden’s late wife, into his ears.

Guenther Erden close his eyes, focused on the voice of his wife and remembered the moments when both sat on the Underground in Hamburg been carefully watched by the Whites. It was not the fact she was twenty years younger than him, that made them astonished and looking nosy, but the fact she was black and he was white. They knew very well themselves that marriage between man and woman is a challenge in themselves, but when such extreme differences in colour, spirit, past and culture comes on top of it and the marriage is after all working well for both of them, it must be admired, carefully observed and learnt from. When their two children, their daughter and son, were born and seen in public, old ladies came to them, greeted the kids with open heart mentioning their beauty endlessly and

walked away with a big smile on their faces. Everywhere they lived, be it in Europe or Africa, they were always the walk of the talk popular in their neighbourhood for many reasons they had to be very much aware off to protect themselves from harm and evil works.

“When I see my country South Africa today, it makes me very sad...so sad,” did former President Nelson Mandela categorily stated looking into the eyes of Lindon B. Johnson, late US President that sat next to him.

“Why?”

“They destroy the shops and lively hood of Nigerians, Ghanaians, Somalis and other people from Africa that we have given a new future after they had lost their work in the gold mines as less gold is in our soil. More such problems are most likely to come as we lose more and more of our natural resources. There will be a shift on the African continent as most likely not all will migrate to Europe or Australia, but also shift into richer Nations on the continent like our country is. And the leaders after me have not understood the future to come, but put money into their own pocket wanting to praise themselves. For this country I had suffered twenty-seven years only to set the Blacks from white oppression only to realize, their spirit and soul has been oppressed once again by their very own people in power. Something is seriously wrong with our mind as Blacks but I refuse to believe, that we cannot do much better and set out spirit free to live a life like the Whites, even better. No, I have not suffered for so long on Robin Island that I will ever give up my aspirations for the Black Man especially in South Africa. No one should have ever lost his precious blood on African soul only to see a situation that in many aspects is worse and more painful now than before the blood for independence was spelt. No, I have the strength never to give up my hope and conviction. It is all a question of the best way forward and I and we will eventually find it.”

Heinrich Goering leant back in his armchair smiling all over his face remembering:” Our Fischer, while he was in Namibia, we all know, had undertaken intensive research into the body structure of over nine hundred Blacks of the local tribes to find out, there is a clear difference that can determine, Whites are superior to Blacks. On Shark Island off the coast of Luederitz, a small village there, he had built camps to extinguish them in mass production Adolf Hitler took as the raw model for the concentration camps in his Reich. Do you think we have done it for no reason at all? We had a”

“How can you say such dangerous things?” interrupted President Lindon B. Johnson. “Killing people in these horrible camps, having no respect for different races and views, how can anyone support such ideas and follow them instead of condemning them?”

“You are hypocrites, you Americans!” leant Herman Goering over starring into the face of the man that had come into office with the burden of the slave trade and the Blacks that asked for equal rights in violent as well as peaceful demonstrations. “You were building your future on the Slaves traded from West Africa. The Asante Kings willingly captured Millions of their countrymen in the village of the region, moved away from their main source of income, mining and trading gold in the Ashanti Region around their capital Kumasi, getting higher profits from trafficking humans to make them even stronger and more powerful than before. So, what gives you the moral right to talk like that?”

“Oh, let me tell you,” started President Johnson to respond aggressively,” certainly there is a heaven

wide difference. Do not compare apples with pears that will never work. “

“So, what do we see today in your country? Police Officers that shoot innocent Blacks dead for nothing, Blacks that supported you in your endeavor to become a world power hundreds of years down the road still suffer under inequality in all walks of the American society. Is this right? Is this fair? Will you change it and...when finally?”

“Nobody should talk to you as you cannot be taken in anyway serious. It is good that you had taken your own life by poisoning yourself,” came President Nelson Mandela to help his counterpart that he had never met before.

Guenther Erden got on his knees, crawled over the carpet to reach Herman Goering. His body was failing him, his mind still sharp. He lifted his body up to look into the face of the fat man that had used his power for his own good only, strengthen his fist, slapped the man second in command after Adolf Hitler into his face but...was not able to feel any body structure.

Herman Goering laughed at him holding his big stomach looking over to the other men present and explained: “We are projections of the walls around you and us only. It is your mind that transforms our imaginations so you can see and hear us. We are dead and except of you, there is nobody in this room that you can actually feel with your bare hands.”

“What had happened in the past, is always present in today and will move with you into the future; and when a curse is involved, can only be broken by a man of God,” explained President Nelson Mandela.

Exhausted, Guenther Erden crawled back to the open window for fresh air feeling pain in his chest. He looked out of the window, the festival preparation had come to a standstill for the day. His head started to burst, wanted to tear him into pieces.

He turned round laying on his back down on the floor looking at the men sitting on their chairs and reported back to them: “There is racism of the Blacks against the Whites. I am not...talking about four one nine fraud business form Nigerians and other West Africans, I am talking of racism of daily nature. When a White is renting a car, buying food on the open market, bribes officials, opens a company, pays taxes, leases houses and flats the Black Man will always overcharge him, something not done in the White Man’s world while unfair treatment is done there against the Black Man. From my experience I can say, on daily basis, what the Black Man is doing against the White Man outnumbers the injustice done by us against you people, not on a state level, I mean on a very practical daily level from one human to another human of today that as such is completely innocent, only has a certain colour not of his own choice by given by force to him for him to manage life somehow to the best of his ability.”

“You are right,” agreed President Nelson Mandela. “Nobody in the Media talks about racism of us Blacks against you the White people, that is certainly unfair and not right; we all need to address that. Racism wherever it occurs and done by whatever race, must stop once and for all, in that aspect you have my fullest support and I am very happy actually that you bring this issue to light so that we can all learn from it and improve on ourselves as one race, the human race that we are.”

“Will we ever learn?” asked Guenther Erden with resignation in his voice.

“Jesus died on the cross and promised the forgiveness of our sins. Looking down the time and what we have achieved on earth, was the sacrifice really worth it?” asked President Lindon B. Johnson looking into the distance. “Will be ever learn?”

“As long as we are humans, the core of our existence is always the same, only details will change over time. It are these details that will make all the difference in life. When at least we can get them right, I mean better and better from generations to generations, much would have been achieved,” gave Nelson Mandela his sermon.

“Really, that would make all the trick?” was Guenther Erden skeptical.

“What else can be done?”

“Oh, mh...oh, mh...good question,” was Guenther Erden only able to stumble.

“Humans are defined in themselves as God’s creation with in-build faults to be constantly on the road to find their meaning in this world and individual and collective destiny, trying and trying to do the best they can think off at certain times of their lives in time and space. So, all there is too it are the details that make our lives special, make them improvements on the past, will be the sign of a better Humanity and mankind,” answered President Nelson Mandela with conviction.”

Something told Guenther Erden he should go to Poppenhusener Strasse in Hamburg-Barmbek and look at the building of the Social Security office he used to visit often during the hard times he had to pass through during his time of inflicted poverty caused by the evil spirit of his eldest sister Heidi Juergensen. Heike Schmidt, the person responsible for his social benefit subsidies, had hated him the moment she had seen him claiming he certainly would have been a lazy person as how could it have been possible that an Academic like him with an interesting work track record had no work. She had made the decision after leaving school to go the saver and more comfortable way of life by working for the Government with pay checks at the end of each months during her working life and pension that would not be reflecting hard work, willingness to go through tough and challenging times, but that was stable and secure. She had the determination to enjoy the beauty of life even it would have mend to obey orders always instead of realizing someone’s own ambition and dreams, not being able to be creative too much, earning a small income while financial riches are available from God to receive in abundance. Like too many in the society she was scared of life’s adventures that can make people face hardship and downfall, but when believing and faith in heart, spirit and soul, catapult to greatness in life to leave a stone behind. Once she was dead, nobody would remember her, she would not have made a lasting impact in life, changed the fate of people around her, not given ideas out of her soul into the arena out of which we humans can dwell in times of need to find a way for a better life. Heike Schmidt was only there, functioned like an aunt underground not seen by the light of inspiration and courage. Again and again he proclaimed to himself, such a life was not worth living and when such people demand higher tax contribution from such self-made Millionaires to support a society more than people with fears of life in their heart; he refused to accept progressively tax system for fellow citizens. No one was ever

born with stronger shoulders than others but with the willingness to use their given talents and aspiration to make a good living for themselves by improving the life of others. He never stopped knowing that only a handful of people are chosen to become rich and shining, all people have a star bigger than people that want to make themselves a comfortable life are willing to see and admit. His dream was that all people use their talents at any given time by which this world would be more dynamic, more resourceful, and able to constantly solve upcoming problems with easy and speed to bring humans from level to level.

“Isn’t it a shame that people through away their life in such an ignorant style?” asked Guenther Erden himself while noticing, an old woman looked at him wondering why he talked to himself. “Is anyone listening to me?” he wondered. “Or is everybody doing the same old mistake again and again to the extend this world is losing out of its opportunities and opens door to a few that can easily mess the world up?” He looked down on his shoes, they were dirty and worn out. “That is life!” answered he to himself, walked away, passed Marriage Register’s Office at the end of the street at the corner to Hufnerstrasse in which his younger sister had got married some thirty years ago. She had married not based on love but for convenience as this was what the company of her husband had requested for before sending him out to Singapore. It had been the entrance into the golden cage she had herself admitted her into for the rest of her life. He nodded his head up and down knowing, life events are by decisions, while life is by destiny and assignment.

While it was still bright outside, Guenther Erden shut the curtains of his room, enjoyed the light wind brise coming left and right from behind the red heavy curtains suitable for any royal palace, and looked at the TV Wall, turned on the Flat screen watching a report about the oil spills of the Delta in Nigeria. Unexpected the TV set shut itself down. The remote was not working. The TV would not come back on. He got angry. Before taking to the phone and call for assistance, he took a small bottle of Gin from the minibar, opened the coated peanuts, expensive for sure, but convenient and so tasty.

“Joseph...what are you doing here?” he shouted out full of surprise to see his old late friend standing before him smoking as usual. Guenther Erden tried to smell cigarette smoke in the air as he used to sitting before him, but there was nothing, the air was fresh and clean. “Are you...?” he asked into the room.

“...a projection from the Wall to you to remember, a reminder of your past and for your own good? Yes, sure, that is me!” Joseph Charles Seiller declared. “I used to stay in this room while I was working for the US State Department in one hundred fifty different countries as you well know.”

Guenther Erden remembered the day he had met him, in the city in which the old little man once was born, Frankfurt am Main when he was working as a Conference Manager for an US company. Even he was only a speaker to him during two days of discussion and presentations, a special bond had developed between both of them that had lasted for some years. Joseph Charles Seiller had retired to Bremen after the end of his lecturing career as a Professor at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point. Guenther Erden still remembered that his given title Sir he had received from Queen Elizabeth II for assisting in the Biafra War of Nigeria to bring an end to it. His ex-wife had insisted that had had accepted the Knighthood, while for him it was not important the honour that his name carried from that day on, but the help he was able to provide to the people in Nigeria with his ideas and involvement. He was a

very humble person and nobody would ever have jumped to the conclusion, once he was a political advisor to late President John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

“When I think of Nigeria of today, I will get bold and lose all my teeth,” he was laughing showing his yellow teeth while taking again a cigarette from his pocket. His eyes were bright as usual, always observing, always hungry to see and know more each and every day. He had always taken life as what it is, a great and exciting adventure with a starting point, a point of focus and a long, long stretch of the unknown in between to reach the other end from life to eternity. “In fifty years to come based on their current birth rate, Nigeria can reach a population that is far above the EU population. The country has problems to feed their existing population, how do they think they can manage that big number of people? I tell you, I do not see how that is possible as the politicians have no idea for that, but a very good idea for their own pockets. The best way in Africa to make money fast is either to become a Pastor, stand in the streets with a microphone and over short time have your own church structure, than move into a large Auditorium and on TV, or become an honourable Member of Parliament, than Minister to reach the Presidency...money will be in your hands in abundance and all you need to do is to use words and no sweat in offices, gold mines or on farms. Ideas, honesty, truthfulness...oh, how far are these words and good practices away from African politicians...oh, how far?” Joseph C. Seiller put out his cigarette that he had used to the very end as usual, lifted up his hands over his head into the air and added: “It is far, far...and far. Only God knows when this will ever end!” He was not a Believer but liked to teas his friend by quoting the Almighty, always with a hidden smile behind his ears.

Someone was knocking against the door. Guenther Erden got up, opened the door seeing the housekeeper Emma standing with a bride smile before him. She was asking whether he would need cleaning. Her short curly hair was making him put a smile unto his face. He was imagining her in the African bush being raised in a mud hut mainly by her mother alone as her father, a teacher, was always drunken rooming around the area with not giving her any money to support the family. He did not know how much his soul imagined him the poverty she was raised in.

“Thank you, but I am okay,” did he shut the door again, sat back on his armchair with a full glass of whiskey in his right hand, while his left hand dipped deep into the glass bowl filled with coated peanuts he had bought late morning at a Discounter at Steindamm after coming back from Poppenhusener Strasse.

“Married life is not easy and when married to a black woman like her, it becomes a nightmare all together,” Joseph C. Seiller said out of the blue commenting on Emma’s appearance.

“A good wife is a gift from God, a bad woman is a challenge to discover God’s words and his will in someone’s life,” responded Guenther Erden taking a shot of whiskey feeling the warmth in his stomach.

“You remember, I told you about the money from Arabia?”

“Please bring my mind up to date,” answered Guenther Erden.

“When in Arabia oil was discovered, the landowners did not know much about handling of much money, less they trusted banks in their own country,” Joseph C. Seiller said with wise eyes and laughing heart. He further mentioned: “In those days I worked for the US State Department after John F. Kennedy was

assassinated, and they had asked me to assist one of the Sheiks to bring his profit of five Million Dollars into a safe bank. I wanted to refuse to carry the money in cash with me but was pushed to do so. I gave it to a friend, Director with UBS Bank in Geneva, he opened a bank account for the Arab. Three months down the line, my friend called me complaining about the customer I had given him. He used to call the Director all the time checking whether his money is still with him in the bank. What would he think about the biggest bank in the world, that he would run away with the money like banks in Africa, Asia, South Africa and his own area do? Impossible, which is what he answered the Arab. Anyway, three months after the call, the Arab appeared in the bank, asked to see his money, he was brought to the Director. The money was put before the Arab in full. The Sheikh took the money in his hand, counted the notes, checked them and got angry. He expressed his displeasure by saying that would not be his money as he had marked his. My friend was buffered and could not close his mouth again.”

Guenther Erden was laughing his heart out wondering whether the neighbours would not come over to complain.

“This is how it was in the olden days and look...today the Arab countries are rich like nothing good, their citizen do not have to pay income tax, health cover is provided for free, they invest their excess profit into their future by great projects, modern and innovative in the country and outside, buying and buying companies in Europe and USA, giving out loans and donor money to other Muslims around the world to build Mosques and business...yet, Nigeria and Venezuela cannot copy their ideas. Malaysia twenty years ago went to Ghana to learn Palm Oil business as this was done so well there in those days. The students soon became the Masters and Ghana started to buy Palm Oil from Malaysia seeing the progress the Asians had achieved. Singapore not blessed with any natural resources and a small island off Malaysia had faced the same challenges after World War II like Africa, but has much more progressed and is free from any AID support or loans that would make them slaves of the lender. I can tell you, to see so much nonsense in this world simply for nothing, it is so sad...so sad. I get the impression, some people in power have no interest, be it in the developing world or outside, that Africa is moving ahead and become rich. They seem to be accepting that poor, desperate Migrants come to them, they finance them as they can see, if Africa realizes its full potential, what is Europe, what is USA, where would Asia be? The power that is in Africa, the starting point of mankind and humanity would be too overwhelming to the world and make the rich countries seen like small boys...think of this! To invent a light bulb that can never be destroyed or break down, what an economic disaster this would be...it could harm the world order seriously, powers would be shifted. This is the same with Africa...a bit of financial help is better than making the student the Master.”

“This is cynical,” commented Guenther Erden.

“Which world power has the interest to make itself obsolete? Which economic powerhouse has the interest to buy and be dictated instead of selling and dominate?”

“You are always the same!” got Guenther Erden up, walked over to the balcony, draw back the curtains facing the cold of the night. Time had passed faster than he had imagined. “Will life ever change?”

“Humans are humans, so why should the structure in which humans operate in its form ever change? You can only change something fundamentally, when you are the one that depend on the fundamentals

as its inner core identity.”

“You mean, even we see the world around us has changed, the change in us has not taken effect?”

“That is basically right as the saying goes, a lion can only give birth to a lion,” answered Joseph C. Seiller.

Guenther Erden looked at his friend with disbelief and said: “Humans are not animals, so you cannot compare that. We can think, reflect and are creative.”

“That is why I am saying the details at the outside of our human life is changing, but the inner core does not change but must be and will be preserved as this is what makes us humans in the first place.”

“I cannot agree with you on that and will not give up hope that everyone regardless of where he comes from, can change and live a better life that is disconnected from the past completely,” stood Guenther Erden in firm opposition to his old friend.

“Time will tell,” answered Joseph C. Seiller, got up, put out his last cigarette, hugged Guenther Erden, looked towards the TV Wall, started walking, stood still, turned around, looked at his friend and declared: “Every minute of our life counts, no second comes back, chances missed are gone...so, my friend, be always mindful of what you think and decide, what you do and what you ignore at any given moment in life. When you are dead and your soul thinks back to all of your shortcomings, the opportunities missed...no life will give it back to you. Do not fear, but listen to yourself deep down and follow only that voice, not what others around you wish of you to do. They only want to see themselves in your achievements and not yourself in purest form. A world filled with people that live themselves in purity, honesty and truth, is a world of paradise...the Garden of Eden.”

The coffee was hot and milky, the cake freshly baked during morning hours. From below music raised up to the first floor apartments. It was music full of energy empowering the guests to drink more and more, to enjoy the easiness of life that is in beer, snaps and gin, supported by salty sticks, cards and cigarette smoke. The cold cigarette smoke had found its way over the years passed into the walls of the building along Friedrich-Ebert Strasse in Hamburg-Wandsbek. The curtains were dark yellow turning into brownish. It was Sunday early afternoon and the corner bar was already full of friends that met each Sunday to play cards, collect money for excursions around Hamburg and share the latest gossip. It was a place not to move on in life but to waste time in stupidity and spiritual darkness. The guests did not see their lives as a problem, they had worked the whole week sweating in factories or as plumbers in private houses with small money at the end of the month reflecting in their bank accounts. They never thought far into the future or dared to dream big ignoring their small beginnings.

“Can you help me?” Heidi Brandt had asked that was a regular visitor below in the bar, while her husband Claus had taken the bar as his second home dedicating more time to beer and snaps than his own extended family.

“With what?” Guenther Erden had taken two pieces of cake sitting back into the brownish round shaped couch.

"I want to start my own business but do not how to do it."

"If I can help, why not," had Guenther Erden responded. "Business is not my world where I am at home, but when you tell me more, I can try my best and see how far I can reach to help you." The coffee was what he had enjoyed that Sunday afternoon so much.

"I want to have a Boutique, first one, later a chain of shops. I do not know anything about marketing, logistics, financing, law and the rest. So when you can make me a concept and tell me what I am supposed to do, I would be very thankful to you."

"You know, I study Political Sciences and History and want to become a Professor to teach both subjects...," Guenther Erden explained.

"...I know, but," had she interrupted him with pity in her eyes and greediness for riches in her voice, "you are such a clever boy, surely you will be able to help me and come up with good ideas and a great plan...I know your talent."

"You love money too much," he had laughed while enjoying another piece of cake and the chocolate offered that was close to his heart desire. "As for me, money does not mean much. One day we all will die and what is money worth than in paradise? There is no currency were we all one day will go to. So, why should anyone want to strive for material riches when his soul is lacking riches of knowledge and wisdom? To make money just because of money is so stupid. Money must have a name so that it can have a meaning. And, by the way...," had he taken the new born baby girl Svenja into his arms, had looked at her with tender smile and care. After five miscarriages, her mother finally had delivered another family member that had looked at him with a peaceful smile. "By the way...what important to me is that I live a life that is meaningful, a life regardless of what it takes to be accomplished as long as it is a life that I have been given and that is the real reflection of what I am and what I am supposed to be in this world for me and through me for others."

"Ok...ok, sometimes you talk things I do not understand, but certainly they are meaningful," Heidi Brandt, his eldest sister's name while she had been married to her first husband had taken Svenja out of his arm and into a cradle. "For me, I hate poverty, the poverty our parents have left for us. I want to be rich and enjoy life that is all. That is not too much asked form life, is it?" She had offered him the rest of the chocolate hearing from below loud joyful noise identifying one voice to be of her husband. "I do not live here on earth simply to suffer and endure hardship that is not the meaning of life...that can never be true. Life is for all of us to enjoy as after eighty years it is over. So, why for God sack should anyone live in poverty that is not fair, that is not right. Money is not for a few people, money must be for all of us to enjoy the fruits thereof.

Guenther Erden had looked at her with disbelief. He had observed her face while lecturing him to achieve a wealthy life without having to go through tough times, a bottle neck in which character is formed and spiritual tools are given that can sustain the life of a rich man. He had known all riches in this world once started from nothing, from humble beginning in the mind of people. Money is not in itself, in the coins or notes, it is first and foremost in the mind of a human being that has set sail out to find his way in life by which it subsequently will also be visible to others in form of material things.

"Are you sure?" he had asked.

"About what?"

"You are ready?"

"Ready for what?" Heidi Brandt had asked nervously not understanding the intentions her brother had in the back of his mind.

"For big money?"

In an instance, she had turned around with fire in her eyes categorically stating: "How can you ask such a question? Money is not a problem to have, to get it, that is the big job!"

"Are you really sure?"

"Sorry, what nonsense are you talking about? Money brings everyone fame, respect and glory," had she answered him while taking away the dishes.

The door to the apartment got opened, Claus Brandt entered greeting him with a cloud of smoke and beer around him. He had sat down tired not of work, but long hours spend in an atmosphere full of wasting time, talk about issues not worth to be mentioned but mentioned anyway to kill time.

"Are you okay?" he had asked not really being interested in his brother-in-law, the only one in the family that one day would finish University in his view, a young man with too high ambition while simple life would also do for a life-time. To think too much, that was his philosophy, was never good for the brain and waste of time. He himself had left school at young age and had been a metal worker, later printer in a factory. "You look so fresh today," he had added.

Guenther Erden remembered this scene and dialogue only too well encountered over thirty years past. He got up, walked up and down his Hotel room, looked at the ceiling for help, stood quite in the middle of the room, banged his hands against his head over and over again saying: "I want to forget what had destroyed all my life...all my life! Voices, pictures...leave me alone and grant me peace."

He opened the door, looked left and right, no one there that could have helped him. He was all alone by himself. "Oh God, why...why all this to me?" he cried out loud walking over to the balcony, opened the window and starred across the Aussenalster seeing white sailing boats going up and down the lake with people enjoying themselves, people having a good time and nothing seemed to worry them. They laughed, they smiled, licked at their ice-cream, took children unto their arms, easy life at a sunny day with light wind brise and no cloud in the skies above them.

All of a sudden he turned round, looked into the room which walls were decorated with material and paintings made especially for Hotel Atlantic, starred at the TV Wall, than at the Bed Side Wall, but they were silent. His head was hurting him from the neck up the back of his head; no painkiller in sight.

He closed his eyes and saw the day he had presented his business plan to his sister Heidi Brandt six months after he had accepted the mandate to help her. Not understanding anything about business, he had been able to come up with a concept worth realizing. His sister had informed him, as she had no

idea about business, she had investigated a proper way to gain access to the much needed information by attending evening classes in Hamburg Amsinckstrasse for two years, free of charge, by which after two years she would have been able to enter the road to great wealth. Everything had been organized with someone to take care of her small family while she was away.

“She never attended that school,” he was shouting out loud. “She had never gone there...even it was for free. She had never gone there to learn and see her future!” He punched the wall again and again feeling his hands hurting. “She had never gone to that school...for God’s sack!”

The next door neighbour knocked at his door, he opened. Guenther Erden excused himself for the disturbance caused. Twenty years later, long after she had asked him to take his own life, his mother had rung him up one evening proudly telling him his sister had the plan to study at University. He had wondered how a woman with the lowest school qualification in Germany could achieve something like that. As for the latest development in this sector he was not up to date, he had told his mother to wish her all the best only six month later to hear from his nephew Sven-Ole, his mother had given up that plan but had decided to take up artistic painting once again and make it in life.

In his late fifties with the help of men of God, Guenther Erden had come to realize why all those years past, even he had worked his heart out, was always willing to improve on his mistakes, he had only experienced rise and fall. Whatever he had started, the small beginning would never make it to a better end. People around him were less busy and hard-working, yet they had made a good life for themselves. He, so bright, so innovative, so full of enthusiasm for all he had started, was left in the darkness of financial success. It was only with the help of these Men of God that he came to understand it was his sister Heidi Juergensen that had messed up all his life. It was the time in her apartment when she had seen the big star he had carried over him that had made her convinced, this brother of her’s not only being highly intelligent but when one day he would wake up and be also interested in getting lots of money, he would reach very far in life leaving her standing in the light of history as a failure of creation. It was this conviction that she had taken to witches to lay cards against her brother’s destiny and star that had followed him all those years.

While being twelve years old sitting in the darkness of his room in his mother’s flat in Alte Woehr 19, first floor left, the room next to the balcony room, the room that was supposed to be used as a living room, he had shut himself in, had looked the door and written his first book swearing to himself that he would overcome the family curse of intellectual poverty and simplicity but embark on a journey to greatness in knowing what this world had to offer. His first novel was all about the pressing philosophical question of the “I” in a human being, a question for many to ask too early in the development of someone to become somebody. Unlike his parents, he wanted to know and stand out not to glorify himself, but to initiate a change in the life of others so that all can benefit from him being among them and him from them. He was clear in his mind, to achieve his goal, he had to separate himself from the once around him as they would only have taken him down with them so he would not be able to expose to the world and them in particular, that everything in this world is possible when someone knows what he wants and is willing to pay the price for it. Guenther Erden had always avoided having many friends but was very selective with whom to collaborate and share ideas with or learn from. He had developed from early childhood a very good sense to allow only right information to enter

his mind and to oppress wrong information to bother him.

"It was Heidi that has messed up my life...but she will no longer be able to do that as I am strong enough to fight back and to destroy her and end her life...yes, I will and I have no shame to declare that, as she had always wanted my downfall because of jealousy, thinking someone can become rich just like that without enduring hardship, hard work, shame and disgrace, attacks over and over again against the ideas and ideals someone develops over time, the times of loneliness endless in numbers, the sacrifices to be made, the hate speeches, the wrong companions, the partners that smile with you for a while preparing behind you your disgrace and downfall. Oh, life is never easy when you want to make it in life...but the good news is, it is possible for everyone ...and the one that is willing to pass through the bottle neck of life to make it to the other end should be congratulated and supported, instead, family is always destroying such family members...stupid attitude that is," he shouted out over the balcony making sure his neighbour would not come again to complain.

Guenther Erden sat down on the armchair with a glass of sherry in his hand with coated peanuts before him on the small side table. Because of all the lies his sister Heidi Juergensen had told his mother about him, she had finally died, something for him never possible to forget or forgive. As he was thinking back, it wondered him that three children, apart from each other by only one year, would turn out so differently. They had the same DNA in their blood, were raised by their single mother equally, yet the eldest child, Heidi, had never shown interest in schooling and increasing know-how, partying in her teen years with Marihuana in Big Apple in Hamburg-Dehnhaid, having boy-friend after boy-friend and her first failed pregnancy at the age of sixteen, leaving home at her eighteenth birthday due to problems with her mother that continued ever after, while he had studied as his teachers had advised him, got promoted by them to finally end successful the University of Hamburg with a Certificate. His younger sister Sabine, on the other hand, had never shown much interest in achieving something great in life, had no drive in her soul but as a Virgo followed her teacher's instructions to her best ability. Innovation and creativity was never on her agenda, but in the end she managed to be a University graduate of an Open University with distance learning offer to fill her time of loneliness in the golden cage she had set herself in.

"Life destiny is not by grace, but by decision," echoed it in him. "God already knows us before we are born, so he knew that my two sisters would not have the will and understanding to make the right decision wanting to achieve great things in life, so why should he have bothered himself to give them great stars over their head, a simple waste of time and effort for him. For that reason, he had seen in me my spirit and had decided to bless me knowing very well it would take half a life-time for my breakthrough. But certainly he was convinced, I would make it one day...and it is better to reach a destiny later than never...and later is possible for all of us when we want it, as it is by decision." He concluded: "Life is a gift, we can end it by our own hands, we can make our own decisions or we can honour the one that gave us the gift in the first place to stand by him always and follow his instructions."

His spirit wanted to lift up his depressed mood by reminding him of the friendship he had had to a Lady in London. Her dog had passed on. With no car of her own, she had set off to sit on a train from Victory Station to head for the country side. A baggage was the container in which he had brought the dead dog to the train and had lifted it into the overhead baggage net resting below to enjoy the ride through

London and into the green scenery of the country around. Suddenly she had to visit the place of convenience and after her return, she had looked up to the baggage net finding her baggage had disappeared.

“Things are not always what they seem to be and gold is always shining but can cause harm in the hands of wrong people,” enjoyed Guenther Erden his white wine, chilled with a taste of cinnamon, wood and grass. “Life is a mystery for people that thing the obvious is the truth.”

“...exactly, I agree with you completely,” contributed Kwabena Ofori that had in Ghana five hundred branches selling building material all across the country to serve the booming construction company in the heated debate adding, “and guess what, I am an Analphabetic, I do not know how to read and write. But,” he proudly added sitting upright on the bar chair, “I employ many University graduates in key positions to help me run my business.”

“That is what I am always saying, it does not matter your beginning, what matters is your later end in life. Today people might see you as a nobody, walking about the city in thorn out shoes that are broken with no money to buy a belt that can hold your trousers. You might not know where the next meal comes from, you will hear behind your back people talking about you disgraceful, they put shame on you even they do not know you just based on your appearance...but they jump to conclusion not knowing that tomorrow you will be their President or give them a job,” said William Daniel from Australia going through his sprawling beard white like Norway’s vast countryside during Winter. His hands, rough like an oak tree, were witnesses of his hard work in Australia’s outback to make a living for himself and his family.

“To pass High School or University is not a matter of intelligence,” declared Guenther Erden with certainty and proof. “It is a combination of always staying focused, have an interest in the subject you chose and hard, hard work...than anyone can make it...as when I look around my own family, were should something like intelligence come from for me to graduate from University in the end? There was nobody before me that had ever achieved such a success in life, there was no help from my parents that only had passed school with basic qualification and no money to support me with private tuition. When I was promoted from level to level it did not come without challenges. Before I had settled into High School or University, I had so tough times to the extend, I wanted to take my own life. But something deep down in me always said not to give up and pushed me further. In the end I made it and look at me today...I am wealthy and... .”

“...somehow drunken,” laughed Kwabena Ofori that himself was no longer secure sitting on the high chair. “But it is okay to enjoy life! I always practice the philosophy that life is there to live as much as we can and not to think about the odds too much. When someone stays focused, has targets, witch craft cannot do any harm to that person. And it is this stupid...stupid...oh, sorry,” he had spilt some beer on the counter. The bar tender rushed with a white cloth to wipe it away. He continued by saying: “We have only one life...only one, you understand? And why should we not be mandated to live this one life as intensively, honestly and truthful as we can instead of wasting our time to please others or ourselves

and be more content with life's events, I mean lazy, confused by wrong aspirations of what others tell us is good for us. Do you know, friends are people that do not want us to see good in life but project unto us what they think is good for us instead of pushing us to the place we truly belong to? You better wish for helpers that are not with you for a life-time, you better pray to get helpers for your seasons...as we all live in seasons. There is time for happiness and sunshine, there is also time for reflection, quietness by yourself at the road side of life in which you grow to reach the next level in life something in the loud sunshine not possible as you must hear from God and practice on his word. Setbacks are not a tragedy when you understand them as a chance in life to grow from level to level. They are only a tragedy to the foolish, the man that seems to know everything by himself and the one that thinks life is a plan by himself, a career concept on a sheet of paper that you must only follow without understanding of the real issues of life to make it to the top. How stupid such people are...they do not know anything about life's matters and will never reach their target, their God given destiny but fly around ideas of others that others wish them to accomplish. They miss the point...so they miss themselves and loose out in the end on what really matters to them in life."

"You can present to some people their golden career on a silver platter, still they back off from the unknown," laughed Kwabena Ofori loud out slapping himself on his legs. "Some of them just do not get it!"

Guenther Erden ordered another round of drinks, beer and wine asking for his usual big glass bowl of coated peanuts. He shared with his newly acquitted friends the story he had encountered years back in Hamburg while living in Winterhude close to the Faehrhaus in Grillparzerstrasse twenty nine, the inherited house of his brother-in-law, married to his sister Sabine. A contact from Commerzbank had called him and given him a client to look after that was in search for a company to buy and more needed money to finance his ambition, both the Bank was not able to provide him with even his own equity amounted to a quarter of a Million Euros. He had been sitting few days later in the small sports BMW the young man in his thirties responsible for Time Warner's German language territory sales located in the Fabrik near his apartment. The man had shared with him his ideas to buy a small company, even close to collapse, with maximum ten workers as he had been at a cross road in his life. He had studied at Harvard University Business Administration, had worked a few years with his international employer there and had been send out to embark in Europe on a greater mission. The US Company had offered him to head the operation in Europe from London, but doubts had bothered his mind. Whether or not he should work a life-time under other people, make their dreams come true the way they wanted it only to share part of their financial success, or to stand on his own feet, set the standards and agenda the way he had wanted it, to correct mistakes in running of a company that he had seen in his bosses behavior over the years was the reason for which he had sat down and completed a detailed business plan. He was very well mannered being the son of the murdered Boss of the Treuhandanstalt, shot by the RAF in his white Villa in Essen, a man with a great name, yet not an entrepreneur but always an employed manager at the top of companies. His son had been educated in this spirit of making money and upper class household, was well known in the business world across countries. The first company Guenther Erden had shown him had not attracted his interest. Six months had passed, he had found another company of potential interest to the young man, had called him only to hear that he was very grateful for his work but had given the matter another thought finding out, once he is the boss, he would always be the lonely wolf at the top, and that would not be in his interest. He had promised him

whenever he was in need for insurance cover to ring him up, something he never did.

“So, this was a very bad business than, only losing money with someone that is not certain of himself!” laughed Kwabena Ofori enjoying his beer number four, well chilled and presented.

William Daniel was quick to add: “He had taken you on, making a fool of you. Who can someone like that even ask for help? I mean someone must know what he wants in and form life, think carefully about the consequences and then go for it...press on, press on until change comes!”

“So, you made a great loss,” repeated Kwabena Ofori.

“Profit does not always come in form of money, my friend, profit also comes in experience, in a changed mind...in a mind that can dwell from lots and lots of different experiences having encountered so many different characters. So, financially it was a blow, of course, but I had learnt a lot.”

“Such as?” asked William Daniel leaning over to his friend Guenther.

“Such as...when you ask God for help...even I do not know whether or not that young man ever was a Christian, I mean a believer...you ask the universe to make your dream a reality, and God answers you, gives you the helpers needed like in this case even two people...and in the course of events you realize the full impact of your wish and fears and anxiety comes over you...than some people back off as they do not understand...and he did not,” Guenther Erden added, paused for a moment while seeing in the background the man in his English tailor made coat passing over to the piano, whispering something into the ear of the piano player, walking away without him having the chance see his face as much he tried. The music changed, the tune was suitable for a body to lay in state.

“What did happen to him?” William Daniel asked.

“I was seeing from the internet he had become the Vice President Marketing for DHL,” answered Guenther Erden looking into the dimmed light around the reception where the stranger with the hands deep in his pockets had disappeared.

“So, nothing but a job for others with small money to take home at the end of the day and no memorial left behind as DHL was there before he had come and is still there after he had left. His name was a name among many, nothing of importance was left behind form him for generations to enjoy and to see the power of creativity that is in us all,” said Kwabena Ofori thinking of his own company back in Accra.

“Yes, a very sad story of which this world has seen far too many...we must stop it,” was Guenther Erden convinced and never stopped shouting out. “We are not born to serve others, we are born to serve the cause for which we were born, for our assignment that is more than only one dimensional...and certainly not made to please others a whole working life long.”

Guenther Erden shared with his friends what he had received from his mother while he was a little grown-up busy writing books and articles in his spare time, a kind of life advice as she had said to him when his teachers had wanted to promote him to higher education levels, that he had known her education had been poor and money was in short supply to hire private teachers to possible support him in times of need. So, she had made him understand, if he would have wanted to move on as suggested to him, he would have had to stand all alone except for room and food she would have been

able to supply to him. He had taken the opportunity given not knowing about the consequences of his decision, he had just trusted the good words spoken over and to him that when things are spoken, support will somehow from somewhere appear to push him further and further for him to make it in life. He was never scared as he never had anything to lose but everything to gain, if not money, so insight in life that would complement his motto from childhood, never to die stupid like his parents to understand the way this world functions and to be the master in it and not a slave. At High School, before the first lesson, he had taken his bike to City Nord, Shell Oil company German Headquarter, floor seven, North, had cleaned during two hours twenty offices with fifteen minutes tea break, had gone home to change, and back again to City Nord to his Wirtschaftsgymnasium only to observe, his classmates had taken the Mercedes and BMWs from their parents, had parked them before the school on the big car park that was their assembly point during school break with champagne bottles opened and loud music from the car radios played to enjoy easy living. In his heart he had never been jealous of these people but saw it as an encouragement that the day would one day come, he would show it to them all and stand tall above them in money and intellect. In fact, Guenther Erden had never seen his life as a punishment from God, but the hardships he had to endure as a preparation for greatness. Only that it had lasted for quite some time, was what had made him feel a bit uncomfortable; but in the end, as he used always to cool himself down, that is life, someone better takes it before others do. Great and rich people have never invented anything. The poor man, rich in mind, which is the starting point of riches and a wealthy society.

William Daniel sad with heavy tongue head down: "We truly live in a single minded world that is full of fears to see the tomorrow change struggling with their past to preserve instead the future to embrace. When people say, it must be done as it always was done like that, they do not want to see the better of tomorrow, rather preserve the limitation of today." He ordered another round of drinks, looking unto his watch, fake Rolex made in Thailand, and darkened his face more and more.

"Many years ago a new winter coat was needed," Guenther Erden recalled and shared with the others," so my mother had suggested to go for a new tailor made coat in red. I was not thinking much, I did as I was advised. When first wearing it and walking across Hamburg Rathausmarkt, people had looked at me wondering about the red colour that in their eyes was only supposed to be for women and not for a man. They had called me names, Father Christmas, Homosexual, Mad Man and others. I had found myself surrounded by aunts in dark blue, grey and black. Looking into their eyes, sadness was seen everywhere. These people were functioning, they existed, and that was it...no sign of being individual humans that say whatever others think of me, I live my own life and will not be a walking uniform to please people, which is not my life-style, the meaning of why I am here on earth to perform."

"How stupid and wicked of these people," supported William Daniel his friend and stood by him.

"On the train, one day, a man had watched me for long, just before embarking, he dared to come close to me saying he would admire me in my red coat as it would show that I had taste, would go my own way and the coat would look good as such well-made. Another woman around Hamburg Opera House had looked at me, walked around me and said I was looking impressive," Guenther Erden remembered. "It is so sad that people desire too much in their heart and spirit to be loved by others and put themselves into all kinds of uniforms to achieve this goal. Only a handful of people are willing to follow

their inner voice and do what they are assigned to do regardless whether or not other people enjoy their company and presence and their often loneliness that comes with it. It is better always to be without friends, this solves many destructions.”

“You are right, I agree,” supported William Daniel emptying his last glass of beer carefully following the slim lady that had tried to get a customer for the night as she had kindly been asked to vacate the premises.

“We all must have big dream and follow them regardless how long it take for the breakthrough to come our way or what others are saying to us about our goals,” said Kwabena Ofori waiting with his friends for the lift to take them up. “Life is only meaningful and worth living, when we have done what we were send for to accomplish on earth. If it takes someone to leave his wife in case she is the reason to hinder a man from achieving his dreams, so let her go her way and divorce her, even when children are involved and they too are a problem, let them live their own life apart from you if that is what it takes to open up the way to success.”

“I think, this is the biggest problem people have,” entered Guenther Erden the lift with his friends. “They are too attached to their family, close or extended one, that emotionally they are not qualified to separate themselves from them.”

“That is so true,” followed William Daniel the numbers of each floor not noticing, Guenther Erden had already gone too high up,” but as already the bible is saying, God will separate father from son, mother from daughter etc. for the simple reason, he wants each of us entirely for himself, to serve his purpose, to establish his kingdom.”

“Why should we not take the money from the White Man?” Ibrahim Mahama, younger brother of John Dramani Mahama, former President of the Republic of Ghana. “After all, for over hundreds of years the White Man had stolen our resources...so why not. I think this is simply justified like the four one nine business as it is done in Nigeria, cheating on innocent people in the West...great!”

Guenther Erden got up, wanting to slap the wicked man into his face, formed his right hand to a punching fist, stepped forward, hit the man before him legs opened in triangle shape, a round faced black man with belly showing his stolen fortune. He was felling his blood pressure rising. His arm went right through Ibrahim Mahama, even he was able to walk inside the figure standing in the middle of his Hotel room laughing his head off being certain nobody and nothing in life could ever tough him or make his life miserable. Ibrahim Mahama had arrived in Hamburg on his own private jet and resided as usual in Hotel Atlantic. In his own country Ghana he was known as someone thinking the country be only for him so that he could use the whole people as his source of income. Not only that, being known around the world with international investors as the brother of the President, he had access to funds which he promised to channel into the country and take only a fair share. Like s spider waiting patiently in his net, he knew the right time to strike and to finish anybody off standing in his way. His brother while in high

office of the country was holding his protective hand above him pushing any criticism and attempt to bring his brother to order aside. He knew, when the time would have passed for his brother to be his protector, the opposition party needed also to be made happy with money taken from other people. Everyone in the country knew about the shameful practices of Ibrahim Mahama, but no one ever brought a court case against him in fear of revenge as it was a great possibility he would order his helpers to finish someone's life off. The only moral authority Ibrahim Mahama had ever lived under was his own agenda to make himself rich as fast as even possible.

"The White Man is stupid...so stupid...I am telling you the truth!" turned Ibrahim Mahama around looking straight into the eyes of Guenther Erden. "They do not have a clue how much we can cheat on them. They think they are so clever and wise, but in the end we are the once that empty the White Man's pocket as a nation and we as business people. The White Man and his correctness, his honesty, his straight forward thinking, can never find out, and then too late, what we have in mind and the ways we know and have no shame to embark on to take his money. The White Man really believes, we are good people that need only a bit of support here and there and that this must be given in the light of Slavery and Colonialism of the past...rubbish, I am telling you...rubbish! We are greedy and selfish too much...let me repeat, greedy and selfish too much. Normally are we the once that should support financially other countries as much has been given to us, gold, diamonds, bauxite, oil and gas...yet, our mind is not ready to end showing the White Man our open empty hands to be filled...filled with plenty!" Ibrahim Mahama sat down on the bed next to Guenther Erden looking straight into his angry eyes and confessed: "We know you in the West can never stop supporting us with Aid money, food items and loans as you are Democracies in some powerful people are always there to see our visible needs and push any society, any government to give donor money and hospital beds. You cannot escape this vicious cycle and on top of it we know, when a certain country refuses to bow to our open hands to be filled, we turn to other countries that are so plenty around the world and play with them our game. If this should not work out, no problem...no problem at all. Than we send our economic refugees to you and you will see, very fast money will be made available to us so we can ensure again that we do not disturb your countries too much."

Guenther Erden was shocked, went over to the minibar, took a bottle of Spanish red wine, offered to Ibrahim Mahama but he refused being only a projection of the Bed Side wall.

Ibrahim Mahama continued lecturing the White Man in room 213 with deep, rough voice:" You think you are smart and rich, but the elite in our countries in the political or economic field, we are much smarter than you and you will never understand this mystery and your thinking is not like ours; honesty is your concept, our concept is egoism. For that reason, the White Man in Africa is lost completely and can never establish his ideas. We only think for ourselves, not for our nations. Nations are for us a means to put money into our own pocket, once done, we leave and live in your society to enjoy the high level your money has catapulted us unto. When it means to start a civil war like in South Sudan so that two opponents can cash in Dollar after Dollar. Oh, we do not care about the casualties, the lives lost and people misplaced. We know, you from the West will come and clean up our mess help, in addition to it help us to be protected from potential prosecution by relocating us in other countries...the wheel of fortune is going round and round changing hands that never liked to be washed!"

"So, that is why you messed up Merchant Bank by taking loan from them, refusing to pay it back, the

bank went into bankruptcy, was offered by the Bank of Ghana on the international market, a well-established bank from South Africa had made a bid but you had established Fortis Limited with no banking experiences and unable to show the by law required equity to make a take-over offer, yet, against all the laws of Ghana you in the end bought the bank and the Parliament that was called from Summer Holidays for an emergency session agreed with your take-over offer.”

“That is what I am saying, Sir. We Blacks, especially when we family are in power, have no respect for the rule of law and Democracy makes our ambition very, very easy. President J.J. Rawlings would have executed me for what I have done...yes, for sure, as he was not a man you can play with and he is a man of integrity being a half-cast from his Scottish father’s side. Also for all the rest of my wrong doings...oh, gosh, I would have been shot dead a thousand times. So what...when time and opportunity permits, why I should bother myself with any moral issues. Take away as much as you can as long as you can...that has always been my slogan in life.”

“My partner Sey Adjei got arrested because of your order even you had no reason to do so,” said Guenther Erden.

Ibrahim Mahama got up, stood angrily before him and shouted out loud: “Why...what do you mean? He refused to go work on a loan for my brother Samuel over fifty Million Dollars and had asked for the five Million Euros back that the heirs of the witch Donita Neequaye had forwarded to me after she had passed on in November twenty fifteen. The money was sent from her hfc bank account into my private Zenith bank account and he wanted it back...how dare he. Of course, I had to take action and got him arrested and put behind bars.”

“One week later he got released as no evidence against him was presented and no case filed,” reminded Guenther Erden him.

“So what, is it my problem that I am so powerful and he is just a small boy that wants to play big and create with his partners factories in Ghana than can create jobs for many. Do I care about others to have a job...or do I have to care about myself to drive big cars, live in big mansions and fly around the world in my own private jet?” asked Ibrahim Mahama. “I am black, not white!”

“Hfc Bank had told us first, that our five Million Euros had never hit witch Donita’s bank account. After the intervention of our lawyer they said there are technical issues before weeks later the funds were transferred into your Zenith Bank account...so, what is that? Guenther Erden recalled.

“But you know Ghana very well. When money comes into the country that is not protected by contracts with the government or from prominent investors, Bank of Ghana managers monitor any incoming money and when they see big money coming in, they block it, use it for their own purpose or collaborate with the private banks for them to make the life of the investor impossible. You know we use the money laundering laws to block the money indefinitely. No bank is under any obligation to release the funds in a certain time frame but can play with investors as long as they want to pretend further and further investigations in the framework of money laundering laws need to be undertaken. When the investor is tired and most likely to give up, the banks are the winner...that is easy and daily practice in our African countries. In Ghana it means we take all, in Nigeria the officials take a portion to always milk

investors and encourage them to bring in more money for the to chop constantly,” was Ibrahim Mahama laughing with no shame. Blushing would have never shown in his face due to his dark black skin.

“Energy Bank had stolen two Millions two years before from my Asian investors, Bank of Africa refused to admit that Amal Bank that was taken over by them after their bankruptcy had received five Million Dollars from us,” Guenther Erden remembered again the time in Ghana during which he and his wife had suffered under the African corrupt mind with his late wife being threatened by the National Democratic Congress to be killed and Victor Ataba from National Security Agency to be expedited back to Germany in case he does not shut his mouth but insist to get his money back, illegal by the laws of Ghana but when in the interest of the powerful high up in the society more often done then not. Politicians in Ghana, like all over Africa, had no problems to kill innocent people for money and let people disappear. He lamented further: “When twenty five Million Dollars were transferred into Amazen Consult bank account with GT-Bank Cantonment Branch in Accra it was used by the NDC for their election campaign of twenty twelve, an election that was stolen by the party and President John Dramani Mahama. No wonder that the election four years later were stolen by President Nana Akufo-Addo and he did not say much about it, but my Prophet never stopped mentioning it as he had called him twenty minutes past six in the evening of the ninth of December two days after the election and complained about not getting correct figures in his computer system from the Electoral Commission to cross check the counting results in the regions.”

“That is Africa...that is Ghana for you!”

“Why should any investor like me hide with his Ghanaian wife in a hotel for two months as his life is in danger and he had refused to accept the Bodyguards offered to him by the Interpol Director Mister Tabrisi from Police Headquarters in Accra, while all he wants to do is to make a decent job and create much needed work places for many?”

Ibrahim Manama turned around to him saying angrily: “You still do not understand man...wake up...wake up...open your eyes, man! We in power have no interest in your good heart, we have interest in your money to see it in our own personal pockets. You Whites will never understand this simple truth as you only think of others...to make them happy, to solve their problem by which you get rich yourself. We are very simple and straight forward. Why should we go the extra mile and make a big story, exhaust ourselves with work, ideas and concern about other people while the good things are so close to us. It is our fault or problem that you Whites do not understand this facts but in fact ask to be cheated by us? You deserve it to be treated like a fool, as that is what you are in our eyes...man, wake up!”

Guenther Erden laughed loud out, looking up to the ceiling feeling the close look of Ibrahim Mahama laying on him and said: “Prince Kofi Ampebang, Mister Johnnie Walker as I always call him, the former CEO of UT-Bank had taken two Million Euros away from us, money for which I had signed four weeks before a contract with investors over an intended amount of a total of one Billion Dollars over several years period. Hope Agboado from the legal department of the bank at the airport branch got me arrested and took me to the airport police station heavily guarded only because I had dared to ask for the money back. Two years later Otumfo Osei Tutu II had found out that you, Ibrahim Mahama, had taken a loan from the bank, and had refused to pay it back which cause the downfall of the bank, so

Prince Kofi had decided to use our money to even the loss in his books.”

“Look, that is the African style of making business!” responded Ibrahim Mahama getting up, walked over to the balcony, and opened the window. He looked down, then allowed his eyes to have a long view over the Aussenalster and commented: “Honestly speaking, we Blacks should be above you.”

“What do you mean?”

“The way God had created mankind and allowed the first man on earth to see the light of the day in Africa and not here in the world of the White Man...the way he has blessed us with so much in abundance, natural resources everywhere you look, beautiful landscape, sun always to generate power, waterbodies to harvest fresh fish to feed Millions, gold and diamonds to make our ladies, our black queens so beautiful...truly...honestly...,” he turned round, close the window and posted himself before the TV Wall. “Let me tell you, because of all that, the Black Man is supposed to stand much higher over the White Man, yet the opposite is the reality and it seems, history is coming back in another form as we are still in the hands of the White Man heavily indebted with him to the extent he can dictate us of what to do. The borrower is always in the hands of the lenders and has to dance to his tune.”

“The difference to the old times of Colonialism is Whites do no longer want to make their hands dirty in Africa as this does not seem to be favourable in their society with the electorate,” Guenther Erden shouted out loud making sure none of his neighbours was able to hear his complaints. “Politicians in the West are between a rock and a hard place, no wanting to cause headache for themselves by directly managing African countries, in the need and under pressure to help them financially and with food items. When in twenty seventeen the German Government under Chancellor Angela Merkel had decided to support Ghana with twenty five Million Euros over a five year period to help the free Senior High School program of President Nana Akufo-Addo, it was not an act of mercy and humanity, but a clear factor of financial calculation as they had known in the Government, the time would come more economic migrants would find their way to Germany and in that case they wanted to have qualified workers only, so training in their foreign country in Africa instead of Germany or best to qualify them so that they could find an income in Ghana directly. And when four months later the German GTZ started to invest the same amount of money into a management plant to handle electronic waste, it became more than clear to all us observers that cannot be blinded in this regard, that the German intentions were not to assist in a friendly sense, just to protect themselves from problems coming to them...wicked...wicked.”

“This world is not based on love and happiness, but on power...power for oneself be it as an individual or a society...forget all the crab that is spoken about humanity and so on, people help others from their heart and spirit...all lies, trust me!” declared Ibrahim Mahama decisively, loud and clear.

“You talk about positive and negative egoism, right?”

“I do not know what the difference is and honestly speaking, I have no interest in any lecturer about human life, about what should be, what people desire to do so that this world is a world of fairness and being filled with justice...all a waste of time, all crab.”

Guenther Erden had the feeling his surprise guest would soon leave him and added fast: “I know how I

live my life, I know how life is going and as an African I know how to get what is rightful mine...something you will never understand as you White People do not have a black mentality and never will. We know how your brain is functioning and...take our chances to use you...rest assured about that."

Long time after Ibrahim Mahama had disappeared and before falling asleep laying on his bed, Guenther Erden remembered the lady in Accra, working during the day long hours with no time to spare going three days a week to Goethe Institut to pass the A 1.1 course required to get a Visa for Germany. A worker from the Library of the Institut helped her to pass the examination not by correct means but marking her test results better than actually achieved for her to get the much desired Certificate. It was clear to many in Ghana, only when such help is offered and used, the language test could be passed. Many went down that road. Unfortunately, the lady got pregnant to the extend, it was obviously showing. For that reason she had to delay the visa application process as it was her father in Germany that they wanted to use and declare as her future husband, marrying him on paper and divorcing him shortly afterwards going her own ways in Germany, the country of greener pastures.

"African can cheat on Whites...and we will never know in most cases!" he started to laugh and fell asleep with a bright smile on his face. It was running through his dream: "This world is not made for the honest person to succeed. It is unfortunately made for the people that know how to cheat on people and the system. When someone knows the way people think and their tools, the laws and regulations that can make their life of cheating miserable and constantly look behind them not becoming over self-confident like Dr. Jürgen Schneider or Uli Hoeness, that person is able to enjoy riches still on his death bed. This world wants to be blinded by the light of truth and honesty!"

Guenther Erden had a hard night drinking his soul out behind him gasping for fresh air, standing behind the doorman of Hotel Atlantic watching him open and closing doors of expensive cars arriving unloading their fortune once. The doorman looked behind him smiling at Guenther Erden that had become over the past two weeks a friend to him, the man from Burkina Faso. Without words, they had developed a common language with facial expression to share their mood and thoughts with the other one. Observing every step of the arriving guest, Guenther Erden saw their elegance, their easiness to go about their business, the simplicity of their gestures knowing only too well, poor people stress themselves out in many useless situations. He knew, money makes life comfortable and sweet, yet not without problems. That is why the marketing slogan of his chocolate factory had targeted the fact only when someone is happy, he can stand above his problems and start solving them one by one. Chocolate is the only food item that makes a person happy, for which reason it is a daily must have. These people enjoyed obviously the blessings from life very well and went for chocolate of the highest quality being convinced the best chocolate in the world comes only from the source of raw material production to have the freshest cocoa beans for processing and not old aged pensioners that are months old having shared their voyage to Europe among dead cocoa beans.

He left the doorman to his work, walked along the Aussenalster towards Schoene Aussicht seeing the Guest House of the Hamburg Senate in the distance shining bright, sat down on a bench enjoying cold and fresh Italian ice-cream from a small kiosk. His eyes went over to the other side of the lake where the American Consulate demonstrated its presence highly Police guarded, with the Union Jack flying on high mast. The casino next door in Hotel Inter-Continental was close at this hour. Hotel Elysee had expended in the past few years quite impressive giving Hamburg Hospitality to anyone wishing to call on the Hotel's service. The Lobby was one of a kind suitable for any Hamburger. He saw a blue over silver Rolls-Royce II build in nineteen fifty nine, the same car he had stationed in Accra and Cambridge for his company and private pleasure. The car was deep after his heart. Soon he would bring the Rolls-Royce 'Palace on Wheels' manufactured in nineteen twenty nine down to Accra to attract more investors into his business.

The swans strolling along the lake Alster looking for food in the banks of the lake. During winter times just before the lake would turn its surface into ice, they always got fished out by a specific family and brought into safer waters, while when spring was about to appear, local newspapers would print photos of the release of the swans event that warmed the hearts of all proud Hamburgers.

Upstream not many swans were to be sighted, only in the Poppenbuettler Lock some of them could be observed filling the landscape with a nice white contour against the green of the trees that overshadowed the Alsterwanderweg starting from Winterhude, passing through Ohlsdorf up to its well in Schleswig-Holstein, just at the outskirts of Hamburg. What starts as a tiny dropping sight of fresh water, over time and space becomes a lake finding its final destiny in the river Elbe down south in the heart of Hamburg.

"Why should you do that?" Ulrich Groos had asked stopping his bike under an oak tree with long branches hanging down unto the surface of the quietly flowing river Alster near Poppenbuettler Lock close to the Villa in which the Hotel Elysee owner had lived. "It is not you!"

Guenther Erden remembered every word of the scene that had taken place over forty years ago with his best friend at that time, someone he had lost contact with after the end of his studies in Hamburg and move over to England near Oxford. Tears run again down from his heart as always when England was coming into his spirit to touch the soul. He took a deep breath setting his memory back in motion and said to himself: "To be a businessman brings a lot of money, prestige, a big office, a secretary, a big car, many friends... ."

Ulrich Groos had gotten angry looking forceful at him and had responded: "...that is not you, you are good in Politics and History...also Philosophy, so why should you run after money, squeeze any Deutsche Mark out of people to make yourself rich... ."

"Because this is not a bad idea, everyone is looking for something better and in business, there is the money for a better life," had answered Guenther Erden answered and gotten off his bike that he loved so much, a racing bike that had taken him to school every day. "Money makes the world go round!"

"Money is worth nothing, believe me, when your spirit is not in it, when it is not for you," had Ulrich Groos tried to make his friend finally understand. "Money cannot buy you happiness, it is either paper or metal, that is all...it is only the belief and hope that you can make it in life and be somebody. But am

telling you, you are not made for such a life, you are made to exploit your talents and teach the world, not observe the increase of your bank account. When you are sick, money can make life a bit easier, that is all, it does not bring back happiness and health into your life. Make sure that you do not have to encounter evil works in the first place and that is best achieved when you are in harmony with yourself, healthy in spirit and soul that will keep your body in good shape and condition.”

“But why should I allow other people that have no good use for money, to use it and mess up the world? Why on earth, Ulrich, should I not make big money and create a better situation for me and others?” Guenther Erden had asked seeing a young couple behind them arm in arm and full of love surrounding them.

“To study business administration for the next five years will kill you, while Political Sciences and History will lift you up. Today you cannot see nor understand why these two subjects in which you are so brilliant since childhood, remember the early years at school. Business might come later as an addition to it or maybe as the head of your own international enterprise you only must have the overall understanding of how the world works and in this framework creative ideas and innovations will emerge that you simply have to pass down to other people that have no sense for such things but are good and capable to run a business on a day-to-day basis...while you are there constantly thinking of new things and questioning what is existing. I think, that is what you should go for, my friend.”

Supper had ended and afternoon tea was not yet insight; so people had come out of their mansions and villas to enjoy the sunshine and quietness along the river stream. Small rowing boats for maximum two people had come up the stream with laughing couples enjoying themselves. The green of the trees had been dark and strong shining. Dogs had behaved well not making any noise or sniffing at other dogs behind. It had been like a living painting from Carl Jaspers dipped into mysterious lightning.

“Money...money is the God to many people,” had Guenther Erden said while gotten unto his light blue and silver sprayed bike. “People run after it like mad.”

“What is money worth when you lose yourself, your very own identity?” had Ulrich Groos asked sitting on his brownish old bike with only three gears hard to use when climbing the small hills along the way. “Nothing, let me tell you that...nothing.”

“Money must have a meaning...right?”

“Money without a name, without a meaning, that is right, is worth nothing but over long time a cause of destruction,” had Ulrich Groos agreed riding alongside his friend that he had met two years earlier at school sitting in the same class-room. “Money must bring you as us forward, push you to your destiny and not you pushing money to your bank account. Money must come into your hands just like that, must offer itself to you with ease...and not by force that you bringing it into your palm. No, that is not right...that is simply not the right way to handle money. Than money is right for you endlessly. So, take it easy, do not push money but allow yourself to be who you are and live your life well.”

“I hear you!”

“You better do...or otherwise I will be very, very angry with you,” had Ulrich Groos laughed making sure not to bump into a small girl dressed in pink and high glossy black shoes that had departed from her

parents hands to rush and touch the swans in the river.

“Thank you for your advice!”

“My pleasure...as that is what friend are for,” was Guenther Erden hearing a young voice from behind.

“Friends always have to stick together may sun shine, may rain pour down on us,” was a young man’s voice saying; so he looked around and saw a young couple getting closer to each other while sitting on a red and black striped blanket laid out on the lawn in front of the lake Alster. He felt the ice-cream all over his hands. His memories had intensified his thoughts so much, he had forgotten to finish the strawberry flavour cold ice-cream in his hands completely.

“This week Captain Maxwell Adam Mahama was lynched by a mob and in the Upper East region a woman was stoned to death being suspected of engaging in witch craft...this is Ghana for you...sad, so sad. You all know, and I say it again and again, when my mother would give birth to me again, I will only come back as a white man in Germany...trust me,” was Guenther Erden seeing his spiritual father preaching before him looking far beyond the room of the Hotel Atlantic. He was able to walk around the silhouette that the TV Wall had pushed into the room like a live broadcast from Sakumono in Tema West of Ghana. “Six months ago the Kwame Nkrumah Interchange was inaugurated by President John Dramani Mahama and pothole in front of Ernest Chemist Limited slow down once again the traffic that cost productivity and makes commuters tired even before they have reached their work places...that is black mentality...sad, so sad.” He looked into the congregation and discovered the only white man in his church among them sitting at the back with the ushers. “In Kantamanto Market there is a street, twenty years old, built by Germans with no problem very well to use. So, this proves, a good job can be done!” He turned around, got up the four steps to his pulpit painted in gold with enough space to lay out his papers and laptop and continued: “Our black leaders, they study all in the world of the coloured man, the white people, they know that open gutters are not working as a drainage system, only underground pipes, they know how the administration is performed for the welfare of their people, they enjoy good healthcare and education for them and their family...they know all that, but when they are leaders in Africa, they repeat the mistakes of their forefathers over and over again...sorry, but I just do not get it. We cannot really be that stupid and wicked! It is the black man that is supposed to lead the world and stand above the white man, but the sad reality is, the white man is much better than we are...and we have problems to accept ourselves and trust each other in business, private life or public life. We do not trade with each other. So it does not come as a surprise that a Trader in Tunis is asking for Shea butter for the cosmetic industry in Tunisia but refuses to buy from Ghana, while purchasing from Germany is what he wants even there, no Shea nuts grow. We try hard to market our ‘Made in Ghana’ products and wonder, why it is not working...because...people do not know what to think about us and whether they can trust us...over there in Europe, America and other countries on the African continent. In fact, when we Africans trade among ourselves, who needs Europe, America or Asia? We are the power house of this world, not the coloured man...and yet, something is wrong...very wrong with us Blacks!”

Guenther Erden was able to see Mawuena Trebarh, her husband Pastor Trebarh and their sweet little daughter Princess Katharina, truly a sweet mouth, sitting among the crowd that gathered each Sunday in the long stretched auditorium the church had built in twenty twelve commissioned by Bishop Doctor Owusu Bempah. Mawuena Trebarh was an African woman like any African man would have wanted to be his wife, she had female curves not too much, not too less, and just right to carry a person around that always demonstrated dignity and grace. It was not in her character to talk much and loud, she communicated on point knowing what she had to stand for as a woman and well known personality that had once lost her worldwide acclaimed brother, Komla Dumor from BBC World Service, too early in his life. Being from Volta Region she was very much aware of family curses, of raising and falling in life. She had married a soldier that was a Pastor at the same time, a combination of being timely and correct at any given moment, yet as Pastor to talk to people about sins and human inabilities, was another kind of experience to watch all together. She was a professional woman down to her least chromosome, spending endless hours away from home for work having agreed with her husband for him to take charge of the small family and resign from his duties from the Army. Being the Security Officer of Glorious Wave Church, his instincts for protection were always challenged and kept alerted.

Years ago Ghanaian footballer Gerald Asamoah, had invited his spiritual father for a visit to Essen and Hamburg and lodge him in room 213 of Hotel Atlantic. The walls had listened very carefully to the words of Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi, taken in his spirit and kept it hidden in their concrete only to be released unto anointed guests that would benefit from the words of the man of God. Guenther Erden felt privileged that the walls had chosen him to see his spiritual father in his room preaching and counselling.

Back in the turn of the century, he had established his church from humble beginnings. With shoes open and broken, no belt for his trousers but having to hold them with his bare hands, Mama Gloria by his side and children to be born, he had left Kumasi and his wicked family behind him and had left for Accra. When he had stepped out of the TroTro at Nungua, the son of a man that was an elder in Pentecostal church and had died in his early forties, he had been all alone in the big city. His believe in God as the provider had lead him into the arms of helpers to provide shelter and food for the man that over time would become the famous Prophet that he finally was. His church services had started in the Sakumono School Complex inaugurated by a Bishop as his spiritual father, Bishop Doctor Isaac Owusu Bempah had not come to start his church for which he had never gotten disappointed in him but always had honoured him with cars and money whenever God had spoken to him to do so, a Bishop that had been younger than him and divorced from two marriages. His spiritual father had not been an easy man, anger in him had pushed him to actions he would have never undertaken. For Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi it was more important to get the blessings from his spiritual father than to watch him do things his spirit would have never had pushed him to do.

Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi was a man small and slim in statue with a big, flat nose prominent in his face to give him the sign of importance and power. His skin was dark brown, his hair well shaved and he corrected the women in his church constantly for dressing indecent to let him and others see their breast too much. The women in the church came in all shapes and sizes, many of which had a big bottom that required two chairs to sit on making the neighbour sitting slightly uncomfortable. While he tried his very best to make the church goes be punctual, his efforts failed as he himself was an African

that had problems to observe timing unless he had to leave Sunday Service earlier to attend other functions like birthday celebrations of fellow Pastors or Programmes in other churches to attend to.

Nungua close by Sakumono was in his judgement the worst place to live or have a business in as witches and wizards were too prominent and active in that part of Accra. Ga's, the main tribe in Nungua, never ended in happy marriages and businesses like the Cold Store had collapsed over time. In Sakumono, as people had warned him before he had erected his auditorium, was haunted by witches, especially in the Sakumono School Complex witches had their meetings to decide and work on the future of the people in the area confessed several times by some of them during his church services when confronted.

The spirit of Guenther Erden's spiritual father was easily able to pick out any witch that had found her way into his services, knowing they had come to destroy his congregation and report back to their fellow witches during their regular meetings in Sakumono School Complex about the latest updates of what the Prophet had seen in other people or the country at large only to destroy his works done for them. Some of the witches had confessed their mission and had asked to be delivered. When Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi had seen in their spirit the honest desire to walk away from what they did to others, the heartbreaks, the downfalls, the financial losses, families scattered, he had asked his Pastor K.K. or Wright to give him oil, prayed over the witches, poured the oil heavily over them while the evil spirits inside them had struggled against being forced out of the body hosting them, his spirit, the spirit of a Prophet, had helped them to be free from any evil.

As a black Prophet cars were his passion, a symbol of mobility that life is constantly on the move. The bigger the cars, the faster and more and more expensive they were, that is what he proclaimed to process over time and drive eventually while he was alive. He could not be convinced by rational reasons that well-kept vintage cars over time would fetch a constantly higher price than the buying price while his dream of a new Rolls-Royce Phantom ten years later would end up having a car outside his house standing with no value or little. Even his house was close by, he always took one of his many cars to reach the auditorium, a typical black and not a white Prophet Guenther Erden had always laughed about this routine of his attitude of his spiritual father.

To walk with a Prophet was not an easy task, Guenther Erden reminded him always. It required patience and much tolerance, never getting angry about things the Prophet promised but did not fulfill as what he had to offer, his teachings, blessings and Prophecies, the interference in times of trouble with words to correct evil works and ensuring future accidents or evil attacks not to come to pass. He was eager to convince his congregation to be more focused on his teachings than Prophecies as looking into the future for a moment has not so much substance for a life-time than the revelations he had to offer in his preaching's.

"You see what I had told you about your future, that you will be a rich man one day and fulfill all the reasons why you had come to Ghana in the first place to be a great man and establish many factories," Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi said and smiled at him with understanding.

"I came to Ghana for the chocolate factory and other factories. Money from investors came into the country and got stolen. My wife and I had to go through five very, very hard and difficult times of shame and disgrace, of poverty, of people laughing about me as a white man in such a poor state. That was

very hard for me as it was not my responsibility that all the money got stolen by the African system. Oh, Papa, I know how the times were...very difficult. And I also know it was you and Mawuena Trebarh that finally, after years of waiting, had opened the doors and given us back the money to invest, money to create jobs and make the country proud of itself and have a voice...,” Guenther Erden commented.

“...the wise man without visible, touchable riches will not be seen or respected by others, as this world is a material world, an exchange spiritual for material; God given ideas for innovations for hard cash from consumers,” smiled Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi with empathy in his heart for his spiritual son, the only white man back in the olden days that regularly had followed him during his services and honoured his teachings while the many prophecies given in church had somehow disturbed him. “But my son, let me tell you the truth, to see you drinking so much...I do not like to see that.”

“What sense does life have now that my wife has left me to a better place, but God is still keeping me here?”

“I know how close the two of you were as your wife Alberta truly was your gift from God, your created helper to support you in all aspects of life,” Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi declared holding the hand of his spiritual son. “Let me pray for you so that your heart can rest and your spirit can come back to life.”

“Please, get me a Taxi,” asked Guenther Erden the doorman of Hotel Atlantic that was eager to please him, called one cap over from the nearby Taxi rank, wished him a pleasant day and saw him driving away over the Lombardsbruecke.

Passing Dammtor Train Station Guenther Erden saw the red old building along Siemens Strasse, the main building of Hamburg University and remembered behind the impressive structure he had spent five years of his life in the so called Horse Stable and Philosophical Tower to study Political Sciences, History, English, on semester Philosophy. During his first six months at University he had to ask for counselling finding it had to adapt to the conditions of University life, a time during which no body had seriously had an interest in him as a student and human being, about his failure and progress unlike he had experienced at School before. He was only one person among many that were present in lecturer sessions. Even his name was not known to many as no one had an interest to know his how and why, about his dreams, his interests or his fears. The only reason for him to have passed the examination and to graduate, was his interest in his main subjects taken. The desire to understand everything possible in the field of Politics and History had made it possible for him to pass a study at a University. Many of his classmates that had started with him in other subjects, had left University after latest one year; he was the only one of five that had made it to the end.

“Ulrich was right...if I had studied Business Administration, I would have never graduated from University,” Guenther Erden told himself. “The spirit of mine is in what God had always shown me and strengthened me in, these two subjects. I only wonder until today, why he had done that, I mean, why God had chosen me to be the person I was, I am and I will be on my death bed eventually, and why not the Taxi driver that is sitting in front of me? Why are we as we are and not different...not living the life other people live?”

He looked over to Planten un Blomen below Heinrich Hertz TV Tower seeing the beautiful flowers in the carefully looked after garden with benches all over to rest and enjoy a quite Sunday afternoon with kids and friends. During Summer Season he would come here often to watch the Water Fountain coloured in light and music composed to the display, a famous treat to tourist and locals alike, half an hour of enjoyment that many shared with increased happiness in their spirit. This times in the darkness of the garden were moments to forget fears and worries, plans and ambitious not being fulfilled in time or at all, ways to have diverted to destinies never hoped for or thought of.

"I come from Cameroon," the Taxi driver by the name of Pierre Rousseau answered him as Guenther Erden had asked him whether he was born in Hamburg as he always had to follow the Navigator installed in the car uncommon to drivers originally from Hamburg.

"And how do you like Hamburg and Germany?"

"Oh...Sir...what to tell you?"

"The truth would be the best to share with me!" answered Guenther Erden that was on his way to Blankenese along Karoline Quarter, Sievekingsplatz, crossing Reeperbahn to turn into Elbchaussee behind Altona Town hall, the impressive white building that once used to be a train station when constructed. His view was open to see the University of Applied Sciences for the Maritime sector, cranes of the oil Harbour on the other side of the river Elbe and Airbus Industries with its long airstrip and the modern designed building of the UN Court for the Law of the Sea with Schroeder's Villa, it's architectural center piece as the official residence to its presiding Judge.

"To get a decent job that can feed my family and me well, is hard in Germany. Many employer do not like to give us a chance to prove our capability to perform well in a job and if, the payment they offer us is below what a white worker would demand and get...that is the sad truth about living in the world of the white man here in Germany."

Guenther Erden turned his thoughts away from the beautiful white buildings of the rich and fortunate once passing the old Wedding church in Nienstedten and Hotel Jacob trying to comfort him: "In fact there are many in people in our country that have problems with Blacks, no doubt about that. When a Black in the east of Germany in small villages walks at night his dog, he should better watch out not to fall into the hands of young unemployed youngsters."

"That is so bad...so, so bad. I know what you are saying, Sir," commented Pierre Rousseau making sure to avoid an accident as a car came out of the cemetery without taking much needed care. "Renting a decent flat for us blacks is hard, Yes, we can pay the rent, but when white people are applying for the same flat, we are not getting the apartment, instead we are pushed into the outskirts or areas that are already taken over by other migrants and foreigners like Hamburg-Harburg, Steilshoop, Billstedt or Muemmelmansberg, not good places to live...you know what I am saying."

Guenther Erden used to live in Hamburg West most of his adult life in Suelldorf or Rissen close to the Kloevensteen Forest and Blankenese, an area for many of Hamburg's three thousand Millionaires and four Billionaires and said:" My mother used to live in Rahewinkel, a street that was filled with cars and grey in grey atmosphere...while here everything is so green, open and wide...easy going like at the Italian Riviera."

"You are right."

"So, you basically are telling me that racism is in us white people against you...instead of us treating you like any other human being, we look at your black skin and predacious sets in to judge you differently than a white man...right?"

"You are right!" answered Pierre Rousseau waiting at the traffic light before Hotel Bauer to give way for traffic from Gossler's Park. "It should not be so, I mean I am not responsible for my skin colour, but it is by God's decision. When I was born, sorry to say that, I did not ask God for me to be born as a black man in a poor country with corruption and lies not ending."

"I know what you mean."

"So, when I am not responsible for my birth and my skin colour and the stupidity in the country I was born into...why should I then not be treated equal on earth in any society among any race?" asked Pierre Rousseau stopping the car as he they had reached Restaurant Sagebiehl, owned by Chinese overlooking Blankenese.

"When I am in Africa, I feel racism of the black man against the white man a lot. When I take a Taxi, I need to hide behind a bush to allow my black friends to negotiate the fare. When I need a Plumber or Electrician, my late wife used to ask me to hide in the bedroom as blacks would have charged us double. I was never allowed by my late wife to buy from the open market as in the end our bill would have increased by hundred percent for food stuff. When we opened our first company in Ghana, they wanted to charge me over fifteen times more for registration fees than her arguing that we white people take our money out of the country, so this moment would be the best chance for the country to profit from our activities in the country. In Germany all pay the same registration fees regardless of citizenship and colour. Tell me, Sir, which African is not sending money home to his family from Germany or England to support the family or build a house over time? In Ghana three Billion Dollars are coming into the country each year sent by Ghanaians abroad...so, what are you telling me?" he paid Pierre Rousseau the fare the Taximeter was showing both. "Here everything is clear, prices are there for all regardless of colour and race. So, I have come to the conclusion over years in Africa, that black people are more racist against white people than vis-versa... ."

"For that one, I cannot tell as I have made my own experiences," gave Pierre Rousseau his passenger the written receipt and change.

"...anyway," Guenther Erden said receiving the paper with thanks," the bottom line is, all this should not happen, no one should ever face such hardship from another race as we are all human beings."

Pierre Rousseau, before closing the side window, agreed: "This is what I support completely, Sir. Have a great day... and thanks!"

"Who are you?"

"I am you!"

"Who can you be me that I am myself?"

"I am everything that exist!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Guenther Erden closing and opening his eyes to make his drunkenness disappear. The week passed, was among one of the worst in his life, a constant reflection and reminder of the things in life he had gone through. Pictures, sounds, smells, words, sentences, expressions, all had tormented his heart and soul, had put him to his emotional knees, had opened up wounds that had given him the power to survive and more on in life with trust in a better future that will be always a blessing to him.

"I am you, this Hotel...I am your life...I am all that exist!"

"How can you say that?"

"I know who I am," the figure like a shining bright silhouette declared with slow voice carrying dignity and grace.

"You make my heart spinning and my head dizzy," confessed Guenther Erden sitting down next to the unknown male figure on his bed talking to him in great peace. "I do not feel good and yet...I do not know, I feel at peace with me somehow...that is strange to me, I never had such feelings before. My soul is at rest, there is nothing more to worry, to be concerned of, to plan, to want from my own heart, to work with my inner strength...there is only peace, so my quietness and ease. Strange and somehow scary as I am not used to such a feeling...but I get the impression, I never want to miss it again."

"See my hands and touch them."

Guenther Erden felt a bit shy to lower his eyes to see and his hands to touch, so the bright figure asked him again: "Touch me, as I am you and you are me...so why should you be scared to look at my hands and touch me?"

Slowly, step by step being mindful of every move he was making, he looked down on the male figure and saw holes in his hands. He touched them so that his own fingers went right through the holes. The man by his side smiled knowing what Guenther Erden went through at this moment.

"My body is gone, but I am alive always."

"You are sitting here next to me on my right side...but...but," stumbled Guenther Erden being scared, yet interested to hear from him, the man by his side, "you are supposed to sit by the right side of your father."

"I do!"

"And now by me!"

"That is right, because you have called me!"

Guenther Erden turned round to the man next to him and looked him into the eyes asking: "I have called you?"

"Yes, your soul has cried out to me and I have come. Here I am that is you!"

Guenther Erden looked up for a moment as he had the feeling to see the man in his English tailor made coat walking through the room to reach for the balcony. When he opened his eyes wide searching carefully all corners of the room filled with peace all around, he did not see anyone walking or hiding.

"This is strange," said Guenther Erden not understanding what was going on.

"Life is not strange," stated the male figure besides him. "Life is full of mysteries only to the unbeliever or believers that touch me to see the wounds of my body, but do not search for my heart nor my spirit that makes me talk my words for your life, words my men will transfer to you when they speak over you. Never forget, my son, my me, that I am more powerful than anyone here on earth, so when I speak to someone like you now directly, it is the final authority of my word and not Men of God's interpretation of my written words you all can buy in book stores."

"I have never asked you for my life to begin with," challenged Guenther Erden the man on his bed.

"No one has ever done that, only parents do."

"So, why is it, that you have created me to be the person that I am, having this body," he looked down on him, touching his long nose, his long fingers he was so proud of to have, his long legs, the grey hair life had given him years back and continued," having the mind that is in me and the life that had followed me all these years, that I got what I did not wanted and received what I did not deserve, that I had always thought to do good, yet not getting the desired reward I thought I was entitled to."

"Life is not for you."

"Sorry...what do you mean?"

"Life is for me only!"

Guenther Erden was confused and asked to understand: "How can life not be for me while I am a live and sitting next to you in a nice and interesting conversation?"

"You do not live by your own will and strength, only the time of your death is by your decision as long I do not need you or my father. You have a free will to choose and go your own ways, I have the agenda for your life. You can be a frailer in life, I do not care as I can create another human to let this world see my will. I do not need you, but you need me and together we are a strong team, the force unstoppable that will change this world from level to level."

"When it is true what you are saying, why did you not support me in my life?" challenged Guenther Erden once more the man by his side.

"Everything in life works out for your own good. You might not see it in times of trouble or happiness as you are not a spirit, but an emotional body with visible scares all over," the man explained in quiet and tranquil voice. "I went before you, why should you not follow me the same way?"

"You mean, when I was in my early forties with no wife or children by my side while wishing so much to have a family of my own, you say, it happened because you love me?"

"Yes, I do," was the answer to Guenther Erden. "I know how much you question this world, your anger

about simple things, your bad thoughts, your eyes sharp for all that surrounds you, your dreams to make it in life and be someone respected, someone to make an impact and help others to progress. Trust in me, I know your heart for which I have chosen you to be the one that you are and give you the shape and experience of a man that has seen worst things in this world, yet never gives and always calls on me. I do not look for Saints, which is what humans look up to, I want people for me I can trust that will follow me everywhere I go.”

“So, let me get this clear,” started Guenther Erden to explain himself,” when I got on my knees for good six months in my early forties asking you to give me a wife finally to have my own family with her or to empower me to live a life until I die as a bachelor, you had hocked me up with my ex-wife from Kisumu in Kenya, Emma Jaoko, that had given birth to a baby boy Alexander, a child that was found out half a year after his birth not to be from mine but from a man by the name of Joern Biehl, another Hamburger from Hamburg-Altona? Is this really what you mean...and really loving me?”

“Is Joern Biehl not running around Hamburg as a mad man on medication and always in fights with the mother of his son Alexander?”

“Yes, he is!”

“Where you not the one that had always told me never wanting to go to Africa; Africa being a black and dark continent with too much sadness, corruption and starvation everywhere to see across the entire continent? Where you not the one calling white people in Africa names, while you had set your eyes on Asia, Thailand and Singapore that you wanted always to visit from your home in Cambridge, the city that is so emotional to you?” the man besides him asked.

“Yes, Sir, I did,” answered Guenther Erden quietly feeling ashamed of himself looking down to the pink Tabriz carpet following the designs carefully handcrafted by busy hands of women in Iran, somewhere in the rural communities around the old ancient city.

“So, what did you wanted me to do?”

“I do not know,” answered Guenther Erden like a little innocent boy that found himself trapped in a ditch digged out by his own hands and strength.

“You are confused...that his understandable, that is human nature...my son. So let me explain to you,” demanded the man next to him.

Guenther Erden got up, walked up and down the room with the balcony window wide open to take in fresh air from the night breeze and concentrate carefully on what he was about to hear.

“You called white people wanting to stay in Africa mad people, yet I wanted you to go there and perform, on my will. So I had to get you in contact with a woman from Africa, form Kenya. She on her side had cried out to me that she wanted to enter Europe so much to have a better life. I had checked out here heart and spirit to find both most appropriate to use for the plan I had for you. You will remember Nakumat Supermarket in Kisumu city close to Lake Victory when I opened your eyes to see the price of the chocolate imported all the way from England and made you see the price of it, up to four times the price in your local German discounter. You brain, your heart as usual full of anger for

things that are not right, that cry out to you for a change, had started to work and pump and work and pump. Oh, my son, I was so happy to see you facing this chocolate bar there. Your senses were only on that chocolate from England, you had forgotten all around you. From moment to moment your anger grew and grew, you complained towards your future wife Emma Jaoko, the tinny little woman that was like a child to you comparing your body heights, so simple educated, much younger than you, exotic and sweet with her big brown eyes and curly hair.”

“I so well remember,” stood Guenther Erden on the balcony looking inside the room with his back to the lake Aussenalster,” that friends of mine were divided. While some said with such a young woman from Africa, sex life would be great, others were warning me that she would only be a gold digger, once in Germany, she would find herself another man. So, after six months internet communication I had decided to stop exchanging emails for a weeks to allow God to give me a sign in church whether or not I should go ahead with the potential marriage.”

“And what did happen...you remember?”

Guenther Erden turned around, looked over the quiet lake with only a handful of people passing under the balcony and recalled: “I received two signs from God during Sunday Church service, had stepped out in the bright sunlight that Advent Day, had rushed to the nearest telephone cell and called Emma Jaoko in Kenya to tell he, I would come to marry her.”

“Yes, I was with you all the time, also when her uncles, the two twin brothers, had wanted to rob you and leave you behind with nothing on the streets of Nairobi. You remember?”

“Oh...well...as if it would be happening right now here, so well I do.”

“I had made them blind not to know about your arrival...so you had been able to do what I had wanted you to do.”

“Thank God.”

“My pleasure, you are most welcome!”

Guenther Erden turned around to look at the man’s face smiling along with peace in his heart and laughed himself: “How stupid I was, not to see!”

“If humans can always see, they would not function for us well!”

“What do you mean?”

“When we let them see what is ahead of them, the ways they have to go through in life to reach their assignments, many of them would simply back off and say ‘Not with me, please. I rather stay a poor man instead of having to face all these challenges in life...no way’. Am I right?” the man asked getting up while Guenther Erden sat down.

“You talk of me?”

“I knew you before you were born, as I am you, and you are me except...you are always until you lay on your death bed, captured in a human flesh, your body that makes you feel and move about,

communicate with others, a body that helps me to make things work on earth as we, my father and I, are not from the earth. But as I was on earth for a time, I do understand humans something I can share with my father to advise him what best he should do for his people.”

Guenther Erden said: “Yes, you are right...I would certainly have gone that way and refused the hard lessons you had put me through in all the years past.”

“But...I know you...for that we have blinded you and opened up your eyes the time you needed to see, hear and understand,” the man before him responded lifting up his hands to heaven. “You are so stubborn most times, need to be pushed over a barrier that you more often than not erect yourself before your own very eyes. But it is this inner work you do in your brain, your spirit and your heart that unveils a lot of ideas and inventions, that sets your creativity free as this process is not easy and very exhausting. We had finally to end a last piece of colonialism that is so vibrant and present as well as pressing in the chocolate industry that only a specially designated man could, empower and made wise by us, fulfill. You perfectly well know that this industry needed a shake up to shift the dynamics of ownership over the cocoa beans and chocolate products back to Africa with the help of a White Man that stands for reassuring the market of good product quality and business performance. Not to forget, the ideas for these products in the market were getting old...too old for the consumers of today and the future. So, only an outsider, someone that does not have a clue about chocolate, only loves to enjoy the products made from cocoa beans too much, in the morning, in the afternoon, before bed time, simply always in all varieties possible. We needed someone with interest in people, having other’s wishes at heart even before their themselves would have realized they had, someone that would go not the normal orthodox ways but constantly, like a little child with wide open eyes and endless dreams, go about ideas made in chocolate to bring a big smile unto people’s faces and, do not forget it, make the Africans proud of themselves to be the countries that produce the best chocolate in the world. For that mission, we needed you and... .”

“You succeeded.”

“Right, we succeeded...in the end!”

“The devil tried his very best. Oh, my God, when I think of the threats to kill me think, the hate I had to endure, the poverty, disgrace and shame, times having no food in places my wife Alberta and I had stayed in with no money in sight, the eMail from twenty fifteen of Hans-Jürgen Juergensen, my sister Heidi’s stupid and disgusting husband that in fact I had never talked to in my whole life, in which he had written the family’s wish would be for me to die in Africa, me that was completely innocent of all allegation formed against me and spread out to my business partners, my other family members, and most of all my mother that was pushed into death by Heidi and Emma... .”

“Psalm thirty seven...you know it?”

“Yes, my Lord, I know it too well, my favourite words during the difficult times in Ghana years back.”

“And today? Where are Heidi and Emma?” the man asked with wide opened eyes.

“Nowhere to be found...finished once and for all...defeated!” answered Guenther Erden with peace in

his heart remembering all the words spoken by his Prophet, Emmanuel Badu Kobi, the strength that his spiritual father had given him when blessing his life by toughing his body.

"You remember when Emma had said 'I am the devil' to herself?"

"Oh yes, very well..." answered Guenther Erden bringing his memories back to the days both had lived in Suelldorfer Landstrasse 306 under the roof in an small apartment. His legal son Alexander had been born six months earlier, the son he had always wanted and prayed for. "But I did not understand until years later in Africa, from the distance."

"You had bought her an English bible on her request, you had taken her to church, yours and an African, a Ghanaian church at Berliner Tor. Than she had stopped reading the Holy Scriptures and attending church. You went alone all by yourself to Rissen listening to my words."

"I was never thinking much about it in the days back, it was only later that I had noticed it," Guenther Erden said with eyes getting a clearer sight.

"You remember all the lies she had told you about where she had been, the excuses for coming back home too late, the one night you were scared not coming home, outside storm was breaking trees, you had tried to call her with no answer and by dawn she had opened the door to your apartment again pretending she had attended a party with school mates the night before unable to catch the last train."

Guenther Erden was never able to forget the fears and worries he had endured during that night, symbolic to the marriage with his ex-wife: "Sure...sure, I remember that I had called the police to see whether they had any report about a possible accident around the school she had gone to."

"Alberta in Kumasi had in love with a Pharmacist. His family had forced him to marry a close family member wanting to take her as his second wife. She had refused to accept the offer, so she had stayed in her small container to continue selling provisions from early morning until late at nights, day after day with no time for herself, but time for God. She was never weary to come to the house of the Lord, and the Lord never forgot nor abandoned her."

"You are right, Ally was one of a kind, a woman not always easy to live with as overprotective many times, but at the end of the day, she was a real angle any many with senses would be proud of to call her his wife," Guenther Erden had tears in his eyes knowing his late wife had done everything for her at the cost to set her own desires and needs back as his well-being for her was of paramount importance. "She truly was made in heaven."

"She was made for you to be your helper to achieve what you were mend to achieve. She was not creative, not a fast learner, not so highly intelligent like you, she had the prophetic gifts that you lack and you have the power for business and speaking out your mind to make change possible, so you both were made for each other, made at a certain time to be one."

"Emma was supposed to leave me to open the way for my real wife, is that what you are saying?" Guenther Erden asked.

"Your job was to bring a crying child from Kenya living in poverty, no job, no money to buy food or rent

any form of shelter into a better life and it was her character and heart that we used and knew all along that was a bridge for us to let you have contact with Africa, but we did not want to see you see your real destiny at that moment of time. We had created confusion at the right time to separate both of you again while it was already too late for you not to be infected with the African virus and your destiny. So, we had executed our plan step by step...you stubborn child of ours...and had pushed you down to Ghana. Of course, we know you too well, better than you yourself, we would never be able to keep you forever in Ghana and Africa, at least, that was our plan, to ensure you know what you are talking about when people talk about Africa and can become so angry about the black continent, that your anger comes up with creative solutions to solve the pressing questions of the African continent.”

“You are a special kind of spirits,” was Guenther Erden laughing loud out making sure, his neighbour to the right, an old man from Saudi-Arabia, would not come over to silence and discipline him.

“We are God, we are Lord...we are you.”

Guenther Erden looked down on his shoes that he had forgotten to change, shoes worn out at the sides, used extensively to walk around his Hamburg, his past and in the presence a kind of familiar tourist attraction.

He walked through the wide opened black painted metal gate of the cemetery in Reinbeck, passed the guards building imagining how it was when the coffin of his late mother Ruth Willers once was brought there, how the small family had followed in sorrow the casket with the remains of a woman that had done all her life for her three children anything possible, had raise them with love as a single mother, with the first child, her daughter Heidi not married to Rolf, the father but had married him by force as the society had demanded it, something that would occur again in her youngest daughter’s life eventually. His inner eye went to the fact that Ruth Willers had given all that she was to the little once born each one year apart only having to see in life, they were so different and living away from each other in spirit and heart, nothing in common in them. All her children had achieved very different levels in life, financially, emotionally and intellectually. He youngest daughter Sabine from childhood had always asked herself and people around her whether her mother had been a real mother having problems to accept the woman that had given breastmilk to her and seven years before her untimely death had stopped the relationship with her. This had been the time, Ruth Willers surviving a mild heart attack was thinking of her final end and had disclosed her deepest and most well-kept secret. Eva Weatherill, her oldest sister that had immigrated to England shortly after World War II in hate of her own mother, a woman that had neglected her four children and she as the eldest had taken good care of the youngest, Ruth, which had made her like a mother to her all her life, she had come over to Hamburg, had sat on the round wooden light brownish table in the small room of the Home for old people in Muemmelmansberg and had presented his son a close envelop on which it was written down ‘To open after my death’. He had looked at the white paper before him with fear in his heart, had shown it to his auntie and had opened the surprise. A single document had been the content of the envelop, a certificate of the birth of a girl named Petra thirty one year earlier.

When the children were in Primary School, her mother had been gone to hospital to deliver a baby from Uncle Peter, her then boyfriend only to come home two weeks later explaining to her children the baby girl had been born dead. The certificate in his hand had proven, the girl was born alive but his mother had given the child right in the hospital away for adoption believing not to have the financial and emotional strength of raising yet another forth child from a man that would have never accepted the girl to be his own and cared for her. It was that very moment of unveiled truth, Sabine had separated herself completely from her mother and ended any relationship with her saying, he had always know the girl was born alive. Heidi had contacted the Red Cross and after three months had found the girl, a divorced mother of two children somewhere living in America. A childless couple in Hamburg had adopted her and the time they were transferred by the company of the new father to America, she had found herself ever since on the other side of the Atlantic. The first contact had no further consequences, unlike seen on many TV shows that lost siblings fall under tears into each other's arms. Mysteriously Guenther Erden's Sister Sabine had shown up at the time of her mother's funeral and taken care of her burial arrangements alongside her sister Heidi.

Later in life, this revelation had become the problem between him and his mother, a woman he had cherished for her sacrifices all her life regardless that after he had embarked on the journey to intellectual greatness she had stood behind and he had to develop a new relationship with her based merely on sharing simple information he had found more often than not, not worth mentioning but a waste of time. In his eyes, as much as she had taken good care of her children to ensure, they lack nothing, taking home from work left over food from the kitchens she had worked in for her children to have a three square meal each day and not go hungry to bed, her greatest mistake had been she to be convinced God and Jesus Christ exist, God is a living God and Angels are all around us, yet not to trust in their power for her own life. She had asked herself, when God is there and the Angels are there, how it would ever be possible that she had to go through a life of misery.

Ruth Willers had married her husband Rolf not of love, but as she had seen him at her work place in a kitchen working as a chef, it had been an issue of convenience to engage with him and make love to him. She had never thought far, only for the moment; she had never known that setting targets can overcome witch craft and family curses. She had seen the moment of misery and her heart had carried the desire in that situation not to be left alone and apart from human comfort. Her two daughters had inherited the mentality of not having target, big dreams in her lives, only her son had developed the spirit of getting out of mental poverty and understand the truth about this earth which was the foundation for his success in life, had been the drive in his late twenties to become a Christian, the only one in the family, after years of living as an Atheist with all the famous Philosophers of this world in his mind. He had always thought, this had become a strong bond between him and his mother besides the fact he was a son and not a daughter. While his eldest sister Heidi in later life of their mother had abandoned her and she had always complained to him about it, he had been there at her side all the time managing her finances and other matters of her concern, ready always to rush to her on a phone call. It had been that time in her life, Heidi had increase her jealousy against the brother asking him to take his own life and as that had not been successful, had spread lies around about him, had pushed her, the sick old woman, for egoistic reasons into death together with his former wife Emma.

"I know my son, you have never betrayed me or stolen money from me like your sister Heidi had

claimed,” did Ruth Willers say out of the grave. “I know very well now what really had happen, that all you had said is the truth. Your sister Heidi never wanted you to succeed in life...I am very sorry for you, my son...very sorry. Heidi only wanted to destroy you, went to witches to see what the cards had to offer and had asked for directions to make you rise and fall. Each time you had a great idea and embarked on your journey to greatness...her evil spirit was there to capture your big star and smash it to the ground. In her heart she is a failure to God, her spirit is with the devil, she is the cause of all the curses in your life, the troubles, the sadness, and the challenges you had to go through. Heidi, truly, my son, at the outside she seems to be a nice person even she is a very simple woman that has not much wisdom, no right information, not much intellectual experiences like me, a woman that was always thinking, life is a party and Manna comes from heaven easily, just sit back, enjoy and you will be rich...but that is not how life is working, I can tell you now that I am no more on earth but above earthly matters, now that I can see from far. My son, I beg of you, forgive me that you had such an evil sister by your side that used every possible opportunity to keep you down away from your greatness and happiness. But, son, let me also tell you the truth, that I know God had send her into your life as each family has an enemy among them, a strong woman or man that is mandated by God to bring out your greatness to victory. When you have no enemy close by in your family that is constantly challenging and fighting you, how will anyone have a sharp mind from level to level; how will anyone be able to rise above family history and overcome it? It takes a strong man in the family to make a strong and anointed man rise above the circumstances that block him from reaching his destiny, from fulfilling his assignment given from God. So, it was your sister Heidi that had pushed you in the end to where you are and belong to.”

“You mean, I must be happy that I had my breakthrough in life at a time, my former classmates had calculated their level of pension?” asked Guenther Erden standing in front of the grave stone, a simple grey stone with only her name on in a double grave next to her sister Eva Weatherill, once the grave of their grandparents.

“Believe me, that is what I have learnt here where I am now, God is never delaying destinies, he is always preparing for greatness when you follow him step-by-step along the way,” answered Ruth Willers peacefully like she had never done it before during her life on earth. “Remember, my son, your first wife Emma, she was your Judas send from God to push you to where you are today.”

“Emma, that devil...my Judas? Why do you say that?”

“Look and remember, open your eyes and hear me well,” she continued to explain to him. “In church you had asked God for a sign before you had married the young woman from Kenya and delivered her out of her poverty, right?”

“Yes, so it was!”

“In that moment of your life, God was so close to you...he had ensured your future would be not in vain, your breakthrough would come. Look into the life of Jesus Christ, his only begotten son that he had sent to us on earth and sacrificed for the forgiveness of our sins and the promise of eternal life. He had to endure hardship in the desert facing the devil and he had all along among his disciples his cousin, Judas. It was that planted moment in his life that was always with him along his three year walk to show

himself to this world as the son of God. Jesus was not the only creation of God, God could rely on as he had created the Holy Spirit working for him and Lucifer, that had occupied the right seat besides God long before Jesus was even born," lectured his mother from the grave to him in a way he had never experienced it before in all his life.

When he had heard of the death of his mother, he had not shared tears. Her untimely death had only come as a surprise to him having thought it would happen three or five years later. He had felt deep in his soul and spirit, she had left the earth but in him, she was always there. He had never ever need able to share his thoughts with her after he had left for Ghana, but for him that never had mattered as she had never left him, was with him always in what he was.

"I remember the moment I had to tell you Alexander is not my son so he is not your grandson...how you were surprised, shocked and disappointed, how dark clouds had captured your mind," said Guenther Erden and got down on his knees to be at the same level like his late mother. "Emma's only interest ever was to get residence status in Germany, not me. So, she lied to me at any possible time, pretended Alexander would be my son...unbelievable...simple unbelievable."

Guenther Erden had never accepted that feminists would not speak out against the wide spread practice of women to cheat on their husbands and deliver a baby in into their arms of which they knew, it could possibly not be their child. Such women, estimated twenty thousand each year in his country, delivering fake children into the hands of man not knowing the times they had spent their afternoons or evenings...with sex in the arms of a boy-friend, such women will never know the hardship they cause to Millions of people as not only the legal fathers are effected and the children, grandparents become overnight no more grandparents and aunties have to let their nephews to and play with another auntie that was not prepared for the situation.

"Not is cruel and can easily be avoided...but some women simply do not care and feminist do not campaign against such practices that run so prominent in your societies with not much comment by others," he got angry picking grass after grass from the ground throwing it angrily around the place. "The women doing this just get away with it like that...unpunished...that is what I hate so much."

"Unpunished?"

"Yes, unpunished," responded Guenther Erden stopping to pick grass out of the soil.

"But look and see, my son," his mother Ruth Willers spoke to him from her grave," your former son Alexander, the boy you loved so much, the one you tried to save your marriage not because you had loved Emma anymore, but only for the love you had for Alexander you had wanted to continue the marriage...what is he?"

"An Authist," Guenther Erden answered.

"This is her punishment!"

Guenther Erden looked unto heaven seeing a few clouds up there and said: "Yes, I think you are right as in this world whatever we do, one day our judgement will come and we have to face the music."

“Remember, the lies your sister Heidi and her husband told the world about you, having stolen money from your mother’s bank account, having been seen by a reliable source in Levantehaus the weekend you moved in Accra from one hotel to the next, sixty days that you had received a visa instead of the ninety days that was really the case and so on and so on, lies years later you were easily able to correct and condemn in court bringing her down on her financial, emotional and intellectual knees defeated for life. The evidence for your righteousness was always in this years of hardship, the years your sister thought to be above you leading the family wishing you would die in Africa for the truth never to come to light of her lies and how she really was. You were captured and protected in Africa from her evil works. Yes, it was hard for you and your wife sometimes close to death, but...look my son, did God not always protect you and rescue you from the hands of the evil that is in your sister Heidi?”

Guenther Erden paused for a moment before answering, followed a widow that collected water from a nearby water tap, carried it to the grave of her late husband, shared tears with no end, got on her knees in the wet grass, arranged the red, yellow and white flowers she had bought at Reinbeck train station a few moments before. He saw praying over his grave asking why this had to happen to her leaving her all alone on this earth. He himself enjoyed the conversation he had with his mother dwelling from her newly acquired wisdom that supported him in his journey into the future. Happiness to hear her voice talking to his spirit, made him cheerful and glad, made his heart jump to heaven.

“My wife Ally and I, I remember so well,” Guenther Erden said with a bright smile on his face,” had been tensed for months because of Emma hoping she would never find out what I had been really working on. We had a company in Hamburg and Ghana together. While she had been thinking all along, when I go to Ghana, I would bring back money to her by selling containers of used clothings, I for myself had never ever had the interest to work for her as a slave as she had intended me to use. For me, the company in Ghana had been an entrance into a bright future only for myself. My wife and I had enjoyed seeing Emma in Hamburg struggling and insulting me as a failure, as a useless man, eMails after eMails full of words of disgrace...while I had responded that she was making me happy with her words, a strategy that had made her more and more angry calling me worse names. It had went on to the day the divorce between her and me was finalize and legal. In the afternoon of that day, I had signed in the house of my partner Sey Adjei in Tema a contract over a financing of projects in the access of one Billion Dollars that I had negotiated with others months before. That moment when setting my signature as a witness below the document before me, I had looked into the eyes of Sey Adjei and had known, God is a God of justice and righteousness. All the years passed during which I had promised to God that after the confession of Emma to have cheated on me still to treat her with respect and not do any harm against he as friends had advised...I had gone with God into a covenant that for these hard years to follow the discovery of a fake son and keeping quiet, he would one day give me my reward. If I would have known the years until the breakthrough would come and how many battles I had to endure and win...I do not know whether I would have ever done that but backed off to have an easier life as big money is not everything in life.”

“You need big money to make all the dreams, all the ideas you have, possible. They are not ideas for you as a person, they are for this world and for that important to God,” Ruth Willers lectured him in slow tone. “You see now, that God does not let you see far all the time as it would cause fears in you and you would not perform for him...right.”

“God is clever...really a clever spirit.”

“God is God...and he is the one that is in you as you are in him...so God is you,” said Ruth Willers with a smile in her voice. “But it all depends on your decisions as God only provides the program for your life and it is by your free will and subsequent actions whether or not you will achieve your assignment given.”

“Life is not easy!”

“God created this world with ease, only with words spoken on his will, but it is the free will in us, that diverts us from him and makes us go wrong ways in life to mess it up or not,” she declared based on her insights in life.

“Our greatest problem is our mind...right?”

“In our mind is our victory or downfall,” Ruth Willers answered.

“Today I am one hundred percent owner of the company again I had constructed and managed but Emma had taken away from me and dissolved,” was Guenther Erden happy to report and more than surprised about her ideas that he had never heard from her in her life-time. Where was it coming from, how was the increase in wisdom possible from a dead body and a speaking soul?

“I know...and you see, God has a plan for you...he is a righteous God that knows all the step along your way,” commented Ruth Willers while he was feeling her blessings on his head, a warm and caring hand like she had used to do when he had cried out loud for nobody to have peace of mind as a little boy.

It was a sunny Sunday afternoon, birds singing in the trees, people walking around enjoying life, children laughing, bike riders exercising in fresh air, nothing was there to disturb someone’s mind or irritate good thoughts and intentions. Easiness was in the air to feel and grasp with hands. It was a day that could have been the marketing photo of an advertising company to sell Hamburg to the world, so clean, so green, and so fresh.

Guenther Erden take set out for a walk around the Aussenalster, a tour of over one hour with no stress, no hustle, no problem, with small kiosks along the way to offer hungry people their hearts desire for good taste and new energy. An old woman walked her dog and enjoyed the company of the living creator, obviously a widow that had lost her husband way back. The dog used a lamp post to ease himself, no problem for her as she had small plastic bags with her, picked up what her dog had left on the street, and sealed the convenient constructed plastic bag she was able to purchase in any Discounter for little money and disposed it off into a nearby little box attached to a mighty oak tree. It was a very peaceful and harmonious scene to observe and he enjoyed every moment of it. His way passed the litter box and he took a closer look at it. A local bank had used this opportunity, sponsored the litter box and the City of Hamburg emptied it in a regular basis. He felt so proud of Hamburg that was so caring for people living in it or coming for a visit to enjoy life.

“Why is it that in Ghana, Nigeria, Togo, Kenya and the rest of Africa, I cannot see litter boxes in the public domain?” was his head talking to himself so loud that the voices he was hearing were causing him headache. He was looking for a bench to rest for a short while and take in the quietness and greatness to look over the lake that was used by a group of young men practicing their rowing skills.

“We do not care...we Africans simple do not care,” was the simple straight forward answer his partner Justice Ibe Kwassi had given him years back in Accra sitting outside in a restaurant at Shoprite Junction Mall at Nungua Barrier. “That is our major problem why we cannot progress in life but always depend on the leadership of the white people. And when they come to teach us very well, when they tell us the truth cloud and clear into our faces for the whole word to hear, guess what is going to happen?”

“You tell me!” Guenther Erden had challenged him.

“We call them Colonialist or their intentions Neo-Colonialism, while we still have no clue how to solve our own problems. We Africans have a serious problem with our own mind. Our leaders are messing us up again and again, no one of them can be trusted,” had Justice Ibe Kwassi, the Nigerian having lived with his small family in Lome, the capital of Togo. “We are all Democracies now...but look around you here in Ghana and all of Africa, we all have destroyed our countries; there is rubbish all over and it stinks...it simply stinks from the gutters.” He had taken a pause to greet a friend passing by sharing with him the consequences of the third of June twenty fifteen disaster at the Kwame Nkrumah Circle that had taken the lives of two hundred people due to heavy rainfall and rubbish in the drains surrounding the place especially the Odor River behind the Circle.

“Did you hear my friend? In Ghana...no lesson learnt, still rubbish all over the country, no litter box anywhere to be found. But it should not be so. It is very simple to ask corporates to sponsor litter boxes and advertise on them...they certainly would gladly do it when the cities approach them with such an innovative and ensure the litter boxes get regularly emptied. Look unto the internet, there you can find all sorts of ideas and concepts from all over the world how best to keep a country clean, yet, Africa is at the brink of environmental collapse. Malaria and Cholera cases are killing people and costing the countries Millions in lost productivity and Health Costs, money better and wiser spend for litter boxes that come for free.”

“Nelson Mandela...,” had Guenther Erden wanted to say in response but was stopped by watching twin girls that disposed their ice-cream wrapping paper in the litter box before him.

Justice Ibe Kwassi continued saying to him with his eyes closed: “Nelson Mandela is a hero that is unquestionable. But it was not his mandate to create a better South Africa or give a great vision into all of Africa as a whole. He had to suffer on Robben Island for the cause to free Blacks from the oppression the White Man had inflicted unto them for too long and set them free while at the same time use his wisdom not to kick out the Whites from governing the country and still be in the system unlike former President Busia did here in Ghana. It was on his successor to continue the good work he had started and change the society and economy to make it the richest and biggest economy on the African continent having a loud and clear voice for a better Africa in which people enjoy to live a good life and not having to die in the Mediterranean Sea on their long and dreadful harsh journey to greener pastures.”

“So, let me ask you,” was Guenther Erden hearing himself before his very own eyes overlooking the lake Aussenalster in Hamburg, “is there any one in Africa with the right solution that will bring an end to the never ending story and suffering of and in poverty and starvation?”

“We have no Black on the Africana continent that would be qualified to do that as it is not in our mind to come up with solutions that matter, with concepts that can be summon under the slogan ‘We care’. Corruption is so prominent in all our African Union countries, it has devastating effect on our Nations...I can honestly say. It is not the White Man that destroys us, it is us Blacks, we destroy ourselves...and like a stubborn and ungrateful patient, we do not ask for the right help, we want a quick remedy and keep control our own therapy while we are not the qualified Doctor from outside that can effectively and sustainably help. We are like an amputated man that likes to do farming with his artificial limp instead of taking life the easy way and wait for the son to grow wiser and older to take over using a helper in the meantime to manage our farm so that the family of the farmer can enjoy a good life. No, we force ourselves and fail in the end...that can never work out for generations to come.”

“If I would be such a Doctor, why should I waste my time and energy, my compassion and ideas to help such a patient? I would never do that but turn to people that really appreciate my help so that over time I can see and enjoy their progress, the happiness that comes with challenges well managed and overcome,” declared Guenther Erden clearly seeing how a young man in a rowing boat was struggling with his paddle to follow the same rhythm like his comrades.

“Sometimes it is not good to go your own way, but to be in line and strength with others that follow the lead,” he was thinking by himself when the rowing boat had passed him and disappeared in the distance.

“Also our Intellectuals, the people that think they have the answers, people like our Politicians and Economic Elite, educated in Europe, Asia or USA with houses and family over there,” Justice Ibe Kwassi continued his explanations and reasoning, “they know how white people live, what mistakes they make, what strength they have, what is working well for a society. They do not need to check all these on the internet, they live it over there on a daily basis, can grasp it with their own hands, but when they are back in Africa in their high positions, guess what...?”

Guenther Erden felt more and more headache, tried to take the pain out of his mind and silence the voices that tortured his soul and peace but was still hearing Justice Ibe Kwassi saying: “They repeat their forefathers mistake over and over again and we as people vote for them over and over again knowing, they will mess us up over and over again.”

In an instance, Guenther Erden got up shaking his head to get the voice of his friend out of his head, to rest his soul and keep his peace. As much as he tried to silence Justice Ibe Kwassi off lecturing him about the failure of the African mind, the need for change, he was hearing his friend saying loud, clear and dramatic, scaring him: “Time is running out.”

“Time is running out,” was it echoing in Guenther Erden’s head over and over again. He started running wanted to hear his heart beat pumping louder and louder to override the sound of his mind and get finally rid of the worries before his eyes. He was short of breath. His way was directed back to Hotel Atlantic. Near Literature House Guenther Erden started to sing Christian Gospel songs to worship God.

The doorman saw him running towards him and helped him to get up the stairs into the Lobby of his Hotel. Somehow he made it over to the lift, unlocked the door to his room, looked it again and again behind him just to make sure no one was following him, no man, no problem, nothing. His right arm stretched out to the minibar and a bottle of whiskey was right in his hand, stood beside him on the bed holding the chocolate in triangle form in his other hand.

“God save our people from destruction and endless suffering, we beg of you,” was Guenther Erden hearing from far. It was half past midnight that strange voices woke him up. Laying on his back on bed, he looked up to the ceiling, nothing to see. His ears listened to the wind outside the room, nothing to hear. He directed his mind to the floor before his room, nothing to hear. He closed his eyes again wanting to dive back into his dream.

“God save our people, we beg of you,” did he hear again voices of three men from far, not loud, but clear and unmistakable. “Without you, nothing is possible and with you, everything is possible.”

He set upright still his eyes closed and tired his mind. The voices waited for him to show up and mingle with them. Guenther Erden opened his eyes finally seeing three men as grey transparent silhouettes on their knees in the middle of the room only having the Tabriz carpet as comfort. His mind took its time to make itself known to his soul and spirit, than he got up standing tall before the men in their typical African dresses.

“Believe me God when I tell you that I was seriously convinced that when all of Africa is free that the Black Man can very well manage its own affairs and come out strong. After all, it is here, where the human race was first born and humanity created, where culture had flourished, paper was invented and writing skills perfected,” explained Doctor Kwame Nkrumah looking down into his empty palms folded in prayer.

“We know, God, you have blessed us with everything we need, especially us in Nigeria with oil in abundance...,” said Goodluck Johnathan looking up not noticing Guenther Erden watching over them trying to make sense of it all.

“It will get finished,” the voice from above corrected him.

“Yes, we all know that, God,” voiced Nelson Mandela his concerns,” as in my country of South Africa gold mines are closed and people have lost their work, find it difficult to feed themselves and family taking to drastic actions to force other Blacks out of my country that they think take job opportunities and income away from them.

“Why did I make you Presidents of your country? You assume, it happens without plan, but by coincidence...or witch craft?” asked the voice from above.

Goodluck Johnathan tried to justify himself by saying: “Do not hold it against me that I also went to witches and Mallams in Benin and other places as I had only the best intentions on my mind.”

“I will destroy you...you will never see good in your life. I will finish you off and end it, I swear...I will crash you. You really believe that a man like you, honest, innocent, clever, smart with no evil in his heart but thinking this world is a good world and must be ruled by good people that have the interest of

others on their mind is qualified to lead a wicked family like ours, a family with no sense, a family in spiritual poverty and darkness, in financial disarray? When you truly think so stupidly about us, you are absolutely mistaken. Only a strong woman like me with an evil mind higher than any of the other family members, can rule over them and has a given birthright to do so,” did she say looking out from the TV Wall. “You better go to heaven fast as that is where you belong. So, why should I not wish and ask for your death soon caused by your own hand or with the help of my evil worshipers like your former wife? I have a right to do that!”

Guenther Erden looked up, so did the three men from Africa wondering who they saw on the wall speaking into a mirror. He rubbed his tired eyes to see clear. There she was standing before them staring into herself, his sister Heidi Juergensen. She had the photo of her brother stacked between the glass and the wooden frame of the mirror cursing his life to bring closure to her ongoing hate for him. Her heart was heavy, her eyes tired and weary, her forehead full of wrinkles crafted by life-long worries to stand below her brother and be the tail, not the head; to lose out against her talented Guenther Erden. Her hate had created a crater in her heart with scars in her soul. She had always feared one day he would stand before her, would come to reveal the secrets of her spirit towards the entire world and send her on her early death bed. Between her and him, sister and brother, she had declared war for prestige and fame in this world among her family members and peers. He remembered his nephew Sven-Ole Brandt on Facebook stating he would feel ashamed of calling a man like him a family member while Guenther Erden himself never felt ashamed of his family having had separate himself from it long before. Family is not by choice but by will from God, but as decisions in life are for us, when we grow up we decide which persons we want to be associated with and have close in our life; a decision for which we really have to take responsibility for. Truly, he knotted his head, the son of his sister Heidi Juergensen was a stupid fool.

“And I stand behind her,” appeared Emma Jaoko out from nowhere behind the right side of Heidi Juergensen. “I hate you for all you have done to me, for your wickedness, for not giving me what I rightly deserve, for having stopped to support my life-style, my wish you enjoy other men and easy life in Germany. I simply hate you and yes...let me tell you the truth, we both wanted to separate you from your beloved mother and send her into early death. Someone had to pay the price for what you did to me that I had to cheat on you with many men, even while I was still married to you and lived with my son’s real father in his apartment, I had cheated on him also,” she confessed. “To destroy and hurt you to death, we had to kill your mother. Her death was the open door to finish you off also. She was an old woman anyway, useless to us. Why should your sister have to spend money for her daily expenses when she was of no use to us anymore but in our way?”

“There is witch craft also in White society,” commented Doctor Kwame Nkrumah. “I was not aware of it when I was in USA and England, but now that you open up my eyes...I can see.”

Nelson Mandela was looking at the two ladies at the TV Wall how they smile in hate and anger saying: “We must learn to accept the hardships and tribulation in life as strength for our future and draw lessons from it. The witches and wizards in our black societies are plenty but they are stupid, while in the world of the White Man they are few and highly dangerous as very wicked and intelligent. Money and qualified knowhow makes it difficult for evil spirits to conquer and mess up people, so they have

adapted to the high standards to overcome and be successful in their evil works. Here we see two ladies that have truly reached the top level of evilness in western society...poor Guenther, sad to see.” He turned to him and added: “In the end, when you keep God always by your side, you will be the winner, the head of your family and see your sister Heidi smashed on the ground seen no more but vanished into early death with no traces left behind except a bad reputation of evilness. So, in the end you must be grateful for the years of destruction as the ruins she had laid before you are the corner stones you have built your empire with. Her evil spirit is your victory in life and will be so forever and ever long after she had passed on, you will shine in this world.”

Guenther Erden turned his eyes away from Nelson Mandela towards the TV Wall and saw...only a flat screen, the women were gone out of their sight.

“Never spare your opponents, but kill the once first that have decided to kill you. Christianity is warfare...so ask Michel to help you to kill them for you to be free and live your assignment given and your future promised. Make sure you never forget, the devil is working always, especially at nights, while God is working only in time, in his time. Be always watchful and see that even animals around you can be send from the devil to listen to your ideas to report them back to your opponents, the strong men and women in your family. In every family these people exist and play their role. It is on you to expose them and kill them,” was Guenther Erden hearing the voice of his Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi in the back of his mind seeing him before his eyes standing at the golden pulpit in the new auditorium built a few years back in Prampam, Greater Accra.

“We know him, your Prophet as he was helping President Buhari while he had been sick in hospital in London. He is a very powerful man, your spiritual father,” was Goodluck Johnathan able to read Guenther Erden’s mind.

“I wanted a one party state, as I did not have enough qualified people to man the ministries...and for that I was ousted and overthrown,” Doctor Kwame Nkrumah lamented. “Why should anyone think that it must be by force to take control or a political position when the person is not qualified to perform? In the end it is all about the future of a People and Africa as a whole.”

Guenther Erden was not believing his ears as such insight in life’s events he would have never expected from a man that had propagated African Independence and the capability of the Black Man to run his own affairs, a man with rejection in his heart for the White Man and its dominance in Africa, for Slavery and Colonialism knowing so well, Whites would not easily give up and let them go free just like that, but have always something up in their sleeves. As he had studied the Whites on their own turf in USA and UK he had been well aware of their intentions to manipulate African Leaders and use them for their own interest, to play big on the African continent, West against East, good against bad, take natural resources for small money and give loans to the countries to help them buy their products and services, a cycle of constant dependence on them as certainly by their own character they would indebt themselves more and more, easy to handle for their own benefit.

Goodluck Johnathan stepped in and proclaimed: “Many celebrities from the developed world come to Africa on a pilgrimage tour year in and year out. When Africa is not a problem big enough for them, they move to Asia or Latin America. Among them are professional workers from endless NGOs or volunteers

on search for a meaningful life and sense of their existence on earth feeling the riches of their own developed countries is not the truth of life, the real meaning of what they are supposed to do. The helper syndrome comes over them and airplanes after airplane lands on African soul unloading human helpers, food items, ideas and concepts and human compassion for the starving population of Africa and other places in the world of the underprivileged mind. When the singers like Bob Geldorf, Bono, Michael Jackson and Madonna touch down on Africa being driven in nice cars to camps of displaced people and seen holding undernourished children on their arms with tears falling down from their white checks, the world Media loves them even more and money is poured out in the Western World for these people, honours given, yet, all these people have an interest in is their own popularity to be increased. They have never lived in Africa with the poor for any length of time during which someone can experience the spirit of Africa that is causing civil war, draught negligence and corruption to draw the right conclusions from. All they want is to see and be seen, to be polite guests in foreign territory not harshly and honestly speaking out the truth to solve the real issues of the continent. They blame the problem on their own countries while they should know that nobody has ever asked any African to dump rubbish on the streets, steal state assets, and lie to their brothers and sisters very well about corruption charges. Never forget, it was the Ashanti King and others during the time of Slavery that trading on humans was even more lucrative to their kingdom than digging gold. Yes, the white traders wanted slaves and gladly paid for them, but they never went into the Hinterland to capture them and take them to the Coast to sell them as any kind of goods. Without the offer to sell humans, the demand by the white folks would have just been a terrible idea but not become reality.”

“But what to do, when the White Man comes to us wanting our gold, cocoa, gas, diamonds and bauxite for small money and offers us a good bribe for it?” tried Goodluck Johnathan to justify himself knowing about the secret ways that his wealth had gotten increase enormously during his term in office.

“To offer a bribe is one side of the coin...and it is bad, so bad...but the flip side is, that no Minister or Official needs to ask or even accept such an offer,” Nelson Mandela said harsh and clear. “We cannot sell the future of our countries into our own pockets, what belongs to all of us, should be for all and what is rightly mine as I have worked honestly for it, should be for me only. Why should we allow it to happen that we in power take money away from our people and blind them with big mouth so that the white folks have to help us out as money for hospitals, creating job, decent prisons and a well-functioning administration is not available. God has given us Africa, so it is our responsibility...only ours, to take good care of it. We are not the owner of this place Africa, we are the trustees to lead our people into the Promised Land in good time.”

“When all celebrities would be so clever and honest like the actor George Clooney that had published a two year report into the problems of South Sudan finding out that the two fighting Leaders at the top enjoy the civil war in the country, dead and misplaced people, destroyed lands and properties as it means big business for them. African leaders have no empathy for their people, they do not know anything about their wishes, but their bank accounts, what is in there, they can tell you while sleeping...disgusting!” lamented Doctor Kwame Nkrumah starring at Guenther Erden with sad eyes. He had an expression, a look on his face that told him, he man that once had opened the door to liberate the African continent from their Colonial Masters, had finally come to the conclusion, his vision for a united Africa that would eventually one day dominate the affairs of this world, was an only a dream that

would not be reality one day. “We eat the future of our children and we do not care. The helpers that come in their numbers...of my God, that is a Multi-Billion Dollar business with hundreds of thousands of people from the developed world to have an income from and endless influx of young enthusiastic people that look for a meaningful life...so sad to see on the continent that should take charge of its own affairs, push any outside influence back, go through the bottle neck of time and come out victoriously at the other end that will enable Africa to have its say in this world and push humanity to another higher level. I always have the feeling that many people are out there that do not want to see a world with no poverty, no need for help anymore. Imagine friends, this world would not have any developed countries, but all countries would exist on a level that can offer to their citizen an acceptable life...what would this mean to all the businesses producing products and services for developing countries, for all the workers in this area...they would be left out and themselves stand on the streets. So, seeing people a bit moving forward from time to time with the open door that always something must go wrong for helpers to step in...that is a terrible thought, but when we analyze deeper and face with open eyes reality and hear what these helpers say and what they do, this impression is not wrong but pushes itself into someone’s mind.”

“This world is not fair or just...it is simply human, that’s all!” smiled Guenther Erden enjoying another glass of Rubin coloured red wine. He looked up and smiled again: “Oh God, forgive us our sins and help us to sin no more; it is too much. This world has seen so much nonsense, a disgrace to your name...I am telling you the truth.”

“No, there is no political system we can call morally or ethnically superior to any other system. The fact that some systems and the ideas behind it did not work out in history but were wrongly implemented and misused but human being, does not make them invalid or obsolete. Human brain has given us various tools of systems that we should use at the right time for the right people and situation. And we should not think, when one system has been implemented and worked well for a society for long, that the time would not come to switch to another system when the situation so occurs. What we instead as human being always should do, is to have an open mind, an approach to clearly see into the situation of a society and find the most appropriate answer to assist the better future of a Nation by knowing all the tools available from history, and possibly we can create new forms of governance, who knows whether what we have seen and experience is already the end of the line or not. Look into the issue of Communism, do not misunderstand me but for me personally Democracy is best working...so Communism was invented by Karl Marx, Engels and implemented by Lenin in Russia during World War I. These founding fathers of Communism had a personally good life. Their background was very good, their parents had educated them well, in London where Karl Marx was studying book, compared them and came up with the book he called ‘The Capital’, the bible of Communism, in fact he had a maid in the place he had stayed. Also his comrades had never felt poverty, they had never touched iron in a factory to bend, felt their sweat and blood in the heart of a steel plant but had walked well dressed to functions and protests in London to spread the good news of their idea seen as a blessing to workers exploited by Industrialist, a new form of business people, creating a work force of Millions in danger of their health

and enslaved into poverty. History was creating some sort of joke actually when the first country to experience Communism was not a country of Industrialization but dominated by Agriculture. So in fact this was originally not supposed to happen, but it did. Then the people that implemented it by force and violence, were also not genuine but powerful with word to manipulate the minds of the masses. Stalin, Chrushchev, Brezhnev and the drunken Major of Moscow, Boris Yeltsin, they all were ruthless, people of low intellectual quality and inexperienced in politics. They were somewhat bush boys that played around with the future of a whole Nation. So, it means, Communism was not originally created by people sweating for the idea and losing their own blood and it was wrongly implemented by wrong people that is the lesson to learn. Does it make this system obsolete as a concept to further think about, possibly use parts of it or the whole idea when the time comes it can benefit a Nation...certainly not. Also, Dictatorship as a system has more often than not been heavily misused. Julius Caesar was elected Emperor, then turned himself into a Dictator people did not accept, so they took out their knives and stabbed him to death. Alexander the Great, Zar Peter the Great, King Friedrich the Great of Prussia in Germany, they all were absolute Kings and Rulers, yet their people honoured them with the title 'The Great' as their efforts to better their countries needed to be rewarded and demonstrated in History Books. No democratically elected President and Prime Minister, not in India, Europe, South America USA or Australia has ever received such an honour nor will ever receive it. Idi Amin of Uganda, a cruel killer, Mussolini and Franco, Adolf Hitler and Mao, they were all Dictators to mess up their people and kill many of them. Even in Democracy there are Dictators like Robert Mugabe in Zimbabwe to starve their people to death and imprison innocent people that speak out the truth against him. South Rhodesia, as Zimbabwe once was called, used to export agricultural product but over thirty years in power, the country has not enough food to feed their own population...so what is that? Voting every for a man that kills your brother or sister? In Venezuela, so oil rich, people were led into poverty by Hugo Chavez and his successor while it should be a country like a paradise. President J.J. Rawlings is still seen today in Ghana as the savior of a failed country. The founder of the modern Singapore, President Lee Kuan Yew, what was he...a socialist Dictator, right? Many people in his country complain about violation of human rights as to speak out your own mind there is not so easy. But the bottom line is, what that man overall had positively achieved for the people of Singapore, even the critics enjoy. Without his endless efforts, corruption, Mafia structures, high unemployment rate, disease untreated based on poor health facilities and so on...all that would not have been put into History books but still up to today haunted the society of the Asian country. So, let me repeat myself very, very clearly. There is no political system ever in this world we should not have a close look at and learn from it, copy it when everything is well or disassemble it and use pieces of it to create a new puzzle that we can assume at the moment of creation to be working for the good of a society for generations to come as long as it is genuine and original," lectured Guenther Erden's old Professor from the Bed Room wall while he was sitting, feet on the small side table, comfortably in the armchair overlooking the balcony and Aussenalster.

"I think you have a point. I have never seen this issue from that particular angle, but I think it is very worthwhile to elaborate about your ideas further and see where we can end...and as you said, it is important to keep always an open mind as life is constantly on the move and things can change in generations to come that demand new answers from us. So, it means also, that no society should ever try to force its own values onto other societies but promote their values in a fair competition for the

best idea for a country...right?" asked Guenther Erden the silhouette that had jumped out from the wall and stood right before him taking the glass of white wine out of his hand to get his full attention. It was the same Professor that had once shared with him his scientific life-experience that History never repeats itself but always comes back in different form.

"That is absolutely correct," the Professor agreed, "but do not forget, we are here just talking, while out there in the shark pools of power and egoism, the world looks much different. The power in no country and in no time in history was ever in the hands of the best in society. People are always governed by fellow citizen of second class. How many Intellectuals of the highest order in a society have ever governed their or other countries while I am not talking about Nobel Peace Prize Winners that receive their honours to push a certain agenda at a certain time in history? I am talking about people in government, no Businessman of statue or Scientist with renowned name is governing countries to the effect, that their societies improve form level to level. The numbers of such persons are countable with the fingers of one hand, while Presidents, Prime Ministers and Ministers are countless around the world. As long as societies bow down to second class qualification with big mouth to manipulate their people, such societies should produce more Paracetamol and other forms of pain killers to survive morally and mentally the self-inflicted misery, another four years lost for a generation that had deserved better. As the old saying goes, every society gets the leaders the society wants and deserves. So it is up to the people in a country to make a right and wise choice instead of engaging in playing the blame game over and over again. Many people say, they are too small to trigger a change. What one person can achieve, they ask. When Millions of people ask the same question and have the same mind, guess what, their wish will come to pass and nothing will change ever. God can hear people's heart and thoughts very well, believe me, he is always on alert...but he is never bothered as this world is the one he had created but not the place he lives in. This world is for us human beings, so it is on us to decide for the right course and make the best decisions in our time on earth for ourselves and our children. God has a program for us, we need to decide and take the right actions...that is all!"

"Life is not easy...oh," Guenther Erden lamented opening another bottle of wine as he saw the Professor had turned his back to him ready to disappear again in the Bed Side wall.

"In the Garden of Eden there was never progress, only life in form of existence...do you know that?" the Professor had turned around for the last time with a rim look at his old student that was enjoying his wine very well.

"What do you mean?" asked Guenther Erden.

"Life is always on the move, so I am more and more convinced, that Adam Eve had to eat the fruit from the tree and get punished for disobeying God for him to have a good reason to push them out away from the tree of life and establish a system by which from sinning to sinning, from human failure to failure he was able to bring life and not only existence into the world for humans to create the world even more than he had provided for them by their own will and strength...otherwise things would have always stayed the same not suitable for a growing population that he had wanted to see by his command to be fruitful and multiply. Sometimes things in the life of humans went out of hand and people got themselves into too wrong ways, so he had to correct their path and guide their future with punishment of different sorts. This applies today as..." got the Professor interrupted.

“...history never repeats itself but it comes always back but always comes back in different form...isn't it?” Guenther Erden asked finishing the bottle of wine.

“You are a good student, my son,” turned the Professor around and disappeared in the Bed Side wall.

“So, Sir, what is your solution then?” asked William Duncan, a student at Kings College in Cambridge, originally from Sweden with parents from Africa eager waiting to hear his answer.

Guenther Erden started by saying: “The problems of this world are too many, especially the gap between rich and poor countries, developed and developing Nations. Let me focus on Africa to give an answer. For most countries on the southern continent kingdoms in one or the other form used to be prominent as a ruling system over their people. Today we still see in many African countries the influence of such structures even not reflecting in the countries constitutions, but still as vital factors to determine the outcome of societies behind the scenes and displayed in public during their tradition festivals. Some countries have long forgotten about their royal splendor of the past and put them into museums for tourists and school children to see as something finished, covered with dust by history, grey and something more to entertain the mind than to benefit from and see it as a solution for their own time of forming their environment. In any case, we must acknowledge the fact that in a society processes of change are long and take focus as well as patience to overcome obstacle that will always cross the way. When you have targets, witch craft cannot divert your ways as the saying goes. Therefore, as changing processes need careful attention they go beyond the time a President can or will be in office when you assume that in a Republic with a democratic elected Presidents everything goes to expected standard and not misused like so often on the African continent. On the other hand time is changing fast, faster than in the olden days thanks to internet that helps us to reach out to many countries in a second and get information on all subjects thinkable while there is no place on earth we physically cannot access, only time and money can possibly limited our exploration mentality. At the same time when someone is in power and a human being all along, temptation to misuse the power is immanent. Not many people, even qualified to run the job of a country's leader, can withstand the temptation that come with the duties and privileges entrusted in him. To come to the bottom of a very feasible and good solution we must dig deep down into history and search for the puzzle pieces that, bit by bit, we can assemble to a full picture to make a positive change possible. Africa right now is at a crossroad, a moment in history to keep independence still under their own control with a new approach, or to be taken over once again by the white people for them to protect their own society from destruction caused by the influx of economic and political migrants that in the cause of time would make them push back with devastating effects and shifts in power. The best solution right now I can think of is to set up Kingdoms with a King, male or female, elected in a fair and transparent all inclusive national election, a King for life with the possibility of him to step down on his own will or in case of him misusing the power given to be taken out by force by a five member council of elected Elders that can do so in a clear defined manner only which the King can oppose in the Court of Law against. The cases under which such action can be taken

are stealing of national assets, violation of human rights, declaring war without reasonable grounds that could be in the best interest of the country and things like that, so very narrow issue only. The King cannot give the Kingdom to any of his siblings but when dead, must be elected again in a general election by the Electorates. The King has the function to think for the country on a long time basis for generations to come, while the Prime Minister and the Minister have to solve problems on a shorter period and constantly adapt their plans to the changing world. The dialogue between King and Premier Minister that the King can always mandate to perform or dismiss on noncompliance with his ideas, will bring the best out of a long lasting idea for the citizen of a Nation. At the same time a body of Elders should be set up that advises the King on important issues concerning the country with recommendations that are not binding to the decision finally made by the King. To ensure the vital independence of the King, he should not be paid by the state but must be able to fund himself. This most preferable should also apply to the Prime Minister and the Minister as in the olden days in Greece and Italy often practiced, so not a new concept to mankind. Only the direct expenses involved to perform the duties such as flight cost, secretary, and office expenditure should be compensated by the state. It is self-understood, that the King has to publish each year his assets and economic activities to avoid any conflict of interest and ensure possible needed advice by concerned bodies and individuals. The wise King will certainly not sit around in his palace, but mingle with the people undercover and hear first-hand what they think and demand, something Zar Peter the Great used to do when he was on his eighteen months lasting tour to West Europe to learn everything needed to change his country Russia. All responsible people in this structure should not necessarily have to come from the country itself, can be recruited from all over the world. What matters is that the citizen trust the people working for them to perform unto their expectations regardless of race and citizenship as in the end what matters is the results they bring to the table. Politics is all about a People and not few people. What is possible in football and other sports, why should it not work also in politics?"

"Will this really work?" got William Duncan up to express his doubts.

"What is the alternative...continue like right now from one catastrophe, one report of dying children to the next with constant hope for the better than will never come that way its way...or radically think outside the box to find a solution that we find bits and pieces of in world history, shape them, mix them and put them on the table in a new size and form. How long do we want to see Africa and the rest of the world suffer? How long do we want to donate and donate, give loans that strangle over and over again for a few in the West to make a good business and others to lose grey hair over it? Tell me, what is the answer...suffering endlessly or to give it a try and see realistically the better solution?"

"Oh Sir...I do not know," answered William Duncan and the auditorium was covered in silence.

"Why not do it in one country, see how things work out and when it is working or needs small changes to make it better, roll it out all over Africa and possible the rest of the developing world. The liberalization of Africa was not achieved over night, but had started in one country to gain its independence, finally went viral across the continent," explained Guenther Erden stepped down from the pulpit, accepted the invitation of the students to share a meal with them in the great hall that was decorated with giant paintings for late scholars.

"I have never understood why the human rights organization around the world that open their mouth for everything that comes across their way, have not taken all African, Asian and South American to the International and European Court of Human Rights for violating the rights of prisoners in these countries," Thomas Akwasi Owusu-Afriyie said angrily looking through the holes in the green painted wall that surrounded his house, the first stone building in Vulcanizer Street close to Pentecostal Church, Eagles Place and Jubail Specialist Hospital in Sakumono, part of Tema West in walking distance to the Accra-Tema Beach Road running alongside the Gulf of Guinea. He was enjoying the cool breeze that came from the Lagoon over the wooden structures that were owned by poor people. He had been very careful with his neighbours trying to avoid being seen by them too often. Even he had hoped nobody would have known who he was, the secret had not lasted for long. His neighbours had kept their mouth shut, therefore he had had a peaceful life in waiting position.

"In our prisons here in Ghana, the convicted criminals sleep like sardines body touching body on the naked concrete floor, thirty, forty or even more in a cell that in Europe maximum two people would share. Infectious diseases are widespread in this facilities in which even the prison warden to not feel comfortable going after their duties and very often demonstrate a good heart by taken sick prisoners to hospitals paid for from their own pockets...what a shame and disgrace on the name of our country! A country cannot call itself civilized when they treat the poorest and most vulnerable people in their society with neglect and ignorance. Rich convicts well known in society and sentenced to years behind bars, walk for free in public going about their daily routine as money buys them freedom and the Elite in our country does not want to see them suffer behind bars like the ordinary man...I hate that so much, believe me. In the developed world all around the globe it is the same and no country, as I said, is ever taken to court over it...that is how much human rights organizations are selective in their approach to better the world."

Guenther Erden knew how important this issue was to him, how dear to his heart. His goal was to make a positive change one day...one day when his term would come to rule. It was a strange scenery he was standing in, a place he had visited in the past several times and now the TV Wall had projected it like a hologram into the middle of his Hotel room in Hotel Atlantic. He was certain, Thomas Akwasi Owusu-Afriyie had never set foot into the Hotel during his stay in Hamburg-Wandsbek, married to his first wife with which he had three children. Before leaving for London to be the Private Secretary to his Uncle Otumfo Osei Tutu II for five years and after that married to his second wife in USA with apartment in the Bronx in New York City, Thomas Akwasi Owusu-Afriyie had destroyed his German passport to become subsequently an American citizen.

Always when he spoke about Germany he a silent smile run through his face. Hamburg and Bremen were the two cities he loved most among all the cities he had visited in the country his children had taken as their home refusing to set foot on Ghanaian soil ever or to have black friends. Neither of them ever had the intention to mingle with their own race, they loved white people and white culture feeling a bit ashamed of their relatives that were not well educated.

"When I worked in Bremen as a Security Officer for Mercedes-Benz, highly paid, I was asked to come to the Police Headquarters in Hamburg at Berliner Tor for a discussion. Someone had known me and what

my background is. The German Government...this was during the two thousand World Exhibition in Hanover...they had offered me to push me and become the next Otumfo, the Ashanti King. I had told them, I had to protect the integrity of the Golden Stool and that my Uncle living in London would become the next King. It was the time, the old Otumfo had passed on and the new one was not yet instooled. Germany's interest became very clear right away. They wanted a German cultured King to sit on the throne so that they could influence the stream of migrants from Ghana and other West African countries to Europe and USA. So, my no had come to them certainly as a great surprise and disappointment...I am sure. This is a story not many Germans know off, I am sure. But that is how politics is done and much in this world we will never understand why it happens, because such ways are not open to all of us."

"But Thomas, this shows in a way that some people in politics have a vague idea of what is coming in future unto their societies, a future which is not nice," Guenther Erden walked through the picture projected to him, not in clear brilliant colours, slightly foggy and grey. He bumped into Thomas with him not noticing.

Thomas Akwasi Owusu-Afriyie was his age, had the distinctive nose of the Ashanti Kings and his face resembled the one of his Uncle. His father used to be the Minister of Health under Doctor Kwame Nkrumah, General Kotoka his classmate and President Kufuor his declared enemy as he had always said, it was that old man that had destroyed his life without explaining himself further. With wide open eyes Thomas Akwasi Owusu-Afriyie lamented:" Here, everyone can call himself a Christian, that does not stop some of them to visit a witch or Juju Master, that goes hand in hand in Africa...so sad...so sad. White people never understand that our spirit is poisoned by that attitude...and if they would know, they would never understand how it works and what can be done about it. Missionaries came to us to bring us Christianity, but did it stop us to run as we speak today six witch camps and stone or born people that we suspect to be witches? No, it does not."

"But the simple worker in Germany, you know what I am talking about, right?" was Guenther Erden reminding him of his experiences of the past. "I mean that simple worker works hard for his money, pays his taxes accordingly to German law, sees at Christmas bill boards with dying children in Africa and Asia, opens his Christmas pockets and donates money that is send with some of his tax payers money down to Africa, Asia and South Africa only to see it gets mishandled and ends up in wrong hands."

The future king of the Ashantis sat next to Guenther Erden on the couch and corrected him: "The governments in the developed world started to give donor money from tax payers money collected and gave it to governments in Africa and all other continents. Than they realized corrupt Officials and Politicians steal most of the money assigned for various good causes. They set out to improve and ensured that money goes directly to the projects. Also in these cases Officials take their share. But," he lifted himself up holding his back, "...I need a good Doctor that can heal my back, serious, it is painful."

"You want a drink to release the pain and feel better?" Guenther Erden offered and opened the door of the minibar.

"Thanks...but no thanks, I will manage," Thomas Akwasi Owusu-Afriyie answered, walked up and down the room, bent over, stretched his back from side to side, opened the balcony window, stepped out,

inhaled the fresh, clear afternoon air filled with a touch of blossom from roses and turned back to his friend. "Much money is wasted in our countries for nothing. In Ghana each year two Billion Dollars could be saved if we would strengthen our society and make everything effective. Ghost names appear regularly on government payrolls costing Millions of Dollars. Doctor Kwame Nkrumah build the Cocoa Beans Silos in Tema Harbour for whatever money...and the silos have never seen any Cocoa Bean. Komenda Sugar factory was commission and close one months later...another thirty five Million Dollar project that became part of the long list of White Elephants, projects that never make it after they get commissioned but stand in time and space around as witnesses of our inability to think and plan for a good long future. Or, when I drive from Accra to Kumasi to see my family and Uncle, I see all the broken down cars along the highway that are a danger to the traffic and environment while in the West they are used as scrap metal for recycling." He took a close look at Guenther Erden that was just about to open another bottle of beer, well chilled and enjoyed his triangle shaped chocolate, the small size by saying: Look at all the structures in our country be it private houses or business buildings that got started but never finished as the financial planning was not in place but the greediness in the hearts of many. All these structures get rotten, the metal gets its fair portion of brown rust, and the concrete falls down from its designated place at the house, grass grows inside the structures...these buildings are a vast economic loss to the country and citizens of our nation. We just do not think well as I have never come across such situations in Europe or America, I can tell you for a fact."

"And we White People pay for all this nonsense," said Guenther Erden enjoying the last sip of his beer and last bite of his chocolate.

"You are stupid...and what you do, is not help, but an extension of our time to suffer in this world. Help is when a bad situation is changing over time...but here, what is changing? It is a national and Nation curse, I believe."

"A curse can be broken," painted Guenther Erden a bright future.

"A curse can be broken...that is true...but who is doing it?"

"Time will tell."

"You are a dreamer, my friend," stated Thomas Akwasi Owusu-Afriyie categorically. "Time is running out for us and the rest of the world!" He got up, looked a last time at his friend and concluded: "Time is running out...mark my words!"

The man that was before him, was there no more. Guenther Erden looked at the beer bottle, tried to read the label, threw the chocolate paper into the small waste bin besides the door and said loud and clear: "The problem of Africa are the missing litter boxes in the public domain." He stepped closer to his bed, touched it to ensure it is save to sit on, sat on it, lifted up his legs to take off his shoes and repeated: "Africa has no litter boxes...and that is the problem."

"Why did you not accept my request to see you before I died?"

"Why should I have done it?"

"But I am your father."

"Does that mean I own you something?"

"Yes, your life."

"That makes you the owner of my life?"

"No, not the owner, but the person you own what you are, our past, your present and your future...as without my sperm, how could you exist?" Rolf Erden asked his son Guenther Erden standing before his grave stone. Besides him Irma and Heinrich Erden, his parents and grandparents to Guenther Erden watched the conversation ready to step in at any time needed.

The grass they stood on was wet, it had rained during the night on Ohlsdorfer Cemetery, the biggest in the world, a fact that Guenther Erden had always made proud of his city of Hamburg. Located near Hamburg-Airport it was designed like a park rather the resting place for celebrities, politicians, soldiers from both world wars, people with no money for a burial and the growing numbers of cremations. Bus lines run from morning to evening along the roads connecting one chapel with the other. Small created ponds with water birds gave the cemetery life while widows dressed in black cloth carried their flowers to the graves of their loved once. Due to the years of existence of the cemetery, old stones gave the place the impression of morbidity. Gardener undertook their best to keep the place neat and tidy and ensured that people left behind would rest assured their late dead once would have a good time in the aftermath of life, be it in heaven or further down the soil sweating slightly.

"You had asked me," remembered Guenther Erden his father's phone call out of the blue one evening while he was living in Rissen, Wittenbergener Weg 1, ground floor left, "for a meeting as you were about to die as you said...I will not forget. But I had told you, there is no need for any explanation why you did the things you did to me and the rest of my family. For years I had hated you so much for all the pain you had caused my mother, my sisters and me. But one day I had come to the conclusion, when I hate you so much, in the end I hate myself as I am from your blood...and as my mother always used to say, I smile like you, so painful to have heard this from her mouth...so painful."

"I know my son...I have done much wrong against you, promised you...," started Rolf Erden to justify his lies against his son while he was in his years during which he had felt the need so much for a father and no father had been available for him he could have leaned on, someone to share with him vital information about pressing question how best to become a good man in this world, someone to offer advice and direction to draw from.

Guenther Erden interrupted his father and said: "It is okay, I do not need any explanation from you. You did what you did and that is okay. I have overcome my pains, I have found answers to my questions, there is peace in my heart as I was able to let you go, to let my hate against you go. It is not that I do not remember what you had done to us, it is not that I did not go as a Volunteer into Fuhlsbuettel Prison helping the inmates to have still contact to the outside world...no, no...," Guenther Erden got down on his knees, picked some of the grass shafts, rubbed them between his hands to smell their aroma, looked up to his grandparents especially Heinrich Erden that his heart was always close to, a quiet and mighty man a few centimeters taller than himself, closed his eyes, opened it again, took a deep breath, got up

again, walked over to the bench in front of the grave covered by a giant tree and saw the three standing before the simple grave stone well-kept over the years during his absence. The family of his father had decided to bury Rolf Erden at the same spot like his parents but leave no name engraved on the stone feeling ashamed of him.

"I went there behind bars as I always had wanted to understand you and what you had done in your life, cheating on people and taking their money, running away from prison and being captured again...all that what I had read in the last court judgement about you," said Guenther Erden bringing back the memories from six months helping the Church Pastor in Prison to give a touch humanity to people the society had punished for their wrong ways in life. "There I had come to understand, that I cannot understand what you did by talking with others than yourself, so I had hated you more and more. In those day, where were you? Not there for me! So, this was the time I had given up to hate you but was setting me free from any feelings towards you. Like I did it later in life with my ex-wife Emma the moment she had confessed having cheated on me, the Sunday morning after me coming back from church. I had forgiven her right away not out of love, but the need to move on in life and be happy. The pain we inflict on others are a burden to ourselves as long as we live, but the once that the pain is inflicted on, my advice to them is to forgive fast and move on...forgetting is not possible as our brain is still having the memories of the past events, but our heart, our soul and spirit, these three we can command to let the pain disappear and be free. Future is a level to level process and we can only climb the next level when we stand secure on the level before, not shaking, not being moved, not being broken; upright and optimistic we have to stand before the next step in life to certainly get the best out of it and lift ourselves up above anything that can bring us down and make our perpetrator win over us in the end."

"I still remember very well and was greatly surprised, that your mother Ruth, your sister Heidi and her children had come to the funeral, while you and your sister Sabine did not come," Heinrich Erden said allowing himself to sit next to his grandson. Irma Erden looked suspiciously over the two men the way she had always done standing side by side with her son Rolf. This scene in real life while both were still alive and well had been typical. She had asked Guenther Erden to leave her life as he had not been willing to meet her son in her presence or anywhere else.

"Both had told me, they wanted to be part of the burial ceremony to see the devil was really dead...with their very own eyes!"

"Oh my grandson...I am very sorry for that...very, very sorry," Heinrich Erden was holding the hands of Guenther Erden tied, tried to give him his love and the warmth of his heart. They saw people passing by wondering that Guenther Erden was obviously talking to himself. "Trust me, your grandmother and I, we had done everything possible to educate your father as a good man. He had everything he had wished for, not like you and your sisters that had to suffer so much and missed an evening meal paid for by your mothers money but being only by the grace of others, leftovers...leftovers of people having too much than what is needed...I can imagine how much this is still paining you and a driving force behind what you have achieved in life. Look my grandson," he went on sharing with Guenther Erden his thoughts about the way life goes nothing under our control but a constant reminder to give and do our very best, "I was an Accountant, so my eldest child, your auntie Gudrun, also became an Accountant and her

husband was also in the same area of business. Than your father, my second born, he was a cook and most of his life stealing money from others giving cheques and collecting goods with no money in his bank. Than your uncle Guenther after which you were named, a successful international manager with well acclaimed companies. We as parents had done our very best to educated all our children to become good people and citizens, yet everyone did his own things in life and had decided for themselves what in the end they wanted to be. The decision for their lives is not in our hands, we can guide them, share with them what we think for them, that is all, the rest is up to them...and sometimes as in your case, it goes completely wrong and against someone innocent like you and your two sisters. All I can say for my wife and me...sorry for the pain my son Rolf had inflicted on all of you. I say this with the believe, that the hardship you personally had to face, is making you always eager to strive for great things in life, live long and healthy, fight successfully against the odds and any attack by evil against your life and destiny."

Guenther Erden added by saying: "Svenja, the oldest child of Heidi, her only daughter, was a beautiful girl. I so well remember holding her in my arms, the times she was sleeping and the moments of cheer laughter and smile on the babies face...oh, how much I had enjoyed it!" He looked up to heaven and saw upcoming grey clouds that possibly could cause a downpour. Irma Erden and his father had carefully followed their whole conversation silently. Rolf Erden had looked down to the ground most of the time while Irma Erden was not sure whether to look at her husband or also dare to look at her grandson in sorrow about her son unknown at this place of peace.

"I know how much you loved her and how disappointed you are about what had come out of her," Heinrich Erden laid his arms around his grandson. "You had wanted too much for her to move further in life than your sister Heidi did, her mother. At least to climb the next ladder of the schooling system to be a manager in a good company, to have a good character, be open to this world and the things therein, instead she ended up at the same intellectual level like her mother ending school with the minimum requirements with no good vocational training jumping into a simple job to give her small form of income only. And all this because your sister Heidi had stood on the ground not to give any form of command to her children but let them grown up in peace to develop their own talents by themselves...no guidance was given by her about human values, no orientation how best to live, how to identify their specific gifts and push them to greatness...nothing like that at all...so sad to see. It was her inability and unwillingness to see her children become great but to continue the sad family story of intellectual poverty on them covered in cigarette smoke, marihuana joints, beer and talks about simple, stupid and useless things."

"What hurts me most is also her son, Sven-Ole, the one that had followed her sister to see the light of this world three years after her," Guenther Erden remembered with sadness in his voice. "He was so highly intelligent, especially in sciences, an area I do not know anything about, that could have easily made him one day a great scientist to have invented something that could help us humans in a vital area and improve our lives. Instead, she had left his son to himself, was not interested to see his potentials, left his core power to rot and unexploited. In his teenager years he had followed his mother's behavior, enjoyed himself with smoking joints, attending any possible party while books were available in any public library to open and read for very small money. Like his mother he had only on his mind to enjoy life, to be and but not to become...a wasted life...very sad story as I am convinced someone might begin

small and face the foolishness of his parents; but during the course of life we all must wake up and raise to the occasion to come out better than our parents and be somebody great...not someone foolish."

"Humans are made by their parents, created by God and destined by their own decisions...as God only provides the program, the opportunities, places doors before us we must open and pass through or stand, as you just said, as fools before them not interested, not fighting to open them, just to be there wasting time on their way to death. No, that cannot be the meaning of something as precious as life. Life is there to do, not to let it be and go," Heinrich Erden shared his insights in life matters. "Look what Ivan The Terrible did, he destroyed his father's work for Russia...even his father at old age knew about his son's character, had told him about it into his face and had always been afraid for his Russia under the ruler ship of son Ivan The Terrible. You can see that in life, parents can do and want for their children the best, can give them the right information, still they are capable of destroying fame and riches others used to enjoy from the hands of the righteous parents. So, I always therefore say again and again, how life is ending is by our own decisions."

"Some people are born into difficult families, into trouble, into financial and mental darkness, some people are born into rich families with a bright and sharp mind," looked Guenther Erden towards the sky that was a mixture of bright colours and grey, heavy clouds hanging over Hamburg. "Even when you are born down and have to struggle much to come up, you can make it. The price to pay is higher than born into a rich family with well-educated parents, which is true. What is also true, you...I mean everyone can make it to be better life when he understands the rules and regulations of the fight and fights daily any obstacles' in the way. It is the poor man that has shaped this world with his inventions and idea for new products and services do not come out of a mind that is satisfied, that is filled with everything we desire in life. Hunger for more, hunger for the better in life is the driving force behind us to catch the spirits of ideas that are constantly around all of us and form them into a product or service that can bring a fortune and mark a name for once self."

"Life is complex and can only be captured by a complex mind with purity in his heart," got Heinrich Erden up, walked over to the grave, stood next to his late wife Irma Erden with a look to his left side seeing his son standing before the stone with no recognition of his name. "At the end of our life, let this be a good lesson to you, we all face the judgement day. So, it is better to live a life in our fullest capacity as humble servant of the reason for which we once were created. My grandson, go in peace and keep your heart from any evil." He, his wife and son slowly descended down into the ground and laid themselves to rest in perfect peace.

"Man, are you crazy?" shouted Fred Andrews, a sailor from London on route to Taiwan unloading his container ship in Hamburg Harbour. "How can you say such things, you better keep it for yourself. Nobody wants to hear the truth, everybody wants to go about his own business in peace and take the profit from it away. When you dare to speak it out loud in public, even you might be right...I do not know...people will very well fight you. You better keep your mouth shut."

The air was filled with thick smoke, beer was spilled on the old wooden tables. Old ladies with hair not washed for days, lips swollen, skin grey, hands rough from hard labour, music from the aged juke box with songs from far away countries in better places, unemployment money on the tables and hidden in broken trousers, faces in which life-stories of misery jumped into each other's faces to make the whole Goldener Handschuh in Hamburg-Reeperbahn even more a place of hopelessness and missed chances in life. A few hundred meters away, The Beatles once had lived in shady accommodations with suspicious landlords and landladies playing the nights away with music that was not heard of before. The young boys had enjoyed their journey that had brought them all the way from Liverpool to another city at the water, Hamburg. Year after year they had played their melodies to a growing enthusiastic audience in the popular Kaiser Keller filled with smoke and drunkenness. Young and old had come to enjoy the boys that had so much fun playing their music composed by John Lennon to bring happiness to people and in return receive recognition, shelter and food. In Hamburg they had prepared themselves well like God once had told the Jews that Saul, given to them as King by force from them was not their real king, but he had been preparing a king in the wilderness that would lead them to greatness.

"But what is wrong to tell the truth?" asked Guenther Erden looking into the weary eyes of his neighbours around the table hearing Udo Jürgen's song about sixty six years and life begins.

"Nobody wants to hear the truth...as truth is always painful," said Rosamunde Pilcher, an old woman with more wrinkles under her eyes than hair on her head. "Look at me," did she challenge Guenther Erden by grabbing herself at her breasts, "I am finished, I have no more what you want. And why is it so? Because my husband had found out that our child was not our child but I had one night spent in despair...after thirty years, when our daughter was already a mother herself. If this secret could have been kept as secret, we would be still a happy family...but now, we are all destroyed because of the truth that was not needed to come out."

"The truth can be killed, can be beheaded, can be slaughtered...but in the end, it can never leave this earth, rather will come back by force," Guenther Erden said trying hard to avoid the cigar smoke Carlos Gomez from Argentina, another sailor waiting for his new order to sail to an unknown destiny.

The group around his table ordered another round of snaps and beer laughing out loud as Heike Mueller had come through the cracking door that needed a bit of oil to open smoothly. She was a typical blond from Herbertstrasse cracking the leather whip on men's bottom to give them pleasure and sexual excitement to their climax. The young woman enjoyed her job taking a rest from time to time in the Goldener Handschuh, her favourite bar on the other side of the Reeperbahn in a small side street. With professional eyes, she had spotted Guenther Erden right from the door.

She listened carefully to what he had to say. For him, he explained in clear words, professional football was nothing but a widely accepted form of modern slavery. Transfer windows, transfer fees can be compared to the price slave traders had paid for the slaves in the olden days and the medical examination before a transfer contract is finally validated is nothing but the brief physical checking of the slaves by their future masters. Of course, football stars are still human beings and not things, that is for sure, that is the reason why he stands on the point that is this the modern form of slavery and must be heavily condemned. He also does not understand, so he explained himself further, that in business the Directors do not find themselves in a transfer window, no company would ever come to the

conclusion to pay and transfer fees to the old company the Directors are working for. But the Directors are the stars in a company like the footballers in a club, so why should it be acceptable to societies around the world that human beings are seen as a financial asset and a price tag is imposed on them...that would simply not be right, he said.

Heike Mueller got closer to him, body to body, and laughed at him: "My little boy, you really deserve punishment for what you have just said...you little nutty boy that you are. "She went through his light short hair checking every inch of his head. "You must come to me and I will teach you very well what happiness is. This head should not think too much as too much thinking and coming up with the truth, is not good for anyone. Sometimes in life it is better to accept the imperfection that we live in in this world of ours...the only world that we have and must take good care of. Thinking can make you only go crazy and mad. When you do not watch out, your enemies that do not think only act and are possible are stronger than you, will and can crash you. This world wants to see nice, nice portrait of itself and not heavy food for thoughts on the table. I know what I am talking about, as I punish each day many rich people that come to me so that I can release them from their stress in the...oh my God, so wonderful artificial world of accepted standards of how to behave, what to do and what not to do. If you would know what they tell me... ."

Guenther Erden tried to justify himself and said: "A footballer with a little education but a high income has no responsibility to carry on his shoulders, but a highly trained Heart Surgeon that holds the life of many people in his hands has, yet his income, even when you calculate it on a life-time basis for both of them, has a much, much smaller financial compensation for what he is doing. Can we as a society still accept this? I think not as in this and many other cases we get our value system totally wrong which leads us on a wrong path for the much needed new concept of humanity so that we can solve the mega, mega problems of today."

Heike Mueller took Guenther Erden's head to her big firm breasts opening her blouse a bit so he could smell her perfumed body that was sweating a bit: "This is all you need to know, have peace!"

He had read it over and over again, never had come to the conclusion that it would make any sense at all, in fact would harm a country in this core structure and chances, its true values and limits its progress. Yes, he knew, many people supported that idea and concept, for him it was an excuse used by many that wanted life the easy way, not fighting hard for the potentials life has to offer to each and every one regardless of any small beginning. All around him, the noise was loud and clear and when he had looked into the faces of the people shouting out loud most, he had come to understand the reason why they had thought the way they had thought and by their outcry had been able to convince most people in their societies.

Sitting in his Hotel room watching TV Guenther Erden had sapped into a late Night debate about the German tax system. In his right hand he was holding an open bottle of Chardonnay from the heartland

of France, well chilled, his left hand was dipped deep down into the glass bowl with coated peanuts. It was a Sunday evening, the week past had been quiet with not much thinking. His businesses went on well all over the world as he had put the main responsibility for their operation into the hands of Mawuena Trebarh, his trusted Director and sister from another mother as she always described their relationship. Both did not sue much words for he to understand his wishes and for him to know he could trust her blindfolded always.

“Strong shoulders can carry more than weak shoulders, therefore it is only fair and justified that rich people pay a higher tax percentage to our State Budget then people with a much smaller income so that we can all in solidarity enjoy the fruits of our labour,” answered the woman in red from a left wing party the question of their hosts.

“A progressive tax structure is not justified as there is nobody in the earth that was born with strong shoulders,” defended a man in grey suite his position, a self-made Millionaire with several hundred people employed. “When today some Millionaires asked for higher taxation for their income, I call them only hypocrites. There is nothing that can stop them from paying money to the state from their own income, support a general cause of a special one. But to ask for a general rule on taxation in this regard is not only foolish, in fact it is dangerous to our society and we lose out in the long run. I was very poor when I started my company and now I am rich. Other people inherited their wealth by their fathers and it were these fathers that once started small. There is no wealth in this world that cannot be traced back to a small and humble beginning. When I make profit of one Million Euros today, I will be taxed the same way like someone that had inherited his wealth, a son that might lay on the beach relaxing the whole year long allowing a paid management team to run his operation...certainly this is far from fair and just. On the other hand, we the once from a society, create job, Government does not create job out of its own strength as the money needed for it comes from us the tax payers anyway...so what are we talking about. We should not fool ourselves. Other wealth comes from being passive investors in the financial sector or to labour in companies. Why should I as someone that has made it from nobody to somebody have to pay more tax contribution percentage wise than someone that is simply here for eighty years, wants to have a good life of some sort and then passes on to eternity, someone come and gone with no signs of his life left behind like a busy aunt that has no name nor distinct personality.”

The woman in red got angry and into the offensive: “Not everyone has the chance like you to become somebody in his life. We all are different and some of us have to face the reality they are losers of life, while others are the gainers of this world. On this note it is very well fair and justified that the people with strong shoulders have to carry, and can carry, a bigger load of the financial contribution we all need to run this country.”

“What you are saying is very dangerous and wrong,” responded the man in grey decisively, “it sends out the message, especially in our socially supported system, that to live a kind of standard life to make it through from our start to our finish, is good enough for us and the society in which we live. Let the other people carry the burning coal out of the dust bin, let them burn their fingers and sweat their tears out in sleepless nights, wait, just wait, the day will come that we as society will open our hands and take by force what we, the majority, think is just for us. The creative power that is in a society, the absolute will to make it to become someone special and change the course of life in various ways, this power any

society needs that want to move forward and solve problems fast that are constantly occurring as life never stands still and expectations go up from level to level. A society that can truly be accepted and honoured by the Almighty is a society proving itself to be worth the attention to be pushed and pushed to greater heights. All members of a society are requested to participate in this continues journey. If they refuse to do so and fall back unto their potential shortcomings in life, going the less risky way, the way of small efforts and endurance, such people must clearly get the message that their behavior is unacceptable for a renewed modern society and feel the punishment for it by having to contribute the same share to the tax burden of a society like the once taking all their strength together and overcome hardship and obstacle to finally reach the other end of glory.”

“What you are saying and demanding,” the host commented, “is quite dangerous as the majority of people, let’s face reality, is not ready or prepared to embark on such a journey but will always say to themselves and others around them, that they are not talented enough like others to come up with ideas and innovations to make them rich or they lack contacts that could give them money to invest in their ideas that can potentially generate much profit.”

“That is what I hear again and again...and let me tell you the truth, it is nothing but a very comforting excuse not justify the unwillingness of people to work hard in their mind,” the men in grey suite responded angrily as he was very tired to hear the same old stories all over again. “When the mind is changed, and everyone can change his mind, no schooling is needed for that, inside him a kind of magnet forms itself, a polarized force that directs the person to be in an environment in which money is that is looking for ideas to invest in. Money is all around us in abundance and constantly needs a name. We as individuals have to give the money the name we want to call it, and when we call that money by our name, like we call a child not only child, but by the name we give the child, the money will run to us as long as in our heart and mind, we have the Anker, the magnet to attract it to us and keep with us. Money with no name, why should it come to us in the first place? That is why you see the top managers being rich only with no stone of remembrance ever left behind, no own ideas, no marketing rights by their own strength, but money plenty in their bank accounts, as these are sad life-stories based on a career plan directed to reach out for money and get it over time. No, that is not right, that is not what we are supposed to do, that is meaningless, and it is just there. What we all are called to do is to give money the name of our hearts desire and call it into our life so that we can take good care of it, educate it, make it strong, let the money have an impact in life of a special kind that is unique to any other money. When we all in our society do that, this society would be so rich, so full of vibration, so full of greatness, so energetic, so fulfilling, so successful...it would be a society truly to be called a great Nation...potentially a Nation of many Nations.”

The woman in red commented: “Your ideas are nothing but an explosion of words, nice to hear, great to think about...but let’s face reality and the truth about the people in this world...simply a dream that is unrealistic and as we having to carry responsibility and not free thinking on our shoulders, we have to draft tax laws that reflect the need and reality of our societies. That is why it is justified that we take percentagewise higher tax rates of rich people than poorer once. You should never forget, when someone has the inner drive, the absolute will, the conviction to achieve greatness in this world, he will not be stopped by time or obstacles; but one day, one day achieve his dreams by inner force and outer power to be rich and famous...so why should we as a society have any interest in changing our approach

and thinking, we must just wait by the sideline until these people among us come up and then cash in like a spider sitting quietly in its net until the time comes to strike and kill whatever he can find in the net laid out so beautiful? No way, that we will change that as we as politicians have to do what the masses think is right so we can always come to and stay in power...whether this is correct thinking or not...we are the face of the people.”

“The Niger Delta is polluted by oil spills caused by Shell and other companies, but also by our own people that have a right to participate of the wealth our country has. So, they drill holes into the pipelines and yes, it happens, oil flows all over the place here and destroys the environment, brings less income to Abuja but into our pockets as the President and his Ministers do not care for us but steal the money from the revenues. So, of course, it is justified what we do to take our own share by force,” Michael Okwoche justified himself towards the BBC World Service reporter having travelled all the way down from London to the black countryside that once was a rich side filled with wildlife, fish, bees, butterflies, birds, crocodiles and small animals for larger perpetrators to feed on. Shell had agreed to clean up the oil spills and compensate the locals with money to rebuild their habitat.

“Everything here looks so bad...so bad,” commented the BBC World Service reported with resignation.

“Sir look, what is happening in our brother country Ghana, the illegal mining, Galamsey they call it,” Michael Okwoche asked speaking directly into the camera before him as it was not his first time to be interviewed by international media. “Galamsey is destroying the waterbodies so that locals cannot use the water anymore, soil is destroyed for farming activities, Major Maxwell Adam Mahama got lynched by a mob when he tried to stop the activities behind which the Chinese woman Aisha Huang and others from her country are hiding their interest. In Zambia, see your own reports, the people demonstrate against the Chinese saying that they exploit the country and mistreat the local workers, not paying them correctly and mistreating them during working hours. See all the mess that is going on in our countries, only because we call ourselves developing countries.”

“The borrower is the salve to the lender,” the BBC World Service reporter said after the end of the interview at the waterfront in the middle of the oil spill.

Michael Okwoche invited the team from London into his village. They sat down under the market tree, a giant oak tree several generations old used to cement family rituals and curses. Hidden in a big root of the tree that had made it to the surface over time, the BBC team saw the scalp of a dead goat bundled around white bones from another unidentifiable animal. Blood of a chicken had been poured down to the ground knowing blood is the strongest force to stop witch craft or the power of God.

Guenther Erden was watching the unfolding scenery on his TV flat screen of his room in Hotel Atlantic with increasing interest leaving any thought of worries aside. He always had an interest to see the world around him and draw conclusions for his own life and the life of others. He was an angry man always in his heart, hated injustice, hates to see things that were not perfect, hated people wasting time with

useless talk for nothing, hated people that wanted to preserve the status quo while the world was moving on, was never able to forget a beautiful woman he had met while he was still young and working in Frankfurt am Main as a Conference Manager, a woman that always had said things need to be done in a certain order and manner as this would be the right way to do. His spirit had constantly rejected such ideas as the consequence would mean to preserve what is wrong, not effective and to avoid improving on possible and much needed change to move and more forward in life form better to better to best and even make the best better.

He closed his eyes as they got weary watching nonsense in this world day after day with only a small silver lining at the horizon. Guenther Erden took his handkerchief and wiped the tears away that found their way out of his soul. The moment he opened his eyes again, Michael Okwoche sat by his bed side offering him jollof with fish and two hardboiled eggs. The grey transparent silhouette looked at him with a smile on his face. The Nigerian, an Ibo, was a warm hearted man with great understanding of life's issue.

"We do not have modern technology to do oil drilling and gas exploration," Michael Okwoche explained. "This technology only you, the white people, have...so we depend on you."

"And the money for the investment," Guenther Erden added laughing.

"And the money, that is also correct. Without this two things, your money and your knowhow, we cannot make it in Africa, we depend on you too much," said Michael Okwoche finishing his fish alone. "Sure," he continued looking up into the face of the German again, "we are borrows, always go to World Bank and IMF, asking the USA government, the Chinese...your country Germany of course...for support and we get it as they know, when they do not support us with their money and technical assistance as well as social support and food items, we send our people in their numbers to them. But less dramatic speaking," he lowered his voice for neighbours not to hear, "they have to support us, and we know it, so we are very relaxed...very, very relaxed, that if they do not give us the needed support we ask for, there are many countries out there in this world that would always jump in and help as we have what they want as what we have they do not have. After all, Africa is such a big market, any country can come and dump their products unto us, be it cheap product or high quality that has its price...whatever the case might be, in sixty years to come Nigeria will be a population of more than eight hundred Million people, West Africa will be more than a Billion people...and the whole of Africa, do not think too loud about it you can get crazy over it...so, when it is clear that we cannot feed the population that we have right now out of our own strength and with our own wisdom, how much less we can feed such numbers of people that will surely come as we are macho men, like tradition and see children as our social protection as nothing of the kind in Europe that you have as pension scheme, social benefit or a good health system exist in Africa. So, we must produce more and more children even one more than calculated to secure us as one child might day along the way or move abroad and not be willing or able to support us back home here in Africa."

"So, the future of Africa is darkness?"

"For us on the ground it is simple a vast problem, while for outsiders it is a great opportunity to see many products and services which in their own countries generates wealth," Michael Okwoche

answered his German friend. "There is nobody in your white society that has a genuine interest in us down here, they all only want to take advantage of us, our resources and gigantic market to make strengthen their own economy. Once our oil, gas, gold, diamond, and bauxite and so on gets finished and we have only people left with a destroyed environment, guess what will happen?"

"Tell me!"

"We will be seen as a gigantic market place for products and services kept at a short or long leash that you people call aid and loan not to let us drown to death, but keep us above water to buy all these things you offer us and make us believe, we need them."

"Is there no way out?" asked Guenther Erden while walking over to the minibar wanting to offer his unexpected guest a bottle of beer.

Michael Okwoche opened the chilled bottle, put the last egg into his mouth and enjoyed the taste of it. After he had finished his beer, he whipped his red coloured mouth with his hand, put the clay bowl aside that his wife had used to prepare the meal and looked around the room. He said getting up from the bed: "There is always a solution in life...always. Sometimes, someone stubborn like us, must be pushed to the wall before he finds the wisdom and strength to bounce back and fight for his own right and position in life!"

"Will this make you stronger in the end?" Guenther Erden asked following his friend as he walked over to the balcony, opened the window, and looked down and over the lake Aussenalster taking a deep breath.

Looking down from the balcony, Michael Okwoche said in simple terms: "I see down there a man walking in his English tailor made coat...funny how he is trying to hide himself."

Guenther Erden was quick to get up, leave his comfort zone and stood side by side with his friend from Nigeria eagerly awaiting to see the man he had so many encounters with in the past: "Where is he?"

"Down there in the corners, that is where I have seen him right now," answered Michael Okwoche pointing to the place of his discovery.

As much as Guenther Erden tried to see the man he had been wanting to meet face to face, the figure was nowhere to be seen anymore.

"I guess, he is in a hurry to somewhere or something," said the Nigerian simply closing the window again taking back his seat on the bed while his host offered him another bottle of chilled beer and salty sticks made in Hanover.

A strange noise from somewhere surrounded them. Michael Okwoche looked beside him seeing a white woman with blond hair, slim, tall with long face life had tormented over and over again and asked her:

"Who are you?"

"What...me?" asked the grey transparent silhouette not looking up but concentrating to lay the cards on the little round table standing in front of her. A black crow sat opposite her to watch over every gesture the woman was performing.

"Yes, you...and what are you doing here, may I ask?" mentioned Michael Okwoche noticing by Guenther Erden's reactions he was very familiar with the woman that had appeared in the room all of a sudden.

"Do I not have the right over him?"

"Over who?"

"Over your friend, my younger brother!"

Michael Okwoche came to understand from one second to the other, it was the eldest sister of his friend that had forced herself into the room out from the darkness in which was hiding and hidden all the time they shared their ideas about God and the world and said: "What do you want?"

"I want to process my procession, that what is rightly mine," did Heidi Juergensen lay the cards unmoved; she turned one by one around to see the picture on them.

"What makes you think and believe, that you can take away from your brother what belongs to him?" did Michael embark on his mission to defend his German friend.

"I am the eldest child in the family, he comes after me...that is why!" was her simple explanation.

"Because you are the first born, you think you have a right to the inheritance of life, to everything life provides for your family members?"

"Yes, I have!"

"You are wicked," said Michael Okwoche categorically standing next to Heidi Juergensen observing every move she made.

She stopped forming the cards to her own will and power, looked into the face of the Nigerian and said with confidence strong like her bones: "I am not clever or intelligent, I can be called stupid and foolish as that is what I am. I am not interested to work much, not mentioning to change myself. I am not a woman that can humble herself before any man or any men of God, as God simply does not exist. I am a woman that does not know anything much about life's issue, only how to eat, where to get the money from to chop, talk the whole life only things I do not understand anything about and I am not used to go deep down in life to unveil and discover the truth about what we human being are or what we are supposed to do. All these heavy, heavy questions and thoughts are not for me. I have a birthright to enjoy life as life is short and when it is finished, fun is finished also. So why should I bother myself, create headache for myself all the time by thinking and thinking, I party instead, dance, drink, talk anyhow to anybody that came along my way...that is me. My mind is not strong, but as I have the birthright of being the first born child in my family, everyone that follows behind me has to bow down to me and give me my procession as a token and appreciation of my position in my family...you get it? It is very, very simple and straight forward."

"You want to tell this world, that only stupidity and laziness can rule the world and has a right to do that...a birthright?" Michael Okwoche wanted to push the black crow away but it was biting him into the pointing finger of his right hand that started to bleed drop after drop.

"You want to block my power?" Heidi Juergensen challenged him with a glance of her green eyes.

"I do anything possible to make this possible...yes," answered Michael Okwoche letting drop by drop of his blood flow to the ground.

"As a personality I know myself, I am a nobody, all I have is my birthright to be the first born and take my position in life. All others have to give me what their have worked for," defended Heidi Juergensen her position looking up from the cards and over to her brother that was sitting on the bed side watching the scene unfolding. "And he that is behind me has to stand behind me and not lead me. My will to be the number one in my family is all I have, so I must stand on that will that is the only thing that can give me pleasure and a bright future. I command by the power that is installed in me, this brother of mine, whatever he is able to achieve in life, when it is not for me to benefit from it will never be for him."

"Blood, speak against this woman and kill her...kill her in the name of Jesus," looked Michael Okwoche down to the floor on which a small pond of blood had formed itself. He got down on his knees and repeated: "In the name of Jesus, I command this blood to cleanse any veil works of the devil that is in this woman and set her brother free forever, to process the land and make the world a better place for all of us."

While Michael Okwoche was down on his knees praying over the blood, Heidi Juergensen slowly, bit by bit got dissolved and disappeared in the unknown. The black crow lifted up its wings, looked around, saw the open window of the balcony and flew away.

"Impressive...very...impressive," said Guenther Erden that knew such events from his time in Ghana but was always amazed about the spirit with which Africans can perform such rituals. He was feeling like a little baby in such moments to call on God and chase the devil away.

"Coming back to the main point," Guenther Erden reminded his friend of the interrupted discussion, "why is it, that some countries are developed and rich, others are underdeveloped and poor especially when considering the riches these developing countries were blessed with in the first place and developed countries do not have such privileges in their soil below their feet? In other words, the oil rigs and gas exploration technologies that you must import into Nigeria from the West, the country of the white man? Is it too hard for you to come up with such technologies yourself or even with better solutions? What limits you in being better as blacks compared to the whites?"

"Oh my friend...stop, stop, that is too much asked of!"

"Why?"

"Are you a dreamer that does not understand facts and reality but wants to form his own perception of this world and force his idea unto others and start a blame game?" did Michael Okwoche angry standing on the balcony to have a long view over lake Aussenalster. He was hearing thunderstorm coming and saw flash lights over the Port of Hamburg at the horizon appearing.

"No, my friend, it is not like that," tried Guenther Erden to cool him down, "I only want to understand what is going on, why things are the way they are, analyze them and when that is done, finding a suggestion to open up a better way forward...that's all."

"You mean, what you will say is better than what others have to say?" tried Michael Okwoche to push him into a corner.

"No, you do not understand me and my intentions, all I want is to use my capability to think, to use my specific insight into what is going on in this world and share my thoughts that possibly can make a positive impact and bring fellow humans and societies from a lower level unto a higher level. What I say is never the final truth, that one only God can provide. But I can make good use of my time on earth and prove myself as a useful person worth life haven given to...can't I?"

Michael Okwoche closed the balcony door behind him, came over to the bed side next to Guenther Erden and looked him deep into his eyes. Both were hearing rain pouring down from heaven heavily beating the waters of the lake to make a loud noise of destruction.

"You think one man can change the world and make it a better place, a dream so many had before and failed dramatically?" the Nigerian challenged the German.

"What is the alternative?"

"Mh...mh, very good question!" paused Michael Okwoche walking up and down the room searching for an answer. "I do not...know...simply have no conclusive answer to it."

"Ostrich tactic is not the solution, right?" Guenther Erden asked with a smile on his face stepping out of the room unto the balcony to breathe fresh air. "Every day is a new opportunity to find a new answer."

"And every day we wake up only to see this world is turning round and round and round..." looked Michael Okwoche angrily straight into the eyes of his German friend.

"Yes, yes, I know what you want to tell me, nothing new under the skies, the outside of our lives looks different, we no longer live in caves and walk upright, yet inside we have not really changed if at all...the same old story over and over again so that someone with senses can get depressed over it. But to ignore reality and compare it with our visions, would also be stupid."

"How many people have visions and how many the chance to make them and see them come true in their life-time...let's not fool ourselves but be realistic," Michael Okwoche stepped out unto the balcony taking a deep breathe, turned round on his feet to see his friend sitting with a glass of white wine sitting by the bed side. "Life is a repeat of family history...where is the real improvement?"

"I do not quite get your pessimism, its sounds like Schopenhauer in his darkest moments," commented Guenther Erden with a toast of his wine glass to his friend that had close the window to the balcony and stood in front of the TV flat screen.

"This world has always seen poverty and riches, poor countries and rich countries, people that starve to death and others that eat themselves to their grave, think of that!" Michael Okwoche laughed his head off like someone that deep in his heart feels desperation and an outcry for a world that is just, a world that is fair, a world that gives all of us the same position pool to finish well.

"It is a very good question and let us discuss it. Why do we today see developing countries in Africa, Asia and South America, while the developed countries of Europe, North America, Arabia, Russia, parts of

Asia and Australia are enjoying money in abundance,” mentioned Guenther Erden.

“Oh, let me hear,” asked Michael Okwoche in his typical provocative style by raising his voice like a woman expressing his disbelief that an answer that makes sense can ever be heard.

“Before the Portuguese discovered Africa in the fifteenth century, why did the Africans not come to the same idea and set sail to go out on search whether somewhere outside their territory other civilizations do exist of which they could have taken advantage of. Naturally in that case they would have come to the conclusion, other people might not want to be living under their command and their possessions taken away from them. In that case they certainly would have had to prepare themselves with advanced weapons and military tactics to defeat the enemy. This at a time when the white man did not know anything about the lands of the black man as in the olden days only the north of Africa was known to the Romans. They could also have come to the idea to set sail and discover the Americas before Columbus did or reach out to Australia and inhabit that continent before the British did. In those olden days there was no force that could have ever stopped a black man from coming up with such an idea and go on board of ships instead to look around their own kingdom nearby and take territory as much as possible. Remember, the human race was born in Africa, so Humanity and civilization is also coming from there. While in Egypt papyrus was invented and written communication ready for many to read was well advanced, in Europe, North America and the other developed world all these human advances in those days did not exist. Pottery, blacksmith and goldsmith had produced sophisticated products that we still enjoy in our days, yet the power had shifted from south to north; from Africa to Asia in modern times. Is it not crazy to realize that most natural resources that are needed for modern production are located in Africa, but the production has moved from Europe and USA to China and other Asian countries? Does it not make more sense to produce products at the natural source of the raw material? When the qualified work force is not available, make the people you find qualified...should that be a big problem?”

“Certainly not,” Michael Okwoche got more relaxed.

“The conditions when comparing Asia with black Africa in the days the international companies had made their decisions to start their pilgrimages to Asia during the second half of last century, created a perverse situation. The raw material is imported from Africa, production is in Asia and the finished products are sold back to Africa and the rest of the world...nonsense wherever all around us.”

“People are suffering too much.”

“And our planet, look how much the logistics of all this nonsense cost in environmental pollution and profit loss,” Guenther Erden stated.

“And the Chinese are so clever, they ask the Westerners to come to them, teach them for free their knowhow, copy their idea and appear as cheaper competitor back on the international market...not bad!”

“Yes, what should they not take the chances history is pushing into their hands and when the Westerners are too greedy for many products at a discount price, why should such a vast and hungry country as China not take the bull by the horn? The mistake is not from them, it is from the West as one thing is clear, it would have never happened to them in Sub-Saharan Africa as Blacks have no sense

to copy anything, they only think for the now and here, for themselves and their bank account. On that note Asians are a bit more dangerous. ... So, lets come back to the question, why did the dynamics of wealth shifted from the rich Africa to the poor Europe in the first place so that the Portuguese were able to come to Ghana, Angola, Mozambique and others to take control over some of them?"

"I think this is a question that can lead us to a potential solution for the problems we face still today in the middle of everything," agreed Michael Okwoche sitting beside his German friend.

"In Europe, Russia and Asia religion were formed and filled the world of spirits around us, influenced our way of thinking, working and dreaming. Religion are a concept, are a clear system and a system can be improved from level to level by deeper understanding of revelations hidden in the scriptures which takes generations to do. The constant fight to find the truth in these religion, see angles in times of need that were not seen before while in better times other angles come to the forefront of our thinking and dreams. Even this systems from various God's are in its core fixed when presented in written word, still it is the imperfection of the human mind that needs to struggle over and over again to improve on the status of revelation that can be found inside the words written. Humans are never perfect, so their life's answers can never reach the status of perfection. ... On the other hand what had found deep roots in the southern part of Africa, like some parts of Asia and South America, are witch craft, are the dominance of wizards and Mallams, of JuJu masters and their evil works. These are rituals passed on from one generation to the next without improvement, what needs to be done at what situation for which kind of person stays always the same. The rituals are a secret to the small inner circle involved and therefore have no great influence that can come from discussions and disputes as it is imbedded in religion. Religion are constantly under the scrutiny of change, of life expectations, of the ability in time to see a man with special gifts to appear out of nowhere and as a prophet speaks from God directly to give the life a new open door and path to walk on to reach higher status in life. Rituals of witches and wizards can never achieve such high levels, therefore countries and their people mainly engaged in such works and dominated by evil spirits, will find it hard to escape mental poverty that is the core of financial poverty. So, it is not an issue that one race is superior to any other, it is the mindset in which each race is located in with the clear and free choice to choose something different and better."

"But the good news is," opened Michael Okwoche his arms wide, "we can all embrace change by our own decision and will...right?"

"That is right!"

"In other words, when we overcome the evil that is dominating our spirit, we will...one day...one day," Michael Okwoche did not want to believe his thoughts, got up, walked around the room nervously, was unable to bring his emotions under control about what he saw before his very eyes and went on to say: "...one day we can become the ruler of this world again, the dominating force that will redefine humanity and with that the new world order...is that right?"

"This world needs a new world order, needs new values as we are at a crossroad to destroy ourselves and what we have and are, or come up with something new that takes us to a higher level. Right now we live in a world that is solving a problem from today to tomorrow, and tomorrow we start all over again. Everything is on a technical level, there is no framework that will give generations to come in

which they can find answers to more and more pressing questions. We are like drowning swimmers in an ocean filled with concept of how we should live, voices with no end that try to confuse us, that call unto us “come to me, come to me, I am the best you can get’, while people get beheaded, starve to death, are tired of too much of everything in abundance, find themselves trapped in the same family cycles or society curses. As this world is so full of noises, of ideas and information, we find it difficult to filter out the real answers that matter to us and move us forward. I strongly believe that it is now the time to find such answers that cannot be the work of an individual, but must be a concert of many voices in a discussion process that over time will find a new concept.”

“Do you know what you are saying?” asked Michael Okwoche ready to leave his friend alone and disappear in the Bed Side wall.

“Many will not understand what lays ahead of us,” Guenther Erden bowed down his head partly in resignation, partly in demonstrating his humble feelings.

“That is the point...not many people will understand what you say and for that matter will find it difficult to follow you,” Michael Okwoche was half in the Bed Side wall, his right body side left behind in the room only.

“What is the alternative?”

“You mean...chaos, confusion and destruction where happiness should prevail?” looked Michael Okwoche a last time unto his German friend.

“The bottom line of human life is happiness...that is our birthright...a right given to all of us...so we must fight for it or accept defeat and hardship that comes with it,” answered Guenther Erden seeing his Nigerian friend disappearing in the wall completely.

A gentle summer breeze in early autumn strived over the City Park in the north of Hamburg, place of pilgrimage for families to stretch their weary legs, singles on the hunt for a soulmate or a one night stand to release their inner energy otherwise wasted, for science enthusiast and old folks being widowed wanting to enjoy life’s destruction to see what life has to offer after letting loved once go. Birds in the trees were singing in good mood, blowing out their sound of joy innocently into the air for others to hear and get the message.

Guenther Erden has set his foot at the park’s entrance from Alte Woehr coming. To his left he heard the tennis balls plopping against tennis rags, seeing young ladies dressed in their sexy outfit and smiled. Behind the green bar wire his eyes went over the courts to see into the eyes of the opponents. Nobody mind him, all were concentrating on their next strike against their opponents to take away the victory. It was not a historic victory, a gain over the inability of having lost last time round, a fight for the moment, for the idea of being better than others, a fight for inner satisfaction and a good physical workout. At round plastic tables’ comrades had all time in the world to chat along and share the latest gossip while texting and checking their mobile phones. It was a busy scene with no productivity involved or

improvement of the mind; time passed by in a swipe meaningless.

To his right his eyes followed the way to a round garden with high decoratively cut bushes covering the inside planted with roses of many colours and light grey benches of strong stones to rest on and meditate about life matters. No birds were to be heard in that garden, complete tranquility embraced the weary visitor hungry to understand what was going on in this world and why things happen to someone they do.

“The mystery of life,” Guenther Erden said loud before him noticed by a young couple passing by arm in arm, most possibly their first love. They looked at him as if he would be a mad man lost in the Park knowing some homeless people sleep on the Park benches during the night even he was dressed well. He knew of a homeless man, very well known among the people around the area. He was very friendly, was helping the elderly and single mothers to carry their shopping back home from Alte Woehr train station, involved them in small talks to make them feel better and overcome days hardship to bring out a smile on their faces. It had taken him many years to understand, every one of us has problems, regardless of financial status, fame or intellect and only a happy feeling can give someone an eagle perspective to see problems as jobs that need to be addressed, not as a guillotine to chop someone’s head and destiny off. Over years he had followed the marketing campaign of a famous, vibrant chocolate producer asking all people to respect themselves and see that chocolate is the only food item promoting health and happiness. He was always overwhelmed when people he had helped carrying their food stuff had come back to him the next day and given him this, his favourite treat that he thought should be a daily routine to take like his daily bread. Bakeries around gave him for free leftovers from the days before but still fresh for him.

“The mystery of life will never be unveiled to humans,” did he conclude and walked away towards the little artificial lake to his right further down the main path that was leading into the center of the park. Waterbirds came up the slight slope of the lake bank begging visitors for food, old dried bread from family houses. The short bridge over the lake dividing it in two was a good standpoint to have the whole wildlife around the pond in one overview. High grass was the hiding place for the new born birds carefully observed by their mothers ready to chase any intruders away. Some dogs, even having to walk them on a leash, were set free from their owners and run down to water drinking and confronting the birds about who was supposed to be in charge and dominate the place. Dog owners tried hard to call their dogs back and avoid bloody noses with angry swans and wild grey Canadian geese’s that can even scare humans and make them back off from their territory.

Behind the small blockhouse that the city council had built at the pond to keep garden tools for their workers, he saw notices of love carved into trees with love hearts and words to swear everlasting love and affection. His right hand touched over the words that trees had felt into their flesh and grown with over the years from size to size. He looked into his heart, it stopped for a moment. He took a deep breath to make it function again. His eyes looked around while holding onto a tree feeling underneath his palm the words of a young woman confessing his love to a man. The energy of her love passed through his hand into his arm and ended its way into his heart. Even he did not know that woman face to face, had never heard anything about her love story the way it had gone on, still he felt connected to

her through a touch of her words. Words spoken, he had learnt during his walk with his Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi, can follow a person over years and years regardless whether the contact to that speaker would still be alive or around someone. Words have power in itself when spoken in truth and honesty, but also words to harm others spoken by witches and wizards. People in the developed world mostly do not understand the matters of the spiritual word and world taken to the world of Harry Potter and darker movies to fire their imagination of a world in black around us. Occultism had become a widespread phenomenon among young people that try to find their way in society and life as a whole, while Pastors in Churches understand and quote words from the bible leaving aside the real importance of the Holy Scriptures, the revelation. Their intellect does not allow them to see into the future of the congregation, predict their ways and advise them what they should do to reach their assignment. The power of blood is not understood by them, a mere tradition on Eastern to demonstrate shockingly to the church members. Their weak spiritual powers limit them to heal people or divert their destined path from bad to good, see the evilness of family members and strengthen the congregation with the word of God to be the head and not the tail of their families that more often than not would never allow them to succeed in life.

Guenther Erden's heart got lifted up and silently he said with his eyes looking up to heaven: "Life is love and love is you and...we must all cherish and protect it. We must fight for our inheritance against the evil. Love is in us and the power of love all around, when we open our hearts to let love shine in our soul, spirit and body we are strengthened and protected for life...Amen."

On a small patch of grass under bushes across from where he was standing, Guenther Erden discovered a small golden light between the roots in the light brown soil. He went closer, bent down and picked it up. The chocolate egg he was holding in his hands was a forgotten egg from Kindergarten nearby that each year used this place to hide Easter eggs for the children. It was in good tradition that the teachers would encourage their children to boil eggs hard, put them into colours each in separate bowls, bring them out ten minutes later, brush them with butter to bring out the shine of the colours, collect them from the children and on the morning of Easter Holidays go secretly to this patch, hide them for the children to seek some minutes later. Children that find chocolate eggs later back in the Kindergarten would get a small extra surprise for Eastern.

"The one that has much, much will be given!" commented Guenther Erden reminding himself of the bible quotation, unfolding the golden paper of egg, looking carefully at it, smiled, opened his mouth that got watery already and enjoyed the sweet taste of the chocolate egg left behind, not be found. "When someone keeps his eyes wide open and sharp, observes what is around him, he can find a small or bigger treasure and when he is not felling ashamed to bend down and pick it up...look here, happiness comes into someone...for free!" He felt the smooth taste of the chocolate melting down his throat. "It is there for all of us."

Guenther Erden turned away and cross the main path that went through the entire park from south to north leaving the impressive skyline of the City Nord behind him, the place that had been once his children's playground but overtaken by the decision of former Hamburg Major Herbert Weichmann, a decision he had never forgiven him as in the old ruins of broken houses and the wild nature around them, playing hide and sick with his sisters and friends had been a daily treat in their otherwise daily

grey routine of waking up, schooling, Kindergarten, homework, evening meals and the short stories his mother used to read in the evenings at his bed side to make her children fall asleep. To take away this happiness for children from the neighbourhood and hand their playground over to Oil companies, local Lottery, Construction companies to build their headquarters in modern style on the old morbid ground, had simply not been fair to him and the others.

He directed his path over to oval shaped swimming pool with the statue of an impressive polar bear at the entrance of the vast playground area that stretched up to the horizon and saw little children guided by their parents dipping their feet into the shallow light blue fresh water that had a small fountain in its middle while older children on their own tried to find out the power behind the water splashing from the fountain down unto the water around. They laughed and cried for joy. Mothers, mostly without their husbands, stood aside or sitting on benches to watch over their children sharing with one eye the latest recipes of tips what best to do with their offspring to bring them under control. In the sand around the water pool, children played with metal and wooden structures formed as elephants or giraffes.

It was his normal habit when coming to this place in the park, to buy ice-cream from the small wooden kiosk that was located besides the restaurant that offered a wide range of meals and cakes. He had entered the restaurant only once for a cake and coffee. He had preferred the warm Bockwurst with mustard and a slice of toast from the kiosk that was busy always selling their food with long queues of children in their bathing suits and nervous mothers waiting for their turn. In winter times when snow was high and temperatures down, this was the place to practice skiing down from the little slopes behind that would be prepared each weekend for families to enjoy the cold air and children building snowman at the sidewalks. Then the kiosk would offer everything that keeps someone warm like Bockwurst and hot spicy alcoholic drinks.

He walked along the slope and entered the lawn that was stretching all the way from the lower end where the great lake was located up to the top where the impressive Planetarium had its place open to everyone to see the stars and planets in the auditorium projecting images unto the high dome that formed the top of the red stone building, a building like a gigantic single tower with water at its foundation.

While the upper part of the lawn was mainly used by young, energetic sportsmen for Volleyball and Handball, the lower part was reserved for families coming with their children and unfolding their picnic utilities, their brown baskets, drinks, blankets to sit on and toys for the children to play with. Over the years Turks and other migrants from warm countries had discovered the place as a good opportunities to come together in large families for which their homes were too small and scattered. They had brought their tradition of grilling, eating, singing, dancing, loud talk and shouting with them. The Germans had started to find their way to the side of the lawn, places to hear the birds and their own inner voice instead of stories from far away countries and the problems they had to face with German authorities to get their social benefits and other legal rights, their treatment from their bosses at the work place or their problems to find adequate accommodation.

Guenther Erden decided to put his blanket down on a spot where he could only see the foreigners enjoying themselves from far, quiet and without smoke and rubbish produced around him. He laid down

his head, looked into the blue sky with no cloud hearing in the background teenagers splashing with loud joy into the nearby swimming pool across the lake in which Alster Schiffe, small white boats going up and down the river Alster, turned around to head back to their starting point at Alster Pavilion along Jungfernstieg.

His eyes closed, he was dreaming of his late Alberta, the day they had met at the airport in Accra. While her father was visible at the plastic line separating arriving guest from their waiting friends and families, his nervous mind had unsuccessfully looked for her. His father-in-law, Joseph Mensah, had taken him to the area of the kiosk and had presented her to him. In the darkness of the sport he had not been able to see her face, but had hugged her and had thought by himself, that is a real woman, a body well to touch and feel something in his arms. From that moment on, they never had separated. His divorced wife Emma on the other side had never been able to kiss him without him having to bend down and stretch his back.

"Sorry, do I disturb you and take your mind of anything important?" was he hearing a female voice from far. The woman repeated herself as he was not answering. He thought someone was talking to him in his dream.

Guenther Erden opened his eyes. He was looking against the sun hard for him the woman before him to identify. The woman got down on her knees.

"Oh, it is you!"

"Yes, it is me, what a surprise to see you here. If you do not mind, I put my things here next to you."

"Oh, not at all," offered Guenther Erden her a place by his side. He was happy to see Heike Mueller again dressed like any decent woman that could be a mother, a waitress, a singer, a teacher or politician. No sign of her job surrounded her personality.

"No punishment today?" he started joking.

"Not always I do what I need to do...I also need to rest a bit from time to time," she laughed and pushed him gentle into his left side just over his hips.

Guenther Erden lifted himself up and sat upright looking around seeing on the small path leading to the School of blind children a group of young men with one woman in their midst drinking and smoking weed. They joked and plaid music from the music blaster they had brought with them. They did not mind old people, nor little children and kicked dogs away that tried to sniff at their back dirty clothings. He remembered the style of people that once had occupied some buildings in Hafen Strasse und in the Schanzen Quarter, people with the ambition to be different and force their way of life with protests on others calling normal people stiff and arrogant, out of touch with time and life at the now.

"They seem to benefit from Hartz four, bringing their money to the nearest discounter and buy beer, snaps and cheap wine as much as they can when not paying for their joint that certainly does not come for cheap," Guenther Erden said with a sound of disgust and disappointment in his voice. "And I must pay for them."

"Why?"

"Do you think they work and pay taxes?"

“Work, these people? And pay taxes,” Heike Mueller laughed loud out. “Who is going to employ them with their life attitude and looks. Are you kidding me?”

“So, you agree...life is about choice.”

“Life is about choice,” she said loud with her hands at her head. “You mean, I can make a better life for myself, when I chose right?”

“Of course,” did Guenther Erden not understand she was about to play a joke on him.

“So, life is not what it seems, but what we make out of it...right,” circled she around him like in a dance of Native Americans. She felt like a little girl teasing her brother that she had not seen for ages as he had not approved of her decision to work in Herbertstrasse as Domina and separate himself from her. He had gone a very conservative way and had become a Lawyer with a well sought after partnership.

“What I hate so much in life is that the concept other people have like those once over there, they force unto others and expect them to pay the bill...that is simply unacceptable in my eyes,” said Guenther Erden can turned his back to them looking up and down the Planetarium that was about to close. The air got cooler, more and more people had started packing their belongings to return back home.

“So, you know these people!” did Heike Mueller not stop her game on him. She laughed and laughed pulling his short hair while dancing around him.

“With my first wife I depended on Hartz four, money from the government. We started off getting one hundred percent of state transfer money and moved slowly into the more fortunate situation to get money added to our income until we managed to set ourselves completely free from any government support,” he started to explain and paused. His eyes went over to two dogs that had sex and could not get away from each other before being beaten up by one of the young people drinking beer and snaps.

“Tell me more...details....details...that sound exciting!” she forced him to continue and concentrate on her, not the dogs that had faced a serious problem.

“Ok, my ex-wife and I opened a company. While she worked in the House Service of a Hotel at Central Train station of Hamburg that was made it possible for us to pay the costs for a Limited company, I had the responsibility to work out the concept of the company and manage it. From previous activities I had debts that we paid off from the social support, paid rent, cloths and food, besides a monthly train ticket for my divorced wife as well as paid the school fees and medication for her mother back in Kenya. When I was waiting in Poppenhusener Strasse for the extension of our social support, many people passed me and I was hearing interesting stories. I met people that were single mothers with no idea how to escape their situation, drunken people that were hopeless, young people not having finished their school education, young people that had problems at home and had to rent their own place and many more. I was like an outsider, one with University degree and company concepts, and some one that had a clear idea how to escape poverty. I even had documentations with me of a company in USA selling its stocks and starting a Franchise system opening German Provisions shops under the logo of the German Michael, our national figure so underestimated as never understood nor studied well.” He folded the blanket and felt the cold on his skin making him feel uncomfortable.

“Anyhow,” did he continue helping Heike Mueller to close the zipper of her short dress, “we had the plan to sell used medical equipment to African countries and tried also medication. While Emma went to work in the morning cleaning hotel rooms, I would get up and walk nearly an hour from Winterhude to Central Train Station to sit for an hour at Hanseplatz in an Internet Café trying to find customers. We did not have money for a bus ticket for me. It was raining and snowing, I did not mind but walked every day the same way forward and back. I never felt the hardship of this work as I was very convinced, one day, one day our fortune would turn and we would make good money. So, time passed and no success. After one year, just before we had to close down the company again due to lack of money, a friend of my ex-wife showed up. She asked for help to find suppliers for used clothings which she wanted to sell in Accra and Nairobi. She was a Kenyan that lived with a Dutch man in Accra off Spintex Road. She established a contact but she never came back to us on this issue. Having waited for three months, I asked Emma what should stop us from engaging in this business. She agreed and a TV report opened the way to an old supplier in Hamburg-Wandsbek through him I had learnt the tricks of the trade. Step by step we pulled ourselves out of the misery and made so much money that social support was no longer needed and we were able to move from Winterhude to Suelldorf renting an apartment in which we used one room as an office. The company never made profit but survived and made us our own masters. Somehow actually we became quite famous and people, supplier and buyers, trusted us. Today of course I know that the evil spirit of my sister Heidi Juergensen was preventing us from our breakthrough and give us a good income as we had worked towards.”

“Family...oh, family is a big problem in this world,” declared Heike Mueller taking Guenther Erden under her wings. Together they walked along the lake towards the rose garden admiring the colours of the setting sun setting down ready to give way for the moon to take over.

“So, as much as this was hurting me and I was never understanding why me...why all these was happening to a men like me with my intellectual capacity, my ideas, my drive, my interest in things to change, my hard work. I was like a hamster in a wheel turning round and round seeing others less qualified, less hard working making money and enjoying easy life. No, I said always to myself that is not fair and was angry with God. My prayers, I am pretty sure, he was hearing and not happy about it. I was angry...so angry about him. Then the whole story began with Emma to cheat on me, lies with no end and a baby that was not my biological son and all the crab...you know what I mean?”

“We women more often than not are meaner to you boys than you think you are against us...trust me, I know what I am talking about and it is not only that the girls in Hitler’s concentration camps were more brutal and sarcastic towards the prisoners,” Heike Mueller reminded him of the past. “We have this double face giving birth and feeling pain of delivery, while we know how to inflict pain in many other ways on the people around us. Why it that witches is are many and all of them are women, but men involved in JuJu are fears but in numbers less? What a woman can do to a man, a man cannot do to her.”

“Is Emma here...listening?” he asked smiling.

“You mean, you suspect your ex-wife to spy on us?” was she confused and looked around them.

Guenther Erden was laughing out loud: "No, no, not like that, the feminist Magazin Emma of Alice Schwarzer is that I am talking about."

Heike Mueller pinched him into his right side: "You want to make a fool out of me...is it fair?"

Both hugged each other like very old friends.

"So, the hardship my sister Heidi Juergensen and my ex-wife Emma Jaoko had put me through, in the end they pushed me to greatness and by their evil works I became the rich man that I am today with a good name on top of it all knowing one day, one day I will leave something behind generations later will still benefit from and enjoy," he said.

"You are a...hero?" Heike Mueller asked. "A real...hero?"

"I am a man that lives his life to the fullest as on my death bed, one day..." got he interrupted.

"...one day, one day...you never change!" said Heike Mueller jumping up and down like a girl in love with her first love.

"Why should I, I mean on my death bed looking back I want to proclaim loudly that I have done everything in my power not to miss anything, especially my assignment given, not being fearful nor lazy, always pressing on and listening to the voice and words from God."

"What powerful words you are using...powerful, I can feel the power in them...yeah, there is power in your words."

"Hallelujah," ended Guenther Erden their conversation with the right word.

Guenther Erden sat in the Lobby of Hotel Atlantic with his afternoon tea overlooking the reception and watching people passing by. Some might have thought businessman are always in a hurry to get to their destination, here the moment they entered another world opened up for them and any running heart calmed down to peaceful heartbeat to take in the quietness of the Hotel and its staff always smiling and ready to serve. During the past three weeks he had been staying in his room 213, many of the waitresses had become familiar with him, not as friends, but exchanging a few private words about family and children. The cucumber sandwiches the Chef had prepared for him were this day exceptional juicy and spiced with the right amount of sea salt, his preferred choice. Around the spinning entrance door made with wooden frame a group of well-dressed people were standing waiting for their boss to arrive and start the international conference. Dieter Neunkirchen, a tall, slim man with a remarkable corny nose had the whole Lobby in front of him in clear sight and overview. As a concierge, he knew that being alert at all times was vital to fulfill his duties and be ready at any time to assist their guest arriving and leaving. Neunkirchen saw Guenther Erden sitting quietly in the corner before the bar and smiled at him with the impression of a caring father, or grandfather more precious as he had longtime ago already reached his pension age but was unable to stay at home to enjoy the nothing every day. For him it was

unimaginable to think like his old classmates when on pension, life will be better, freedom would be waiting for them. They would get up in the morning and then what? For three months of four after pension date much can be done that could not have been done years before, but once that time had passed boring daily routine would set in with constantly the same question, what to do the next day and what sense life would have, just waiting for the end to come? No, for him, the one that had always worked his whole life from age sixteen, would need to be taken out by force from his work place. Many of his classmates died shortly after pension date because wasting time does not make much sense for anyone, in that case it would be better to leave this place and give way to other energetic people that think they have not yet fulfilled their assignment.

Guenther Erden looked at his smartphone and searched the internet. It was the anniversary date of the third of June disaster in Accra that happened way back in twenty fifteen. He saw headlines all over the internet and remembered the day only too well. It was a Wednesday, he had scheduled a meeting at his office at the Kwame Nkrumah Circle inside Bediako Brother Pharmacy with the Cousin of Jerry John Rawlings, former President, someone that goes by the name of Stephen Amegee and his nephew, the fraudster Godwin Dey from Godey Chemical and Machinery Limited in Asylum Down of Accra Central, to discuss the matter of the funds stolen by UT-Bank. He old man had been their lawyer for some time and wanted to get the needed documents to face the Bank and retrieve back the money.

“He went to the bank days later, said the money will soon be in our hands but in the end disappeared having been bribed by them,” said Guenther Erden loud to himself. He laughed loud out knowing Africans by now and their greediness of money.

The meeting had lasted one hour until one o'clock in the afternoon, after which both had said good-bye to each other and had gone their separate ways. Debrah Bediako, one of his partners that had set up the office comfortably for the meeting had waved them with wishes for a pleasant day.

During early morning hour of the following day, his partner Mensa Bediako had given him the shocking news that during the night his older brother, father of three small children, had died in the flooding around the GOIL Petrol Station, one of over one hundred fifty victims of the stormy rainy night during which many properties were lost. President John Dramani Mahama and Major of Accra, Doctor Alfred Oke Vanderpuye had rushed to the scene and expressed their sorrow offering help for all victims and their families. Knowing African politicians, Guenther Erden had come to understand, their words were empty most times to and the money purse of the state hopelessly empty to keep promises in the first place, so it had not come to him as a surprise that years later victims had to fight for their survival all alone with the assistance of family and friends. The reason for the disaster was the filth all over the city, the unauthorized structures and houses on waterways and in the national reserve, the Lagoon at Sakumono, a vast land to sock up rains during raining season. Years had passed, but nothing substantial had changed in the country, rubbish was destroying the land and health of people. Education campaigns tried to change the mind of the people to make them understand, throwing waste around and openly defecating, was a strong force to finish lives and properties.

Did anyone care beyond lip talk, Guenther Erden asked himself over and over again. His answer looking around Africa, Asia and South America was constantly the same. He had come to the conclusion, to educate people for more than sixty years on sanitation with no visible improvement but higher and

higher rubbish pits in the streets, is not helping to solve the problem. Developed countries in their numbers saw a great business in this sector and flew into the developing world. Even with their initiatives, little was achieved and if, today the project was shining in the landscape, tomorrow it was closed as maintenance for the projects in these countries was not on their mind. Governments in democratic settings tried to convince their citizen to behave well, but where force was needed to see the much needed change, they did not want it to do as they knew, when forcing the people that are voters after four years again too much, the opposition would win the power and have immediate access to divert national assets into their own private pockets.

“When I have two children, the girl listens to me not to touch the hot oven to protect herself, but the boy is stubborn and comes closer to the hot oven close to burn his hand and causing a problem for life for himself, am I not mandated to slap him before he touches the oven when I can realize he is not listening to words of mine?” asked Guenther Erden himself while enjoying the hot black tea with milk and a scone with marmalade home-made.

“Of course, you have to otherwise you are not a good person, a careless father,” smiled Heinz Fischer asking for permission to sit next to him. He had heard the silently spoken words of Guenther Erden that had not noticed him right away. “We all must be our caretaker,” he added ordering afternoon tea for himself. “Some people need punishment for development.”

Heinz Fischer was an elderly man with smooth and soft skin, blond with thick hair, round face that looked like a full balloon, small in stature, stomach showing over his belt, green eyes with a touch of blue, constantly dressed elegantly like a Gigolo on the hunt for beautiful ladies with high class. To enjoy with eyes the way they walk, the way the smile, the way the talk was most times all that he needed to feel good and have a happy day.

“To say it clear, in most cases, white people are not helpful, as they see the mess, stand in the misery but as they know they are guest in a foreign country of the developed world, feel they must be nice to the poor people and their leaders, not to speak out their real mind and demand real and lasting changes,” Heinz Fischer that had travelled during his active years as a manager in international business shared his life experiences, “they go back to their countries and there it is only where they speak out the truth and what they really think about the situation in the developed world. Then they get angry when the hungry man comes to their societies to destroy them. Instead of solving the problem where it occurs, the problem comes to them in their numbers, economic or civil war migrants...it is never ending.”

“You are right in one point,” Guenther Erden said to his neighbour sitting next to him smiling about an elegant elder lady passing by entering the bar.

“This world is beautiful when you see it from the surface ...and the right angle, as long as you do not dig deep, everything seems to be a wonderful world,” Heinz Fischer laughed trying to ensure his words could not be heard by others around. “Why to think too much...does it change anything?”

Guenther Erden protested by saying: “One point I agree with you, the problems this world is having. One point, my friend, I strongly oppose.”

“And that is?” Heinz Fischer pulled out a cigarillo but noticed the harsh look of Dieter Neunkirchen laying

on him having seen his move into his pocket. He put the cigarillos back into their package hiding it from any evil eyes.

"The point that it is never ending. It must end for one reason," Guenther Erden declared clearly finishing his beloved cucumber sandwiches. Judith Anderson, the new waitress from Jamaica, passed by. He took the opportunity, called her over and requested for another plate of five sandwiches. She promised to ensure, he would have them in shortest possible time.

"Which reason?" Heinz Fischer challenged him looking with open eyes at his new friend.

"It is possible and...needed!"

"Are you a dreamer, a visionary or simply...excuse me to say," turned Heinz Fischer to him begging for forgiveness of what he had to add, "someone that is out of his mind?"

"When you think what is today, is still tomorrow only in a different form yet not a solution to overcome a problem, instead of painted pink, now blue while underneath the old rotten structure still lives on...conservatism misunderstood, than you are someone out of your mind...let me tell you the truth," Guenther Erden thanked Judith Anderson for the plate with freshly made cucumber sandwiches and allowed the first to go down his throat smoothly giving him a pleasant feeling. "The fact that things do not work out right at this moment in time does not mean it will not happen or it is not possible. It only shows, more effort, more work is needed to overcome the obstacles that stand in our way to reach the Promised Land in the end...as nothing is possible a human mind can set his eyes and brain on when knowing God that can open doors in a blink of an eye."

"Oh, God...what a strong man are you talking about," provoked Heinz Fischer following the elegant lady as she walked out of the bar, crossed the lobby and left the hotel. It became obvious to her, she had come to the hotel for fishing rich men that can entertain her for money and was gently asked by the bartender to leave the premises again.

"When God had created this world and us to take dominion over it, is it not logical also that it is him to be responsible as ultima ration for our well-being?" asked Guenther Erden with a smile behind his ears.

"I do not believe in God...as otherwise, the old question comes up again, how on earth can such a spirit exist that allows all this nonsense we see around us day in and day out allow to happen. A question asked by generations with no answer given that can satisfy humans finally and settle their cases," referred Heinz Fischer to the time since mankind saw the light of the day and the darkness of the night, lived in caves and stepped on the moon.

"This question fills a long, big book by itself," answered Guenther Erden to cut his neighbour short.

"There is no book, long, big, thin...whatever, that will ever give us closure on this question. I am telling you the truth," said Heinz Fischer getting up ready to leave. "But rest assured, my friend, as long as we live on this earth, we eat, drink, enjoy ladies very well, we have the power to struggle for survival to hold our heads above water. And as long as we do not drown and go under, what to worry about?"

"A world of the fittest?"

"A world of the right mind!" responded Guenther Erden shaking the hand of his friend and wished him a safe way home.

"Yes, you are right, I stand behind you on this matter," declared Heinz Fischer that had come again the next day to Hotel Atlantic once again to order his afternoon tea while Guenther Erden had checked his eMails on his phone and had given instructions to his Directors around the world of what to do. "You sister Heidi is a wicked witch, how can she ask you to take your own life with your own hands? What for, is she God? She is an evil woman and you must kill her before she kills you and others around. How dare her to say stupid, evil things like that to you, an innocent man that had tried his best to establish his two tuition companies Studienkreis in Ratzeburg and Schwarzenbek. With great enthusiasm you had started both schools so many years back, she had entered with her evil spirit your business, had taken over your manager's mind in Schwarzenbek... ."

"Sylvia Scheffler," added Guenther Erden.

"Right, the woman from East Germany, Primary School Teacher, the one that had taken over your two schools in the end in a coup in collaboration with her sister," said Heinz Fischer following the walk of a black young lady with impressive big bottom. She was tall, in fact taller than him, had to move her legs from side to side as they were big rubbing at each other a condition by which her bottom was moving from side to side to make any man hot that had sense for the shape of a well formed woman with lust coming from below the waste to a man's brain and entering his eyes. His heart started beating faster and his hands started to sweat.

"But she had to close down the schools few years later," was Guenther Erden reminding him.

"It is never mend to be a success story, when someone takes away what is another person's future. Sooner or later it will crash as the conscious will always tell you, what you did was not right...so punishment will be your portion," pronounced Heinz Fischer seeing the African woman leaving the Lobby to step out taking a taxi. "Even when we die early because of that but are still rich, it is a punishment and our judgment day."

"Since when do you believe in the words of God?" asked Guenther Erden surprised.

"This is common sense, everyone knows or should know it when he is equipped well with senses and a sense to see far," responded Heinz Fischer finishing his last scone and asked Judith Anderson for another round of afternoon tea dishes for both of them. "So, you must kill your own sister...kill her before she kills you. Do not allow the evil to have victory over the righteous...that is not right. So, you must fight for your right here on earth and your sister is the strong woman in your family that had blocked all your success in life... ."

"Now, she is already dead as in court she had received her judgment. She is simply finished and will never again see well. She will die an untimely death and I will pride myself to have pushed her into the

grave...that evil witch,” said Guenther Erden and took another cucumber sandwich from the new plate served. “On the other hand, do never forget that, without her evilness and witch craft, I would not be on the throne I sit on today, she was it that had pushed me to greatness, riches and fame, while the opposite was her intention.”

“That is true, our enemies make us rich and strong, without their wickedness, their evil works, and we would not be pushed to the top in life...very true. So, you better honour for it and give her part of your money,” Heinz Fischer challenged his friend and laughed his soul out always making sure not to be heard by others.

“Do not go that far...she has done her part in my life and I alone enjoy my money with my wife, my children and other of my choice. I support financially and spiritually the once that had always stood beside me and gave me comfort in times of need even I know, friends are not for a life-time, should only be there for a season so that we can increase our life from level to level as friends only want you to reach where they think you should reach but not where God wants you to be,” Guenther Erden lectured with a smile on his face while wiping off some bread crumbs around his mouth with the pink napkin.

“Let us talk about what you said earlier,” tried Heinz Fischer to distract his friend from personal issues, “the fair trade chocolate issue.”

Guenther Erden turned to him looking him straight into the eyes as he had touched anger in his soul and described: “Cocoa prices go down as the buyers are more powerful than farmers. So organizations have sprung out of nowhere claiming to pay more money for the beans. What does it mean? As the production is in the developed world where no cocoa beans are grown and the profit is not in growing cocoa beans but in trading and processing to chocolate products, the profit goes into the hands of the white people in the developed world to make them rich. In business there is nothing called fair prices as how do you want to determine what a fair price is? It is not possible as each seller and buyer as a different perception of what fair is. As one thousand people and you get one thousand different answers. So, the idea as such is without real sense and can never be established, it is simply a marketing trick to ensure the consumer in the developed world has a good feeling as he does not understand anything what goes around in the background of this business but allows himself to get blinded. The future of the companies marketing such chocolates is bright, while the future of the people in the cocoa producing countries is blink and dark. As the chocolate bars are produced in Europe, America and other countries when the bars reach Africa or Latin America, the whole process involved, logistic, custom duties, high salaries of workers in the West, the price is three or four times higher than in the countries of production. That means even the farmer that possibly, I stress that...possibly has received a higher price for his products, the end product is unaffordable for him. Why is it that in Europe people eat each year around six or eight kilos of chocolate, in China 100 grams and in Ghana only five hundred grams. Do Africans not like chocolate, a product that runs through their veins? No, it is not like that, it is the price they cannot afford. This business is nothing but a big bluff and exploitation of Africans and Latin Americans and a deprivation of their own product, chocolate for generations to come. So, anyone buying and eating a so called fair trade chocolate should know the consequences as the premium they can pay in the end increases the end product sent to Africa! As long as the production and value chain is not in the hands of the cocoa producing countries, the situation will not change but get worse...trust me!”

"I did not know that...was never thinking about it!" Heinz Fischer excused himself.

"That is not your mistake, it is the fault of the once that want to stay in power and not move an inch but see the public pressure among consumers that make them creative to look into solutions to ensure they can benefit from it for long," said Guenther Erden.

Heinz Fischer pushed his friend into his right side so that he nearly dropped down his scone filled with heavy clotted cream. He had spotted another lady in Jill Sander dress walking on black and white high heels in conversation with Dieter Neunkirchen saying: "Man that is what I call life to the fullest! Life is amazing! "

"Oh, what are you doing here?"

"You can never get away from me," said Ibrahim Mahama waking Guenther Erden up at two o'clock in the night. He had slept deeply and felt a cold hand touching his forehead.

"And what are you also doing here?" saw Guenther Erden the businessman Alfred Woyome standing before the TV flat screen laughing in concert with the younger brother of former President John Dramani Mahama of Ghana.

"You can never get rid of us, corruption is in the system always as it is always on African mind!" declared Alfred Woyome smiling allowing himself to have a seat in the chair standing next to the door of the room. He had received a contract and payment on it from the former government even knowing the payment had needed the parliamentary approval. His company had never executed the contract, so the court had asked him to pay back the unlawfully received money. With big stories, he had tried to defend his strategy and achieved that no one of the officials that had given him the money were standing trial and any criminal allegations were dropped against him. "When you have people in power and know their dirty tricks...oh my God, how easy is it to get away with such enjoying problems. You in the West are too stupid."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Guenther Erden sleepy angry about his nightly visitors that should have better not appeared before him.

"We steal money as much as we can as we know, you white people pay for the sectors we cannot financially cover ourselves, such as hospitals, schools, kindergartens and waterholes. It is not...it is really not, believe me and trust me," was Ibrahim Mahama angry shouting out with a deep strong voice only Guenther Erden was able to hear loudly, "that we could not provide for our own people...there is plenty money in the system...from our own activities, selling of oil and gold, cocoa and bauxite, black money to wash white...but, listen carefully, why on earth should we sit in our Mansions and calculate that all the mistakes we make, you white people will pick up and pay for...after all, let's be fair, you do not pay as the right and correct prices for our goods and resources, do you?"

"Because your ministers are corrupt in the first place and when they allow stupid people from our

societies to come and take your natural resources for small money with a good bribe, than it is your responsibility as politicians to bring an end to this foolishness and protect your own interest. There are always to tangle, while one is in the lead, that is supposed to be you with a clear and not with a corrupt mind, that needs to lead us with a mind to exploit your countries for small money and big profit...that is how things must work,” Guenther Erden got angry and emotional wanting to push the two men against the wall to make them disappear forever.

But they were coming back even stronger having no intentions to leave him alone and rest.

“In your country you have wonderful sophisticated laws against corruption and money laundering...so very, very wonderful with not even the slightest loophole to see,” lectured Alfred Woyome laughing while opening the minibar to have a closer look. “Oh, I can see, you like to silence your voices that disturb you at nights with a nice glass of champagne...how elegant and thoughtful.”

Ibrahim Mahama accepted the offer to a glass of sparkling wine made in Ruedesheim at the Rhein and did not refuse salty sticks by saying: “When you offer us in the developing world bribe to make business possible or take things from us for little money, your own governments want to send you to prison in your own country, yet what they want from you is business so your economies can grow and jobs are stable or created. Is that not a gigantic dilemma you in business are facing...isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is deadly,” confessed Guenther Erden.

“And look into the money laundering laws all across the globe. The source is from the developed world and the rest of the countries in the developing world are forced to implement them into their own law books to have loans from you...isn’t it?” asked Ibrahim Mahama like a ghost that wants to scare little children at Halloween.

“Yes, that is a problem,” get Guenther Erden up wanting to take away the bottle of champagne and push his unwanted guest away.

“We will never leave you, we are here to stay...and you better make your peace with us or...you will suffer untimely death caused by overstressing your resources too much...too much,” was Ibrahim Mahama holding the bottle far away from Guenther Erden that had tried to get behind him and take the bottle back to the minibar where it belonged to.

“Isn’t it the black money that pushes your societies to be great economies in the first place?” tried Alfred Woyome to provoke him taking salty sticks after salty sticks. “I am not right?”

“Your enemies, the witches and wizards in our family come by night, just after midnight they are there doing everything possible to confuse you and set the agenda for your downfall and your end,” was Guenther Erden hearing his Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi saying in his head with his strong and determined voice. “So, pray at nights against them...kill the ones that want to kill you and ignore the ones that only want to disturb our life.”

“Now, am I right?” asked Alfred Woyome supported by his friend Ibrahim Mahama knotting his head time and time again. “The clever laws you have to protect yourself from any evil and money to do harm to others, find always a way into the legal system as you can never keep money away from going round

and round. You can try...yes, you can always try...but let us be realistic, whether it is money from prostitution, boycotts imposed on nations, human trafficking, drug smuggling and everything you can imagine that had happened in the past, generations ago, all that money has found its way into the legal system, is used by banks, by private consumers, by corporates, is in tax payers money and used by Central Banks of all countries around the world. Sooner or later it always appears back from the black market into the white washed market and gives people joy and happiness. The source of evil...civil war, human rights violation, stolen assets, betrayed business partners, enslaved young children forced into harsh labour for them not to see good for long...let us not fool ourselves, it will always find its way in the real white and bright world of honest people with a clear conscious."

"What we need to do is to do our very best that we can to stop the evil that is in all these black money and not to downplay it or become an Ostrich with his head in the sand," argued Guenther Erden against any idea that money laundering laws are ineffective and useless.

Ibrahim Mahama laughed loud out for only them to hear: "The fight can never be won...the good people in the end are always the loser as the power of black money is greater than the ideas of the laws. When money speaks that powerful, blood is working and against blood, no force, no nation in this world can ever win the battle."

"But...but...but," laughed Alfred Woyome, got up out of the chair, walked over to the balcony and opened the window, "what if we just for a moment think wisely and out of the box, open the window wide and let fresh air come into our minds," did he open the window and stepped out unto the balcony overlooking the lake Alster. He took a few moments before he turned round his hands firm holding unto the balustrade with its cold metal going right through his grey transparent silhouette: "What if we all come to the common understanding when black money is used in a productive, in a good way I mean, something many people can positively benefit from so that the conditions can radically be improved based on which the black money appeared in the first place...what if...what if that could work and we all will be happy one day, one day...what about that?"

Guenther Erden went back to bed as it was freezing him. He pulled the white bed sheet over him up to his lips and looked around anxiously whispering: "Does he mean it serious or is he joking?"

"I mean it serious," was Alfred Woyome able to hear his thoughts. "I only say, what if we think not with a hammer to chop someone's head off, but look around us and address the problem from a different angle...it might work eventually over time...does it not?"

Sitting on his bed, Guenther Erden was feeling like hearing Johnny Depp in the movie 'Alice in Wonderland', high pitched voice, make-up on the face of the actor like new heavenly fallen snow in the Alps. "When the money is washed in the white real world for a good course, it generates profit that can be used for wrong things and the whole wheel is turning again...so not a really clever idea."

"And that is exactly the moment we can effectively do something, monitoring of the profit and not monitoring of the source of the problem...I guess...I just guess and ask...can't this work?" Alfred Woyome closed the window, stood before Guenther Erden, wished him a good sleep, and pushed Ibrahim

Mahama to the TV Wall and into the concrete to disappear for the night.

“What are you doing here?” asked Guenther Erden being surprised. “Who are you?” He stepped closer to the two old men sitting around a bonfire in the middle of the room shouting angrily: “Turn off the fire, are you mad?”

He walked closer to the burning wood with a three legged bowl standing over it out of which he was smelling baked beans. On sticks they had roasted marsh mallows pitch black. What seemed once to have been steaks medium grilled, laid by the side of the fire. Bottles of beer stood opened and emptied in line like a short arrow. One dark brownish bottle of whiskey crowned the arrow very impressively. As Guenther Erden came closer to the fire, he noticed no heat. He stretched out his right hand carefully to convince himself what his mind started to tell him, the fire was there visible for him but not real, an imagination, and a projection. Opening his eyes more and more, he saw the two men as grey transparent silhouettes only that were involved in a heated discussion. They looked at him for short than ignoring him with another round of beer.

“German Chancellor Angela Merkel gave one hundred Million Euros to Ghana’s President Akufo-Addo in June twenty seventeen. Big story and happiness in Africa, but for us as close observers of politics we all know, this was nothing but a sign of helplessness to solve an ongoing problem with inadequate ideas. Only because we think that this is the only way to be proactive and avoid a catastrophe even we know in the back of our mind the better solution....,” expressed Henry Kasserer his mind, the Washington Post journalist.

“...which is right, but political not correct,” responded Kevin McCaughey, his counterpart from The Times.

“It would be time for Africans to give and share...but which country of Africa would ever come to this conclusion to do it. When Doctor Kwame Nkrumah gave money to Guinea to ease their suffering, Ghanaians had heavily criticized him, I remember so well,” referred Henry Kasserer, opening another bottle of beer, to the past of world history.

“It is not in the African mind to share with others but to take from others more and more,” said Kevin McCaughey laughing while enjoying a marshmallow that once was pink, now black.

“Let us remind each other, it was a Jew, not a Muslim that had saved the Egyptians from starvation, I mean Joseph from the bible. God had known that it is not in the spirit of the African to ensure to plan and provide well for an obvious future that is around the corner instead living anyhow,” lectured Henry Kasserer looking around him seeing Guenther Erden changing himself for bed time.

“The reason why you people in Europe allow your governments and NGOs to support African countries is,” was Guenther Erden hearing his late wife Alberta speaking to him in his mind angrily and forcefully,

“is that most people in your society have never come down to Africa, have never lived here but believe the pictures they see on TV in Germany, England or France and hear the politicians to plea for help to the starving people of Africa. That is all they know. Of course, in the light of the past of white people in Africa and the unfortunate behavior in the present, the majority of your people must think it is the right thing to do for you to donate and donate money and food to Africa. They do not know nor understand, African mind does not work like that. It is not only our corrupt African politicians that will chop large shank of the money for themselves, also our mind will over time destroy any initiative that is supposed to improve our lives. No, it can never work like that...and I am very sure, very, very sure, the time will come one day, one day, that you people in the West will say enough is enough, eighty or more years financial support given to Africa and no improvement seen...that can and will never work. So, God will certainly make a way, he will come and send someone to clear up the mess here in Africa as we ourselves can never free our own mind by our own will...never. We need someone that takes us by force and by force correct our mind...only then and over time there we will see an improvement. Why should it be like that you white people come here, help with your tax payers money to hope that we can somehow make it and feed our people, while over the past sixty years or so the influx of economic migrants and victims of civil wars in Africa has not stopped but increased. It is more a matter of wisdom to better come down here again, manage our countries as good people so that you can in the end protect your own societies from us coming and by that come to destroy your societies. When you do not solve the problems where they occur, as the saying goes, the problem will come to you. So, we must all find a way how best the white people can come back and fix the problems that we have in our own countries. In the end, if we as people do not like what they do, we can send them back anyhow, that should not be a problem in the kind of world we live in today. Do not forget, there is no country or block of countries in this world that have the power and capacity to solve the pressing issues of Africa alone. Only as a world community we can do that. And someone must be the head of such a mission and mandate, so why not go for the best qualified that has already demonstrated in the past its capability over another one, in my eyes this is the white man that needs a bit of shake up in his attitude towards the African people, but than it should work very fine. Joseph also did a great job for the Egyptians and their Pharaoh, so there is no reason to believe this cannot be done again as we all sit in one boat after all, sitting on one planet in a small global village where what I do or not do, will effect so fast other people around me in a sweep.”

Guenther Erden in his night dress walked over to the minibar, took out two cans of light beer he had requested for the day before hours before he had decided to go on a tour to nearby Luebeck to enjoy the small sister city to Hamburg. Behind thick walls the medieval city had laid down in the afternoon sunshine impressively. He had gone to eat cake at Niederegger located around the market square that was built on top of a slight hill not far from the old hospital that was serving the city well several hundred years ago annexed to a home for old people, mainly widows that had lost their dear husbands on sea going missions to bring home fish that would be salted in the city as Herrings and Matjes with salt from Lueneburg Saline across the Hanse route, a political work and infrastructure of cities like Wismar, Stralsund, Bremen and others expanding an economic and social network all over most parts of Europe to develop peace and economic stability, to increase the wealth of their people.

“Look at it, after World War II the Germans not blessed with any kind of natural resources except coal

for their industry and heating or power production, took only fifteen years to raise up from zero to hero while being in the hands of the Allies all along and on the forefront to Communism, so the influence from outside powers on their decision making process was immense,” Henry Kassenger lectured his friend that he had known for endless times from international platforms and had shared with him beer and whiskey again and again. He offered him a Cuban Havana handmade and channeled to him in diplomatic bags from his Cuban Ambassador friends. “The British even had tried to brand mark them as evil people by imposing on them to use the trademark ‘Made in Germany’ on their products as a sign of origin to show to the world whoever buys such a product, buys it from former Nazi Germany. They were not aware that this trademark would turn their country into a success story and showcase highest quality that they can make and stand for.”

Kevin McCaughey lit his Havana cigar, took a long deep breath allowing the smoke to go down his throat to dust his lounges very well that were already pitch black with no serious effects on his health and said: “Helmut Schmidt also did not die early but smoked no matter what people thought about him...he was truly and independent great mind for the Germans and the world.”

“That German Chancellor was truly one of a kind, while later German Chancellors lost the momentum of greatness but were mere problem solver for the moment than visionaries for the future,” made Henry Kassenger clear to his friend, got up to take a portion of the warm beans on a slice of toast and added a fried egg to it. “A nation needs from time to time great visionaries and sometimes simple minded politicians...that is how this world is going. Every country lives in its season...we are the same as people...as we as people are the country in which we live or we think about, so that is how it is.”

“What always amazes me is that in less than a generation the Germans made it to the economic top in Europe with no money to draw from as regards to natural resources, only the Marshal Plan and some Care packages while Africa has received all these money for the past sixty years with no significant improvement. How long do we want this to go on, another sixty years to see people suffering and dying for...basically nothing, except wrong mind?” asked Kevin McCaughey with anger in his stomach. He got up, walked over to Guenther Erden that sat on his bed covered in his bed sheet having arrived back late from Luebeck as the train had a fault on the way. He was tired having had walked around the old city the whole day long, had eaten late on a ship that had been converted to a restaurant located in the middle of the river that run all along through the length of the city. From far a cold, salty breeze of fresh air had blown into his face as the waves of the Baltic Sea close by had gone over the banks. He had imagined while eating how in the very olden days trading across this waters had first scared the people to set sail unto the unknown before they had started to master their fears and had taken dominion over the waterway to Scandinavia and into Russia to see and to trade. His mind was not ready to argue with anyone of the two man that had forced their way into his room and disturbed his deserved rest.

Kevin McCaughey touched Guenther Erden but he did not feel anything heavy on his shoulder. The British journalist said: “And the Germans had to change their mind by force, from Nazi to Democrats in the shortest possible time, otherwise...no food...no food to survive, simple as that. So they understood, changed their mind from killing people in concentration camps to become the leader of the European Union and support poor countries around the world.”

Henry Kassenger joined his friend and touched Guenther Erden as well. Guenther Erden looked into

their eyes and saw through them the minibar besides the door opened. He stepped out, closed it and said: "How of the two of you did forget to close the door of the fridge?"

No answer, only to look at him with innocent smile. He lifted himself up again into the bed and covered his chest with the bedsheet. The two journalists sat down again around the camp fire that was about to go down. Kevin McCaughey added a chunk of small fire wood to make the fire sustain.

"When you consider that Ghana, let us take that as a good example, had five Million people at the Day of Independence and sixty years later around twenty seven Million, it gives you a multiplication factor of five point four. Take that and multiply it for the next sixty years into the future, you will calculate one hundred and forty five Million Ghanaians will open their mouth and want food in time to come. For Nigeria it means eight hundred and sixty four Million people to be there in a foreseeable future."

"Even certainly more," added Henry Kassenger his figures. "Modern medicine and improvement in the health sector will ensure that less babies die so they can produce also children and old people will live longer...that means more mouths that will cry for food and a good future. These people need many children as children are their social protection and income in their pension years, so the trend is clear."

"Today, these countries cannot feed their own population out of their own strength, how less when in future the national income from commodities will fall or stop completely as oil and gas, gold and bauxite will get finished once and for all mined for generations and extinct from African soil plus climate change that will endanger affordable food production...the future is dark," painted Kevin McCaughey a most likely picture of a devastating future of the African continent.

"As we are all Democracies in the West, our governments are only in power for a short time while these development is longtime, so we like to push a solution on the long bench of history and play them into the hands of subsequent governments only to play the blame game when they do not have a vision to solve this mess once and for all," said Henry Kassenger loud walked over to the balcony, opened the window to breath out his anger.

"Some even fear, when today they help Africa and like a miracle the African bounce back to glory to take control over humanity and the rule of this world again, they would be the stupid loser that would have created their own downfall in the first place. Is there any society and human being with sense and dignity that would want such a scenario ever to come unto them...I doubt it, my friend...I honestly doubt it."

"And that seems to me a major problem, an unsolved problem to leave unsolved is not the answer. It is always an issue of wisdom to accept the place history over long period of time has set you in and it is a very good position to be the second and not the first. So, when Europeans fear and think, they would be the loser and find themselves in second place in time to come, they should relax, as when you must lead, life is stressful but in the shadow of the leader you can relax, take things easy and do your own things with no headache...so on that note, it is far more pleasant situation and life than always having to go out and clear things up other naughty nations have inflicted on other nations...a police officer has not an easy job to do, I am telling you," spoke Henry Kassenger his mind.

"And when you have taken a few years in the shadow of the leader and improved yourself very well,

have come up with great solutions for humanity, you can bounce back and take the strength accumulated while in second place to benefit the world with it...what should be wrong with that?" asked Kevin McCaughey.

"Nothing...nothing except the human mind is not clever always but basically wicked," answered Henry Kassenger, closed the balcony window, draw the curtains, looked at Guenther Erden that tried to fall asleep with weary eyes, took a big spoon, lifted some baked beans from the three legged bowl to let be swallowed by his hungry mouth as talking too much always called him to eat and eat much and said: "This guy, Heinz, that had invented these baked beans, did you know he was a German?"

"Yes, I know. It is not all that comes from America we live off and enjoy today," Kevin McCaughey smiled knowing about the reaction of his friend that would have to follow his coming statement. "In fact, most of the inventions we enjoy today, are from Europe and Asia...not your country that is so proud of itself ignoring the past, the talents and ideas the European settlers once were bringing over on the Mayfair into North America. After killing the native Indians and taken their land, they killed the Buffalos to nearly extinction and said later, we must protect American values."

"I know...I know, the old story once again that you have written about in the past so often," was Henry Kassenger tired to hear his friend repeating himself. "American values are in fact European values. Democracy, Capitalism, Human Rights, Rule of Law and...and...and are from the settler's forefathers with us not having added any new values that were originally generated on American soil. Yes, it is true, we use a wrong trademark...so what, something wrong with that or should we not have the right to defend such wonderful values that benefit all of us around the world so very well?" rejected Henry Kassenger any attack on his politicians that the world were able to hear again and again speaking in the same manner into microphones when international conflicts needed harsh and decisive interventions. "What do you want us to do? I mean many of us never wanted to accept the role as world police man, but when World War I was destroying lives of Millions and there was no sign it would stop by itself, we were asked to step in and intervene, that is how it all started...not by our own will originally, believe me."

"The Russian revolution added to the fire that you wanted to take out for good," jumped Kevin McCaughey to his side, "I understand...I understand."

"Yes, that is how it was," knotted Henry Kassenger with might and convinced himself by a look over his shoulder that Guenther Erden had fallen asleep snoring along.

"Some people can sleep the sleep of the innocent and just," laughed the British journalist with Scottish roots.

"They seem to have trust that in the end nothing in this world can destroy the planet and mankind forever; sleeping until the storm is over to see better days to come," commented Henry Kassenger, took another big spoon full of baked beans and added another heap of wood to the small flame before them.

"Jesus was sleeping in the boat during the storm and his disciples were anxious...you remember the story in the bible?"

"Oh, sure," answered Kevin McCaughey.

"That story reminds me so well of the fact that first the mind of a human and nation must be changed before you can give them money when you expect a sustainable change and improvement to see in their lives," mentioned Henry Kassenger opening the window again to let fresh air come in.

"What do you mean?" was he hearing his friend from behind while overlooking the street below the balcony. The morning hour would soon arise as workers were on their way to catch the first trains to take them to their works places in factories south of Hamburg.

"Never give a bagger money and expect, his life will turn around. Remember what had happen to our sleeping friend over there, when he and his ex-wife had saved over six months money from their Hartz four government support and had given it to her mother back in Kenya to open a small kiosk so that she could over time stand on her own feet?" asked Henry Kassenger looking over to the Central Train station that started to breathe life again, lights all over and trains moving.

"You mean, what Philister Jaoko did?" asked

"Exactly, her," was the answer from Henry Kassenger with a smile behind his eyes.

"She distributed the money received among friends and family members as she had thought to pay them back for what good they had done in the past to her knowing that over time she always would be able to get new fresh money from her daughter in rich old Germany," laughed Kevin McCaughey out loud, a story never to forget.

"Exactly...instead of taking responsibility for once own life, she took the easy way out and put the solution for her problems on someone's shoulder," Henry Kassenger said. With a glance he looked at Guenther Erden and describe reality of human life: "Some will never understand nor do the right things, always expecting others to work for them and solve their problems...that is neither right nor fair, I know, but this is how life is after all."

"After the mind is changed, and that has nothing to do with money or education, only with the insight in understanding the change must be there in the mind, than to give money will bring out the right results and bare fruits all over. Even when you cut such a society down like a tree, the society will never be gone completely but always have the inbuilt capacity and wisdom to bounce back, over time, to another form of glory...possibly better than the one before," lectured Kevin McCaughey starting to put out the fire making sure, the last marsh mellow would end up in his mouth only.

"You are greedy...simply greedy!"

"Henry...," opposed Kevin McCaughey his friend from across the Atlantic, "I am not greedy, I just want to make sure it is not forgotten here, so that we cannot blame ourselves to have wasted something."

"You always have something to say, right?"

"But I am telling you the truth!"

"The truth is not the truth, but is your way of thinking about the truth is the truth as there so nothing like an absolute truth, it is all a perception!" declared Henry Kassenger to bring closure to their conversation, closed the window and helped his friend cleaning the place.

"Come on, it is late for us, lets us not argue about philosophical matters too much when you can see the sun at the horizon coming up and it is our time to leave this nice place with beans...so nice...and your company, so disturbing als usual!" was Kevin McCaughey pushing his friend to wrap up and finally leave.

"When you look around the world and history and you think that Democracy is the only best choice to rule a country, you are mistaken. The underlining factor of such a system, which I actually prefer, is that even politicians know what is best for a society at any given time, they will only embark on such a venture when they can be certain to win the next elections. Anything that could be a right decision but is very unpopular and will not go down well with the people in a society, will not see the light of the day, in other words, possible positive effects will be not seen nor felt by the people, that is a systematic error that must be clearly addressed and taken into consideration when arguing about the best way to govern a country."

"Oh my God...not you again...not you!" woke Guenther Erden up with a severe hang-over from the evening he had spent in Goldener Handschuh on Reeperbahn. "Cannot you leave me alone and piss off?"

His rude and harsh words fell on death ears. "You do not seriously want us to leave, do you?" asked Kevin McCaughey visibly annoyed of his host in bed starring angrily at both of them.

"Yes, I want both of you out of my life. So, please turn down your camp fire and leave me alone...simply alone, I beg of you," answered Guenther Erden pulling the bedsheet over his head.

"No way, my dear, we are used to speak out our mind at anytime and anywhere," made Henry Kassenger forcefully clear. He took a black marsh mellow once light yellow into his wide opened mouth with a straight look at the beans in the three legged pot before them to make sure, the heart of the fire would not burn the beans and make them stick to the black metal of the pot. "The problems of these world are endless and as long as they exist, thanks be to God, we have always a good income and much to say."

Guenther Erden got up, his face had turned red, and he put his arms into his hips and commanded both of them: "I swear to you, I will bring an end to this nonsense. We deserve better, we truly deserve a better and with a happy ending!"

"Are you a fairy teller? The good old granny sitting in cold winter nights with her pullover to be knitted by the fire of the chimney reading out from books to their small grandchildren and give them the good news of a life ever happy after?" asked Kevin McCaughey sarcastically making sure his host would not fall into the pot of warm beans. Not that he would care too much about an accident Guenther Erden would might have, but his concern was about the beans that would fall to the ground and wasted.

Guenther Erden gave in and slipped under the thick blue and brown decorated blanket he had never used before.

"When you look around Africa and other developing countries," Henry Kassenger started to think with a smile of victory around his mouth reflecting like a picture in a mirror on his sweating forehead, "in the Democracies the leaders were bringing down their countries very well close to the brink of collapse...or you see it in a different way, my friend?"

"Oh, let me remind you...my friend," emphasized Kevin McCaughey smiling and knotting," the Dictatorships in Africa were also not really the yellow joke in the egg, if I may say so. These bastards stole national assets and tortured innocent people, messed up the lives of many, too many actually."

"The Gambia, Nigeria, Libya, Tunisia, Liberia and others are obvious examples for such Dictators, while Jerry John Rawlings in Ghana was a man on the right path not greedy, not selfishness, a military man with his people at heart," Henry Kassenger proclaimed and welcomed a plate with warm beans, toast and two eggs on his knees served by his nightly companion.

"So, it were in fact Democracies that destroyed the lives of many in Africa," repeated Kevin McCaughey empathetically accepting the marsh mellow offered to him. "At the same time, Democracies in Europe and America were not able to push these brothers and sisters to greatness, instead extended their suffering period with a wrong perception of how best to assist these countries on their way forward...as they... ."

"Do not understand African mind, right?"

"Henry...you are so right as always!" played Kevin McCaughey back the ball into the other half of the game.

"Let us talk about more myths and issues this world has seen to the disadvantage of many people, shall we?" asked Henry Kassenger wiping of the tomato sauce from his mouth.

"The Nato Double treaty is a good example," started Kevin McCaughey to explain, "as much as I respect the late German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, he was wrong to say this treaty was needed to have parity in the nuclear weapons race and bring their numbers down over time to stabilize peace across Europe and the rest of the world. There was never a real threat for the peace in Europe, as the end of World War II had made obvious to all conflict partners in the time of cold war, World War III would not be able to be stopped but the destruction of many civilizations. No matter how much each side really had, what was there was already enough for that to achieve. What this treaty really was the successful attempt to bring down Communism as he and his French counterpart had known, only the West would be able to pay for the arms race subsequently bring the Warsaw Pact down on its knees and into history books once and for all."

"Politics is a game which only the smartest can win, the wisest will always lose," was Henry Kassenger convinced taking a smoked sausage with sweet mustard, unusual for him as a strong Dijon mustard was normally his preferred choice.

"The poor young ladies of Greenham Common in the rural area of England set in green landscape with deadly weapons to protest against, with their white tents each morning removed by heavy armed military officers only to have them erected back again by lunch time, day in and day out, how

enthusiastic they were and had believed with all their soul, spirit and heart when you really believe in your victory, you can win any battle...oh, these young ladies are now mothers and grandmothers that can show their children and grandchildren the silos in which today the arsenal of death still sleeps and waits for its time of operation...poor girls in old bodies!" said Kevin McCaughey that used to be a young reporter back in those days of peaceful demonstration filling the newspaper headlines around the world.

"Isn't it funny to see blacks in Africa as judges wearing this silly artificial hair like judged in England or soldiers parading in British uniforms sixty years after their Independence while it would be so easy to design their own clothes to march and make a mark for themselves on the international platform as the British Soldiers guarding Buckingham Palace in their small red guard houses identified around the world by everyone as being British. Cannot they design something significantly identifying their heritage yet being practical and impressive?" asked Henry Kassenger out of the blue.

"You and your ideas, people can get easily mad about it. You want everyone to be happy and make a name for himself in this world. Why on earth can't you the world order as it is...not perfect but lazy and convenient for the simple mind?" challenged Kevin McCaughey his older friend.

"To accept the world as it is with its madness means to preserve the wrong, embrace the imperfection and stop the time moving forward," was the reply.

"You and your... ."

"Madness...I know, I know, someone thinks outside the box, the others call him a mad man...nothing new in good old England," laughed Henry Kassenger out loud.

"Something new in the new world?" challenged Kevin McCaughey his friend that put a stick with white and yellow march mellows into the fire.

"No, not really...everything seems basically to go the old style," answered Henry Kassenger with the tone of resignation.

"You are saying you still believe that the Cuba Crisis was nearly having started World War III, isn't it?" asked Kevin McCaughey putting out the fire as it was soon time to leave their host alone.

"Of course...it was a few minutes before the end of the civilized world," the American journalist stressed out.

"Never...never in this world, I am telling you the truth. Yes, the stack was high and a game with fire," explained Kevin McCaughey with slow voice, "but in the end, the bottom line was, that all involved, politicians and people alike that once one side would have triggered the button of nuclear destruction, no means would be able to stop the world of going done. On that simple not, it would have never happened and the danger therefore was very, very much limited. But it was a good crisis for the political standing of both Presidents involved and contributed to their legacy and power ignoring the costs they had inflicted on their citizens."

Henry Kassenger made his point clear: "With this perspective, my friend, you are in the desert of convictions...very lonely all around."

"I do not care what others say or think, as numbers to support a cause does not necessarily justify the cause or make it right."

"That is true. Nevertheless, many people will strongly oppose you," clarified Henry Kassenger wrapping up their picnic in front of the TV Wall and bedside of their host.

"There is one thing, did you notice it?" asked Kevin McCaughey folding the picnic table, looking around the room not to forget anything they had brought to the room.

"What is it?"

"China is very busy with itself...but...", passed Kevin McCaughey the empty beans can over to his friend, "the Indians...what out for them. They are not so much on the agenda in world politics, but I am telling you, they will most likely overtake China in the world economy and politics. They are not so loud like the people from the red Republic, but silently, step by step they move forward and gain significant influence in time."

"We all can be happy in the end, that all these countries never had any ambitions to dominate this world as we did as Europeans and Russians. They are big and rich, but their mind will not be on the issue to dictate the world of what they believe is right and wrong, they never combine financial support to foreign countries with their values as Europeans and Americans do...that puts these countries in a particular position, a unique position which helps them actually to enter many countries unnoticed and behind the scene make their way into these societies quietly. Before they come to realize this development, they are already too close to them and...."

"In the trap!" said Kevin McCaughey allowing his friend to be the first to disappear in the TV Wall.

"That's what you have said," responded Henry Kassenger from inside the TV Wall pulling his friend into it for both to let Guenther Erden sleep in peace for a few hours.

They had come to The Abbey in Sutton Courtenay, ten miles south of Oxford, close to Abingdon, a small sleepy village in the heartland of England with four thousand citizen only, most of which commuted to places around for work leaving old parents and children behind. Opposite the Swan, a pub for workers and managers alike, laid the Manor of the village, the family home to Lord David Astor, Member of the House of Lords and close friend to Eric Arthur Blair, the author that had published his works under the name of George Orwell. Lord Astor had arranged for him to be buried on the Anglican Church cemetery at The Green hidden under mighty trees away from the entrance for only few people to find his resting place.

The Abbey was a building constructed in the fourteen century and an extension to The Abbey in nearby Abingdon. Underground tunnels were supposed to make sure Moncks could escape to safety during the time of reformation. The vast grounds belonged to Lord David Astor before the charity of Professor Fred

Blum had bought it for his foundation. During summer months the English Gandhi Foundation had used it for few weeks to relive the simple life and lecturers of Mahadma Gandhi. Lords, the Lady in waiting to late Princess Margaret located in the village near the small river floating along the main village road, late Princess Diana and many others were spotted during this weeks. For outsiders it were surreal sceneries seeing representatives of high titles and big money living in simple tents cooking together basic meals on gas cylinders or in the kitchen of The Abbey. When they had returned to their Palaces, Manors, and Castles or gone unto their private jets to do big business around the world, someone of simple mind would not have understood them. For these Lords and Ladies there was not conflict in life to switch from obeying a higher authority and sitting in their Rolls-Royce chauffeur driven or house helpers preparing their food.

"Oh, I remember this year's so well when I was writing my book 'The Politician', a book against the simple minded Green Party in this country, highlighting the mistakes of Petra Kelly and General Gerd Bastian, her lover having to give reputation to the Party. How sad it was in the end that he murdered her...how sad," said Guenther Erden to himself sitting already in the early morning hours before the TV Wall with a glass of white wine. His smart phone was off, his work was organized and all Director in his factories knew what they had to do to bring him profit.

A knocking at the door brought him out of his memories, he opened. Emma was standing before him asking whether he needed room service. He looked around to see about the situation, asked only for cleaning of the bathroom.

While she was polishing the shower handle, he approached her asking: "Please tell me, what your dream in life is?"

She stopped for a second, turned surprisingly around and responded: "Me? My dream is to have a good life!"

"That is okay, I understand," did he say making way for her to step out of the bathroom and take fresh towels from the heavy metal wagon she had to push around the floor from room to room, "but what is it exactly that you dream of?"

"Oh Sir, I do not know exactly what you mean by that," walked she through the bedroom, put the towels over the metal hanger, stepped out again and looked him into the eyes. "What can a girl like me want from life other than to have a good life, Sir?"

"So, to understand you right, you want a good life but have not a clear and detailed idea of what this good life should be and how you can achieve it, or?"

"That is nearly right, Sir," she answered while putting her push car outside his room back in order to be used for the next guest. "I want children, I want them to go to school and have a good education, I want them to be safe like here in Germany and not Kenya where I came from, I want them to have a good life later, I do not want to lack money so that I can buy things that I need, I want a car and I want to go on holidays from time to time and have money also to see my family every now and then in Kenya...that is my dream," was Emma about to start pushing her things to the next room.

"So, you do not want heaven to open and give you life in abundance?" Guenther Erden asked.

"Life is such a big word, Sir...such a big word, certainly too big for a small woman like me."

"But life is not about physical size or where we are coming from, it is about mindset," tried Guenther Erden to explain and correct her thinking. He saw her standing in front of the opposite room knocking ready to ask her standard question.

"It is better not to dream big, as when you do it, opposition is also big and then the big fight starts...no Sir, I want life in a nice way and get what I deserve. What is not for me, why should I fight about it, let it other people have that deserve it, that have a much stronger mind than me," did Emma turn her head around as the guest before her wanted to find out why she had come.

Guenther Erden saw Emma entering the room, got back into his room and close the door. He poured another wine into his glass and sat down. A nervous feeling captured his heart, his triangle shaped chocolate was not at hand. He called the reception and complained. Few minutes later housekeeping was coming to fill up the minibar again as it was standard of Hotel Atlantic. Once he was alone again in his room 213, he looked over his shoulder to watch a couple of turtle doves chatting along in their own style.

"Birds can fly over any situation and only come down where they think it is good for them, we have to come down where life demands it from us and face any stupid situation we have to be confronted with. Which human can escape from his troubles, the twists and turns life has in stock for us?" got he up and moved closer to the window to see the birds closer. "To be free like them, finding food with no work to be down, no seed to plant, no crop to harvest, only being around, looking from above where food can be picked and that's it...without any headache or heartache...simply to be."

"To be and not to become...which one you really want?" was Guenther Erden hearing a voice.

"Small is not for me, big is for me...because why should I waste my time here, the eighty years we have, and be content with small things only?" asked he the voice in his head loud and clear. "Time is too precious to be wasted and life must have a meaning and not only an existence. To confess on the death bed 'I was here, now I go again' as the only achievement of all the time spend on earth...that is nonsense and too small for me. I want to leave my name behind and get my stone with words of appreciation."

The voice made him understand in powerful words: "Greatness does not come by accepting the status quo, but by understanding the meaning of your very own life and the way for you to get what you are entitled to. So, this walk of life is from to be to become with all consequences involved...it is any body's decision. No one will be forced, but can be pushed when he is asking for."

"Oh, my God!"

"Exactly, that the right address to turn to," was the voice happy to hear from him.

"Oh, my God," repeated Guenther Erden.

He walked back to his chair, emptied the glass of wine and finished his chocolate that had gotten slightly soft already, put his feet up unto the edge of the bed, looked up to the ceiling dreaming his time away. Emptiness filled his soul and he was ready to take in his spirit whatever was supposed to come.

"I drink this wine in remembrance of Jesus Christ when he had promised us on the cross that our sins are forgiven and that we will have eternal life," pronounced Guenther Erden and poured another glass of wine enjoying any drop of it to go down his throat. "Blood is the most powerful force on earth!"

It was five minutes after midnight, laughing couples outside his rooms were waking him up. They had come over from Hamburger Dom where they had Leberkaese, cherry filled donuts baked in triangle form, sweet fluffy sugar looking like blown up cotton pads, hearts made from dark pastry with loving memories written on it that was nothing but coloured sugar, having had taken on fun fair ride after the other. Money spend endlessly was not a problem to them, they worked as creative Directors in one of the many advertisement companies Hamburg had in its city boundaries.

"Who are you?" Guenther Erden asked while waking up from the noise below his balcony. Light from the street lamps outside shined inside and gave way for him to see an old woman sitting by his bedside.

"Do you not know me?"

"Wait a minute...your face...that looks familiar to me," he said and tried to open his eyes wide to clearly see the face of the old woman next to him. His brain did not allow him to identify her right away. "What do you want from me?"

"I have come to tell you a story...a story of your life!" she pronounced opening her big book with many stories inside. "At the end you will know who I am."

"Ok, if you say so, than...please begin and read so I can hear and listen," sat Guenther Erden upright on his bed excited to find out what the visit late at night by an unknown woman was all about.

"Once you had worked in Frankfurt am Main," she started to read, "a city in the middle of Germany that you never liked but were always happy to leave back to Hamburg. You had found a job as a Conference Manager in the American company Institute for International research or I.I.R. for short, a company the British founder once had started with humble beginnings in London in a souterrain apartment only having bought the name with no business behind it. With hard work and dedication he had established an conference empire and had opened the office in Frankfurt am Main with six young Conference Managers of which you were one headed by a young woman, Sigrid Bauschert that had come from Forum company in Heidelberg, so she had trained all of you to be successful accordingly to the concept and idea of her boss residing in his office in New York City. Less than six months after you had joined the company in Plaza building opposite Frankfurt Trade Fair, you were asked to assist the office in Singapore due to a brain drain they had encountered. What the manager in Singapore had been looking for in the company was an available person with good English, so you had been selected. Sigrid Bauschert had tried to reduce your salary to make herself have a good standing in your company, but you had refused even being set under psychological pressure by your boss Sigrid Bauschert. In summer you had left off for Singapore and had worked there and also fallen in love with your secretary Lena Tan that you had

wanted to marry but she had refused to join you in Germany. Christmas the same year you had returned back to Germany and your office that had meanwhile relocated into Schumannstrasse in Westend of the city. What you hadn't known were the events that had taken place behind your back during your time in Asia. Sigrid Bauschert had fired your good friend Hans Weippert along with Kirsten Brise from the marketing department to gain access to the customer's data base. She also had dismissed Thomas Scholz from his position. It had been your very close friend Ulrike-Maria Pietsch living in Mainz nearby, that had informed you about what had been going on in the company as Sigrid Bauschert had told a friend of her's about her intentions and this friend had happened to be a friend of Ulrike-Maria Pietsch. The next day that you had heard the news, you had gone to a colleague of yours, Heike Muencker, and had asked her about the truth of the matter not knowing she had been one of the accomplices of Sigrid Bauschert to move across the street and start their own company together with her partner Gundula Schwan. Sigrid Bauschert had gone into your office, demanded from you to come to her and had tried to force you to speak out about the source of your information of what had been intended to happen. She had seen you as a threat that could have had destroyed her well mastered plan of stealing the idea of another person and declare it the new future and make herself rich. You had refused to disclose your source which had made Sigrid Bauschert angry, so she had asked you to pack your things and leave the premises immediately knowing what she had asked for would not stand the chance in any court of winning a case. You had gone home confused, had drunken empty a whole bottle of snaps only to forget the injustice that a wicked woman had brought over you. Three days later you had been asked to take up your position again and assist Katja Hagemann to be the new boss and Martina Seide to find her place as a conference manager with giving her good training. Across the street the company that had opened had been established by the name of Management Circle; a very successful venture it had become over the years. The owner of that company as she has no problems to steal ideas of other people and declare it as her own also had never any problems to leave victims of her ambitions behind on her road to financial riches. The moral of this true story is, you must in life decide for yourself, whether or not you want to go the hard and honest way, keep your mind away from any evil thoughts and actions, or copy what others have achieved before you and respect people for what they are instead of using them for your own good leaving them bleeding by the road side after you had intentionally caused the accident but ignored their need to live their own good life. In life sometimes you can get away with it and nothing will ever happen to you until you die or the righteous die before you to tell their true story about you across the globe to keep it forever looked in the darkness of your grave...but sometimes the moment you less expect any harm to show up, you feel safe and secured, from somewhere unexpectedly the truth emerges and crashed you. In life you never know what is possibly going to happen...so, you better make a wise choice that can be your good companion for a long and fruitful future...you decide!"

"But that is the story of my life!" Guenther Erden said with laughter and sadness at the same time in his voice. He looked up to the ceiling saying: "Oh my God, judgment day has come!"

"It's not a judgment day that will come as many believe," the old woman declared with confidence, closed the book and got up. "Our judgement day is always when we make a decision. When we make a good and right decision, we will build a good and right house, when we fail to do so, my son...my son, we will weaken our foundation brick after brick and over time it will crash over our heads."

Guenther Erden stopped thinking and followed the old woman with her eyes. Her grey transparent silhouette walked over to the balcony into the light of the street lamps. Standing with her back to him she added quietly: "Life is by decision and in my little life I had made many wrong and weak decisions not having trust in the one up there." The old woman pointed into the stars she saw around the moon that stood high on the firmament. "The good things in life come from him, if we only can understand, hear and see...and with trust work on the way that we have to follow no matter how hard, no matter how lonely from time to time we will be..." she turned round and looked into his eyes, "my son!"

His brain started to function again, his eyes got open, and his ears were able to hear: "Mother!" Guenther Erden got up and let the bedsheet fall to the ground, tried to run to her but the moment he wanted to hug his late mother, she had already disappeared in the concrete of the balcony. He touched the cold stone tenderly tried to imagine her face, her love for him, the moments of joy and tears they had spent together as mother and son so close in their hearts. For him, she had never ended to exist; for him she was part of his soul and body, the mother his elder sister Heidi and ex-wife had once killed with their lies about him.

"You do not give a young boy, your son that you want to educate to be a mighty and strong warrior in future a sharp and dangerous sword made from metal. As a responsible parent you give something made from wood or plastic into his hands as otherwise certainly he would hurt himself and other around." Henry Kassenger opened the second can of beans, poured it into the three legged pot that he had carefully washed the night before, stirred it carefully to ensure each white bean would come into his mouth wholly and not mashed. As a boy scout in Texas way back he had learnt from an old teacher the art of cooking baked beans to achieve the best quality and delight for the group of hungry boys that had needed a good and simple meal after hours of walking in the woods or through dry land. He started to sing a typical country song he had still remembered from hours around the camp fire when it was still a good tradition to play music on real instruments and live. There was nothing better for him than the sound of a banjo and a guitar with the sound of a fiddle going along with the rhythm.

"Sure, that is how it is supposed to be."

"So, it was very stupid to give the idea of Western Democracies as a system to govern over their own people into the hands of developing countries, the former colonies, just like that. This was a blueprint to mess this chance up and mismanage the countries even so painful when considering, the elite in the various countries were mostly all educated in the world of the developed countries of Europe and America. There as young and eager students they all had gained the experience of Democracies that work well for the people there, give them security and prosperity across their countries, regional differences and traditional and ethnical believes." Henry Kassenger got a plate, put some fried eggs on top, added his portion of baked beans to it and took two slices of slightly warmed toast that he had prepared at the side of the fire.

"No Scotsman would be head or kill any Englishman because of the dominance they in London have over Edinburgh and no Bavarian in his Lederhosen would ever come to the idea to take the life of a

Hamburger while he is enjoying his Matjes so well in his stomach...no way," declared Kevin McCaughey seeing all the wars of the past between the north and the south of the United Kingdom before his eyes with every now and then voting on the issue of separation on paper and with words. "When in twenty seven the people of Kenya voted Raila Odinga, the Prime Minister, a Luo from Kisumu, the area of the intellectual people, the Lawyers, the Doctors, the Professors and Writers, into office against the Kikujus President from Nairobi, a place full of business minded people, it was a vote not only of political believes, it was also a vote of tribes, brain against money and vis-versa. Interesting enough, Raila Odinga had studied eight good years in Germany at Magdeburg University in the than Democratic Republic of Germany. Even he had not been able to stop the killing of one thousand people the following January that had also seen about two hundred fifty innocent misplaced people causing great harm to the financial condition of the country with great influence on the future events in Kenya."

"It was also a great disappointment to the world community, do not forget that," said Henry Kassenger finishing his beans and whipping of his face from the tomato sauce, "and not only the fact that it was Raila Odinga asking for Homosexuals to be arrested and put behind bars instead of just containing their behavior somehow proclaiming it is against the tradition of Africans to engage in such acts but an evil work of the white man that had found its way onto the African continent during colonial times."

"What nonsense is that?" asked Guenther Erden sleepy under his bedsheet. "What are you talking about?" It was two o'clock in the morning. Someone before his door was knocking. He got up, his brain was not functioning and opened the door. A man with unclear face was standing in front of him. Guenther Erden was unable to see exactly what man wanted to speak to him. All that his brain was showing him through his weary eyes was the English tailor made coat he had seen several times before. His heart started to beat fast to wake him up. The moment his eye sight turned sharp again, the unknown man had disappeared down the floor.

He closed the door behind him, turned round and did not believe his eyes: "Boy...boys, not you again, please, not you again. You really get on my nerves now. You and your heavy ideas crazy as they are, around this hour when normal people with sense have a right to sleep in peace and enjoy their rest very well. Please, pack your bags, take out the fire, do not forget your waste and enjoy the place wherever you come from, from heaven or if you had disturbed with your stories people too much, also on the hot fire in hell, whatever the case might be, I do not care...all I want is my sleep and I pay a lot of money to Hotel Atlantic to achieve that."

The grey transparent silhouette of Kevin McCaughey said confidently: "You can never ever escape from the past...my son...and what we are teaching you is something you better listen to as not everyone has the privilege to have us both in his bedroom."

"Exactly," added Henry Kassenger knotting.

"But not...but not at this hour. In the morning or during the day, yes, that might be justified and possible...but please, I beg of you, not when my brain and my body needs rest," climbed Guenther Erden back into his bed and pulled the bedsheet over his head.

Both journalists did not mind their host and continued enjoying their discussion around the camp fire with beer and whiskey. That night they had forgotten to bring marsh mallows along, but fresh maize

with butter and salt was their substitute.

"Let's face it, corruption in these former colonial countries calling themselves young Democracies, supported in their endeavor to great governance that would in the end benefit their people, sometimes praised by developed countries, are so corrupt down to the last DNA that is in their genes...from top to bottom of their societies," Henry Kassenger reported and remembered his old articles published over fifty years ago.

"Corruption is not an issue of developing countries and the modern societies that call themselves Democracies, the countries of the white man, is not an issue that comes with the process of developing from underdeveloped to develop... ."

"Developed...underdeveloped...developed...you are confusing me," played Henry Kassenger a joke on his British counterpart. "This is very confusing...very, my friend."

Kevin McCaughey tried to ignore his American friend and continued his thoughts: "It does not come along with such a process from down to up, it is a tradition. In many countries around the world that are up, corruption has been in the system for generations and is still rampant. It can predicted, in these up countries corruption will be in the system for more generations to come."

"Sure, to take it off is hard to do as changing the intellect of a person is easy to do, but his feelings, and so his behavior, it is something else."

"That is exactly what I mean and the problem," agreed Kevin McCaughey walking over to the balcony and enjoyed the fresh air from Lake Alster. "Guenther does not understand," he turned around and looked unto the bed in which he was hiding, "does not understand, we must come at nights as only than the noise of the day is gone and all witches and wizards are out on the hunt to find their souls and hosts to mess people up very well. So, we are here not to disturb his mind, but to protect him and make him fit for his future...that stupid fool."

"Do not say it so loud, he will get angry," whispered Henry Kassenger laughing and looked over to the side of the bed where Guenther Erden was hiding.

"I can hear you...I can hear you very well my friends," came Guenther Erden to surface starring with weary eyes at the late night guest he had not invited in the first place. "If I cannot avoid you coming here and disturb my much deserved sleep, please, I beg of you, take it easier with me and give me your messages spoon by spoon and not in truck loads."

"We promise," said Kevin McCaughey observing the lights in Hertz TV Tower that was standing in Planten un Blomen close to the Trade Fair with its impressive white painted roofs mimicking sails of ships.

Henry Kassenger stood next to his British colleague breathing in the cold night fresh air with less pollution of car exhaust than during the day and said: "When corruption in Africa and Asia, not to forget Latin America, is so rampant and companies in our countries that have far less corruption...but it is also there...and on the other hand we have to make business possible with these countries for which we are

willing to punish our own business folks, we must definitely find another approach to the matter. It would be very unrealistic to believe, when we give loans and attach the demand to implement ways and measures in the corrupt countries, that they would follow our demand. If they would ever do, only as long as the loans are there, when over, they bounce back to their old style of going about their country's affair. Who in the end is the loser of such thinking? We and the people of those countries. We all should not forget, that during colonial times, even these days also in our societies nobody wants to hear this anymore whether it is the truth or not...so sad, so sad...that during Colonial times corruption in these former Colonies was at a very low level."

"Democracy in these countries is the open door for the cancer of corruption, somehow it promotes it as we all know that see and understand this world with open mind and clear senses, us people that we do not depend on what the majority in our societies think, people that have no deep understanding of the complexity of the situation, are only shocked and moved by dramatic pictures in the media of dying children and a suffering population, with pregnant women that need to be taken in stretchers or motorbikes to the nearest health facility in which the nurse assigned from the capital is forced to work and possibly somewhere in the bush helping in an emergency situation being brought there by a Samaritan on his motorbike across poor road crossing small rivers that have water levels that can be crossed over. Our hearts and conscious are beating fast when we sit before our TV sets and are constantly reminded of our past of slavery, colonialism and exploiting in the now the soil of these countries for small money or allowing in Bangladesh workers under inhuman conditions to sew clothes for us that we can buy in our department stores for elegantly small money to show off among our peers to shine bright...yet, we make big stories about Democracy, Human Rights, fight against corruption and the endless list of our values kept in high esteem."

"We are hypocrites...that is really what we highly sophisticated people are that ship food item around the world to feed Millions in the developed world and take their natural resources for small money...human mind is not correct," added Henry Kassenger to what his friend Kevin McCaughey had to protest about. "But the air is fresh!"

"Every day is a new day...and a new chance to come up with a better way forward," Kevin McCaughey looked into the eyes of his counterpart from across the big ocean with close ties to the big island in the small ocean.

"Will people ever understand and listen to a better way, or will they always go the way that is the easiest way out of a problem and move on with such a time wasting solution?" Henry Kassenger asked with a sign of resignation in his voice.

"As long as humans live," Kevin McCaughey answered with confidence, "there is always a tomorrow. Humans have the inbuilt capacity and capability to renew their mind and strength to better their conditions. I refuse to believe and think at any time, that human mind is not made for creativity and when pushed to the wall, which happens more often than not, capable to bounce back and move forward."

“Would it not be better for these people here on earth to be preventive and proactive thinkers and doers then always having to run behind time and the occurrences that could have been clearly seen to come in future?”

“As long as human mind is not perfect...it seems to be more likely that they always run after the events like a police officer after the murderer instead of preventing issues and shape the world ahead of visible problems to come,” Kevin McCaughey with a smile on his face.

Both took a deep and long breath of the fresh air saying at the same time: “There is always a chance when the people listen to the right voices!”

“Boys, boys...there is nothing like a world that goes under,” said Guenther Erden from below his bedsheets. “You are not small girls anymore, so you know all these ideas this world can every vanish, is not true, it is never true. The world was made not as an experiment with a time set to end it, it is the real thing; so the world will spin and spin to eternity, do not worry. And humans are made to fail so that they can rise up again.”

“When I see all these people that work out every day in Gyms, see football as their sense and destiny in life by watching matches live in stadiums or TV, spend hours discussing the latest match and leave money behind in the fan shops, if all these people that dance the nights away, think beer and snaps are better than chocolate and fresh air for the brain, that body and entertainment is making the trick for them instead of training their brain, soul and spirit to greatness...oh my God, how much more colourful this world would be, how much more vibrant this world would be, how much more creative this world would be, how much more dynamic this world would be, how much more... .”

“Stop it, Kevin, stop it!” got Henry Kassenger angry that watched joggers in the early morning hours making their rounds around Lake Alster before taking their breakfast and setting off for work. “This world is not an ideal world and already the Romans had understood to set up games and bread events in Rome’s Coliseum to destruct people under their regime from hardship the Empire had caused unto them. Not everyone is made to think all the time, we also need to relax and enjoy the moment we live in, see the beauty around us and not always the problems that our brain wants constantly to confront us with. What sense does this world and the life therein make when we always have to live by our brain, our conscious and not by our fullness as human beings.”

“Fullness of human beings,” Kevin McCaughey laughed holding himself close to the balustrade seeing the joggers in the distance disappear around Schoene Aussichten, “what a big expression, what kind of words you take in your mouth; Jesus Christ, save us all.” He turned around and saw Guenther Erden coming closer to them. “Humans are made to take dominion over the earth which means in simple terms, we have constantly to fight and that implies also to constantly discover the best way to victory in places and time we find ourselves in. Dominion can never be achieved by having a mind that needs enjoyment too much. Fighting for the right way to glory is our destiny in basic terms and it also means that we need to identify our enemies that prevent us from achieving our goals in life and kill them befor they kill us.”

“This actually reminds me of China that is heavily criticized by Human Rights organizations and Western

countries for executing corrupt officials that had their trial passed and other violations,” said Henry Kassenger turning around. Guenther Erden was fast approaching, so he had to speed up his words and thoughts: “Human Rights organizations think, they can sit in their Ivory Towers, think, protest and record violations and wrong policies, an easy job as they never have to take any political or moral responsibility for their demands. Talking is something very different than to be responsible for actions and the fate of a Nation. They agree, corruption must end especially at the top of a society. They believe, as a government sentence them to years in prison, the problem is solved for good. They do not understand that these people often never sit behind bars but walk free even a judgement had been declared against them and if they ever do, once they are free again they engage in corruption again, this time more clever to avoid any mistakes made which is a greater problem later for the governments to find out and proof. So, that cannot be the final answer. Do not forget,” he added with the hand of Guenther Erden closely in sight of the window handle, “what the bible is saying. Even in modern eyes of the Western world, our highly trained society in issues of humanity, the bible talks about killing the opponents, the people that stand in the way of a better future. King Solomon had to kill his own brother, otherwise that wicked man would have killed him and taken his kingdom to the land of destruction. Do we not like the wisdom of King Solomon, the power of King David that was so close to the heart of the Almighty?”

“In our days to talk like that is dangerous even it might be right to do. So you better do not say things like that, nor ever write about it; take my advice,” said Kevin McCaughey and was nearly able to touch the hands of Guenther Erden that was inches away from him. He could already feel his angry and heavy breath.

“Nobody wants to hear the truth as it is always painful,” Henry Kassenger said before Guenther Erden close the window to the balcony to end the nightly visit. From one second to the next they were seen no more during this night.

“I take dominion over you!” Guenther Erden said with the feeling of victory and went back to sleep.

“You want your coffee with milk and sugar or how?”

“Milk without sugar!”

“Ok, coming in a second. I also have made a cake for you...my special guest of honour.”

“What makes you think like that and why gives me the honour of enjoying your delicious cake?”

“But you are worth it, aren’t you?” asked Heike Mueller putting cake and coffee in a mug before him.

“If you say so,” Guenther Erden tasted the vanilla cake covered in dark chocolate and garnished with whipped cream, very sweet.

“Yes, I say so as I know humans very well and can see through you anyway...you are a good person,” she

added sitting down opposite him at her kitchen table. She smiled at him with understanding. The kitchen table was covered with a large table cloth her mother had hand stitched with silver and gold threads in sophisticated ornaments.

"It feels very cozy here in your home. I am amazed to see that it looks a bit too romantic, slightly overstretched in pink and red. These seemed to be your favourite colours, right?" he asked. His eyes walked around the room and crossed over the floor that was leading into the living room. The air was warm even the heaters were not working and the air outside was rather chilly with rain from time to time pouring down. The day seemed not end opening the doors of heaven with water on the streets all over.

Heike Mueller walked over to the washing machine, put in her dirty work cloths, added washing powder and started the machine that was spinning round and round quiet and mechanically. "When I imagine, in the olden days women had to put big pots on the stove, heat the water with dirty cloths inside, stirred them continuously until the dirty came out of the cloths with the help of simple washing powder, I can only admire my mother that had been doing that."

"Last time I had done it was in Kibbutz Ginegar near Afula on the road to Haifa, below the city of Nazareth in Israel, always in a bucket with laundry soap and long hours to get my little cloths clean; not easy, but possible," Guenther Erden remembered when he as a student had spent six months in the country in that community and later in Ein Ziwan on the Golan Heights overlooking the triangle of Lebanon and Syria with tank trenches to ensure safe passage from one mountain to the next below the enemies watchful eyes regardless of the few UN peacekeepers from Canada.

"I had met a beautiful girl in Ginegar Kibbutz reasonable in German Language. My heart had fallen for her and she had discovered it. One night on the way from the Moadon to my place, she had disclosed to me...and that reminds me of your situation in a way...that she had a boy-friend, like her from England and a heavy drinker and smoker, she would not exchange for me as she had needed a man that could take in a hard way while I would be a softy, honest and faithful, soft and filled with empathy, so that would not have been the right man for her, she had said. First I had not understood that a woman like her could ever feel the need for being mistreated instead of honoured like a Queen," said Guenther Erden and followed Heike Mueller to the living room to sit on the dark red leather couch under the window looking over the Hans Albers Platz with the golden small statue of the actor from the days when movies were first shot in colour. Along the stretch down at the Reeperbahn, at nights young beautiful ladies in high heels would stand and approach any single man that would have the courage to cross the square to dine in the restaurant of the Erotic Museum a stone march away.

"You cannot expect that all people have the same level like you," Heike Mueller laughed knowing about his weaknesses. She presented a silver platter with chocolate and coated peanuts before him. "Everyone has a right to get what he wants and deserved...right, my sweetheart?" She laughed loud out and gave him a long warm kiss on his forehead.

"You know people too well," he responded.

"It comes with the job...that's how life is," she said and sat next to him. For a moment both looked out quietly seeing men and prostitutes involved in small talks about the price needed for an intimate moment. "You see, in whatever way you want to see this world, in the end everyone has his price, be it for your body, your feelings or your brain, we all sell ourselves to others, isn't it so?"

"But there is a big difference between selling my body or my brain...I guess!" protested Guenther Erden with clarity in his voice.

"You are telling me, brain is worth more than body or one person is worth more than another?"

"We must have standards of what we regard as higher values, body or brain and moral aspects that are reflected in what we do and engage ourselves in," Guenther Erden said. His eyes rested on the chocolate bars, his fingers broke pieces off and his mouth made them melt to go down well down his throat.

"When God has forgiven the sinners and prostitutes, why should he still want to judge us or you so called normal fine people with wonderful words of high moral standards come to us and see us as your saviors to bring you the happiness you expect and are capable to pay for?" challenged Heike Mueller, poured him his second mug of coffee, saw the salty sticks on her book shelf, brought it down and put it on the living room side table for him. She opened the window at the side corner for a little moment while music of a bagger and his violin streamed up to her two room apartment never opened to any stranger. Even familiar people had to wait for years before he would open her life to them, therefore it was a privilege for Guenther Erden to sit next to her and see the collection of little teddy bear all over the room, even sitting on the door knob.

"When I think of Israel," he started to recall, "I think of a woman that had invited me and a friend to come to Netanya at the Mediterranean Sea for dinner. She had told me, knowing that I was born long after World War II, she had dared to invite me as I could not have been responsible for any atrocities committed during the war. We had had a wonderful discussion that night during which she had also confessed she had admired the Germans for their strive to come up again that fast in economic and political terms, but to forgive or forget them the Concentration Camps, never possible she had said," Guenther Erden took some salty sticks feeling the mixture in his stomach and the discomfort it caused him. "In Ein Ziwan, when the war between Israel and Syria was about to break out, the Kibbutznicks had gathered us volunteers for an informative meeting to decide about our safety and possible transfer down to Elat at the Red Sea. When we had the chance to ask questions, I had referred to the position of Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and the European Union in the upcoming conflict. I will never forget, they started to hate me and had said, I have no right to speak my mind being a German. My neighbours from England and Holland if they would have said the same thing, they would have been lectured...why I was heavily punished. In those days this issue actually had caused a diplomatic row and stop of the diplomatic relationship between our two countries for a period of three whole months...I never forget."

"So, what is your problem?"

"My question is, when other people do you wrong, can you ever forget or forgive or both?" he asked the woman that inflicted pain daily on others being in procession of the deep dark sides of human beings.

Heike Mueller got up, put her hands into her hips, saw the black whip she used during her work on

others, took it between her hands, presented it to him and asked: "Which answer do you expect from me? The hard or the easy way out?"

"The way how life really is, otherwise, if life is anyhow with no final answer and guidance, it would mean, whatever we do and think, in the end it does not matter...right?"

"Life is a judgment of people from various angles, be it an Atheist, a Christian, a Muslim, a Buddhist, a Bagger or a Millionaire, a Prostitute or Nun...isn't it?" did she come closer to him playing with the black whip shifting it from her right hand to the left and back again. "Isn't it?"

"Life must...simply must have an ultimate truth!"

"Oh boy, oh boy, you so called clever and intellectual people that think too much about life's matters," did Heike Mueller complain and stuffed Guenther Erden with chocolate that it was hard for him to swallow all. "Life is in you first and foremost, that is the basis of your existence. For that matter the truth about your life is hidden deep inside you. It is only you, which can make the right decisions about your life, not me, nor your parents or friends...all alone...you!"

"The chocolate is delicious," said Guenther Erden to make her stop the nice way.

"Stop thinking about the world too much, you are here to enjoy life...not to think life," did Heike Mueller put back the whip into its rightful place.

"Human beings are nothing but time captured in a body and as each body is space in its own timing walking around the earth from start to finish, so is the time of each and every one of us different and our communication, thinking and actions can never be on the same level. While we live and interact with others, we do so out of our own time zone. Therefore when we meet, it is primarily an exchange of time in us that is only visible in our body shape and form, but can be felt by our spirits and souls. We can never communicate out of the same time level and time understanding, as time meets time and time is always different. Like a puzzle that we are set together of time pieces as each event, every thought and action of our human being is time related, time attached and determined. The whole of all these puzzle pieces, the time events of our whole being is the form of human being we are and can be interpreted by others out of their time zones. That is the explanation why there can never be one truth about someone and people years later see someone in a complete different light declaring surprise over the achievement someone had accomplished that was never thought for that person to be achievable. The tragedy of our human being although is, as much as we dig deeper and deeper into our own self wanting to understand the meaning of our being, we destroy the answer. The I in us, the center of us being who we are, is the core of the puzzle, the center that is connected with the puzzle pieces with strings very much like roots. To see the core, the I, underneath the puzzle pieces, we must take the step to remove the puzzle pieces and uproot to roots holding and feeding them to clearly unravel the core, the I. In as much as we do that, we destroy the I like in a forest and taking out all the roots of a tree soil gets damaged and scattered all over."

"Sorry, what are you saying?" asked Heike Mueller with great eyes sitting next to him. She pushed him into his right side and declared: "I do not get you clear."

Guenther Erden finished the last piece of smoothly melting chocolate and answered: "The tragedy of human life is, we are here to find out all about life and ourselves, while we do it and go down to the deepest valleys of what and who we are, we destroy ourselves."

"What does that mean? I mean, you are telling me, that basically we are running around the circle but are supposed to find the center and burn ourselves in the end to death?" wanted Heike Mueller to find out.

"You can say it also in that form, yes," he confirmed to her.

"But that either means whatever we in the end do, it does not really matter, right?"

"This is a possible thought, sure!" he agreed with her statement.

"But that also means, when we think too much about life matters and ourselves, in the end we can get mad, is that so?" did she get up to grab another mug of coffee for him.

"So it seems to be possible and often is as mostly mad men are highly intelligent but as they know too much about life matters in their own rights and form, they get mad over it," was Guenther Erden referring to the observations he had made in life.

"Consequence is," Heike Mueller declared categorically and finished off her milk coffee, "never to think too much, instead do what we know best to do and move on from small beginning to the end when life is no more in us, right?"

"Everyone has a right to observe life and its matters as he pleases and draw his own conclusions from it, that I agree," responded Guenther Erden emptying the white wine glass she had used to present him salty sticks.

"Oh boy...oh boy, life is not easy, seems we all need to go to school and university to study that thing that we call our life. It is much easier to beat up managers and naughty boys and take their money to lay on the beaches," was she complimenting Guenther Erden out of her apartment.

"Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in advance," said Pastor Peter Roehl from the church at Blankeneser Market square, pushing the churchgoers over to the Parish building they had built a few years back, a structure with many windows set behind on the church grounds under mighty trees surrounded by green lush lawn cut to English short style.

The two Associate Pastors were housed in two old red brick Villas impressively and centrally located at the market square that was home to open farmers market twice a week. Discounters around were not able to compete with the desire of the locals for fresh and organic food, Intellectuals, Teachers, Doctors, Actors, Singers, Lawyers and Millionaires, some of three thousand Hamburg had in its city boundaries and four Billionaires. Walking in the streets of Blankenese, nobody would be aware the man standing

next to him had Millions in its bank account. Old money from generations back in the hands of responsible decedents had formed an open community in form of a small village in Germany's second largest city, an area with big mansions which made many believe these people living behind expensive walls would be arrogant and snobbistish. The opposite was the case, as when someone has money in his blood, he does not have to justify himself for driving expensive cars, having house helpers or drivers; they go about their daily life like any other person with small or lesser money. Money is nothing special for this people, it is their natural life-style. Internet Yuppies having made a fortune in short time for themselves, were the odd outsiders as they thought to show off what they had gotten into their hands with ease in no time only to collapse their business again over time. When the local magazine Kloenschnack organized their annual Summer Festival on the Blankeneser Markt, they were visible by misbehaving over the top, while representatives of old money stood aside watching quietly being approachable by anyone that had the genuine interest in their work.

"The cakes look delicious," said Guenther Erden, "and the chocolate sweets, many in flavours only available at this special time of the year...great!" his mouth got filled with salaibor. He opened it expecting the smooth and tender taste to go down his throat very well. His tongue was stretched out far from his mouth, his left hand had taken a Santa Claus made from light brown milk chocolate with white chocolate appliances around his neck and the end of his costume. In the other hand he was holding a small fork ready to cut a slice of nutty fruity cake home made by Frieda Peterson, an old widow from Strandweg. During autumn and winter days it was her great passion to cater for others from the church, that was giving her a reason to wake up each morning after her husband had died three years back in an accident and he children had long time ago left the family house to establish their own families. She was a rich woman as her husband had worked hard, while she had taken care of the family as mother and housewife. He had often regretted it to have imprisoned herself in the golden cage of her husband's fortune. Life had not been bad to her, she had never suffered money, and had never known poverty and struggling for food the next day, everything she had wanted to buy, over time she had gotten. Only to have a record of her own to show to the world of what her brain could have accomplished during her time on earth that was not there and had created a vacuum in her heart while no longer having her husband around. She was well aware of her situation and age, so she had started to make the best out of it until the time would stand before her to say good-bye and rest in perfect peace.

"Do you like it?" Frieda Peterson asked.

"Oh, I have not tasted it yet," he answered.

"Oh, than take it and tell me how you like it," responded she smiling with wide opened eyes to expect him giving her compliments.

Guenther Erden tried to reach the taste, he put out his tongue further and further. As much as he tried, he could not taste any aroma at all. He opened his eyes and looked around. There she was, Frieda Petersen standing before the big window that opened the view unto the church behind her.

"What?" he did not understand what was going on. "What is that?"

"Yes, I am real," smiled Frieda Peterson at him holding a silver platter in her hands with cakes in various shapes and sizes, with chocolates and pralines from Leonidas imported directly from Bruxelles. His eyes also saw thick, light brownish waffles with hot cherries in a sweet red cherry sauce topped with whipped cream going so well with a good cup of tea in the afternoon, while not so good for anyone on strict diet.

Guenther Erden tried to reach out to the silver platter. He could not; his hands went right through the silver platter, chocolates and cakes. He got up, rubbed his eyes, shook his head and tried to make sense of it all.

"I am really your imagination, your dream, your past...the past you wish would have happened," said Frieda Peterson.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked and walked around her grey transparent silhouette.

"I know you, you are a sweet mouth like nobody else," answered Frieda Peterson allowing him to circle her without any movement of her own. The moment he stood again before him and looked into his eyes, she said: "You wish so much in your mind that certain things in your life would have happened differently, right?"

"We all want it, don't we?"

"When you do something wrong or right, when you do not do what you are supposed to do or miss something because you could not be there at the right time, isn't it that in your mind you always think, if only you wished to have done something differently, be at the right time at the right place, then, yes only then, your life would have taken a different twist?"

"It happens," he confessed and added, "but that is only too natural and human, isn't it."

"Right, it is my dear. But it also is the fact, when you think what you cannot do today in the right time, later in life you can do it and still get the same results, you are simply mistaken," she explained her concept.

"I do not get you," challenged Guenther Erden to give him further details of information.

"When you cannot go on your honeymoon to Jamaica today as money is missing, but do it when you are on pension with good savings in the bank, that experience and what you can get out of it for your life is very different. We all live in space and space is not a vacuum, but it comes with time, so it is always a combination of both. Our body and brain is also a space, it is the place we live in and the nutshell we live in, our inner most dimension that we and others can see and are aware of. The time sets the agenda for us, limits or widens our ability to find what we are looking for in life...you get the point?"

"The wisdom of an, sorry to say Madam, old woman...," smiled Guenther Erden blushing.

"No problem...as that is what I am, an old woman," offered Frieda Peterson tea with milk.

"Ok, thanks," tried he to take the hot drink served in fine china but was only holding air in his palm.

"We wish...we would have...if only we would have done it differently...I wish I would have shut my

mouth...do you know this?" asked Frieda Peterson putting down the silver platter on the side table of the room, turned round and found a single scone on a fine china with thick clotted cream and jam. She faced Guenther Erden and stretched out her arm. He tried to reach out and take the scone but was not able to get it.

"You see, whatever we do not do in time, the next moment it is different, never the same anymore, has a different meaning and value to us even if this is only in details, but details over time become a main stream of how we live and what we get out of life."

Guenther Erden wanted to know: "What do you mean by all that you are saying as it makes me confused."

"Be very conscious all the time of what you do, feel and think...protect your mind, feeling and body very well from evil and when you do something, whatever it is, stand on it, learn from it, see it as a vital step forward in your life, do not try to use your brain and make wrong right in it but live life for the moment in light and aspiration of tomorrow, that should help you to move on in life very well and eventually over time and space reach your destiny."

"That makes sense," answered Guenther Erden, opened the balcony window and looked down. Below the balcony, near the carpet shop at the corner, a man in his English tailor made coat with hands in both pockets was window shopping. He shouted out loud to attract his attention. Quietly and slowly did the man in his coat walk away towards Central Train Station. "What is this? How is that man?"

"There are certain things in life, my dear," heard Guenther Erden behind him saying, "that we will never know, nor understand. Things happen and we think we understand it all, yet even over time we will not understand. We are in a situation that is paining us today a lot, years later we come to understand why all the pain inflicted unto us were supposed to happen as they worked out for our good and had pushed us closer to our destiny. But believe me," he turned round looking straight into the eyes of the old woman, "there is always a mystery in our life, the basic why of our existence and being will not be answered as long as we live."

"Tragic!" closed Guenther Erden the balcony window sitting down on his bed side.

"Life...let me tell you from my experiences...", Frieda Peterson sat next to him putting her arm around Guenther Erden and continued lecturing, "is nothing in the end that can truly be explained and understood, it can only be described."

"Oh, that is deep."

"Mediate about it and peace will fill your heart and soul," said Frieda Peterson, got up, walked across the room towards the TV Wall, waved good-bye and disappeared body part by body part in the concrete.

"The human brain and mind is a miracle to me," Henry Kassenger said.

“Why?” asked Kevin McCaughey.

“Whenever the human race is pushed against the wall, our collective brains and minds always come up with a solution to solve problems,” answered Henry Kassenger.

“When we can do this collectively it mean, every individual on his own his also capable of it, is that what you are trying to say,” wanted Kevin McCaughey know.

“Of course, very human being is qualified at any given time to find answers to life’s vita questions and problems. Many cannot find such solutions only because most people to not use their brains and mind at all or to limited extend, relay on others to take the lead and either bring them to glory or mess them up very well,” Henry Kassenger responded while making sure not to be overrun by a car. “Somehow stupid of me,” he laughed out loud, “no driver can see me, right?”

“Boys, boys, why are you again disturbing my peace?” asked Guenther Erden on his way to Kramer Amtsstuben at the bottom of St. Michaeli’s church overseeing Hamburg Harbour and Airbus Industries that were located behind the impressive and futuristic building of Gruner & Jahr, the international Media house. “Why do you always have to follow me?”

“We are part of you, don’t you know?” explained Henry Kassenger. “Once stored in your memory chip, always there. You cannot erase us just like that. You have to live whit what you see, hear, smell, taste and feel.”

“And the both of you think what you have to tell, should be of any interest to me?”

“Of course, who do you think we are?” asked Kevin McCaughey laughing shaking his grey transparent silhouette from left to right.

At Central Train Station they got unto the underground. During the day and in the week, not many used this line that went underground for some stations before emerging at Roedingsmarkt on top of a metal structure giving way to see the impressive Elbphilharmonie, Cap San Diego and Rickmer Rickmers, two old vessels build in Hamburg, now converted into an open museum with restaurants.

“I read the other day, Hamburg is called ‘The city at the River’ and it comes from the old word of ‘Hammaburg’ ...did you know that?” asked Kevin McCaughey wondering that the bright yellow giant tent of musical ‘The Lion King’ was still open on the other side of the river Elbe. He saw the landing pier once used by the only one single water airplane that had taken locals and tourists alike up into the air to see Hamburg from above for twenty minutes of surprises. One fatal day, the pilot descending had miscalculated the weather conditions on the ground and the plane had crashed leaving all passengers and the pilot dead.

Henry Kassenger was not interested in sightseeing or hearing that in the olden days fish had even been caught in the busy river Elbe but industries of former East Germany had polluted the river and killed most fish so that in Finkenwerder less than a handful of fisher folks casted their nets and came home with a decent catch. Fish to Hamburg was landed in Holland or Cuxhaven from trawlers and transported up to Hamburg by heavy trucks.

“You are right, not may use their brains and minds,” was Kevin McCaughey teasing his friend while getting off the train at Landungsbruecken. They made their way passing the Swedish Mission house up to the top of the street that opened up an impressive view of the Michel as called by the Hamburger. To the right hand side a small street lead to the entrance of the Kramer Amtsstuben. Every visitor was greeted by souvenir trader selling postcards, Labskaus in cans, fruits in rum and typical candies in white and red stripes looking like small pillows sometimes filled with chocolate.

The small, narrow street were the remains of streets that once dominated Hamburg all over, especially in the Harbour area. The apartments were a social interventions for sea going sailors that had never returned back to their families. The widows had been able to live behind stone and timber constructed simple houses in two storey buildings. The houses were standing so close to each other than dry lines crossed the brick laid path underneath and had always been a place for chatting from window to window. The great fire of Hamburg had destroyed most of these houses. It had also been the time when Cholera and Black Plague were rampant in the city for which reason Hamburg traditional figure, Hummel Hummel, was called to life and solve the problem for clean drinking water to make people survive the deadly disease. Under the lake Alster at the time of early expansion that Hamburg had moved out form its inner boundaries and rich people had settled beyond the Water Mill divining inner and outer Lake Alster in Lutherodtstrasse, Winterhude and Harvesterhude, an English Architect was called in to solve the increasing drainage and waste water problem the increasing population had caused. They had opted for an underground pipeline system to cover all of Hamburg.

“Look, these people are smart,” sat Kevin McCaughey down on a metal chair below the dry line of one of the houses were a young woman had opened a small Café a few months ago. “They know what to do when they see a problem. They analyze it, discuss the solution and take actions. That is how they make their city work.”

“Of course, when you govern yourself it is expected of you that you find solutions by yourself, even if this solutions means to mandate another country to do it for you. The bottom line after all is, that people need and deserve good management from the people they allow to rule over them, isn’t that normal?” asked Henry Kassenger enjoying to see that Guenther Erden had great joy to have ordered a Nut Cream Torte with a single light brown hazelnut topping the whipped cream, what a delight.

“Sorry, the place is taken,” said Guenther Erden to the couple that had asked to take the two seats before him. “I am very sorry.”

The couple looked at each other as they could not see anyone sitting nor did they get the impression someone would soon appear from somewhere to take the seats. They left him alone was causing potential trouble was not on their mind. Guenther Erden smiled in victory and finished his last bite of the cake. The coffee topped with whipped cream and chocolate dust, was what he thought he had deserved all the while.

“My friend,” asked Kevin McCaughey his German that had just finished looking after a young girl in short skirt having provoked him with a bright smile, “my friend...do you realize, that North America, I mean the USA, is not a Nation, but a country with three groups of people living side by side only having the same common interest to live in a place they call their home that is promoting individual freedom and

when these values are under attack, stand united until the problem is solved, otherwise they go their own ways?”

“Mexican, decedents of European Settlers and Blacks...not to forget the few tribes that are left of the native Indians, people not killed by the invasion from Europe,” agreed Guenther Erden with his friend from London.

“Exactly, that is what I mean. That everyone seems to have the idea still to own a gun and shot any intruder into privacy while in Europe or Asia this is absolutely out of question and seen as a relic of old uncivilized times, is wearied idea in deed,” said Kevin McCaughey observing from the sight any facial reaction of his American counterpart.

“No, no, do not worry,” said Henry Kassenger, “I agree with you on that point. Our gun laws need to be overhauled completely to stop all these tragic mass killing. On that note you cannot provoke me at all.”

“Ok, let me see,” laughed Kevin McCaughey ready for his next attack on the intellect of his friend from the other side of the Atlantic. “In your country, in Europe, in Asia many people and countries once enemies, over time had found a way to make peace and live constructively side by side. Africa is still such a troubled continent and people lose their lives in civil wars and wide spread human rights violations. Why is that so, my dear friend?”

“It is certainly not, as often argued by people that have no sense nor understanding, by poverty. Developed countries had also gone massively through the stage of poverty and yet, bounced back to glory to come out even stronger than before. Africa is always an up and down, these days basically a down with more down to come as population increases, income of natural resources goes down... .”

“...and climate change will challenge the need for food security, old staff, everyone know that, I mean even the little children at school here hear this on the internet and TV every good day,” expressed Kevin McCaughey his standpoint loud and clear.

“So, why do you ask me again?”

“Tribalism is still such a problem in these countries of Africa to the extent that they simple chop of the head of other tribe members, send Ministers of their churches to Benin for witch craft, keep women looked up in witch camps and any stupid simple issue can trigger war with an endless number of dead and misplaced people,” said Kevin McCaughey trying to cool his friend down. “So, why is it so that some countries have overcome such issues, but Africa is still in the middle of this misery?”

“That is a very good question. My mind is like that, I think many countries that see conflicts as something destructive and killing the peace in society, so they turn to lies, have you noticed it?” asked Henry Kassenger.

“People lie to each other to ensure, nobody is hurt by what needs to be said. They do not embrace the creative and constructive power that societies can find in conflicts.”

“No wonder as this required maturity of the mind, I mean when the heart, soul and spirit of a society is not dominated by greediness and selfishness, than it works. But when the evilness of greediness and

selfishness has taken over a society, conflicts work as evil forces and at any moment explode a country which can lead to destruction of properties, lives and what the traditions are to contain any violence in their nation. Rituals and traditions are never productive in itself, never more a society forward, but they can keep a society on his toes and alive until time comes heated arguments find their way in one form or the other that is channeling the differences for a while. But as always the case, humans are never content with what they have achieved, they always want more and can get it only from other people and societies which have no interest to share their achievements and life benefits with them or see them as equals beside them, not mentioning that one day they even can stand above and before them. In such cases it becomes a problem. Only when conflicts are seen as a great opportunity of transformation and handled by matured minds, they will produce great yields of harvest of human intelligence and increase the knowledge about humanity,” commented Henry Kassenger and followed Guenther Erden out of the Kramer Amtsstuben paying the Michel with its three thousand seat capacity a short visit ignoring the possibility to climb endless steps up to the church top or go down underneath the church to study its foundation and learn more about the history of the church’s construction. “Does that answer your questions?”

“For now...I guess so,” was Kevin McCaughey watching his German friend closely that had opted for a Bratwurst from a kiosk at the pontoons of Landungsbruecken at Bruecke three.

“Mirror, Mirror at the wall, who is the most beautiful most attractive and most powerful person in our family. Who has the right to wear the crown of glory, shining bright until the end of days?”

“You, Heidi Juergensen, you are a beautiful woman, blond hair, nice shaped face, slim, easy approachable, tongue that speaks pleasant words which make all men comfortable and wanted,” the mirror answered. “From far and near, people come to you for love and affection, they want to rest in the bosom of your female attraction...but,” continued the mirror with a sadden face observing all her facial expressions closely, “there is someone in your family that had been chosen even before he was created to be the favourite in all of your family from near and far!”

Heidi Juergensen stopped thinking, her face changed, her expressions dropped down, anger emerged from her heart pushed by her soul and spirit to surface: “Stupid, foolish mirror, do not lie to me!”

“My dearest friend, my master, you know I can never lie to you,” the mirror said quietly understanding her outrage as she never was a patient woman, not able even for a few months nor years to carry one thought threw to victory, a woman that needed instant answers and results of her ideas for the now.

“You do, when you tell me something I do not want to hear, you do lie to me,” stated Heidi Juergensen categorically. “When I ask you a question, does it mean you have to tell me the truth as it is or the truth that I deserve to hear?”

The mirror refused to answer right away.

Heidi Juergensen got angry: "So, mirror, mirror on the wall, tell me the truth...and nothing but the truth as it is." She stepped with the right foot two times on the Tabriz carpet in Guenther Erden's Hotel room. Her grey transparent silhouette turned into black.

"My Queen, my Lord, let me tell you the truth as it is and will always be to eternity," started the mirror to explain himself with quiet words that she had difficulties to hear what he had to say.

"Speak up...mirror, speak up, I want to hear you loud voice that you have!"

"Guenther Erden, you brother... "

"Yes, what about this evil man?" interrupted Heidi Juergensen the mirror talking.

"He...it is him, that is the most beautiful, most attractive and most powerful person in your family," declared the mirror lowering his voice.

"That idiot...that useless man...that nobody that only thinks of changing the world and better the lives of others, the dreamer, the good for nothing foolish man," she stamped with her feet angrily on the Tabriz carpet as if she tried to bring her brother under her feet and crash him. "What is not supposed to be and happen as I do not want it to see, will never happen in my whole life. I swear, as long as I live, I will make him suffer for the star he carries above his head. I will never allow it to happen as it is I that deserves the glory and crown of our family...it is and always will be me that will stand out, not this foolish idiot that I will kill."

"My Queen, my Lord," tried the mirror to correct her thinking slowly and quietly spoken: "When something has been said and created, it cannot be changed."

"I will change it as I do not accept such stupid evilness. My will, definitely my will prevail as what I want, will see the light of the day always while the darkness is for people that think they are the chosen once. These foolish people will be crashed into darkness and suffer their anointing that they proclaim is set unto them like a star that moves with them all their lives. No, what is supposed to happen, I will not allow it to happen, I will destroy it; it is my birthright to be attractive and victorious, that's it and this nonsense discussion with you is over. I say so!" She turned round, saw that Guenther Erden had woken up from all the loud voices around him.

"What are you doing here?" he asked his sister. "What are you doing in my life, I have long time ago abandoned you and sentenced you to life in hell." He sat straight up in his bed covered by his bedsheet up to his mouth for protection showing her the pure white of the cloth surrounding him.

"I was born into your life," Heidi Juergensen's angry high pitched voice came unto him like a snake watching over the mouse that she had injected with her poison watching over every movement the mouse does in her struggle to stay alive, "and I will never ever leave it until one of us finally is dead. Believe me...it will not be me...it will be only you."

"Are you out of your mind?" he covered himself more and more into the bedsheet touching the pure white colour.

"I am strong when I understand my downfall is on your mind, has found its way deep into your soul and

your spirit brings it to light, makes it work here on earth. I will never allow this to happen, I fight for my survival and glory,” did she step forward as if she wanted to give him with her right hand stretched out another dose of poison into his blood. “Your blood belongs to me, you belong to me! I will never let you go to where you are going to!”

“You are crazy,” said Guenther Erden again looking over to the balcony window trying to find a way out of the dangerous situation threatening his life. Would he be capable to open the window, than grab her and throw her over the balcony for her to crash on the ground once and for all. A thought came over him that she might be aware what his thoughts are and start ideas to retaliate before he was able to execute his plan. After all, she was only there in her grey, now black silhouette, so in the end it would be him that would fall down and see her taking the throne of the family. He knew in a blitz second, by his own strength and limited wisdom, such a plan would never succeed. A helper in his life to protect his soul, spirit and body was needed.

Guenther Erden looked up, took a deep breath and as he looked down again towards the TV Wall before his sister Heidi Juergensen was standing pointing her fingers against him, he said: “Angel Michael, Angel Gabriel...you are here?”

Unnoticed coming from somewhere, the two mighty angels stood in the middle of the room, each on one side of his sister and looked over her. Endless peace and certainty surrounded them, not the slightest sign of not fulfilling what their master had decided and proclaimed in times back. They bright light they were was all over the room. Heidi Juergensen was blinded. She tried to close her eyes, tried to hide herself from the light. As much as she tried to escape from the pain she was feeling inflicted on her by the light, the more she iterated her words spoken over her brother as a protective shield. The light entered her body, made her shrink slowly and painful. The fight was over for the moment and Heidi Juergensen disappeared into the wall she had stepped out from.

“When you call on us, we are there for you,” Angel Michael said with a smile of victory on his face.

Angel Gabriel added: “Remember my son, the devil is working always, especially at nights, while we only come timely once we are needed or must execute the will of our master, your father that is in you and you in him.”

“You have to fight for yourself,” Angel Michael said, “we can only assist you in that. When you do not start the fight by your own will and spiritual power, we will always simply stand by the road side watching over you as you ride along your road to your final destiny. But when you want us to come and have taken up the sword to fight for what has been said and given unto you, we are mandated by our master to protect his interest he has in you and empower you to reach greatness and your glory.”

“I understand perfectly well,” reassured Guenther Erden the two angels that were about to leave him again for the rest of the night.

“It is well, my son,” Angel Gabriel said looking at his partner to see whether or not he had something to add and left Guenther Erden all alone to himself.

“It is well,” was Guenther Erden hearing from above. “It is well with you!”

His head was painning him but he refused to take any pain killer, got up, took the lift, went down, crossed the lobby of Hotel Atlantic, greeted the doorman that was busy unloading the trunk of a Rolls-Royce, the Palace on Wheels build for a former Woolworth's Executive's wife as a gift of love, crossed the road and walked along the banks of river Alster towards Schoene Aussichten number fourteen, the kind of building he enjoyed too much and had taken as a blueprint for the design of his house in Sakumono, close to the Lagoon separating Accra from Tema.

It was a sunny Saturday afternoon, most people had completed their weekend shopping and taken to nature to stroll around, taken the stress of the busy week past out of their bodies. A young woman before him was looking over the lake thinking of nothing bad, just letting her thoughts go and speak their own mind. Her body was well shaped, her hips tied and small, her bottom stood out into the air like a cushion to sit on comfortably. Her breast were not too big, but hard and well-formed as they should be to lay well in his hands and be pleasant to his mouth while sucking the nipples. She was young and fresh, innocent and untouched. His phantasy was imagining she might still be a virgin that is ready to be opened. Between his legs he was feeling that sperm was produced and blood filled his penis to make it grow hard and mighty. His brain told his feelings to stop and slow down, go back to where the blood belongs. But his body seeing the beautiful woman did not want to listen to him. Her body shape kept on tormenting him and make him hard. His breath got heavier and heavier by the minute not because he was walking after her, because she looked the way she looked. Instinctively his mouth got watery ready at any moment to fall over her and such her nipples. He pinched himself to feel his body's increasing temperature. His eyes widened and his ears were sharper than before to sense any sound that left her body.

"Oh, my good, I am getting an emotional maniac," Guenther Erden said quietly before him. "I do not want to be interested in this woman, she can be my daughter anyway." He hit his head with his right hand palm. "I do not want my heart to draw closer to her, I do not want that woman...I want to decide for myself what I want...I do not want my eyes and ears to master my life. What a man am I that I cannot control my feelings when I see such a woman standing before me or imagine her in my dreams. Is the body worth more than the brain, is the flesh more powerful than our spirit that sends us signals through our body like strings that want to control a puppet."

He tried to take control over his legs again and direct his body to another direction away from seeing the young girl shaking her hips from side to side to make the heaven in between even more desirable. As much as he tried to hit his head to punish his brain for what it was doing to him and give him back control over his own will, the more the pain in the back of his mind increased. Guenther Erden had to stop, hold him close to an oak tree, looked up the tree counting the green branches with pink blossoms, imagining to be in the Garden of Eden and forget the problems Adam and Eva had inflicted unto their descendants.

"Words make or break you, they follow you wherever you go. When you have problems in one place and think to relocate would solve the problem for good, you are a fool," was he hearing the voice of his Prophet Emmanuel Badu Kobi. "The word created heaven and earth, made man, gave a man his helper so that we can live on different levels like it is in heaven and create this world to his will."

Guenther Erden looked through the leaves into the bright sky and said loud: "Someone can never

escape from who he is, take out the roots that make him, ignore what had been planted in his blood when he was born into a family. The good and bad of a family runs through our veins and only the word of a man of God can clean the blood when a man is in agreement with him and follows his instructions." He looked down into the street before the Guest House of the Hamburger Senate both sides surrounded by water of the river Alster and pronounced: "Truly, truly, my Prophet is quiet someone and it is a privilege to be his spiritual father. All Pastors should have the powers that have been implanted in him." His headache subsided eye blink after eye blink, heartbeat after heartbeat.

He remembered what his best friend Ulrich Gross's mother once said into his face: "You seem to me more of a ghost person than a real person, always so...how to express myself...so far in your thoughts. That is somehow funny and strange. I have never experienced that before but with you, I feel it so strongly."

Guenther Erden had thought about her words spoken in seriousness with the tone of sadness and confusion more than once. Always when he had done so, the question had come up what in this world is more important than life? And what is life really, is it the function of our bodies or is it the spirit that is in us, the assignment, the idea to achieve something special and the body is simply the framework, the visibility of what and who we are, somehow something that can and should be easily be changeable, while the inner I, our spirit in collaboration with our assignment is really the essence of us that can only be effective when captured in a body shape and as life is passing of time, time is the ticking function in us that determines our being from start to finish and the way through which we can possibly judge the world around us to make sense of it all.

His head started to pain him again, he started to cry: "Oh, my God, save my soul, save my spirit...save me, I cannot stand all these words, all these thoughts in me...I am getting mad...I am getting crazy...please help me, I do not want to get mad...I want to be like any other and eat, drink, work, have sex and sleep for good hours."

"Sorry Sir, can I help you?" the young pretty woman stood beside him while he was bending over holding his stomach like a man in need to vomit.

He was hearing her young sweet voice full expression of honest concern for a stranger. Guenther Erden looked into her eyes and started crying like a child tears running down his cheeks: "You...what you? What do you want from me?"

"I see you here and saw that you might be in need of help," she answered with irritated voice as she was not expecting such a reaction from a man that she only had approached with the best of intentions.

"Stand behind me, devil...get out of my way...do not lead me into temptation," he shouted, pushed her away and ran down the street towards Hotel Atlantic, ignored the greetings of the doorman that looked after him with great concern, crossed the lobby with no response to the concierge's best wishes for the day, called down the lift, got up, unlocked his room, took off his shoes and hid himself under the bedsheets.

"When you can overcome the powers of your body, enter into your brain, slip into your soul and spirit, it is then you can see the truth of yourself as your body is always destructing you from discovering yourself

as you really are,” was Guenther Erden hearing a voice from far, the voice of an old man with scarves in his sound.

“When you are pure in your very own self, God will recognize you, but you will not be worth anything to him as he needs you as his helper here on earth. Nobody can ever interact with you when you have no body. Even your body might cause you discomfort, can distract you from being truly you...nothing will move on this earth but you will leave everything into the hands of people that have no problems to accept whatever their bodies does to them but use them as an instrument to play the melody of life on...people that think brain is nothing for them, reserved for others higher than them; for people that have the special exclusive only for them assigned capacity and capability to achieve out of nothing, something,” the voice of another man shouted into his ears.

“I am getting mad...I am really getting mad. Someone wants to see me going crazy and kill myself...someone wants the end of my being, crash me, I can feel it in my blood,” he looked confused and shy from behind the bedsheets holding them over his head while sitting upright. “Someone must protect me from the evil look...someone there, outside there?”

“Mirror, mirror at the wall, who is the most powerful woman in the land of my family, in my nation?” was he hearing the rough voice of his sister Heidi Juergensen. “Is there anyone that can challenge me?”

Guenther Erden went over to the minibar, got whiskey, wine and snaps into his hands, drunk one shot after the after as fast as he could. His body fell back into the bed uncovered. In the early morning hours of the next day, he woke up again seeing the grey transparent silhouette of his sister Heidi Juergensen disappearing into the Bed Side Wall. Before her last leg completely vanished for the night, she turned around a last time and warned him: “To defeat me and crush me, let me tell you the truth, you need more than yourself; you need the ultimate power of the universe...you must always be clean in your heart and truthful.”

In an instant he knew what she was talking about. It was knocking at the door. He got up feeling heavy pain in his head and in his chest, below his ribs on his left side a round spot with pain was not going away. Emma stood before the door asking her usual question. He let her in to make his bed that was wet of his sweat and covered in smell of alcohol.

“Do you sometimes have the feeling the world is slipping away between your fingers?”

Emma turned round while changing the cover of his pillow: “I do not know Sir, what exactly you mean.”

“That life in an instant can leave your hands and you do not have it any longer under control,” said Guenther Erden.

Emma collected the empty bottle and answered him: “Someone can die from one second to the next without warning, yes Sir that is what I know.”

She was about to close the door behind her again when he said: “That is not what I mean.” He kept the door open seeing her putting his dirty bedsheets unto her push wagon and made his thinking more clearly to her: “I mean, to die inside of you all of a sudden so that someone else can take over the

control of your life and mess you up or bring you up to heaven. It can well be that you lose control over your own ways in life and something in you opens a door through which the powers of destruction can enter your life to the effect that you are no longer yourself, only a body that is still alive and your soul is pushed aside.”

“In Africa we have many people that are bewitched and haunted by the devil. Pastors know how to force the evil forces out of a person and make the person come back again to its senses, something I have not seen in Germany,” answered Emma hoping to have given him the answer he had expected to hear from her. “Many mad people run around our cities in Africa just like that and nobody really cares...nobody. Here mad people are taken good care off and stuffed with all kinds of medication and therapy, while we do not have such a luxury for our people. We chain them or take them to Men of God that can free them. I personally believe, everyone is born free and to decide for himself what is right for him. Nobody is born to be or fall sick, so when that happens, something is basically wrong in our spirit as life is not for illness made, it is made for us to work on the reason why we have come to this earth in the first place.

“Thank you...that is what I wanted to hear,” shut Guenther Erden the door and left Emma to her duties. He walked over to the window ignoring conflicting voices of men and women from both walls on the TV Side and behind his bed. He stepped out unto the balcony and enjoyed the wide view he had over the lake Alster as the Landscape Department of the district Hamburg-Mitte had decided to cut all trees around Hotel Atlantic short to allow nature next year to bounce back exceeding the old glory the trees had shown during the previous years. Energy in the trees had gone out of them needed revival by taking drastic steps of cutting down.

“My Prophetess told me, we have to take the girl back to Kumasi, now. She has seen, one day the girl would be in our room and blood would be all over her with no obvious cause. I cannot take that risk as she is not our child but of my brother Eric...so we better take her back. I will go this afternoon not to waste time...her life is in real danger,” said Alberta standing in the middle of the room with her short hair that had made her look like the girl’s sister Alberta Mensah, named after her twelve years back.

He stepped into the room facing the grey transparent silhouette of his late wife and protested in the same manner as he had done years back: “How can you do this to me, you know how much I love Gifty and what a wonderful relationship we have together. It is because we are born both Virgos and have our birthday the same month one day after my younger sister Sabine, that makes us soulmates with a special bond connecting us, a feeling and spirit not to describable with words. The fact that she always wants to sleep in my arms and kiss me, being so close to my body while asking me all strange questions like a woman in love. Yes, when we shower in the mornings and evenings together, I know you do not like it. She stands before me, the girl of eight years old, and rubs her body with her sponch watching carefully how I use soap to take of the dirt of the night and day. In your culture it is extremely strange to do that, in my society it is normal that children and parents shower together to make their kids understand, that the body is growing over time and everything in life is normal, norms are not set by our bodies, but by traditions and perceptions each society is inheriting from generations past. It has become normal to me now, that always when Gifty steps into the bath house, she gets down on her knees and eases herself so that her pee touches my legs before going down the drain. Here it is nothing special, natural and scenes of everyday life...so I got used to it over time and now I see this also as very normal.

When she tried to kiss me I know what she is up to...but you must understand, she is just a child and does not know what she does, so why should I push her away to make her feel ashamed of herself. That can have negative consequences for her later in life when she has relationships to men. So it is best for me to teach her and guide her as young men will treat her rough, rough," justified Guenther Erden his thinking.

"Do you hear yourself...do you really know what you are saying?" was Guenther Erden confronted by his late wife with angry voice. "Do you know what this means in this country? When you do anything stupid to this girl, you can end up in prison and come out at the end of your working life. Do you want this to happen to you?"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Guenther Erden angrily turning his back to his late wife Alberta. "We are just playing...harmless playing as she wants it. I do not force her, she forces herself to me and wants to touch me all over my naked body."

"Don't you see...don't you see?" shouted his late wife, dressed Gifty, asked her to pack her school bag and her luggage, found money in the living room, counted the notes, called her father to inform him about her arrival the next morning in the early hours of the day. She passed him and said: "This girl can bring you behind bars and you will not know what had happened to you in there. She has changed you completely, has blinded you. I know you as a good husband, a man that loves children too much, especially the girls are very close to your heart naturally. So, do you not see what you are about to do that is not normal, the devil wants to confuse you and mess you up and put you behind bars. The devil wants to make sure that you will never get your blessings. I am here to protect you and ensure, what is your inheritance, will come into your hands."

Guenther Erden sat down on the couch, put his head into his folded hands and started to cry. His eyes got red, two handkerchiefs laid down on the Tabriz carpet completely wet. "What is going on in my life...oh God, why me?"

"God choses the once he thinks are best to perform but the weak once become wicked to destruct the righteous," late Alberta proclaimed confidently. "God never forces us to do what we are supposed to do but when we do not perform on his program, we have to accept the consequences that come with our decisions."

"Life is not easy, oh," Guenther Erden said, got up wanting to give his late wife a big Hug, touched her grey transparent silhouette and went right through her.

"Life is the practical and visible form in which humans have to spend their time non earth as Angels are only powers with limited assignment not having the privilege to experience the other dimension of existence in this earth that comes with a body," late Alberta lectured her left behind husband that had the two wedding rings on his ring finger visible showing.

"In other words, humans are Angels in a body form that are not completely powerful like the real Angeles with wings and shapeless forms and no sense or capacity to sin," tried Guenther Erden to make sense out of her words that were so far from him, theory at its highest.

Before her grey transparent silhouette dissolved into nothing visible anymore being put back into the memory of his mind, she confessed: "I have always loved you and never had wanted anyone else but you!"

He did not know what brought him there. Opening his eyes, he saw the street sign saying 'Pulverteich' off Steindamm around Hamburg Central Train station. Many bars and clubs where Homosexuals entertained themselves were located in that street and area full of man in jeans and heavy leather dresses patronizing some of the special Hotels in the district. Hosted in a simple office building with light grey stones at the outside among other simple buildings used for shops to sell Afghan food to the Muslim community that had settled in the area among them many from Turkey, first generation of workers asked to come to Germany and help during the time of the Wirtschaftswunder to boost the upcoming German economy and man jobs in waste management companies, sweep streets in Hamburg and labour in factories for little money. Still, most of this generation were unable to speak any decent German having isolated themselves from German life and kept to themselves during working hours, practice of their Muslim faith and leisure time. The second generation on the other hand more often than not exceeded German character wanting to proof to the Germans and the world, they were the better Germans and Germans had degraded their own fantastic values like honesty, hard work and being time conscious. Many of them had made an impressive academic career for themselves or had started their own small or bigger business from nowhere, taking risks and believing in their success, like most Germans with a good income would have never done that rather taken the risk one day to be fired, living for a while from unemployment benefit, finding a job again and retire at the earliest possible age. These Turks and Afghans, refugees from the wars in Kabul and Kandahar, were hungry still to make it in life and drive a good car with no boss telling them which model to choose.

"Mosque," was written in light green letters over the unnoticeable entrance. Before the light yellow stone structure, a three storey building, some Muslims from Afghanistan in their traditional cloths were standing chatting along. They long beards looked impression and scary at the same time not making any facial gesture visible of their thinking or feelings. "So, this is the Mosque in which one of the Attackers on the twin towers of the World Trade Center in New York was worshipping Allah, studied at Harburg Technical University and got his pilot practices in a school near Wedel at the outskirts of Hamburg, the place that young guy Mathias Rust, the crazy fellow, had started off to enter the Russian territory and had landed on Red Square right in front of the Kremlin with his one engine private aircraft...this world is not normal. So many layers of history we thing are in isolation, but in fact, everything on earth is interconnected. When we go abroad and think we can leave everything behind, our problems, our tears cause by our enemies, guess what, before we even arrive at the other side, these enemies are already there to welcome us."

"Sorry Sir, are you not feeling fine?" asked one of the Afghans Guenther Erden that had talked to himself loudly and had put his right hand unto his forehead. His face had turned upside down, gave the

impression of a man that had gone lost in time and space of a perverse world.

“Oh no, Sir,” laughed Guenther Erden recovering his mind standing firm before the unknown man in his long grayish dress seeing more and more worshipers arriving greetings their friends, “I am okay, nothing to worry.”

“You want to come inside and greet our Imam?” the Afghan asked smiling while little girls with headscarves played with each other overseen by their grim looking fathers standing at the road side. One of them had bought a new car, red with special flat tires, a time for him to show off and present the fruit of hard labour.

Guenther Erden followed the Afghan inside the building ending up in the office of the Imam at the end of the great hall used for the service, a simple room with few furniture and paper all over the place. He was greeted warmly and welcomed by a man that was still young for his assignment, Guenther Erden thought while accepting a copy of the Quran that he promised to study and see what he could learn from the holy words. Asking the Imam carefully selected questions, he was not able to find out whether or not it as him or someone before him that once had radicalized the Twin Tower Attacker that had caused the death of over three thousand innocent lives and dived the world into a different perception and concept for freedom and movement.

A voice inside him ended the meeting. One hour later he found himself on Ohlsdorfer Cemetery walking to his grandparent’s grave. He was feeling cold even it was supposed to be warm at this time of the day on a sunny warm day in late summer. At the horizon dark clouds came closer over the northern part of the city where he had found himself standing. Someone had come to put fresh yellow roses into the green plastic vase that was used to decorate the grave and give death a little smile on its face. The cemetery authority had cut the grass covering the grave recently as it was still low. Every month gardeners would come and mourn over each grave accordingly to the contracts the relatives of the deceased had signed with them.

“I am freezing,” was Guenther Erden saying loud and looked around to see where he could best hide himself from the decreasing temperature and get back to his comfort warmth. Snow and cold was never for him, heart was what he always had enjoyed. High hot temperatures making him sweat was endurable for him, the moment the weather report was forecasting fifteen degrees and below, he started to shiver. He was not prepared for the cold that took over his body; no jacket in sight that could have brought him comfort and made him feel good and free.

“My grandson, my grandson...do not worry, look nothing is to fear in this world, everything leads to final rest...look at me, am I scared of anything?” stood Heinrich Erden before him, his grey silhouette was so transparent, that it was hard for him to recognize his body and facial expressions. From his heart a warm stream of air like a string came over to Guenther Erden to give him rest and comfort.

The grandson looked into the eyes of the grandfather that had passed on when he had been three years of age. All he remembered of the man that had died in his early sixties was a giant man with gentle gestures and deep voice to make him feel save. Whenever his mother had told him how much she had

loved that man that had given life to her husband, the evil man, she unable to believe that the good blood he had carried in his body and passed unto his children would one day confuse his son to become what he was in life. She had always thought in her mind, only bad blood could make a human a miserable person.

Guenther Erden sat next to Heinrich Erden felling his hand in his hand warming his soul. Endless minutes passed by before the grandson had the courage to ask his grandfather about his life.

“So, you want to know how it was during the war and after it?” Heinrich Erden said looking over to his grave seeing his wife Irma watching out into the distance with a hand pointed downwards to where her son had been buried.

“Your father was not even thinkable in those days,” did he start to explain. “There was no food for us, how less for a child. We Germans had started the war because many of us, not me as I am never interested in politics at all, had believed the solution to overcome the economic misery the Weimarer Republic had put our country in, would be the right thing to do. During the first democratic elected German governments, all people in Germany were so hopeful that things would finally turn out for the better, that Germany would be strong again in all aspects of life, politics, the economy and our social and cultural life. After the Deutsche Reich under our Empire Kaiser Wilhelm II we had to endure hard times and not much to say. Now the new era had come, but the Politicians were unable to deliver on their mandate. This had plunged Europe into a war that later exploded to a world war with over sixty Million casualties and endless numbers of misplaced people, much more than what we observe today, of course. So, in that situation, the Allies had taken control over us. Our political system, our culture, our economy, in those days everything was in ruin, nothing was functioning anymore. The British that had occupied Hamburg and the rest of the northern part of Germany, had given us a list of food items and determined the amount of calories that we should have per day maximum and when not complying with their orders, no food was given. Teachers and Judges, also government workers were vetted seriously. They needed all to be retrained and brought in line with the political concept of the Allies.”

“I can imagine, please correct me if I am wrong,” said Guenther Erden with piece in his heart having the video footages before his very own eyes that he had seen often during his studies at Hamburg University, a country in ashes, grey everywhere and unaccompanied children searching for food or stealing it from wooden trucks, hanging unto train carriages that moved people from places to places to beg for something to eat, “many women had small children and no husbands anymore as they had died on the battle fields all over Europe and North Africa.”

“Rommel was a great General, but yes, he also left many women as widows behind, not only his own wife when Adolf Hitler had asked him to take his own life or been executed...that is life...that is politics I guess,” Heinrich Erden answered his grandson. “Politics is a dirty business, take my word!”

“But someone must do it, right?”

“Anarchy were everyone does what he think is best, is also not the solution,” agreed Heinrich Erden with his grandson and smiled behind his eyes. “Look at the Arab Spring of twenty eleven, they ousted Dictators of various calibers without a plan or concept, nor ready constitution to be presented before

the people to be voted on right after the Dictators had left the territories. In Tunisia this was done three years later...too late if you ask me."

"The fact that you are not interested in politics as you said, you understand much of it," smiled Guenther Erden challenging his grandfather. He looked him straight into his eyes to see whether he would shake.

"When you are dead like me, you see this world from a different perspective, from an eagle eye and understand what is really going on."

"So, you want me to die, before I understand matters of the earth?" Guenther Erden smiled even brighter seeing how his father had lifted up his head from the ground to check what was going on up there.

"No, it is not like that," Heinrich Erden laughed and hugged his grandson keeping him tied to his chest for some minutes. "When you are close to God through a man of God, it can also make the trick."

"My Prophet?"

"Sure, especially that man is very qualified to explain things like that. So, you should always be listening to that man and his little life no matter how much money you have in your bank account. Money can leave you at any time, nothing is stable forever. Today you think you are untouchable and up, tomorrow life crashes you down to nothing and you start asking you Pastor for money to feed yourself," explained the old man that had enjoyed his Friday wine very well. "Life is not rocket science, it is enjoyment...you know only too well what that means as you have inherited my style of enjoyment very well, my grandson...but it is all about understanding life matters that is not to be seen or heard in the obvious, only understood when your mind goes beyond yourself and your little, little existence with fears, joy, hopes and dreams involved, the whole package."

"You mean, life is real as our body is real but what happens in life is something untouchable, something spiritual?"

"This world is more spiritual than physical and life's decisions are not from the obvious world, but from the spiritual rim that is all around and in us," the old man explained.

"Heavy...heavy stuff, that you are teaching," said Guenther Erden getting up and stood before his grandfather knowing his father's eyes would carefully watch over them both with jealousy.

"May be," Heinrich Erden responded looking down on him. "When you have reached my form of existence...things will look to you much different."

Guenther Erden agreed and asked him to continue sharing with him the past during the time just after the last world war. Heinrich Erden got up and invited his grandson to join him for a walk around the cemetery as he had received the information by his son's look that both would not be left in peace. They passed the grave of Hans Albers, the singer from Reeperbahn having left a legacy behind. Heinrich Erden stood silently before the stone that the people of Hamburg had erected in the honour of the late singer with songs sang so well from sailing on the oceans and the pain wives had felt when their husbands had never come back to them.

“The widows with their small hungry children and no fathers by their side that could have helped them...I admire them so much...so, so very much,” said Heinrich Erden and asked his grandson to move on around the cemetery full of green, trees and grass, with flowers all over dried out in waste bins or fresh planted on the graves. “As houses were destroyed, it had become a challenge for the families to find shelter. Clothing the children had been very, very difficult. Some women, out of desperation, had collaborated with the soldiers from England and had gotten pregnant, but at least food had been there for their children. These women, the Truemmerfrauen, had been to strong women that he had started to clean brick after brick from the rubble of the destroyed cities to put them aside for reconstruction of the country. Factories had been bombed but what was still usable, the Allies had asked to be taken to their countries as reparation of the cost Germany had inflicted unto them. So, how to start a country as such again? Germany has no natural resources Africa is so blessed with, only coal in mountains, few pits above ground. Care packages were send to Germany to feed people but a network of donor countries like it is today in existence, was no there. Whenever today a civil war breaks out, conferences after conferences can be seen on a pilgrimage march around the globe and money or food from governments and private donors can be found easily. After the world war is was not like that. Who could or should have donated relief items to Germany...Africa? Arabia? Asia? South America?”

“You are joking,” laughed Guenther Erden and stepped aside to let a man in his wheelchair pass. “I know Africans and as they have so much given, they will never share with others...never.”

Heinrich Erden asked him: “Why, is it so?”

“The Africana mind is greedy, he takes only for himself...with wide opened hands over and over again. They have no sense for the future, are not generational thinkers but thinkers for the now and here...that is a great problem to themselves.”

“And us in the end,” added his grandfather knowingly.

“In the end we have to solve all their problems that they cause to themselves, that is true,” said Guenther Erden and bought himself a strawberry ice-cream sold from a local vendor freshly made and popular all over Hamburg.

“Your father once was working for them, you remember, Adda Eis?”

Guenther Erden knotted ignoring the association his grandfather wanted to make as the ice-cream was really rich and creamy as he had expected from a good product that goes well down his throat.

“So, let me continue asking you,” the grandson said after he had finished his cold delight,” when the Marshal Plan came and money was available in Germany to restart a country that is located in the heart of Europe, how was the situation than?”

Heinrich Erden reported from his memories: “The Allies had thrown a big campaign over Germans to slash out all evil thoughts linked to Nazism and the hate Germans had in their heart against foreigners. They taught us for food their human values and we quickly adapted as we had very fast understood, our attitude had not be right and that he had to improve on our mind. So, while our Truemmerfrauen were cleaning brick by brick, gradually our children had gone back to school and got basic schooling as much as had been possible in those days, nevertheless, Germany had lost a whole generations due to the war

and scientist like Wernher von Braun and his team of three hundred rocket scientist plus Albert Einstein had left the country voluntarily or by force taken as Prisoners of War. The German intellectual Elite only came back little by little if at all. But one thing was there right from the every moment we had to reinvent ourselves completely, the will, the spirit to come through all the problems and stand above the past that had seen darkness in Europe. Yes, we had to pay and suffer for all the evil works we Germans had committed and inflicted on other nations, yet we had the inner power to stand up to the situation and turn it into something powerful. Fifteen years after the Second World War, do not forget it, with Allies watching over us until our constitutional independence in late nineteen ninety and the British having had commanded us to use the logo 'Made in Germany' on all products that we had produced to showcase the world a country in and of shame, the Nazi Germany, in our collective hearts and spirits we had been determined, disciplined and hardworking, focused all the way while ensuring by setting up our social system to take anybody on board of the ship unstoppable...we made it...we made it."

"When you want it and yourself is all what you know from your future focused in close range of your eye and spirit, the mind draws you to your glorious victory...is that the lesson to learn from that conflict?" Guenther Erden asked his grandfather that had gone back to his grave and asked him to sit by his side on the bench foggy dust had covered with sprinkled water drops.

"You can say that," the grandfather applauded his grandson for wisdom of younger age. He saw his son standing on top of the grass next to his mother, both watching closely over the tow man chatting along.

"And ...if I may ask, grandpa...there was also the issue of peace, peace with the enemy and reconciliation of a history that had left many people dead behind the front line and changed destinies for Millions."

"Oh, my lovely grandson, you are so smart, I had never imagined it to see a son of my own son become like that, it moves me to tears, to be honest," said Heinrich Erden holding the hands of Guenther Erden in his own looking him straight into the eyes. "As we had become the richest country in Europe and forth in the world, we also had become the leader of the European Union, a work in progress to ensure peace in Europe will be here to stay for endless generations to come and to enjoy. That was very important to the old Schumacher and Adenauer, Brandt and Schmidt...so important. Now that we have no natural resources to benefit from and share the wealth of it with the rest of the world in distress, it is our mind that makes us who we are, that makes us rich. When I look down the globe and see all the beauty there is in Africa, or I look to the right and see Asia and to the left I see Latin America...oh my God, how much do these people suffer and nobody can tell you today, when this will end. Sixty years of support in many ways did not achieve much...and honestly speaking, I do not see an end coming, but a situation that is getting worse by the day and out of hand with no one there nor here having the right answer to make a breakthrough possible. Like Alexander the Great cut with his own sword the Gordian Knot to end a mystery of uncertainty, someone seem necessary to repeat this event in the time we live in to write a better story into the book of history. Look at me," Heinrich Erden got up standing before his grandson and smiled. "I am dead and gone, can only talk about the olden days from the grave, but as I have no body anymore that is alive and that I can use, I am useless...I am only a transparent shadow of what once was. It must be the living generations than is supposed to use their brain, mind and body to make this world a better place each and every day...for all people inclusive."

"We need a new mind!"

"You have to renew your mind and come up with a new order...that is all I can tell you," said Heinrich Erden, walked over to his grave, looked at his wife and son, looked down on the green grass, gave thanks and all three went down again below the visible earth underneath the soil.

"All that we need to know about this world, the past, the present and ideas for the future, oh my God, can be found on the internet a fingertip away. Therefore it should not be such a big problem to solve all the mess around the world, the injustice, the waste material, the environmental pollution, the broken social systems, the societies upside down, traditions in need for immediate transformation. For God's sack, it must be possible to fix all that nonsense around us," shouted Henry Kassenger loud that his voice was about to blow out the fire underneath the three legged pot. He had brought his Havana along and smoked directly into the face of his friend.

"Cannot you stop that, you Texas Ranger? I can't breathe like that when you put your stuff into my nose. What you need, keep it for yourself, but respect me and what I want for myself," protested Kevin McCaughey sharp and equally loud. "What is good for you, does not have to be good for me also, so you better respect me!"

"Oh my God, how sensitive you are that such a harmless cigar can make you angry and take you above the moon," laughed Henry Kassenger stirring the baked beans in the pot.

"Girls, girls, what is your problem again? Are you on your period or behind your expiring date?" got Guenther Erden up, walked over to the fire and looked at both men with disgust in his weary eyes. "What out, old folks, the beans get burnt, cannot you see!"

"You young leads think, when you come you can put the world upside down and make wonders happen, right?" declared Henry Kassenger being convinced what he has to say is what the world should take for granted and believe. "Let me tell you the truth, there is nothing new under the sun, not only fashion the world has seen over and over again, I mean in principle the same style. The world presents itself each generation in new wrapping paper to be a surprise to mankind, but what is in the box hidden in printed paper, when you look at it, the same old story in different form...that is all, nothing fundamentally new."

"So, when it is not fundamentally new what we are doing here on earth, why is it so?" asked Guenther Erden provocative.

"Look at it, my son...," tried Henry Kassenger to explain.

"I am not your son...definitely I am not your son and anyhow...I am myself and not the extension of another person. I can think for myself...I can speak for myself," said Guenther Erden with confidence in his voice. He stepped out unto the balcony for fresh air. Only the birds were singing in the trees that prepared themselves for the cold season of autumn and winter; leave started to come down and turned into yellow and red.

"Do not be a fool, you are a replica of someone and something that had already been here, or how do

you explain to yourself and us, that humans make the same mistakes again and again in space and time?" Kevin McCaughey jumped to assist his American friend.

"I am not a fool and I am not a replica as before me there was nobody that had ever come up with ideas that I have. Or don't you know, the time humans had to live in cave is over as nowadays they walk on the moon and head for Mars," refused Guenther Erden to listen to what the two journalists had to say.

"The human race has learnt nothing, basically nothing..." rejected Henry Kassenger any doubt about what I was standing for. "We hate each other, we love one another, fight, are jealous, eat, drink, make peace again...so, everything has been seen on this earth long time ago. Yes, the obvious details seem to be much different. In the olden days the caveman had to kill the lion with his bare hands or a big stone, today we just through cluster bombs to make the trick, all from the comfort of our offices with moving drones from place to place...that is all. What really matters is us as people, our mind, our character that fundamentally has not changed, is still Adam and Eve syndrome, people that had been abandoned from the Garden of Eden."

Guenther Erden turned around and looked at the two old men as they enjoyed beer and whiskey with their grilled march mellows saying: "You do not seriously believe, when we die and leave this place up to heaven or down to hell, one day we come back as spirits to take procession of other bodies again, a form of reincarnation from generation to generation?"

"How do you want to explain otherwise that the human race is basically not moving ahead? It is time that did not permit us so far to bring out the latest inventions we enjoy today or will enjoy in the future. For that only time is needed, but the seed for all that is in us already today and was in us all along from the time of our creation," was Kevin McCaughey convinced. He turned around and looked into Guenther Erden's face seeing his facial expressions had dropped significantly. "Look how perverse, how corrupt this world is. First we enjoy the internet, international standard in business, social sector and media. We can access each country legally or illegally on the internet and extract any information we need, only ruthlessness, focus and intelligence is needed for that. Physically, which place on earth cannot we reach this days in a shortest possible time, tell me?" he paused for a few minutes observing that Guenther Erden had turned his back to him and starred over the lake Alster. "Tell me."

Guenther Erden did not mind him, so Kevin McCaughey continued lecturing: "Today we call this world a global village, yet our countries see a revival of nationalistic ideas and steps. What we should see as a great advantage, when it come unto us and closer, we push it away seeing only the bad sides that effect our independence negatively and our freedom to showcase our past and our core identity as people of a particular nation."

"That is truly very, very stupid and foolish," said Guenther Erden, turned around, looked at the two old men eating their baked beans very well. He continued by saying: "We must do something about it."

"Not our job...yours," corrected Henry Kassenger his German friend. "Not ours, we have done our job and service to mankind. You better prepare yourself very well, as it is too hot out there."

He laughed and Kevin McCaughey joined in toasting to his friend with a half full bottle of beer declaring: "Our job is done!"

“Spirit, water and blood are one, it is the blood that destroys and it is the spirit that gives power to destruction of enemies and success in life for what we want to achieve for ourselves based on our decisions. We must choose what we want. God is not doing it for us, he only gives us the opportunities, the program in which to operate. The blood that is in us is not our own blood, it is family blood. Whatever has been in the blood of our grandfathers and fathers, grandmothers and mothers, also runs through our blood, good or bad. We look completely or partially like them...it is in our blood. They educate us with their perception, their ideas, their values...it is in our mind...it is there...it is there! Blood is stronger than our mind, it influences us very well, determines the outcome of our life if we do not know these things. So, whatever is in our blood and has corrupted our mind that is not for us but wants to make our life poor and miserable, wants family history to continue for generations to come, for our children to inherit from us...it is us that have to sop it and turn our history around. So, take communion wine, pour it on the ground, speak over it seven times. Start with destroying your enemies in your family and everything that you want to let go, see and feel no more, pour the blood of Jesus unto the ground as it was demonstrated in the bible when he wear the crown of thorns and blood had touched the earth or when Cain had killed his brother Abel and blood touched the ground, God had said, he was hearing the earth crying because of the blood of his brother Abel. It was not the blood per se, it was the spirit that is in the blood and gives it power and a voice. So, it is the spirit that backs the blood to be the most powerful force on earth. When blood speaks, no devil can operate and the Angels have to do what you want them to do. Therefore, whenever you want to clean your blood from family inheritance, end family curses, free yourself and have a better life, the life that you yourself want, than use blood and pour it to the ground and speak over it seven times. It is working...it is working!” was Guenther Erden hearing the voice of his Prophet, stood still, slowed down his breath, looked into himself, discovered all the wrong doings of his mother in his mind, the fears she had in life that had become a disturbing factor in him. As for her, when something unexpected happened to him, not under his control, fear came up. It was only over time, his brain had developed an antidote, an intellectual mechanism that would set in once the fears of the unknown would show up in his emotions and blood. The mechanism would override the program in his mind and rationalize the information coming from outside into him. His blood pressure would come down again and see what was behind the unexpected information. He hated this occurrences but knew where they were coming from. To be clear about the source of his problems was the first step for him to take conscious actions to fight them. As his mother doubted many things in her life, he had to learn the hard way to trust, even he had gone through many stages in life that people had betrayed him and broken his trust. He had come to understand, if he really wanted to overcome family history and the shortcomings, the failures of his beloved mother, he had to set himself aside and work hard on the blood that was in him. He was never a born businessman and interest in big money had never been on his mind, was not part of his blood. It had taken him half of his life-time to develop a mindset and blood inside him that was ready for financial victory and for greatness in business. Others always had wanted to be rich and never made it, he never had the idea for such a way in his blood and over time he had his breakthrough that was always making him laugh.

“That is life...it is in our own hands,” was he saying to himself and fell asleep, a deep and peaceful rest.

"What is that on the table?" asked Guenther Erden starching his head. He had spent a long day on the phone organizing his business, especially the Christmas Market he had initiated in Ghana years back. His mind was spinning around and around. He was exhausted. His legs were heavy and he was hungry. "Do I see right...little figures that are parading along a long street singing and shouting, a scenery like we used to enjoy when we were small and our hearts open to the wonders of this world, to surprises so colourful we had not seen it during the rest of the year, only at the same time the year before."

Hunger made him go down into the restaurant around the corner, a Chinese place with a fish aquarium at prominent place. He knew what that meant, definitely not what animals lovers had expected. Over time he had got to know the owner from Beijing quite well, a round faced man in his late sixties still not able to speak the German language very well but depending on his adult children to translate for him while he as the patriarch of the family stood evenings and nights day in and day out near the cash machine that his nephew was operating, a young man married to a young German girl.

As it was common gesture, the patriarch greeted Guenther Erden with a big smile on his face and thanked him for coming once again. The restaurant was on the first floor at Hansaplatz that was the home to many ladies from across the globe to look for customers that needed their bodies to enjoy. Some of them used cocaine to make them feel good, walked around the blocks of apartments built with red bricks dating back to the end of the last war. In one of the shops a Charity assisting women to find a better way in life, had their office free for anyone in need and good intentions to enter and meet the helpers available.

His preferred table at the window across the door to the kitchen, was ready for him to make himself comfortable. He knew the menu card by heart. Chicken sweet and sour was his favourite dish, only on rare occasions did he opt for Chicken in soya sauce with cashew nuts. Glass noodle soup with shitake mushrooms was his preferred started each time he came and the end of his meal was either banana with honey or ice-cream with pistachios well roasted and glazed with wild honey from Thailand.

His thoughts disappeared into nowhere, his mind was not disturbing his peace. The wide opened eyes were able to take in the various forms of life that time presented before him. Mothers with small children pushed their kids away from the prostitutes that walked like Drunkener in search for money to get the next shot to run through their veins making them forget about their existence and pain life had inflicted unto them and blood had tormented their souls with. Old widows walked their dogs to make them feel better picking up what they left behind into little black plastic which they disposed of in any of the many litter boxes around. For them it was nothing special, daily routine, part of their life, nothing to think about. They had long last years back accepted and seen the need to go about this ritual as neighbours had complained about the stinking things they had found under their shoes when entering their homes. The public discussion had not lasted long in the city, everyone had understood the need for cleanliness in the city all of them wanted to call their home.

"Africa, oh Africa...how far are you away from the blessings of the twenty first century," came it out of Guenther Erden for a stranger to hear.

"Sorry Sir, I hope I do not disturb you!" said the mighty man standing before him holding unto the chair across him at his table.

"Not at all," responded Guenther Erden with a long smile and offered him to sit with him at the same table.

The Stranger was looking into the menu card as he had never patronized the place before. It seemed to Guenther Erden, he was definitely coming from another city in Germany, most likely from a rural place in Bavaria.

"Are these girls cheap?" put the Stranger a spring roll into his mouth, crunchy deep fried.

"Sorry...what do you mean?" asked Guenther Erden being confused and surprised.

"You know what I mean!"

"No, not really...teach me," challenged Guenther Erden the Stranger that had finished his second spring roll waiting for the main course to be served, Beef with young Bamboo sprouts and vegetables in a sweet sour sauce.

The Stranger said swallowing his third spring roll: "I mean, look at them, they are finished, down and out, worth only small money...and the rest of the girls here around," did he point to the side of the Schauspielhaus where many girls from South America were offering themselves to men passing by, "they have no other option than to sell their bodies for cheap money as certainly none of them stays in Germany with legal documents, am I wrong?"

Guenther Erden looked astonished and speechless at the Stranger that thanked for the main course eating it with great appetite and complaint: "There is nobody in this world, absolutely nobody...Sir that is cheap."

"I mean cheap to get," was the Stranger irritated about his neighbour's reaction harsh and aggressive in a single attack.

"All humans deserve the same respect and understanding as for what they are...created and not made," ordered Guenther Erden the bill to pay and leave. "So, we have to give thanks to the one that had created the people in the first place...and him, I am pretty sure, you do not want to call being cheap."

"But when I have a right to make my own decisions, than I make myself...don't you think?" challenged the Stranger in Bavarian accent the man from Hamburg.

"The point of departure into this life is from our time of birth, innocent, blood of our parents in us, not knowing the matters of the earth...and the finishing point is our death bed. In between this period we can make our own life as we wish it to be. So, this makes us all the same people, created to come to earth and made into grave by ourselves. The reason for us to be here on earth is our life and then our destiny, the mandate given. Base on that simple not and fact, we are worth all the same, whether a failure in life, a prostitute with drug addiction problem, an alcoholic with no shelter above his head, a Millionaire that had made his fortune out of nothing, a mother that had taken care of her handicapped child with no time for herself...we all live and deserve the basic respect as for what we are, human beings regardless of race, colour, money or believes. When you have problems to understand these simple, simple things, than...I pity you."

"I know who I am and you do not need to pity me," said the Stranger behind Guenther Erden as he had paid the bill and walked out the door. "I know who I am!"

"Fool!" said Guenther Erden and stepped out into the night. Young men from a football club shouted over the Hansaplatz from the other side of the Kirchenallee underneath the roof of the Central Train Station ignoring the classical music loudspeakers put out to chase such fans away.

He was window shopping and saw in the windows of a Jewelry store at the corner of Bieberhaus facing Hamburg's Consumer Watch Dog Verbraucherzentrale, beautifully crafted wedding rings from Dubai. As he was admiring the rings and thinking into nowhere, the thought came to him: "That Stranger needs to be educated...and... ." He stopped for a second to speak, hold his thoughts, was astonished what unfolded before his inner eyes. "School...a School...a School is there to teach people, isn't it?" He spoke out to himself making sure to keep his head down for people passing by not to think he is drunken and out of his mind, possibly wanting to alarm the Police Station near Hansaplatz of a potential arm robber informing his comrades over Bluetooth and mobile phone of a good opportunity to make quick money. "But in that case, it makes much sense to do it...and why has not any one before me seen that or come to that idea?" He walked on and continued thinking one idea after the other: "When it was working for us in the olden days, why should it not also work in our time, we simply restructure it, polish it and bring it out new for our generation to benefit from...that think should work...it should really be possible and work."

Guenther Erden walked down the street towards the bridge that crossed the railway lines of the Central Train Station to the north on the way Dammtor. He looked up into the night sky seeing a full moon surrounded by clear stars shining bright, gathered his thoughts and said: "This days the world over we have think tanks, people with a technocratic approach to think about areas of their limited mandate and area of interest. What we do not have any more are holistic schools like in ancient Greek of Platon and Aristotle, genius minds that thought all kinds of thoughts spanning over the entire range of human life. In the olden days of Platon, Jesus Christ had not visited mankind but was about to arrive a short few hundred years later. What if...but that if is a certain possibility actually...who would this world look like when we set up again such a school for people to study and people to teach and teachers to think about life matters with this time round an added approach, the angle of our believe in the spiritual world we live in that gives us the answers that we are so much in need of. What would be...yes, what would be," said he in slow motion making sure when crossing the street to walk down to Hotel Atlantic along the Hoehere Handelsschule. "I mean, we go back to where we are coming from to be close to the roots of our problems and solve them from that place and angle...I mean we can set up...in Africa...a school or Open University, invite all sorts of people from various walks of life to come together and share ideas about the new concept of humanity so that over years later these discussions can be transcribed and the recordings in the end would give us a blueprint that we can use as the new concept of humanity which every Nation has the right and ability to adapt into their own territory accordingly to their needs, while the fundamentals will be globally be the same. That should work and be feasible...so why not start it right now?"

As he entered his hotel room, he sat down on the small bench standing before the end of the bed, put his feet up unto the bed and took a deep breathe. Outside in the streets cars were passing rushing back

from theaters and cinemas, bars and discos bringing their owners safely back home. It was a chilly night. Through the window slight draft was entering the room. Guenther Erden looked over to the minibar that was not closed completely. Light from inside was shining in slim long triangle form unto the wooden floor. He thought of a good chilled beer to end another exciting day of adventure through life. Getting closer to the minibar, he changed his mind, took only the coated peanuts and salty sticks feeling a running tummy soon making his life difficult. A small coke was all he was able to find to help him with the salty sticks to ensure his night needed not to be spend in the bath house starring at the orange tiles reflecting his own image.

He looked over his shoulder and saw the small scenery appearing again in miniature format, came closer to the round table, opened his eyes wide, and spotted young children in red and white costumes singing in a completion in public. They stood at a mighty stand for people around to see them well holding microphones in their little hands.

“But this is my Christmas Market in Accra,” he said to himself laughing and smiling like a child getting his first mobile phone after years of wishing and pushing the parents to buy the gift the child’s heart desired so much.

His fortune had allowed him to initiate a Christmas Market in Accra, the first on the African continent, long overdue. It was never intended to be a one-time event, it was there to stay. When he had first come to Ghana and observed the traditions practiced, his heart had caught fire and his brain had portrayed the future in front of his inner eyes immediately. It was the same experience he had in church of his Prophet when having to use honey to feel the sweetness of life, instead having a disgusting smell of burned sugar on his tongue that had given him the solution, the bible made from chocolate; the product that had made him rich and famous around the globe. As it was Christmas in Germany the same time he was in Ghana way back, his mind challenged him to fight for his vision on day, to ask the future government to set up a gigantic Christmas tree each year the President in power found light and display light and colourful decorations hanging down from the branches while in an especially assigned long road small stalls and kiosks would offer drinks, food and decoration for the private Christmas party at home. A Christmas parade would bring joy and fun into the hearts of Millions in the country and outside, would give a great exposure to the country, an opportunity to showcase traditions, innovations and inspirations of Africans when it comes to worship God in these particular time of the year. What had given Rio de Janeiro each year influx of Millions of tourists from around the country and outside, the locals in their slums hope of a better future to have an open door and one day stand out among all others, that should also be possible for the country of Ghana of which people had tried so hard to be special in this world, yet not overcome the bar of poverty, shame and disgrace.

“The day will come, surly come,” he had said to himself before had left the country back to Amsterdam with final stop in Hamburg, “I will come back and my dream will be normal. What I can see today, what is in my head, what is before my eyes so visible, so full of life with no doubt of a good future and a great sign of hope into this world...one day it will happen and make so many people happy. I want...I will...definitely...I will see the lights in the darkness of Christmas shine in this city and lighten up the fate of the country Ghana. One day...and as long as I keep it in my heart and pray over it all the time, it surely will come to pass. As it is said, when you wish something to happen, you must wish it constantly, not

only one day and expect your dream to be a reality...no, that is stupid to think. Only consistency in asking God of your wish, over time he will not any longer be able to resist you and see that you can carry a great responsibility on your shoulder, that finally he will give up and give to you what is rightful yours. The mistake many people in life do is to give up too soon, not to push and push until the breakthrough comes and victory fills the heart of the people that endure hardships but never give up. One day...very sure...one day I will make it happen and let the world see and enjoy what I can see before my very own eyes."

Guenther Erden closed his eyes and said speaking over the table: "On day, one day...when everything seems lost and worth nothing anymore, when pain is too hard on you...God will not let you die but make you do what he has promised you in his word, in his thoughts and in his ideas planted in you. He will not get his energy that you as human carry get wasted...his time is too precious and in front of the devil he will never fail nor wanting to lose his reputation he has with his people." He opened his eyes again, took a deep breath in and out. His hands tried to reach out to the small scenery on the table. The moment he touched the Christmas tree mighty standing before the Flagstaff House, it disappeared into the unknown.

"This world is full of hopes and dreams...we should make good use of them," did he put down his feet on the ground, got up and turned on the TV.

Guenther Erden stepped out from Goldener Handschuh at Reeperbahn leaving a cloud of smoke and beer, of wasted time and always the same heated discussions reaching nowhere. Heike Mueller was not able to join him, she had been admitted two days before into St. Pauli Hafen Krankenhaus with pain in her private parts. The situation was not life threatening, but serious enough to be admitted for two weeks. He had paid her a visit late afternoon before coming over to the shady bar seeing life unfolding as it was down at the bottom of society, human capacity wasted and preserved in spirits. She had enjoyed his visit a lot and smiled at him all over. Certainly, she had declared into his face, would he that night find again more insight into life as only few around would ever discover. It had been obvious to her, much observation of human lives is needed for a wise man to grow over time. Too many, she had said, shy away from the darkness of human minds fearing to get infected and corrupted by wrong words and the association with poor people in mind and finances. On the other hand, it had always been Guenther Erden's heart desire not to leave earth again without having seen and understood everything that he possibly could.

"You are one of a kind," she had said when she had seen him off getting the promise from him to come back the day she would get dismissed from hospital to celebrate her recovery very well.

Behind Kaiser Keller a huge impressive truck was parked. A loud and aggressive Heavy Metal Band was in town to give two concerts patronized by mainly young people. He looked at the waiting fans and thought to himself: "When I was old like them, I had spent my pocket money for things that would give

me a future. They just want to be entertained for the now and have fun. Will this give them a future or a rhythm of spending money for now, working in the moment for now to have money for now again?"

"When you think too much in this world, you will get crazy!" was he hearing the voice of Heike Mueller advising him. "Best is, close your eyes and ears, focus on what your little life has to offer and hope for the best until you have to leave again this place to heaven."

He crossed over to the other side where the old shop once was located selling souvenirs from across the globe in a dusty place famous all over north of Germany and truly a place to spend hours and discover wonders. African witch craft masks and utensils not understood by the mind of white people only seen as an exotic and exciting decoration item for a nice place in their homes.

"People do not know much," laughed Guenther Erden loud to himself, looked into the empty building that had been vacated for many years now as the owner of the Antique shop had lost his contract to a future developer that was still supposed to build his promised made to the district. He walked silently around the former shop looking into all windows in search for a great surprise. While others would have simply taken notice from afar about the fate of the building and situation, his mind directed him to investigate the matter further. Tourists were passing by the road side under the shady street lamps that had long time lost their bright shine giving the scenery in the darkness a spooky atmosphere children would run away from. The small passage way on the right side of the building leading further away from the narrow one way street with cars parked in anyhow style, the small light the stars and the moon had brought down to allow him to see where he was going, had gone completely. Something had told him to go further along the white wall of the crumbling house which roof had been broken and rain water had destroyed part of the foundations.

His feet were hitting something hard and he was hearing a dark, rough male voice saying: "Do not hit your feet at a stone."

Guenther Erden was not scared, but his eyes got wide open to get the last possible light into his mind and discover the secret of the voice out of the darkness. "You should not hit your feet at a stone," repeated the voice out of the darkness.

"Who are you and...where are you?"

"You can find me here when you have a good mind, sharp senses and an open heart to hear and understand the matters of this world, when you are prepared to fight for what is right no matter what others say," the voice responded.

"Ok...," Guenther Erden said with peace in his voice looking intensively into the darkness searching all around. "Ok, I will do all I can as you said," he promised and got down on his knees to find out whether his perspective would give him the right understanding of what the unknown man had wanted to share with him. "I am ready to listen."

"With no pre-conditions?"

"No, why?"

"You can only hear my voice, when your heart is open and clean," the voice explained and continued

saying, "otherwise my time is wasted."

"I promise to listen to you with an open mind and heart," promised Guenther Erden saying loud and clear. He turned around to ensure, nobody would see him or hear the voice talking to him.

All of a sudden, he was standing in front of him holding a white candle in his hand. The small light from the candle was bright enough to see behind the man a wooden barrow in which Sherry once was stored and matured to taste. Stanley Morgan stood before him, a man in filthy, dirty clothes, a shady brownish jacket too big for his statue, dark trousers never washed but used to move around with for endless months, a beard that as grey und had grown far out of his long face. The eyes were blue and sharp, his hands elegant and slim, more hands of someone that sits day in and day at out a desk of a company and gives orders for others to perform on than of a person living under such dreadful conditions with stench and poverty, darkness and loneliness.

Stanley Morgan introduced himself as a sailor from Australia, down under, that years ago had lost his way back to Canberra. He had given up to find work on a ship to bring him home or any other place around the world. He had made peace in Hamburg and had stayed there ever since he had arrived. Not a single moment did he leave Guenther Erden out of his sight making sure the man to talk to would not reveal any of his words to others but keep them in his heart as this world does not understand people like him, think they are foolish, crazy or worse, useless and Armrobbers after all.

"The world is ignorant," Stanley Morgan said offering a sit on a cardboard to his guest. "They do never listen to the truth and the real issues. They only want to hear what pleases them. When you touch them and make them uncomfortable, you see their real character and what they are up to."

"The world is wicked, you mean?"

Stanley Morgan lectured his guest by saying slowly putting emphasis on any single word: "When someone like me that looks poor and lives in such conditions has something to say that can change the world and transform it to be better and better, people do not listen. They only are interested in men that have money, have cars and houses, employ many people and fly around the world in their private jets no matter whether these people have sense or not. The world admires money, not mind. When money speaks, people walk to it like lemmings are drawn to the Promised Land by inner force. This world is a material world in which we have to exchange material for spiritual, than it works. But all we do is to worship money and exchange money for money, the reason that this world is not moving forward about constantly around itself...around and around and around, spinning around and around." He laughed and offered Guenther Erden his red wine bottle that he had carefully hidden behind a wooden box, square in shape with a heavy metal padlock in which once myhre was transported. With a big smile Guenther Erden refused to share his great procession with him.

"The question arises, why do we live? Do we live for ourselves or do we live constantly for someone else, for a higher authority that is using us here on earth as he cannot come into this territory and make things visible so that through this visibility he can even be seen greater than before?" did Stanley Morgan ask out of the blue. He went on while drinking his second shot of red cheap wine: "What is it all

about, this life? Is it that the ideas, the thoughts are standing higher and are of more importance than the people that carry these ideas inside them, once killed or gone by age, the ideas and thoughts are outdated, vanish into humanities history books, or will they survive regardless whoever is carrying them, possibly even surfacing back generations later only to fulfill their final mission.”

Guenther Erden was confused and lost of words. From far he was hearing fans leaving the Kaiser Keller drunken and joyful. The two men listened carefully into the night that got colder by the hour. After half an hour they were left alone again to their own thoughts. The smell from Stanley Morgan’s clothes was annoying Guenther Erden but he kept his thoughts to himself trying to be tolerant to man that was so much different at the outside than himself.

“We live in an unjust world, I am telling you the truth,” proclaimed Stanley Morgan with confidence in his voice being too sure of what he was talking about. “Our justice systems and judges, our laws and constitutions are not correct.”

Guenther Erden had serious problems to follow his words and thoughts.

“Look, today we accept abortion as a standard and mainly accepted practice to handle unwanted pregnancies. Same sex marriages, in Africa people get arrested for being Homosexuals and anal sex is a criminal offense, is in the Western countries no issue more of discussion. Even when people do not agree with it accordingly to their believes like me, still it is law and must be seen like that, legal and something to be protected. Why is it that generations in the past, these standards were not there but even thinking of them made people unjust and a form of outlawed. So, what gives us of our generation the right to change the laws, the sentences given and the way we deliver our judgements compared to times before? Are we better people that deserve better law systems, better judges than of the past? And what about the generations to come, what will give them the moral and ethical right to look down on us that we live to day and condemn us as primitive and behind any acceptable and normal understanding of how we humans should treat each other. Laws have changed over generation as life is an ongoing process, but can it not be that we have values that are with us forever regardless of the times we live in and do we not have to set these values as standards that have to stand among us forever?”

Guenther Erden tried to explain: “We cannot foresee the future and every situation requires its answers in its own time.”

“That means...if I understand you correctly...it can also mean that norms of today that we had thought to establish against the norms of the past, might one day find a revival and come back again when the future so requires?” challenged Stanley Morgan his nightly guest.

“Life is always moving forward...it is moving on and not backwards.”

“Are you really sure about that?” asked Stanley Morgan taking another shot of wine, looked at the bottle, tried to look through the green glass, put the bottle down by his side. “Sometimes life gets finished and when new things are not available right at hand the wanted moment, we need to dream of the good olden days and remember...whether it was better or not, at least it was something and before there is nothing, we have to hold on to what once was.”

Guenther Erden looked intensively at the empty bottle his host was lamenting about and the circumstance that he had lost the smile on his face over the sad turn of events.

“We are so stupid and foolish that we say, humans on high sea and before court are in the hands of God...foolish!” shouted Stanley Morgan out aggressively. “Very, very foolish!”

“Why?” asked Guenther Erden looking up again and straight into the eyes of the man that had isolated himself like Diogenes from the loud crowd.

“In every sector of our societies we have quality control systems to ensure value for money...all around the world we implement the same high standards. But in our law systems, once a judge is installed in his position, he goes on to judge over others in his own freedom as we want the justice system to be independent from any outside influence only delivering quality justice based on the laws of the country. Whether the judge is lazy, causing unnecessary costs of parties involved, has a poor record of his judgements to go into the appeal processes, we do not judge and take needed actions in a quality system. Judges are promoted by impressions Superior Authorities or politicians have about a particular judge that is all. There is no mandated regular quality check on the performance of judges, yet it is them that decide in civil and criminal cases about much that is affecting the lives of many. Years ago I had suggested to ensure the independence of the justice system while at the same time delivering quality judgements for the people of a society by implementing a point system that reflects each court case of a judge in an anonymous fashion and every two years judges performance on the point system will be analyzed and have to meet certain standards expected from judges. If a judge fails the follow two years to improve his score, he would be removed from office and replaced by another judge. That is an immense improvement and takes us away from the Ostrich mentality I referred to in my opening statement. On high sea only it is that we are really dependent on uncertainty as the weather we cannot control.”

“Such a system would be too complicated...and I do not think, people really want such a quality checkup,” Guenther Erden.

“This earth is not by the decision from God, he only provides the framework in which we, his people can choose which way to go,” said Stanley Morgan, got up and stood upright before Guenther Erden. “We must arise for our rights...we must arise against people that want to tell us, because they think something cannot be achieved, we have to believe it and bow down to their convictions, their propaganda to corrupt the mind of the people. When something must be done and is right in the eyes of a human being, it can be achieved as...there is nothing impossible in this world, only in the mindset of people. Patience, focus and endurance, waiting on the right time to come and working tirelessly day in and day out will bring overtime victory to those that believe what they think is right, will eventually come to see the light of days.”

“A dreamer is the king of the world?”

“In his society a dreamer with an action plan and forceful power in his mind...yes,” corrected Stanley Morgen his German friend.

“But not everybody can be a dreamer!” wanted to make Guenther Erden him understand.

“God has created all man in his own image and had decided over all of us that we should live a glorious life...there you have your answer.”

“That means...if I get you right, we are basically born all with the same possibilities as we all should live not in poverty and suffering, but in glory, we can all achieve the same thing?” wanted Guenther Erden to be sure to know.

“There are variations, of course, as everyone has his own star that dies with him on his death bed, but the fundamentals in the possibilities given are indeed the same, so no reason why anyone should suffer in poverty, illness or die of intellectual poverty...no one!”

“Who understands this?”

“Not many!” had Stanley Morgan to confess.

Both men looked at each other thinking nothing at all. They started to enjoy each other’s company. Time passed and they shared short memories of each other’s past when they were still boys in their own countries, how life had treated them along the way and they expectations they had towards their future.

Stanley Morgan started to break the silence and draw his attention to another subject and said: “In all of Africa and most parts of the developing world, tribalism is a serious issue killing many people and displacing even more, in the end the economy, society, governmental structures and trust in the system and their representatives, the politicians get destroyed and lost along the line. Look into Xenophobia in South Africa, in the civil wars across the continent not ending for good. In the developed world this does not happen. Interesting enough it must be noted that the Elite of these countries in public are fighting each other, when they are in London, Lisbon or Paris, they meet in peace to strategic themselves very well yet for the next battle to be fought back home. It is only the masses, uneducated, not exposed to the outside world or only interested in their own little lives that are truly into tribalism, for the Elite it is a traditional platform to voice out their ideas that will generate big sums of money for their future and their families...simple as that. The leaders of these countries have learnt the rhetoric of the developed world and mimic the words and ideas very well without understanding their true meaning or even having the intentions to use the wisdom imbedded into them to better the lives of their people back home. These people know what needs to be done and what is right, but it runs in their blood from family history that does not allow them to do the right things. For that very reason, people have to take over that have a different blood but the welfare of the people in the developing world at heart, if not on humanitarian grounds, simply to protect their own societies over time from destruction as migrants of various backgrounds, be it economic or civil war reasons, surely will over flood their societies and destroy them. It is not, let us be very clear about it from a moral and ethical standpoint, that these people are necessary bad or evil, most of them are honest and good meaning people, but history is something that runs in their blood and as long as it is not taken out of it, will and cannot change substantially and for good. The hungry and desperate man is a human like any other but has no wisdom and power to change his very own fate. He must be assisted. When the developed world gives aid support on private or governmental level, nothing will change over time. Let’s face it, when I stand beside a black African and he throws his sachet plastic after enjoying pure drinking water into the gutter

with all subsequent consequences involved, Malaria, Cholera and dead people, I as the wise white man can advise them not to do it but to respect nature and fellow citizen's life, instead making money out of waste, he will thank me for the advice and let me move on. When minutes later I would look behind me, the same black African throws the sachet plastic ignorant and careless into the gutter along the road side. Without legal power that can enforce the right idea and actions, I cannot ask a Police Officer to get that man arrested, put before a judge and enforce a court order...I can only observe and see the consequences of that situation years later in my own country having to pay large sums of money to fix a problem that comes around and goes around, it never leave me. This is never the solution we can be content with and happy about. Africa in particular is a burden now and more so in future to the human race while it should not be so. In fact, it must clearly be said by the long past and given opportunities, it is Africa that should stand out, be richer and wiser than any other continent on earth, but the truth is, it is the other way round, the white man is above the black man troubling him very well...so sad...so sad. So we all in the global village must come up with a better solution, creative ideas that can guide us for generations to come like a framework in which every country can find its own way forward in little, little but important details for a certain society. Then, I think, we have a good working tool that can help us to live a better life on this planet that we are mandated not to mess up into destruction beyond repair, but to take dominion over which means to use the planet well and sustain it for a better and better life of many people of now and generations to come."

"This world is a corrupted world, a perverse world, when you look at it closer," had Guenther Erden to add this the thoughts of his Australian friend. "The developed world is taken the natural resources from the developing world and pay the workers in factories and mines low income to get products to buy in their supermarkets and shops at very affordable prices to have a good life and on the other side, with their tax payers money and donations, they try to fix the problems caused in the first place. Africa, let us take that example, soon will be a dumping side for used products we here do no longer need and products and services that give us here an income but will be dumped unto the African continent. As they of course will find it increasingly difficult to pay for all the products, services and food needed, we have to support them with more and more loans and donor funding, which not only make the whole thing more costly for us but also for them as loan revolving and revolving will come at a higher cost for the poor countries. The little profit they might be able to make on their export, will have to service higher interest rates on their debts they have with us...so, in the end, the whole system will collapse and people, the majority of them, will end up back in our hands right here at our doorstep."

"That is true and crazy that it cries out to heaven for help, as it seems, we ourselves cannot fix the situation that is rolling down on us like a volcano we have seen and researched to erupt at a particular time, but taken the wrong steps to avoid any people getting injured. Politicians in a Democratic setting in office for eight or so years have no wisdom and answers to this pressing problem leaving them into the hands of the government to follow them watching from the Ivory Tower in old age down unto the bad and incompetent boys that had followed them. Democracy is not always the best answer to generation problems, only an open mind that can chose from the political tool box the right tools at the right time for a certain society is a good worker."

"An increasing number of people in modern societies, mainly belonging to the elite, have discovered their conscious when purchasing products from pour countries. They are willing in some sectors of their

lives, of course not in all, to pay a higher price for the products they want or need. Let us assume that the organizations promising to better the lives of the producers in the developing world higher income by paying higher prices for buying their harvest, still, what is the fair price is not up to the producers of the products to say and determine, the morally high class people from the West say what they think is a fair price based on what they calculate the consumer in Europe and America is willing to pay for their products, as products that cannot be sold, for them is no need to be produced in the first place as products at that level can always be subsidized by other products from around the world. Thinking the situation through, it means the fair price is after all in the hands of the developed world and so the fortune or misfortune of these countries also for a very long time to come as this concept sounds too good in the ears of the consumers that they honestly think this is the morally correct way to go about the problems involved in all that...clever and wicked at the same time. The white man is once more, based on his intelligence and mind, the winner in the game and not a fair partner. This world has and will never see any such thing as a fair price, as this in a market driven world simply never exist, only a market price does and that is the price as it stands, neither fair nor unfair, simply market price. This world has never ever seen any absolute und unquestionable criteria along which line a fair price can be established, everything is and will be always in the eyes of the parties involved...and as there are many eyes, ears and hands involved, many prices are there that people think they can make them happy and feel being treated in a correct way. That is the truth of the matter."

"You are right, the world should know and understand," agreed Guenther Erden looking down to his shoes that he had bought in a shoe shop in Wedel Industrial area the week before, nice shining light brown shoes made in Vietnam from good cow leather that had been exported from Jordan to Asia.

Yellow, light brown and red leaves had come to the ground to cover the place. The time for nature to pack the bags and bring out the coat to protect nature from the cold snowy winter had come. It was the last week the Museums Village near Wildpark Schwarze Berge in Hamburg-Hausbruch, south of Hamburg, had finally arrived. While the animals in the natural zoo in between trees and encaged in large areas where well prepared by they being to be protected from icy destruction, the Museum Village was not able to give many visitors during winter months a pleasant experience to relive the days when farmers, blacksmiths and bakers had to endure labour without the help of modern technology. In simple wooden houses inside decorated with great care for details, had been dismantled in various places all across the north of Germany and reassembled back there to teach students and adults alike the art of living under simple conditions generations ago had to put up with. Every Wednesday morning a local from the nearby city of Harburg, still knowledgeable how to back bread and sweet cakes in the hugh stone oven, turned up and showcasing his craft. Visitors rushed to get a bread or cake which was sold out always fast. In the old barn of a rich farmer, the living room stood next to the open stable with open fire that was smoking constantly the meat they had hung up under the roof to dry and be preserved for times animals were not available to be slaughtered. Children had come to understand, not everything someone desires can be bought at any time, but nature sets the agenda, not the nearest Discounter supplying from around the globe standardized products all year round at low cost. Seeing the sheep and

cows grazing on the compound around the village, for most of them it had been the first time to see animals live and not on TV and get an understanding of their needs and how life can be without Gameboy or computer. Some sat quietly on rough carved benches drawing pictures of how the thought life had been in the olden days as requested by their teachers. Some of them had asked themselves, what would they life have been if it so would have happened to be born then and not now. Certainly, life would have been not as comfortable as now, but does that really mean anything. Maybe, some of them had asked themselves, the hard times of the past would have been even better for them only on a different level. They would have been able to always play with the animals and take good care of the bees that the village had and made honey of. The bread and cake, after all, had tasted better than the once they bought from their local Supermarket, more aroma with great fibre and crunchy crust; the cake soft, sweet and not of this world.

“Sir, can I help you?”

“Oh, that is kind of you, thanks,” said Guenther Erden and paid for the honey from raps fields that had seen this year a great harvest. The raps from the farmers around was used to produce bio-fuel, something he had always found to be a useless venture and waste of precious land to produce healthy and organic correct crop for human consumption. “The honey looks nice, very yellowish, not like you,” was he laughing in a decent way not to offend the man standing in front of him.

“No problem Sir, I know what you mean and how you mean it. Why should we not have a good laugh about the way God had made us,” answered Daniel Oppong from Bolgatanga in the northern part of Ghana. He was a man well trained in Gyms that he visited every second day when time would permit as his two children were still in infant stages.

No further customer was insight, for that reason Daniel Oppong followed the invitation of Guenther Erden that had taken the day off from supervising his business to distract his mind. Daniel Oppong was making sure, his Supervisors would not see him sitting next to a visitor. He looked carefully around was certain to spare some moments and share ideas with a stranger. Children had left and only a handful of elderly people from a home for the elderly nearby made their rounds in the village.

“No Sir, there is nobody in our country or Africa in general, that has a genuine interest in the welfare of the people and you white people pay for that,” mentioned Daniel Oppong. “We smile into your faces, use the words and thoughts you have thought us and turn them against you to get from you that we want. Oh Sir, we are very good in that. The mind of the white man is working completely opposite to ours. While Germans are very correct and straight forward and we are not, we can always easily cheat on you. It is no problem for me or my brothers here in Hamburg to marry one of our sisters in Ghana, bring them over and few years later divorce her...no problem as you white people do not know our mind and will therefore not be able to find out. It is not a problem for a father living in Germany to marry his own daughter to bring her here and divorce her somewhat later...no problem at all. You think you are so intelligent and smart, but let me tell you the truth...,” said Daniel Oppong in clear, simple terms smiling behind his ears, “we are much smarter. We do not know how to fly to the moon that is true, we do not know how to build oil rigs for our oil fields in the sea, but definitely we are world champions in cheating on you and make you blind. We know ways you do not know as we think very different from you...that is the truth. Before you even find out, damage has been done to your society.”

"I know...sadly I know," looked Guenther Erden around the place seeing how the baker took off his white apron and hair cover heading for the office block to take a hot cup of coffee before setting off for home.

"In Ghana, we had seven camps for witches, today as we speak six are still remaining. In the Upper East Region just last week a woman was stoned to death as people suspected her to be a witch. They killed her just like that and had no problems with it, even they had claimed and thought it had been their legal and moral obligation to have taken the life of that poor woman. How many witches you can see in each church service in my country of Ghana and all over Africa...plenty...plenty...too much! They sit there and watch the Pastor with the intention to destroy him and his church. But it is not only that. Some Pastors, not small once, the big once also, go to Benin for rituals, to witches and wizards for them to empower the men of God. When you go to Benin, you see all that. It might come to you as a surprise that even many politicians in high positions of our country go there. Of course, in the light of the day and public they say officially they are Christians and belong to church so and so. That does not stop any of them to go to Benin and perform these evil rituals, to slaughter fowls and let their blood run down to the ground for the earth to speak in their favour. Especially powerful people wash their hands each day in blood..." stopped Daniel Oppong as he was hearing someone approaching and looked carefully between the two mighty trees in the middle of the village marking a form for market place.

"Blood...washing hands inside?" asked Guenther Erden as the alarming sound had disappeared.

"Not real blood, but a mixture that was formulated for them, that's where they dip their hands into, speak over the power of this blood that it should give them power. All secret organizations do that in which politicians and rich businessmen are members off. That is tradition in all of Africa. Do not believe that these people reach the top of our societies just like that by their own intelligence and ideas. No way, that is a nice picture you white people like to have from us. It is this blood they use to go to war each day in Parliaments, political parties, Media houses and companies. You white people do not know all these, so your Presidents come here, smile with us, give us contracts, give us aid money, give us food, ask us to be more effective against corruption and streamline the processes of governance to ensure money is not lost unnecessary in the processes and ask for a good human rights record to be achieved. When the smiles are exchanged enough and the Presidents leave our countries again, we go back to Benin to push the white people that we had the privilege to touch, more and more into our direction and to get them under our control. Do you know, you have to be very, very careful with your handkerchief?"

"No, why?"

"There is blood inside!" answered Daniel Oppong taking out one of his own to demonstrate his words. "When we sweat, you might think it is water...right?"

"Yes, right."

"It is not water, it is blood that comes out in form of water drops we feel on our forehead. But it is blood...really," showed Daniel Oppong his white and blue coloured handkerchief he had used for the day. "Plants consist of water, we of blood. A tree dies without water, we humans die without blood.

When we have no water for a free days to drink, we suffer but we can still make it. When blood leave us and our body gets emptied from it, we die, even when it is under a certain level, we die. So, it is blood that we are sweating into this piece of cloth. This means, when an evil man or woman gets hold of your handkerchief it can easily be taken by that person for rituals and as there is a connection between you and the sweat that is blood and in the blood is the voice and power of the spirit... .”

“I understand...mess me up and destroy my life.”

“Right, that is how it works. So, these people always look for ways to get hold of your blood,” lectured Daniel Oppong with a bright smile on his face. “When a President from abroad comes, he is sweating in his hands. That blood goes over to the President of our countries, so he can inject your President’s spirit with his evil spirit, with the power he has over it and you do not know.”

“I had always asked myself, how and why is it possible that African Leaders always understand to charm our politicians and make them blind on the soil of Africa, only when they are back they wake up and protest a bit against what African Leaders do wrong in their own countries,” confessed Guenther Erden looking around for something that could help him bring out his anger and frustration over rituals that the white man never understands.

“You see, we have secrets in our culture, in our blood that you people never understand as it is not in your blood. Blood is thicker than water, isn’t that what we say?”

“Yes, that is what we say,” agreed Guenther Erden with depression in his face.

“So, you see. Blood runs through us from generations to generation inherited. Our appearance, our eyes, our noses, our hands assemble in one or the other way our forefathers. You white people have bought us as slaves and we have died on the ships to the Americas or in the cotton field in Alabama and Utah. You have taken ruler ship over us during the colonial times. Today we Africans are not capable to set up our own specific African law system. Our judges run around with their artificial white wigs that are more than outdated and no longer suitable for independent countries in Africa. We instead should long time ago have come up with our own uniforms and marches and music for parades at our Independence Days. No, we follow the rules of our former Colonial Masters to the letter and are proud of it...you must see how we march to your tunes, very well. Today, we are indebted with you to the extent that without your support, we cannot live any longer,” he Daniel Oppong said and tears were visible in his eyes but he had the wish and strength not to show his despair. He continued with clear voice: “You have send us Missionaries with no end even we had never asked for them...you simply had felt we needed them, so they came riding on the ship of humanity and practical help in hospitals and school, in homes for mentally sick patients, in our prisons and orphanages. The word of God came upon us with might, whether we ever had understood what you had tried to teach us, you would never be able to find out, not than in the olden days, not now. We have no problems to go to church and love our pastors and later the same day pay our witch doctors a courtesy visit to empower us. Power is a spirit, and spirit needs blood to function well. Blood does not speak by itself, it needs the spirit to speak for it. When both are working hand in hand, they change lives and destinies. Power is a spirit, and spirit needs blood to function well. Blood does not speak by itself, it needs the spirit to speak for it. When both are working hand in hand, they change lives and destinies. You white people never understand these simple

secrets that we have and use always...as it runs in our blood. The blood in us you have not cleansed and set free from evil spirits. Instead you always wonder, why Africa is not moving ahead on a stable basis, going up and down...mostly down these days...and why simple things to implement in your good governance concepts are not working. Democracy makes it very easy for our economic and political elite to mess up our countries very, very well.”

Daniel Oppong paused for a few moments, looked into the distance, followed the lines of the houses, observed the cow to feed the calve born few months back. He took a deep breath, looked into the eyes of his visitor and continued saying: “It should not be so. When you consider, the human race originates from Africa, we had communicated on paper long time before you did but in fact were still jumping from tree to tree. We are indeed such a blessed country and continent, God has given us all that we need and more. Garden of Eden that is what you can call Africa by what we have. You in Europe had to struggle for survival, work hard to make it to something in life. In Ghana, a country so fertile, you put a seed of mango into the ground and a short while later you harvest juice, delicious fruits that you cannot even think of. May be it is that survival instinct that you Europeans had to develop having been somehow abandoned by the good Lord, that made you so strong and far above us. The second is always better off than the first, as the first thinks his birthright is to get the best there is from life’s gifts, while the second is constant in competition with the first over his right to be a family member and also wanting to participate in the goodness life has to offer. It might be on that note that we Africans have become a bit lazy to fight rather to open our mouths and let the goodness of life come in.”

“Shall I ask the bird up there to fly into you mouths right now and while falling down from heaven to take off the feathers and come down nicely spiced and grilled right before your bright shining white teeth?” was Guenther Erden not able to resist to ask and pointed into the sky between the two trees at the market square.

“When you want to show your disregard to an African woman, simply refuse her food...that brings her into real trouble and shame...take my word for it,” responded Daniel Oppong feeling a bit chilly. In five minutes the Museum would close for the day. He got up and took the hands of Guenther Erden wishing him well.

“Can these world ever be a better place?” asked Guenther Erden guided by the Ghanaian to the entrance gate.

Daniel Oppong looked the German straight into the eyes while holding the padlock in his right hand saying: “Sir, do not ask me...only God knows!”

“You are short.”

“And you are tall.”

“You...you are smart.”

“You are...intelligent.”

“You are beautiful.”

"And you are handsome," laughed Lena Tan her arms around Guenther Erden standing at the pier from which to use the ferry over to Sentosa Island.

"You are wonderful, I simply love my little Singapore girl," did he say as both in public looked like father and daughter, not girlfriend and boyfriend. She had been his secretary in the Conference Management company he had been working for in their Asian Branch for a period of six months. While she had worked like a busy bee behind her large desk, he had constantly watched her during times of making phone calls around the world with the intentions to bring speakers for various topics into the small island state below Malaysia.

"When I think back to those days, still today I find what had happen surreal...but it happened," did he say to himself while sitting in Goldener Handschuh waiting for his beer to come. Heike Mueller had promised to meet up with him as she had been discharged from Hospital few weeks ago. As usual, she was too late. Time was never on her mind as guests could easily change their mind and pay for a longer service as how she served them, was one of a kind. Smoke and spirit dust hang in the air, the bar tender was new at his post causing outcry when old patrons felt not to get enough snaps into their small glasses as they had deserved for their social benefit spend for them. Cards were laid out on the table and everyone knew best how to apply the rules that were the same for all, yesterday, today and tomorrow, as that was the name of the game.

"Life is a game or something serious?" was Guenther Erden hearing a high pitched voice in the back of his mind. "We are gamblers, aren't we?" forced the voice him to think and give a correct response. He preferred to keep his thoughts shut, instead allowed himself to be taken back to the time when he was not yet thirty years of age, hungry for life and adventure, his brain with less store room for memories and life's wisdom. He shut is eyes and closed his ears, only his mind was functioning well.

"When we watched the movie 'Good Morning, Vietnam' and there was the scene in the rice paddy fields, the radio presenter embracing his little Vietnam lover, two people so different in shape, size and background, in their expectations and dreams in and about life...you know Lena," was Guenther Erden holding her close to himself seeing the oncoming ferry to get ready for the docking process to safely unload its passengers that had spent some hours of enjoyment on the island off the coast of Singapore that had been assigned to bring tourists to Singapore and be a retreat for the locals alike, "that moment I was crying as I saw you sitting in the row before me...very sad story that is in a way."

"I remember that scene very well and was a bid sad myself, that you were not able to sit beside me that moment," looked Lena Tan up to him.

"Isn't life somehow strange, so confusing in a way?"

"What do you mean by that?" did Lena Tan ask him. She had big brown eyes and dark black hair cut short. Her tiny little fingers got lost in his hands.

"I was born in Germany, raised there and now I stand here with you and my heart is beating fast," he answered looking at her while behind him the passengers left the ferry and others boarded it. Everything had to happen very fast and by the minute as time was not on their side to reach their daily target of crossings.

"What do you mean, I do not understand!" was Lena Tan puzzled and saw big ships in the distance passing by. Certainly that were ships that had unloaded their cargo in one of the busiest ports in the world that gave Singaporean workers a good means of income.

"We are so different, not only from the outside, also from the inside, yet we stand here and I am in love with you...that is what I find so strange."

"But love is the most beautiful thing in the world," was Lena Tan wondering about her boyfriend's thoughts.

"You do not get me, my love, that is not what I mean," was he aware that cultural differences more often than not made it difficult for both to understand each other's ideas right away.

"You are a woman, I am a man," said Guenther Erden seeing the ferry disappearing in the darkness.

"And that is a problem for you?" was she trying to tease him.

"It is a big problem in general as both sexes can never live on the same level," did he try to bring his thoughts under control.

"You mean Adam and Eve were not the same?" was Lena Tan not able to stop her jokes. Even as a strict Buddhist, she knew about that story so important to Christians.

"People are never the same, they all live on different levels, otherwise life would not be possible," reacted Guenther Erden in a slightly aggressive tone to bring her down to normal senses. "If we all would be the same, development would be hindered and we would in fact stay on the same level forever."

"That is highly intelligent stuff...I guess...I mean...if I may say so," she freed herself out of his arms and walked over to a stand selling pop-corn. "I want one! You buy for me?"

Guenther Erden got out his money, bought a medium size portion for her and walked back to the pier of the ferry to look into the night sky. "The sky seems to be the same everywhere I go."

"So, than there is something in your life that will never change...while everything else around you is constantly changing, right?"

"You are joking with me...you do not take me serious?" laughed Guenther Erden and put his arms again around her waist.

"No, do not think badly of me...I beg of you. How can I, the little secretary in your arms, you my big boss, not take you serious?"

"If I would have been born here, what would have happened to my life?"

She answered in simple terms: "A Buddhist with a big family and tiny little eyes."

"I will never forget the moment I had asked her to marry me and she had said, that I should stay in Singapore as she would never come with me to Germany. This had been a moment of great shock and

life's decision. Either to have her as my wife but to stay in a country that was really not made for me, or to go back to Germany and looking for my new love to spend the rest of my life with. Oh my God, that was such a terrible moment."

"What was such a terrible moment?" asked Heike Mueller as Guenther Erden was not aware that he had spoken loud to himself.

"Nothing, really nothing. While waiting for you, I was dreaming along. Nothing to worry about," did he reassure her and ordered the light brown lager that she preferred two times.

"It is disgraceful and disgusting, that BBC World Service is spearheading a campaign to expose white people as racist against black or dark coloured people," protested Henry Kassenger grilling a yellow and pink march mellow over the fire.

"What do you mean, I do not get you?" asked Kevin McCaughey surprised knowing his own government broadcaster as a serious institution that tries all its can to balance and air views of various and conflicting parties.

"Last week on Outside Source the radio presenter interviewed live from Toronto people on the phone that had witnessed and put on social media a video that shows a woman in a Doctor's office asking specifically for a white Doctor that speaks English. The meaning of the broadcast was to discredit white people as racists. On Focus on Africa two weeks before Peter Okwoche had interviewed a woman live in the studio that had written a book against the institutional and individual racism of white people against black people in the United Kingdom, herself a black woman," answered the American and enjoyed the sweet taste of his black marsh mallows.

"What a nonsense," responded Kevin McCaughey opening a bottle of chilled lager, griped about the burnt sausage that was too hot, put extra mustard on it to cover up the damaged cause by his own negligent and started eating. With full mouth he described: "When that is true, they are hypocrites, simple as that. But their campaign is also very, very dangerous in fact. Consider, that right now President Buhari of Nigeria is here in London undergoing for a second time treatment this year and President Robert Mugabe is for a medical checkup in Singapore, are this not countries of the white man? Why are they doing it and also all members of the elite of African and Arabian countries send their offspring here to us, England, USA, France and Germany. Why is that so? Does anyone force them to do? Especially in Arab countries where they have wonderful modern hospitals, still rich Arabs come to Europe or America for medical treatment, even many public hospitals in our countries have established special wards that cater for these Arabs and offer them comfort as if they would be in their own country with special food and interpreters that speak their language. We make money with it and they are happy, what is wrong with that?"

"That means, blacks are racist against their own race," laughed Henry Kassenger remembering that his

former President Barack Obama was portrayed as the first black President of America while in fact the truth was he was mixed raced and not black. It was only because of the slave laws that had the provision anyone having even only a single drop of black in his blood, had been considered during the days of slavery as a black person. This tragedy in the minds of the Americans had persisted into the twenty first century and such a President had no problems to accept such a title given by which he had accepted the slavery laws in that regard. "We people are not normal, I am telling you. Something serious is wrong with us!"

"Americans have come a long way away from what the Europeans once were and corrupted their own character with values that the world has problems to understand, like guns in the house and shootings everywhere only in the name of the free man to protect himself and leave the state out of private issues...that does not work at all," lectured Kevin McCaughey while swallowing down the last bite of his second sausage that was well grilled and went down with less mustard. Beer was the topping of the delight in that night overseeing Guenther Erden how he slept peacefully on the bed.

"Yes, we have serious issues with our value system," confessed Henry Kassenger getting closer to the fire as the draught from outside through the balcony door increased and caused him goose bumps. "The Ghanaian wife of one of my friends herself said, that she would not like to see her children getting married to a black man, a poor man would not be a problem. Her view is, that the black people are wicked and she only wants the best for her kids...so what is that? That is how blacks talk themselves about blacks."

"Right...but it is never said in the media as it does not sound dramatic and aggressive enough...it is not such a pleasant thing to say...even it is the truth. So when you want to make a statement on the issue of racism,, fine, no problem, even when you set yourself on the trail to fight any form of racism, please be fair and honest to yourself, do not disgrace your own good name and see the issue from all possible and visible angles," jumped Kevin McCaughey to the side of his counterpart.

"That is so true," said Henry Kassenger and smiled remembering what he was told recently. "A German friend had told me some time ago, someone from Tunis in Tunisia had contacted him for Shea Butter from Germany. The friend at that time had lived in Ghana, so he had told the Tunisian that Germany does not grow Shea nuts but from Ghana to get it, would not be a problem. The Tunisian had insisted to get it only from Germany as Ghana is Africa and there is no trust in business, while sending money just like that to a German company would have been no problem for him, even he would have never seen the product with his own eyes before ordering. So. What is that?"

"You are right...what nonsense is that?" agreed Kevin McCaughey. He was adding: "But let's face it...it is brutal reality in Africa and across the globe. A white man is still seen as the perfect incarnation of honesty and correctness, of professionalism in business and good eyes for good quality and service, while the Africans among themselves have enormous problems to trade cross borders. That is not caused by any white man that is in the hearts and minds of the Africans themselves. So, what nonsense are they talking about?"

Henry Kassenger stretched out his legs and put his hands behind his head enjoying a quite night in the company of the sleeping Guenther Erden and his good friend from London by stating: "Let's face it, the

racism of the blacks against the white man...nobody likes to talk about it as it seems not to be politically correct, but it exist, possible more than the other way round, let me tell you the truth. But let is also be clear about one thing, racism is a human weakness that must leave our hearts and minds wherever it occurs from whoever.” He looked over the fire outside the room and watched the birds sleeping in the trees before Hotel Atlantic. He continued after a while saying: “In Africa the white people face racism on a daily basis. They to the open market, they have to pay double. They rent a house, they have to pay double. They take a taxi, they have to pay double. They register a company, they have to pay fifteen times more and pay extra taxes on their income, three or five percent more. They governments claim, they do this as the white people take their profit back into their own countries, so they need to benefit from it. Let me ask you this simple question, which country in Africa does not receive each year Billions of Dollar from their citizens living abroad supporting their families, build houses over time of establishing a venture so they can return back home one day...which country in Africa can say that they do not get profit generated in our societies?”

“There is no country that can ever do that?”

“So, we charge them higher company registration fees or taxes compared to our own people?” asked Henry Kassenger.

“No, not that I am aware of,” answered Kevin McCaughey.

“Thank you, there is nothing like that,” confirmed Henry Kassenger categorically looking his London friend straight into the eyes feeling anger in his heart. “What is just, must be just everywhere and not double standards that is what I hate so much in this world...and among us Journalists. We must see the world and its issues in a holistic manner and not one sided, as in the end such an attitude over time can cause e back clash, can easily come back as an unintended boomerang. Why, ask yourself, should the white man change his mind against black people when he is constantly told to be racist against him while having to shut up his mouth against what is happening to him from the other side of the race spectrum? He hides himself in the corner with blame and shame over his head and comes out every now and then with an unchanged mind only to start the cycle of issues all over again...that is dangerous and makes no sense.”

“So, it is nonsense!” agreed Kevin McCaughey once more.

“Exactly, that is what I am saying,” opened Henry Kassenger a chilled beer.

“If the Africans do come to terms with themselves they can trade among themselves and do not need us anymore,” described Kevin McCaughey what was on his mind. “When they start using their brains and minds very well, see all they have got form heaven, join hands country to country across the African continent, oh Charlie...we are doomed, finished...and again finished. We must give thanks to God that they do not see nor understand or hear the good news, but fight themselves very well and destroy what they have achieved so far over and over again.”

“The black mind is the savior of the white people...is that what can be proclaimed?” challenged Kevin McCaughey his friend from across the Atlantic.

“I can hear you!”

McCaughey and Kassenger turned round to follow the sound of the voice that said again: "I can hear you. Do not think that I did not hear what you two were talking about."

"What, Guenther, you are awake?" was Henry Kassenger astonished turning around to the bed in his grey transparent silhouette.

"Your voices are like trumpets of Jericho!" did he come forward behind his white bedsheets. "The walls are crumbling little by little...if you continue."

"It is nice to know you join us in our conversation," got Kevin McCaughey up, took his chair to the bed side, saw his American friend doing the same on the other side of the bed and went on: "we need people that have sense in their minds...and not nonsense."

"I was haring you very well. Your words are as powerful as they are true," sat Guenther Erden upright on the bed looking to his left and to his right into the eyes of his guests that had come into his room at this dark night early morning hour some minutes after one o'clock. "We all must stand and work together."

"A better world?" asked the American.

"Not like the experiment that had taken place on your side of the Atlantic. As for now, it can be seen more of a failure than a useful contribution to develop a much needed new approach how best we as human race should live on this earth," commented Kevin McCaughey wanting to see the reaction of his American friend.

"Maybe this is the reason why we are so forceful going out into the world to take dominion over it," said Henry Kassenger laughing, went over to the fire to take off his sausage from the stick, put it on a paper plate, added two slices of unroasted toast and mustard unto it and sat again by the bedside. "Let us also not forget the example of Greece, a country in which people by their own will and decisions had brought their economy down. When they were on their knees they were fighting the countries that had come to their rescue very well. When you have to manage a country, you have to do it well. It is you in the country that has to take responsibility for the mistakes made and not to put the blame on others that is foolish and shows the people are not prepared to change in its core mandate."

"When you speak out the truth like that, my friend, people will hate you were much so," warned Kevin McCaughey is friend.

"No, problem, I am used to it...and I also know that the truth is nothing any people can avoid to face sooner or later," was Henry Kassenger relaxed and confident to say.

"Have you noticed the potential danger that is coming to our societies?" wanted Kevin McCaughey making the two people in the room aware of the future.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Guenther Erden and enjoyed the smell of fresh grilled sausage that reminded him of the best grilled sausage money can buy in Hamburg at the small kiosk in Moenckebergstrasse, in Hamburg City district, on both sides of the underground exits.

"The population in the developed world is going down as we have very good social systems, pension is not a problem and good health systems are provided for. Money makes people lazy to give birth, but

enjoy the fruits of money very well. The age level goes up, more and more people reach very old age. While we are facing a society of old people, developing countries have a very, very young population that is hungry for taking their birthright to live a good life. Internet makes it possible for more of them to find information on how the world is turning at a fingertip. They see how we live and demand the same kind of standard...why not. They slowly come to grips to realize that they live in a world that is not right but corrupted in its mind, see what is available in other societies, how they have made it from scratch to something good and even better. Like Karl Marx had studied in London books after books and as a result of his studies, had written his Capital, the bible of Communism as we know, it is a process of learning, comparing and drawing conclusions. We in the rich countries have no sense for that, rather enjoy what we have and think of the best ways to protect our achievements. But when a man is hungry in his body and mind, he is determined by inner force to turn his fate around and come up with a creative solution, a great idea that can better his life's condition. So, my friends, what out, today what seems impossible to think, can over generations to come see the light of the day. Once the Africans wake up and discover their great unharvested potentials in their economies based on a changed mind, in their rich cultures, in their heritage that is positive and a good source of ideas for a bright future...guess what will happen?" asked Kevin McCaughey.

"What will happen?" asked Guenther Erden with weary eyes hearing promises over promises again and again.

"But you said it yourself," reminded Kevin McCaughey his German friend, "there will be the time the master of today will be the student of tomorrow. So it is now the right time to reposition ourselves so that we are the closest friend to the one that will dominate the world. Let us not insist on something that is today living but in fact already in the past...but we cannot or do not want to see...and get closer to a force in this world that will rise again up once more to take the glory of our planet into its own hands and will have the power to distribute any form of wealth, material or spiritual, over us that will beg for their favour."

"Big words...do you really believe, the people out there do understand anything of what you have just said?" asked Henry Kassenger with doubts in his tired voice.

"So, this is here where you separate the waste and recycle it to produce different products from the things people do no longer need in their homes...very impressive," said Guenther Erden on his tour through the gigantic plant in Billbrook destined of many trucks each day to offload their stinking cargo.

"In Hamburg, we separate the waste at the source of production, I mean the private household and industrial manufacturers. What we try to achieve is limited waste as even possible by forcing people and companies to think wisely about what they consume and how they do it. What cannot be put back into the cycle of producing, consuming and recycling, over time we will also find a solution and answer to it. The human brain is masterminded in the way, when humans are pushed to the wall, they bounce back

and come out stronger than before with creative ideas and solutions. It is all about using the brain capacity and act on the ideas that are hidden in it to bring it to real effect and good use. To do this is not a difficult job, all it takes is the will and determination to perform on a problem before you, simple as that,” explained the Plant Manager obvious very proud of the achievement his team had accomplished over the past few years and continues to improve on every day. “Most countries, especially in the developing world, waste their time!”

“So, they make good use of the term ‘waste’ in a different way,” was Guenther Erden laughing with his guide.

Guenther Erden gave thanks for the tour around given, got into his car, drove passed the used car dealers sending their old cars to Africa and other developing countries. At a traffic light he had to stop for some time as a truck with overload had to maneuver around the small streets, not an easy job. The music from the radio was setting him back to the Headquarters of Zoomlion in Accra, when he had to wait for the Nigerian Chief Calicas, Mr. Indomie as he had called him always, a man not knowing time.

“Why is Ghana a poor country?” was he hearing him saying in his memory to the workers outside the Zoomlion Headquarters that took their lunch under a tree before the main gate. Two young women had put up their small chop bar with local food and served the workers of the Waste Management Company from early morning until late afternoon. They had prepared the dishes during the early morning hours at home and put the warm food in plastic containers ready to be served at the point of sale. It was again a very hot day in Ghana’s capital and as Guenther Erden had to wait for Chief Calicas to show up as usual late, he had taken the opportunity to learn more about the country and its issues.

“Our leaders...it are our leaders that are not correct,” said one workers, a young man with a small beard around his mouth and a bright smile in his face. “They mess up our resources,” he added, dipped his fingers into Fufu with light soup, took a long shot from his sachet pure water and disposed it off.

“Why do you lie to me?” asked Guenther Erden provocative starring all workers into their eyes to see their reactions.

“Oh Sir, how can we lie to you? It is true, our leaders are not correct. We have everything, but look around what they do to our country,” said another worker in blue overall, older than the first.

“Our leaders are a product of your society. You all here have raised them and crowned them in your elections to lead you. So, it is all of you, that is making this country and yourself poor with no excuses accepted,” stated Guenther Erden his observation loud and clear. More workers came out to take their food orders to the two vendors.

“We are too small, Sir...what can we here at Zoomlion do to change our situation?” asked an older worker and finished his fried yam with fish and some sliced pineapple. His sachet water emptied, Guenther Erden tried to see where he had put the small plastic bag that had become so popular in the streets of the country.

“Do not tell me, that everything is in the hands of your President and that God should come to rescue you,” as Guenther Erden asking them. “God has never build a house, but had asked King David and his son Solomon to build him a temple...am I lying?”

"No Sir, that is the truth," confirmed the old worker getting up ready to leave the place back to work.

Guenther Erden received the call from Chief Calicas that he should get ready to be picked up by him in the next few minutes.

"God will help Ghana, he will never forsake us as he is a good God," had the old worker while walking away to take up his work again.

"You are made humans to perform on what God shows and teaches you," said Guenther Erden with power in his voice to avoid any misunderstanding. He got up seeing the big SUV of his host fast approaching. He looked down below the bench the man had sat on: "Few minutes ago you proclaimed to me that certainly you can solve the sanitation problems of Ghana...you, the workers of Zoomlion here." He stretched out his hand and pointed to the sachet water they had disposed of underneath their seats. "You destroy the environment like that and think to have the right to say, you can keep Ghana clean...are you joking with me or you want to insult my intellect?"

All had laughed out loud.

"That is how it was back then...and has something changed?" said Guenther Erden to himself while the street was open again for traffic to flow.

His head was painning him, his heart was beating its breathe out. All over his body we could feel blood pumping against the walls of his skin. Heat was in all corners of his being. He got up from his bead that had become like a death trap to his soul. Problems with breathing made it difficult for Guenther Erden to fully gain consciousness. His body was about to faint, is mind was not with him in the now. With all his strength he got up while it was heavily pouring outside as if the heavens would play the trumpet to enhance the pain life had brought upon him. He rushed to open the balcony window of his room in Hotel Atlantic, stepped out holding himself tied to the balustrade, felt the cold of the rain on his chest, saw swans on lake Alster hiding themselves under trees in the shadowy light of the street lamps. He looked down unto the streets, nobody to be found. The streets were empty. Where many cars would pass by at that hour of the night, there was no car in sight. He put his right hand to his head touching the pain he was feeling inside. Guenther Erden tried to measure his temperature to see whether a tropical fever had overtaken control of his body, but there was nothing to discover. Like a mad man was his heart beating, ready to jump out of his chest at any time.

Guenther Erden dressed himself anyhow, opened the door, walked to the lift, came down into the lobby, without greeting he passed the concierge, ignored the concern the doorman expressed over him, took a taxi and asked the driver to take him to Schlachterboerse at the Slaughter House, a restaurant for the workers killing cows and other animals in a three shift system, bloody hands and cloth all over them. He wanted to feel their sweat, he wanted to feel these people that enjoyed killing innocent lives for the pleasure of other lives as juicy steaks, meat balls and sausages. It was there he hoped to get a better

understanding of himself among people that had made blood and death their daily income. His heart wanted to feel the blood of others, wanted to understand the destiny that was in the red liquid which gives life to us and the once we are supposed to take dominion over. He had set his mind on the power of blood and the power to me the master over it, to find out the reason why all that should make any sense at all.

In a dead end street close to Sternschanze train station was the place he had hoped to find relief to the pain in his head. It was dark, spooky dark. The street lamps in the small street with its ending in death behind the high metal fence shared only dumped light into the space where people were able to walk and cars had a place for the night to rest until dawn would wash all memories away as if nothing had happen, would bring back innocents and clarity of the daylight that exposes the truth in its rainbow colours. Guenther Erden stepped down the four wooden steps, opened the heavy dark brown wooden door with its milky glass in the center, entered the big guest room, looked around to see where to sit, walked over to an empty seat next to the men's washroom door. He was holding his breath. His weary eyes and nervous mind looked around. Over his head on the wall hanging, newspaper and magazines from days passed, yellow and used by dirty hands, offered themselves to be read and make good use of the time waiting. He saw an article about the owner of the place that once was in Hamburg Parliament with the Schill Party and had made it to the deputy speaker of the house, a man he had known before, very heavy in his body shape, while his intellectual capacity would not match up to his impressive statue. The party he had belonged to had not only be a shame to the city but more so a waste of time for all.

The washroom door got opened and a small man came out walking over to the table standing next to the entrance door, greeted few workers and left the place with a bang of the door as it fell close. His mind got opened and his memory started to function again. That was the man with the English tailor made coat that he had seen so often before. What was he doing here, he asked himself wanting to jump up so to see his face finally, but the man had already left the facility. His heart was beating, he got nervous. A young sleepy lady walked over to him, tried to smile at him and asked for his order. The menu was very limited, simple large portions for small money and a fast turnover that was the concept of the big fat man owning the place to make his money. In between the servings, he would take time to sit down with the workers from the Slaughter House, sharing the latest gossip about cows that had made their life difficult as they simply refused to die easily, the blood that was collected in big plastic bowls to be sold to other butchers to make sausage out of it carefully stirred not to thicken. They laughed always about the meat they had to cut into pieces at high speed as that is how they got paid for, by the numbers of body parts they had to show to the owner of the Slaughter House at the end of the day. These days, the German workers complained more and more, cheap workers from East Europe would apply for a job, making it very difficult for them to get the amount of money they used to have at the end of the months. They mentioned among the workers there was a sort of war going on, each side would try to outmaneuver the other party to make the best money possible. They called for the government and authorities to step in and regulate the business so that German workers can still feed their families and have a decent life.

The sleepy waitress came back five minutes later, put his plate on the dark wooden table with signs of knives in it, asked for the payment right away and walked off back behind the counter that was the sight for two big coffee machines that were running the whole day long. Sugar and milk was standing beside

them in abundance as that was what the workers had most need for. When one shift had ended, hundreds would influx the restaurant before going home to rest and kiss their wives. Alcohol was not on their minds like in the olden days when not many of them were able to afford a car. So, they kept themselves happy with hot and simple coffee, had steak, fried potatoes with eggs and sweet pickles, rolls with ham and eggs garnished with tomatoes and onion in a mayonnaise sauce spiced with fresh herbs or hamburger with ketchup and cucumber slices.

Guenther Erden had ordered potato salad with two Wieners to which he took the mustard standing on each table for self-service. The salad was home made in the kitchen behind the counter. He had never been in there and was always thinking to himself, that in life it is sometimes better not to know the truth of the matter but to enjoy the end product of a process as long as it is acceptable and tasty. As usual, the potato salad was a delight, the cook again did not disappoint him. The mayonnaise used was not too light and not too heavy. Certainly a product from the nearby supermarket; but anyway, when it is delicious, who cares?

It was two o'clock in the morning, soon the next batch of workers would show up with empty stomach and the waitresses would not even have time to look into their eyes but feed their hungry mouth having to hear dirty jokes and stupid words. Most of the waitresses had worked in the Schlachterboerse for many years already and had become family to the workers that equally had spent years taken the warm blood out of the heartbeat of cows after cows. These days only few horses would be brought to the Slaughter House as horse meat was seen as something incorrect, something only poor people would like to consume. Horses for most Germans are animals to enjoy and ride on, not to chew and digest in their bellies. The life in and around the Slaughter House had become somewhat of an industrial area and not a place to worship the craft of bringing lives to an end. Increasingly the workers had found consumers to be hypocrites and ignorants. Many of them that were still eating meat did not want to be associated with the fact that for their pleasure, animals had to die and the process to do so is never a pleasant impression of life, but needed. They had come to understand and appreciate, that some people do not like to eat meat anymore, but when you want something into your belly, you must know how it reaches there and what the conditions are that can make that possible. They constantly were laughing when again and again a scandal about food security and their working conditions hit the newspaper headlines. These were men down to earth with blood on their hands and no regrets or strange ideas about what they were doing.

The pain in his head, the pumping heart that wanted to burst, the eyes that forced his mind to shut down, his hands sweating, his breath wanting to take his life as he getting up, ignoring any friendly gesture of the workers concerned about him that was walking like a drunken man easily to faint at any moment. Guenther Erden got the door knob of the entrance door into his hand, pulled it down, pushed the heavy door wide open, let it fall back to close, walked up the four wooden steps onto the street, saw the Hertz TV tower in the distance, directed his feet into Sternschanze with the will to reach Millerntor. The FC St. Pauli Stadium was a shadow of its former glory when fans had cheered the players into the first League of the Bundesliga, time long passing. The vast space behind the Stadium laid empty, a place with asphalt home to Circus after Circus giving people for a few hours the imagination these world can be something different than they believe in their daily routine of work, pleasure, eating, drinking, resting

and sleeping before death would take all of them away. If these illusions would not be there, Hamburger Dom would distract the people from near and far three times a year. The area around Millerntor truly was a place of illusion while only a stone fall away the harsh reality of life would come over anybody with bad intentions, the court square, and a place where destinies were shaped and put to order.

Guenther Erden laughed his heart out when comparing these two places only cut off from each other by a simple tow lane road, the border between illusion and reality of life. His mind was jumping as he saw walking around the corner of the High Court building the man in his English tailor made coat. He started to run towards him, reached out with his hands, but did not make more than a handful of steps as the figure he had seen over there on the other end of the place, had already disappeared. Disappointed did he stop, looked down to the ground not noticing the petrol station beside him out of which a car wanted to exist. The driver was hooting him out of the way. Guenther Erden looked to the side and into the car. His eyes fell on the driver that was staring angrily at him making signs of disgust. He wanted to walk over to the car that was about to push him out of the way by force, but he couldn't. His legs made four steps forward for the car to drive off in fast speed. Guenther Erden followed the car with his eyes as it crossed the red traffic light without stopping. At this hour not many cars hit the road and police officers were asleep or in their stations. He was thinking by himself, that some people in this world get away with wrong doings just like that while others not so clever and smart, sooner or later would find themselves standing before a judge just over there in one of the Court buildings. He asked himself for a second, whether that could ever be right and justified before he moved on across the asphalt on which the Dom would be erected in two weeks' time, saw the Millerntor train station at the entrance to Reeperbahn on his right hand side with the impressive statute of Otto Fuerst von Bismarck to his left standing strong and mighty overlooking Hamburg Port from a small hill. Drizzle set in. From down at the Landungsbruecken fog was coming up. He had the feeling of being lost. His mind had stopped to serve him well. St. Pauli Hafen Krankenhaus was quite that night to his right, no ambulances rushing in and out, no drug addicts or alcoholics in Pick Ass that needed medical attention or a word from a good heart, only quietness, endless silence, spooky as life was supposed to be loud in and around him, he demanded in his mind. Life had to be loud so that he could feel it, feel to be alive and part of a buzzing something he could call society, people finding their ways, people looking for more, people at the ends of different lines of life, people to meet and embrace, people to hate and fight, people to see and wishing not see no more. He was confused. His heart was beating, his head was painig, his blood was boiling and his stomach was aching. He started to run down the Reeperbahn towards Koenigstrasse, passing bars and brothels, discos and the Show Palaces that each night embraced masses from all across the world with make-up to mask a man as a woman, an ugly face as the most desirable woman a man can ever want, old aged actors in their last stages of performing to a nervous audience, a world of phantasies and colourful suggestion of how life could also be when it is not out there on the streets of these world in their normal clothes, they routines, their conventions, their terms and conditions set out to be nice, smart, perform at the work place and be happy in private life.

His heart was trying to pump him to death. His breath gave him another push to run faster and faster. He did not care for the prostitutes at Hans Albers Platz blocking the way to the Erotic Museum up the square that was home to drunken young man enjoying the last day before getting married in the midst of their friends. He run and run, his mind was making sure not to fall and hurt himself, but to exhaust his

soul out. Then he stopped at the next cross road that would lead him on his left down to the Fisch Markt behind the railway bridge. He saw a man standing across the road dressed in red and white.

“But this is Santa Claus,” was a voice in him telling his mind. “What does he do here in autumn, while it is not yet his time to come?”

With all his power he tried to open his eyes and concentrate on what was standing in front of him just outside a Discounter and a Drug Store.

“Everything in this world has its time, its own time and not a time someone can just come and borrow,” was he saying to himself while staring at the man in red and white. “Everything goes accordingly to plan, had its rules. So, how can that man decide by himself, what he wants to do and at which time he thinks this is best for him? That is against any normal order, that is against the law of life!”

His brain was letting him hear another sweet voice that said unto him: “Remember my son, remember well, we have our own free will and there is nothing like it has to be done like that or in a different way. When your will tells you to do what you have to do even others might not have the wisdom to understand what you are about to do, you have the mandate to do it. There are never two of the same people on earth, so how can there be two of a kind that demand from you to stick to given rules?”

“But without rules, chaos would set in and destructions would kill the ones that take their right to do what they are mandated to do as you say. So, what would in the end be the use of our free will when we use it but get killed by it?” was Guenther Erden hearing a shouting voice in his brain. He started to run again, wanting with all his might to force peace into his brain, take out all the voices that made his life so difficult by passing them on to other out of his breath through which words are spoken. His mind was not making aware that he had passed the former restaurant of the famous Domenica everyone on Hamburg and beyond knew and had loved for years, one of the most prominent and outspoken ladies from Herbertstrasse, a teacher to Heike Mueller in her early days. The long stretched small restaurant had not been in the hand of the woman in black leather for too long as a business woman with figures in her head that is not what she had been but with a big heart for girls in need.

The old Elbtunnel with its wooden lifts for cars and bikes was in sight, he ran over and crossed the road. He ran down the stairs to run over underground to the other side of the river Elbe underneath the Port with heavily loaded container ships over his head. The tiles on both sides of the walls were a trademark of this place he had often visited with guests from abroad to show them one of his most favourite places in his beloved city of Hamburg, the place that had given birth to him and had shaped his view how to see the world around him. Hamburg was the city he felt freedom the most, a city of grace that was not spoken by words of arrogant people, but was felt in every corner deep in someone's heart, was touching the souls and spirits of many that could sense the meaning of a city they were born into or a city they were able to understand from their respect they carried inside their mind for the lives of others.

He shouted his heart out loud knowing at this early morning hour nobody would hear him as he was the only one using the crossing to the other side of the city which was a place to work, once not even part of the city but given to Hamburg by order of Adolf Hitler in nineteen thirty seven to create ship yards big enough to cater for warships to be used in his war against Europe. Ever since that time both parts of

Hamburg had problems to feel as one. He was jumping up and down like a young girl enjoying life to the fullest.

"Life is ending...I am free!" was Guenther Erden jumping and jumping with his hands all over in the air. "I am free...finally I am free!" He was running and running alongside the small passage way in between which cars were directed to pass through the tunnel safely. He had reached the deepest point of the tunnel that was marked in between the tiles with a plaque giving information about the depth he was standing in. "I have reached down the bottom of my life...I am free...I am free," was he shouting and shouting, was his heart beating and beating, his breath going faster and faster, his eyes got opened wide, his head was shaking around and around. "I am free...I am free." He wanted to kiss the plaque in gratitude, touched it with his fingers tenderly while his mouth got closer and closer to the words written in the wall in glazed clay they had used to protect the walls from any harm done by the exhaust of cars. His lips kissed the words and he said with the feeling of relief: "I am finally free."

His body sank down to the ground exhausted by his heart, his soul, his spirit and mind. They all had fought over his life and make him weak ready to finish him off once and for all. While about to get unconscious, he was hearing from a far distance in the bright light of his mind a voice telling him: "My son, there I the absolute freedom I have given you that is in the will I have given you. I have not restricted your will as such as you are free to use it as much as you want, I only have made sure you use it for the right course and mandated you to take dominion over everything on earth in a certain manor. Yes, you can do everything you want to do when it is pleasing me, in that respect your absolute freedom is there, it is in our mind, your heart, your soul and your spirit. But as I have never promised to give you anything for free, your will comes with consequences as it is my will that had made you and for that matter it is I that has a right to give you terms and conditions after my will. As much as this world is not for you but for me, for you only to dominate, for me to rule over and determine the terms and conditions under which you can stay here, it is I that mandates you what you have to achieve in your little life. When you look for absolute freedom and you try to walk outside the limits I have set for your personal life, this is the moment in your life to get crazy, the obvious step to mature into eternal life fast. The time you step, or try to do so, out of your mind with the power of your soul and the misuse of your spirit, I will catch you and bring you make into where you belong to. You are not of yourself, but of my will and myself, you are not the owner of your body, nor of your destiny is that only I. Your mind has taken you to a place to see, that you need the extremes that a human can think, otherwise you humans are lost. You must know good and bad, how can you function for me when I do not expose you to both? And your mind has shown you the meaning for being born, the time to be in blood of your mother that has to give birth to you after my wish. There is blood in your body and there was blood all around you the moment you were born, and even when you came out of the womb of your mother, there was blood all around you. My will was in that blood, my spirit was in that blood, my power was in that blood all the while. When the midwives were cleaning your tiny little fragile body, there was sweat around them and so blood was with you. Your mind was telling you, as you can only think in extremes, you need to go back into that moment of your existence, back into your mother's womb to feel the blood and the feeling to be in her absolutely dependent on her body, her food, her feelings, her blood that is from generation to generation to feel the absolute freedom in that extreme moment of walking freely around on earth and being encaptivated in your mother's womb. You have made a long, long journey for me on

this earth, gone the extra mile for me even to bring the best and all out of you that is why I have honoured you with intelligence and riches. But you have also seen, you are a matured body, you have a history to show, you have a memory full of things of this earth, you have done good and bad, you are a sinner and a glorious man in your won rights, how can you expect that you can ever go back to the moment in your life that you have left your mother's womb filled with her blood and everything there was in her to relive the moment of possibly coming as close to absolute freedom as never again in your life. Let me tell you my son, that is never possible as life is not going backwards to the secretes of human existence but the need for humans to discover the mystery of life, the reason why you were born and made what you are in the first place."

"Sir...Sir, are you okay?"

Guenther Erden did not move at was breathing and his heartbeat was low. His body was laying in the cold ground of the Elbtunnel while cars passed him slowly.

"Sir...please, tell us, are you okay?" asked the Paramedic that had been asked from Hafen Krankenhaus to come and assist a helpless person down under the river.

Guenther Erden was unable to move or to say something. He was not by himself and fell into a blackout. Laid on the stretcher, he was taken to the hospital for further treatment.

"What did happen to you, you scare me," was Heike Mueller sitting the next day by his bed side holding his hands that were sweating.

"Nothing to worry, my dear," responded Guenther Erden trying to cool her heart down. "Really, nothing to worry." He was feeling her hands in his and confessed: "It feels good to feel you and see you by my side. It is as if my mother when I was sick in bed would sit next to me to give me comfort. In these moments she also had wet hands like you as her was constantly worried about me and my well-being. You are so warm, so wonderful warm that I feel nothing in this world can ever do harm to me."

"You are talking wearied as I am not any sort of mother, I am just myself that is beating up men for money and they enjoy it...that is all," was she pressing her hands into his to make him understand what she was all about.

"You are a woman...and that is what matters," did he declare, sitting upright in bed willing that she was feeding him the warmed meal of the hospital.

"Maybe I should...," was she saying to herself loud while giving him the second spoon of spinach with scrambled egg well salted and fried," but nonsense...no, that will never happen."

"Anything is possible in this world...anything!" took Guenther Erden the spinach and enjoyed every bite of it. "Anything."

Two more days, Guenther Erden would be discharged from hospital. He looked at the roses Heike

Mueller had brought him and the messages on his phone send by his Directors of his various companies wishing him well. The Doctors had treated him with good medication and given him comfort, his nerves were overstressed, and that is why he had a shutdown of his brain and the subsequent collapse. They advised him to take life from the sunny relaxed side from time to time and not to run around as if he would hold all the powers of this earth in his hands to influence life and make it a better place for others. Others, they tried to make him understand, also have a responsibility of their own to make a positive change of and in their lives. Life would not be all about work, work, work, it must be lived as a balanced life, to give and to take, to work and relax, his extreme ambition to make sense out of it all, would not help him, his health nor his understanding of life matter's. He had promised his Doctors in future to take life easier and see all sides of it in a lay back style as much as we was able to do.

Lunch had just been served, time for the patients to rest before coffee and cake would come around with the nurses once again. Two more patients shared the room with him, all had operations on their legs broken from playing football. Guenther Erden closed his eyes to find some rest and digest the potato salad with Wieners and a yoghurt desert made with fresh strawberries, a reminder of the time when his mother had used to treat with that so well. As much as he himself had tried to replicate his mother's simple recipe to make potato salad with eggs and cucumber pickled, it was impossible for him to get the same result. When thinking of that potato salad, his mouth got watery.

"Today is sunshine Hans-Jürgen, what to do?" asked Heidi Juergensen before the closed eyes of Guenther Erden as if the scenery would take place in real life. He could see her face, the apartment in Altona they had rented in a dark street between train station and Lower Court building at Max-Brauer-Allee.

"I do not know...maybe we can take the bike and ride to your mother. You have not paid her a visit for almost six months or more," answered Hans-Jürgen and looked into his mug of coffee. "A bit too much milk!"

"If you do not like it, next time do it yourself," got Heidi Juergensen angry about her second husband that had lost his job once again. While she as an Optician had a permanent job with one of Europe's leading company, did he try to work as a handyman for many different companies which never took him on for long due to his nature of being unreliable and disinterested in the work he had to do.

"How do you talk to me, so rude?" protested he and placed the mug in front of her. "Do you call this a coffee for your husband or water to wash dishes in?"

"What a nonsenses are you telling me? I am not your servant! Next time if you do not like what I am cooking, do it yourself!" did Heidi Juergensen walk out of the living room into the kitchen. Empty handed did she return asking: "You still did not say, what we are doing today."

"But I told you already, we take the bike and pay your sick mother a visit," said Hans-Jürgen Juergensen angry, took the book he had started as a teenager to put pictures of Hamburger Sport Club Verein in as a collector's item and remembered all the players that enjoyed their retirements now. When the new photos had come out, he would rush to the kiosk at the corner and spend all his pocket money for them, run home, take the book from underneath his bed and stick it in at the pages they were supposed to be

fixed to. Hours after hours had he been doing it and never gotten tired. School had never been an issue for him, he simply had never an interest in learning English, Mathematics or Sciences. As long as he would pass the minimum qualification and get a decent job that could sustain his life that was all he ever had had on his mind. To drive a big car like others do on TV, why not, but to work his heart out to achieve it, why, what for, had been always his life motto. What cannot bring joy and happiness in his life was not for him.

"Oh, there you are," Ruth Willers said and asked the two of them to sit at her round table, light brown, in the little room she had rented in Muemmelmansberg, home for old and sick people. "The nurse will come around shortly and give me my injection, do not mind her," instructed Heidi Juergensen's mother with a tired smile on her face. She opened her mouth to show the new teeth her dentist from the Doctor's offices nearby had given her two days back. "Looks better now, right?"

"Yes, it looks better," comforted Heidi Juergensen while her husband was looking into the small book shelf seeing some book about angles standing. He was reading the titles on the paper backs wondering that she had an interest in another world that could not be seen.

"Strange...a bit strange," he said loud and both women asked him what he was talking about. "I do not believe in those things. What I cannot see, why should that be?"

"I know, only what finds its way into your stomach, that is what you can feel," Heidi Juergensen said and tried to discipline him.

"You want to fight with me again today the whole day long?" asked Hans-Jürgen Juergensen feeling obviously uncomfortable in the presence of his mother-in-law that had nothing else to talk about than her teeth, the need to find a better way to come easier to toilet and the food served to the old people in the mornings, at midday, at coffee time in the afternoons and few hours later in the evening for her to take to her room from the restaurant on the ground floor opposite the administration offices. His relationship to the old mother of his wife was a must-do, not a love between relatives.

They talked about the weather, that below her the old woman that had always shouted loud and disturbed all old people in the house, the new nurse, tall and black from Cameroon, the problems she had with her medication and that she would ask the Doctor next time when he would come around for another form of treatment.

"Why do you not come more often to me, I would love that...and sometimes, you know, I need someone to talk to and not only watch TV the whole day," Ruth Willers asked her daughter for help.

"Oh, you are right, it is not easy to sit always in your wheel chair and do the same things over and over again," Heidi Juergensen tried to excuse herself with nice words, "but you see...it is not so easy...I mean I have much to do. First there is my work with long hours, than my husband to look after, than..."

"I know what you are trying to tell me," did Ruth Willers cut her daughter short. "You do not need to explain me what a wife and mother needs to do. I have raised you three children all by myself with no husband at my side and no friend to comfort me. You have only your husband and he is even not having a job right now but could do something in the house also...I guess."

“Oh, if I would allow him to do that, the house would be a complete mess, I am telling you,” did Heidi Juergensen try to assist her husband in a not so clever way.

“Than teach him what he needs to do in the right way,” challenged her mother looking down unto her hands that rheumatism had affected. It was an illness that run in the family but only had a negative effect on the women while the men were mysteriously spared. She asked her daughter about her health problems with the illness and how she was coping with the pain. As time passed about talks that were going round and round the same old topics, Ruth Willers begged of her daughter to bring her down for the afternoon coffee. She got pushed before her usual table that she shared each day with the same people, greeted all people around, waited for her coffee and cake to be served while wishing her daughter and her husband a pleasant rest of the day.

‘Why should I always come to her?’ Heidi Juergensen said while putting on her crash helmet to sit behind her husband on the small motorbike, all they could afford to take them out from time to time and have something else to see, not only their dark Altona. “After all, my brother always comes to her when she needs him or when he thinks it is needed, so every four weeks there is one of us with her. So, why should I come more often...after all, she never had a very good relationship with each other, we were never really close. Only my brother Guenther and her were so close, mother and son after all.” They drove off and Hans-Jürgen Juergensen was no longer able to hear what his wife had to say.

“I want your brother to die in Africa...,” pronounced Hans-Jürgen Juergensen laying out the red blanket they had taken along to sit comfortably in the Boxberger Mountains south east of Hamburg with a private airstrip and sand dunes as far as eyes can see.

“We all want it,” Heidi Juergensen corrected her husband. “The lies we have told about him to others of our family, his friends and business partners...who cares?”

“Right, who cares about that stupid fool, he deserves to be crashed against the wall and get finished,” did he agree with his wife and got one Wieners out of the glass to put it on his paper plate next to the potato salad made by his wife in a hurry between washing dishes and making the laundry to put on the dry line in the cellar.

“You sent him an eMail to that effect...I mean in which you wrote to him the family wants to see him die in Africa, didn’t you?”

“Certainly, I did and my words will surely follow him,” did Hans-Jürgen Juergensen confirm while peeling a ripe banana.

“It is not easy to get rid of him,” remembered Heidi Juergensen when she had asked him at the late thirties of his brother that he should take his life by his own hands. “He stands in my way too much. Who is he after all, the second born, so which right does he have to tell me what to do and that he shows off with his stupid University degree and his many ideas about business. He is so humble, so simple in what he wants from life, so hard working, so disciplined...how stupid that is. People like him for what he is but I will definitely make sure, he will never rise up and see well in his life.”

“You have your cards with you?”

She got her cards out and laid them on the blanket upside with the face upside down saying: "I always have them with me as it is always the right time to fight his life. While he is relaxed and thinks of nothing bad, I am always working against his destiny and in favour of his downfall. Witches like me never relax until they have achieved what they have on their mind, only God is relaxed as he only works in his own time. So we witches must be smart and fast to use the time between prayers that gives us an open door to confuse people like him and make them fall into our trap. When they are weak in their prayers, we are strong in our cards."

"You are wicked," was Hans-Jürgen Juergensen laughing and laid down on his back looking into the afternoon sun that was no longer that strong to warm his heart.

"I am effective as I am determined," did Heidi Juergensen correct her husband. "That is the only pleasure and weapon I have. You know my mind is not so sharp for all the things that need hard work, to understand business, sciences or the problems of the world...that is not for me."

"Why to make the world a problem when you can think of it in a simple way. After all, when you think simple, the world is simple for you and you can feel very pretty comfortable in it. So why to hammer your brain again and again to think about other people's future. We have our own problems, why should we make it more complicated and be concerned about others...no way. Everyone has to look after himself. We are just small people, so what can we do? Thinking too much about what makes the world turn round and round is not helping us at all. When I am feeling fine, why not, what would be wrong to think like that at all?"

"Nothing at all!" Hans-Jürgen Juergensen added his own mind. He turned round to lay on his chest chewing two cakes wrapped in plastic foil from a nearby discounter baked from poor raw materials, sugar made it for him very attractive.

"You want two beers?"

"Oh, I think one or two are okay and the police will not complain about," did he accept the open can from his wife's hand. "Next time, we need potato salad with a bit more tomatoes in it...that would be better."

"You always have something to say and never appreciate what I do for you," Heidi Juergensen complaint about him.

"You can always marry another man that will pamper you," did Hans-Jürgen Juergensen up taking his second beer and walked away looking over a dune behind which he saw small aircrafts taken off into the air.

Heidi Juergensen replied to his offensive against her feeling: "There is always a better man out there, don't you know?"

"Oh, I know!" he answered harsh and emptied his second can of beer with salty sticks in his hand.

"Nobody is stopping you to look around and find someone better."

"If you say so and use those words, one day you should not be surprised that I am gone," proclaimed

Heidi Juergensen opening her blouse to let the sunshine reflect on her slim body. While she an apprentice in her early twenties, the designer she had worked for, Dieter Zoern, had used her as a model on the catwalk. Men had never had the interest to have her as a wife or even girl-friend, but as a trophy at the end of a day hunting the opposite sex. To show her around as something they are capable of getting by them being rich and famous is all they had wanted from her.

"Next week I am going to Stuttgart for the match, that is important for us...very much so," informed Hans-Jürgen Juergensen his wife taking salty stick after salty stick not counting.

"But there is no money in the house for such a trip," reminded Heidi Juergensen having an exact overview over her finances as the bank account they used for common expenditures, was in her name.

"Football is my life, you know it so well, so when we have a match there, there must be money available," he claimed his procession.

"But I thought, we wanted to save money so that we can buy in a few years a bigger TV...", she mentioned while eating her second portion of potato salad with Wieners looking at the dark brown meatballs on silver foil by her side and continued, "we also need to have some money aside when we are in our old age and have only our pension money to get."

"Who knows of tomorrow," did he refuse to accept any words of senses, "may be by that time we will be dead, so why should we not look into today and enjoy life as long as we can."

"It is always a wise thing to take care and responsibility of the future not to fall short in life," Heidi Juergensen said drinking an ice-cold Coke from the cooling container she had brought along with them.

"Since when do you want to take responsibility for your actions...what is coming over you?"

"You are not a mother, even never had made children of your own, so it is difficult for you to understand what it means to care for the future of your children," did she respond to his attack.

Hans-Jürgen Juergensen retaliated by shouting into her face loud and clear: "Since when do you are of the future of your children...I mean, you never educated them with values, instead allowed them to do whatever they wanted to do. The end you can see for yourself, two useless children, and the girl not having achieved even a good job but got pregnant from an Afghan refugee just like that, someone she even had never really loved but had opened her legs for him and had gotten herself pregnant from that foolish boy. Her husband now, look at him fluffy like her, no brain, nothing achieved and too lazy to move forward in life. And there is your son also, Sven-Ole, a man that is so brilliant in his mind, look at him, he is taking weed, smokes joint after joint as it would be nothing...and struggling to make a living with shooting films for others. He is a failure of your wrong mind, don't you see?" He took a cigarette and continued: "And you want to tell me, Hans-Jürgen Juergensen, that you have any sense for caring for the future and an understanding of what other people need? Let's be honest, what is on your mind is only that you see yourself happy and for the moment. You find it difficult to see an idea through for years without end. Let me remind you when you told your mother you wanted to go to University, a clear declaration of your conviction only to stop the idea six month later. Than you had said, you wanted to start painting again. What about an exhibition of you as an artiste...there is nothing to be found."

Heidi Juergensen closed her blouse, got up, looked around turning her back to him and said aggressively: "Look at yourself...look who you are! Between your legs there is nothing of importance, even no baby that can call you his father...so what is that?"

"When you want to achieve something great in life and make lots of money, guess what, that takes a long breath and willingness to go through problems after problems until you finally make it...that is nothing for you! You need to see each day about the success of your day's work done...simple than that," Hans-Jürgen Juergensen defended his standpoint ignoring her attack on him.

"So, that I have my peace and as I know you would not leave me in peace...for heaven's sack, than go with your friends to Stuttgart and watch your team playing," did she look into his eyes. "I than will see my girl-friends as usual we will sit on the beach in Wittenbergen observing ships passing by...and if it so happens my dream boy will cross our way and fall in love with me."

"You and your dreams, as long as they make you happy, let it be," was he helping her to fold the blanket as the evening sun set in and cold was coming up. The sand in the blanket was hard to get out, so he had to shake and shake the cloths very well. Without noticing, he stepped on the biscuits and crashed them to small crumbles.

"Who is the fool now?" was she teasing him and laughed out loud.

"What nonsense," was he responding passing over the cleaned blanket to her, took the cooling container and walked away. They had parked the bike on the parking place next to the small airport close to the kiosk of the facility. "You want an ice-cream before we go?"

"Yes," agreed Heidi Juergensen.

"Don't you agree with me, Darling that most people on earth just talk for nothing, only stupid things by which they waste so much time, theirs and the one of others? When you have nothing to say that really makes sense, you better keep your mouth closed, that creates people with senses and creativity, right?" was Heidi Juergensen hearing an old woman opening the door to her car and drove off.

"What does that ugly old woman understand about life's matters? Only saying something that makes sense...and not talking anyhow just to say something and spend time with conversation...that is really foolish," said Heidi Juergensen putting the crash helmet over her head and drove off with her husband back to the dark street in Altona.

"Oh no Sir, we as Germans are not allowed to destroy the poppy fields you and I see in the mountains and rural area all round Kabul and other places of Afghanistan," had the German soldier told Guenther Erden over the fence of the German camp in the capital city once home to a King with good heart for his people, a country Alexander The Great had only passed through knowing of the difficulties that his army would have had to face when engaging his troops in fights with the various tribes along his route to the

west of India to take territories. "We all know, the poppies are grown to make heroin out of it that destroys lives in our societies all over the world and generates huge profits for the dealers involved which is then used to buy weapons in our societies that in the end kill us....that is madness. Only the Americans have the mandate and power to destroy those poppy fields. Ask yourself, why they allow this to happen now that they have a historic chance and mandate to end this evil business here once and for all that accounts for more than eighty percent of the international illegal drugs. The victims of the failed policy are dead soldiers and civilians on both sides of the conflict and crime on our streets in London, Hamburg or New York. I am telling you politics is a dirty business and politicians that are not sweating their heart out on the ground in the middle of problems but sit in their air conditioned offices before international microphones, do not believe and trust their sweet words, they all want to use us for their own good, nobody cares to do the right thing, only what in their eyes is appropriate...which is never the truth. What happens here in Kabul, Kandahar and Maser-el-Sharif is nothing but to slaughter innocent people with good intentions for big ideas that can glorify our big man in our societies. That is the truth, Sir. Let the people out there know about it and see, whether they care and change their mind about people ruling over them. As long as I live, I guarantee you, this game will continue no matter the colour the leaders wear. In one or the other form they will go on with such things and we, the small boys on both sides of the trenches, have to pay the price for it with our own blood. That is tragic...and will not end, mark my words."

Guenther Erden was dreaming his time along thinking back to his ten days he had spent in the troubled country which had swept many refugees to Hamburg. He was sitting on the bus from Blankenese Station to Sieversstuecken, the last stop of the bus that departed forty five minutes ago from Altona Station and had picked up passengers that had wanted to reach Rissen Hospital or the refugee camp located before its entrance to the east of the vast hospital compound. White Pavilions with a school, kindergarten and playground were grouped around a spacious parking lot everything surrounded by farm land and horse stables. The discussion had been high in temperature among the German locals fearing a refugee camp would lower the value of their properties. It had been the Major at that time to use his influence to make that camp possible as he had made the protestors understand, everyone in a difficult situation in which many lives are lost and in danger needed to contribute their part of humanity. In any case, he had promised, the camp would be constructed only as a temporary structure as the time surely would arise peace in the refugee's countries would prevail and their departure from Germany therefore only be a matter of few years.

Guenther Erden had lived along Suellendorfer Landstrasse close to Gudewer, the garden center before the train tracks going all the way to Wedel. He had mixed memories about the place as it had been the apartment in which his ex-wife had cheated on him with another man. The surrounding with horses and river Elbe not far, just behind the Blankeneser Golf-Club, had been a combination very close to his heart. Behind the house both had stayed in under a bush, his cat Moritz had found his resting place, a sight only known to him. Moritz was a big cat, eight kilos that he had to take down at the age of twenty. Each night he had come to him when laying down to sleep, had been with him for ten minutes before leaving him and finding his own entertainment for the night.

"What are you looking for, Sir?" did Guenther Erden hear a voice from behind.

“Oh, I just remember the time I had stayed here with my ex-wife...old, old memories, if you know what I am saying?” said Guenther Erden with sentimental feelings in his voice.

“I also miss my home back in Tamale, the northern region of Ghana, a lot. It is not easy to leave home behind when you have no choice but life forces you to do. You can either die of hunger or a bullet, or be blown up by a suicide bomber...life is not easy,” explained Gerald Asante his situation and invited Guenther Erden to join him for Neat Fufu with chicken and gravy. House thirteen ground floor was his place to stay until the authorities had found a better place for him to spend the time of waiting for the final decision about his refugee status.

The small room was only for him, kitchen and toilets he had to share with three other families. Stairs outside were leading up to the next floor with the same design to host refugees from Syria. In all two hundred refugees had been ordered to live there and wait on their fate. Some of them were allowed to work and make money for themselves, others used their stay to work without legal papers having cars standing outside.

Gerald Asante had been a University graduate but years had gone by without finding a work to do, even not in farming. His family had asked him to leave the country, cross Mali and the desert, make it across the Mediterranean Sea and when in Germany, send money home, marry the youngest sister for her also to follow.

“Oh, we have tricks, you white people do not know. You think straight, we think around the corner and know how to cheat on you very well...do not worry,” mentioned Gerald Asante while serving the cold chicken with warm gravy and Neat Fufu. He placed a small green plastic bowl with washing up liquid on the table for Guenther Erden to wash his hands. The little towel was no longer so clean, often in use obviously.

“One think I have noticed,” said Guenther Erden.

“Like what?”

“Blacks talk too much...simply too much and are busybodies to talk about anything and anybody. They wake up in the morning and other people’s life is on their mind,” did Guenther Erden laugh enjoying the well spiced chicken that seemed to have been prepared by the hand of a woman.

“You like my chicken?” entered a woman with big bottom the kitchen. Her breasts had to be hold by a strong bra that was visible under her tight red and blue blouse.

Guenther Erden gave her compliment after compliment which made her smile and feel good. After she had left the kitchen again, he continued mentioning: “When someone does not talk too much, he has more time for himself, to observe and over time to learn and draw conclusions. You Blacks talk the whole day anyhow your soul out about matters that do really not make sense. Your life’s sense seems to be talking about other people. When you do not talk so much, you will discover the power and creativity that is in you. You can only hear to yourself and find out about yourself, when you talk less, listen more, see what others are doing and learn from it. That gives you ideas. When you check us Whites very well, you can see a clear difference, we talk less and if, about issues, problems and solutions and not about

our neighbours that most times we do not know or do not want to know too much about anyway. So, when you ask yourself why is it that ideas and inventions come from the white people more than from black people in the light that ideas come for free and are around us all the time, we just must go out and catch them with our mind. That mind can only do this successfully, when we care for them, the ideas, and not for others.”

They went on to discuss politics and Gerald Asante was claiming: “You cannot simply slap us into our faces, the young Democracies of the developing world. Do not forget, it had taken you in the developed world generations before you had come to where you are today.”

Guenther Erden responded in contrast to him saying: “The main difference is, that we had to find solutions to situations and how the ideas coming with it can be put into a concept and processed that work efficiently and effectively. In the century of the internet all these solution we had to fight for over generations, are visible and ready to be copied and implemented. Do not forget, that most of the members of your elite have undergone intensive training in our Democracies, still they have repeated ancestor’s problems again and again. So, that is a major difference between the olden days and today.”

“That is true, if you want to see it like that,” took Gerald Asante the dishes away into the sink and offered his guest a hot coffee with milk. “After all, I was so sad when I saw President Nana Akufo-Addo the day he had been sworn into office to allow a traditional priest, a kind of Oculist, to perform dangerous rituals in front of the guest gathered and international media houses...so shameful and so sad.”

“That is Africa for you.”

“Sir, it is so bad...we rather look backwards and see what our forefathers have done than into the future...so sad, so sad...truly, that is Africa for you,” did he guide his guest to the gate and wished him a safe way home.

It had been a long and hard day for Guenther Erden. In the morning visiting his mother’s grave while constantly being on his mobile phone to instruct his Directors what to do, at lunch time a meeting with prospect investors that had the intentions to boost his business, in the afternoon a visit to his hairdresser and his tailor for an important presentation few weeks later. Dolzer in Hamburg-Bahrenfeld, an affordable tailor with branches in several cities of Germany, was his point of call. It had been there where his red winter coat was had been tailor made to his size and had made him visible across the city as someone used to go his own ways in life.

Back in Hotel Atlantic he sat down in his usual chair in the corner of the lobby standing close to the bar section of the place. His mind full of thoughts about the past and future of his life and business, he needed a strong and good afternoon tea with double portion of cucumber sandwiches to bring him back on his feet. He closed his eyes while biting into the soft toast and juicy cucumber slices that were covered with a very thin layer of mayonnaise and few herbs to bring out the best taste possible. Next to

the fine china did the waitress of the day put a dark brown with thick chocolate covered Sacher Torte topped with whipped cream. Demel and Hotel Sacher in Vienna had always been on his list to visit one day and enjoy the sweetness of life. So far, it had only been a dream and imagination in his mouth, but surely one day he would be sitting in both places and knew life is truly sweet and you enjoy the goodness of what others have thought of made to other's taste. The Hotel Atlantic was busy serving guest from Saudi-Arabia that had arrived with a large delegation and many women in their company. He still had the pictures in his head of innocent beheaded civilians, allegations of third parties that government in the region support and finance the activities of the terrorist that were responsible for Millions of misplaced people, destroyed properties and a generation in fear be it in Iraq, Yemen, Syria, Libyan and Somalia. The Arab Spring of twenty eleven that had come over the region in a swipe of emotional anger instead of agreeing on a clear concept with effective strategy to take out any unwanted leader that had stolen national assets and violated human rights. He had never understood that in Africa many people have seen Mohammed Gaddhafi, President of Libyan, as the savior of Africa by giving aid support to cover up the stealing of national assets and killing of his own people that had not been part of his own tribe.

His head was painning him, time to rest and sleep for long. His late wife had taught him, sleeping long hours from time to time can help solving problems. Some problems we feel in our heart and soul that might seem to be too big to handle, will over short time be solved when the mind is having a different perspective unto them. He never stopped declaring, when a man is happy he can stand above his problems, when he is depressed, he is part of his own problems. Anyone that lives has problems, whether rich or poor. The dimensions are different, but God never gives us anything that we cannot carry on our shoulders and as long as we do not ask him for a future that is not yet out level, we should be standing on a very good foundation.

He opened the door to his room, stepped in and silently closed it again behind him as it had been already after the eight o'clock evening news. He took of his shoes, his trousers, put on his night gown and laid on the bed to look up to the white ceiling wanting to hear from above, but silence filled the room. His hands reached out to the minibar. Salty Sticks and the triangle chocolate from Switzerland were all what he desired. The salt on his tongue was an exciting contrast to the sweet taste of the fine chocolate he would never forsake but always honour as what is well done, needs to be complimented while his mission in life had been to make what is good better and finally best. His chocolate was the new trend the world had longed for, meeting the people around the world in their hearts and brains, pushing their spirit to greatness in life.

"Life is not easy...but it is wonderful...a great journey when someone understands the mysteries of it and follows the terms and conditions that apply," was he saying to himself while slowly sleeping away.

"There is something, my friend, I do not understand at all," said Kevin McCaughey with wrinkles on his forehead bringing his eyes closer to each other.

Henry Kassenger was about to start the fire and made sure his grey transparent silhouette would not get burnt by the upcoming flames. The three legged black pot was heavy. He had bought meat paddies, fresh rolls, onions, salad and tomatoes. Mayonnaise and ketchup his British colleague was providing, everything set for a nice night in the company of the sleeping German.

"So, what is that problem than?" Henry Kassenger asked while holding sticks with sausages into the fire. "I am always there for you, as you know."

"Yes, I know and I appreciate a lot," smiled Kevin McCaughey getting the beer bottles ready by putting them into a bucket filled with ice-cubes.

"Ok, than tell me!"

"When you look around the world as it is today, is this place not very corrupt and strange?" asked the British journalist.

"You are talking to me in riddles, please be more specific," challenged Henry Kassenger his friend from the green island with rich culture and great scones, not forgetting English Wine Gums, his favourite sweets, thick of great fruit taste and not so soft like the once from the continent; also sweetness was in the right balance to the size of the gums and their thick texture, simply a delight outstanding like not many other blessings to swallow.

"So many years ago, the human race started to inhabit the earth, right?"

"Oh, here we come again, Dinos and us, right?" laughed Henry Kassenger out loud. "Jurassic Park is an old movie now." The first two sausages were ready, so he passed on over to his friend with soft slices of toast and some mixed pickles out from the glass.

"Do not make a fool out of me, please," laughed Kevin McCaughey equally loud. "Life of humans is a serious business, nothing to take lightly...but you Americans think anyway the top of the world is at home in the Rocky Mountains."

"Las Vegas...the city in the desert hungry for water and people willing to waste their money to make a few others rich...dreaming the dream of fast and quick money, money easy to get in a night of illusion and cheap hotel rates."

"Are you a journalist or philosopher?" asked Kevin McCaughey while enjoying the taste of the well grilled sausage. The light mustard was going well with it. "Let us be serious and concentrate well," did he look over to Guenther Erden seeing him sleeping under his white bedsheets as if angles would protect his rest. "So, we are supposed to take dominion over the earth. For that matter God had decided in his own wisdom to place the human race on African soil. Adam and Eve were expelled from the Garden of Eden and one of their boys were killed by his brother, so a series of endless sufferings had started and inhabited the earth. Than we started to eat, drink, hunt and engaged in activities to multiply ourselves, so we as humans grew in numbers. It did not stop there, we had time on our hand and wanted to make life for us easier and easier, a better and better life..., " Kevin McCaughey said while opening the cans and poured the bakes beans into the hot pot. The Hamburger Henry Kassenger had prepared for him was delicious as a professional would have made them.

Henry Kassenger interrupted him by mentioning: "...and when is our life the best? I mean, was it not the best when we were in the Garden of Eden?"

"That was not the best life for us, trust me," Kevin McCaughey stated clearly. "On the surface with all

the milk and honey, the easy life...opening your mouth and everything comes in...Manna from heaven...what a great illusion and strange dream."

"Not having to hunt and cook, that is what you call a strange dream?" provoked Henry Kassenger his friend seeing him nearly choking on his marsh mallow hearing his comment. "So, than explain to me and the rest of the people here, what is the best way in life?" asked Henry Kassenger.

"To discover yourself and fulfill your assignment on earth," answered Kevin McCaughey loud and clear.

"That simple?"

"That simple!" responded Kevin McCaughey and smiled behind his ears. He had the feeling soon Guenther Erden would wake up again and ask them questions. He made sure to eat fast all he wanted to take before that moment would come. "So, the people in Africa were showing the whole world the state of the art of living. Culture was there so prominent and great, in Mali great scientist and in Egypt the writing scales on papyrus to spread news about development around continent. The rest of the world was suffering in mental darkness, jumping from tree to tree on search of food to hunt or collect from under the trees. These times were really so bad, so bad... ."

"Oh my God, not again...you two!" woke Guenther Erden up seeing the waste beside the two guest that had sneaked into his life once again. "When will you leave me alone and have a good night sleep?"

"This is the last night with us...so you should be happy for you and us," proclaimed Henry Kassenger offering him his sausage and a beer.

Guenther Erden walked over to the minibar, took a beer bottle and sat next to the fire in the middle of the room. He saluted to the two men that made an amazing promise to relief him from sleepless nights. "Cheers, to the two of you that you will keep your promise and leave us alone."

"Promised!" declared Henry Kassenger and emptied his beer bottle while watching with one eye over the baked beans that were warm enough for consumption.

"So, let us be focused," asked Kevin McCaughey and cleared up the place to make it look tidy again, "and see that the world had shifted. The teachers of Africa had become the students of the world. The white people of Europe and Asia have taken over the course of the world, dominating inventions, ideas, human values and economic success, the black and dark people of Africa are the people to watch over the development of the rich people. I have always asked myself, why Europe so rich, America so rich, is and Russia so rich, and Arabia has come up into richness with some hiccups, and the Far East countries have also come up to increased financial statues, also South America is progressing well...but it is Africa, that is the big problem of the world. Why, what is wrong about that. I never knew the answer to it. While it is Africa that is supposed to dominate the world and set the agenda, in fact the agenda is set over them by forces they have no control or influence over. They depend on the developed world year after year, generation after generation...somehow no silver lining in sight. Asia was able to pull itself out of despair and poverty by assistance from European countries, while Africa and the mind of African's is still ongoing so bad...so bad. Now I understand, that when you refer to the mysterious of the bible, that it all makes sense. The bible is talking about humans and nations that need to suffer and in the times of

suffering learning comes with new insights into life's matters. The times of suffering is preparing a human and a nation for a greater works to do that will help them to be well established in this world and blessed."

"I think I can get what you are saying slowly by slowly," opened Henry Kassenger up his ears and eyes as he saw a very bright shining light at the end of the tunnel. "Eighty years of a human being to us seems a long time, even hundreds of years in the life of people and nations seemed to be so big, but when you look from above in space and time, it in fact is short. So, when you know how long we have already seen the world and lived in, did something good and something bad, this is a short period."

"Exactly...what we see as a long history in the eyes of world events it is small, very small," agreed Kevin McCaughey getting up, putting out the fire and disposing off the waste into the big plastic sack he had brought along with him to leave no trace behind of the last night he had visited his friend Guenther Erden. "As much as God had decided to place mankind and humanity into Africa to start his nations development with, this people, the black and dark coloured people, needed a rest to re-invent himself, to learn new things about humans and humanity, to suffer and sweat their heart and head out so that over time they can bounce back to take control of the world and rule over it once again and bring humanity and humans to a much, much higher level...that is the reason why the African continent has to suffer so much...it is the period of preparation for a great assignment...one of a kind in this world's development and history." From one second to the next, the two men had disappeared and left him alone.

"As I have shown you, this world needs a shake-up, a makeover, a new mind set. There is no one that can do this alone. Even Jesus Christ had his disciples. So, go out and look for the right people to gather around you...people like minded," was Guenther Erden hearing a voice from above.

Guenther Erden looked up and promised in a peaceful manner: "I hear you and I will do as you have said."

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